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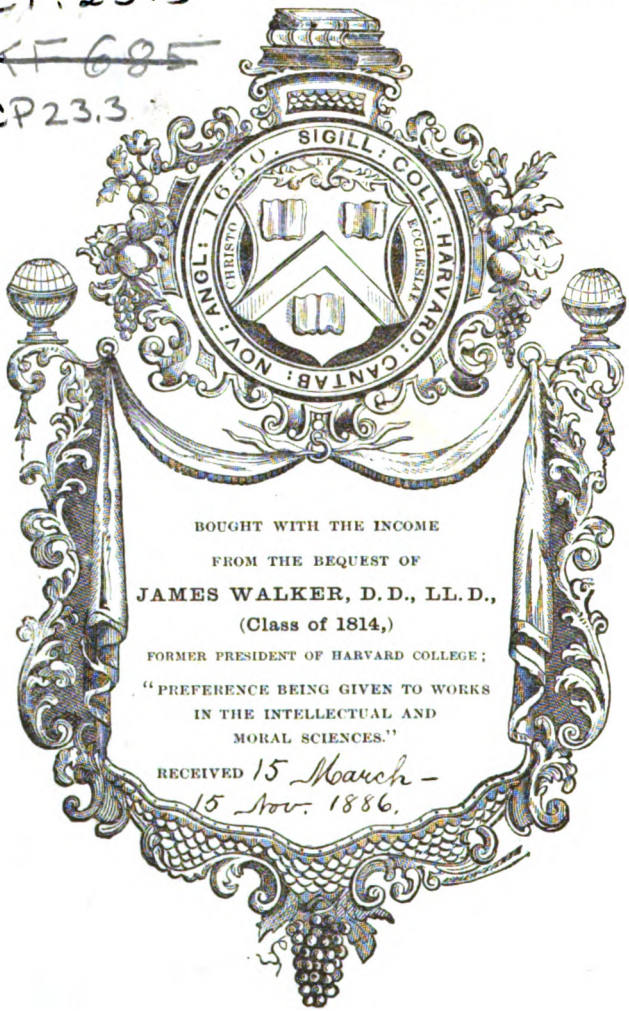

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Dear Sir: Yesterday, in an audience I had with our Holy Father Leo XIII., I presented to him, in your name, Father Spalding's ***Church History.*** The Holy Father examined the book with great interest, requested that I should explain to him its subject and the manner in which it is treated; his attention was arrested by the beautiful illustrations, and by the portraits. He recognized that of Cardinal McCloskey, and inquired about the state of his health; then that of Archbishop Spalding, whom he had known; the strong features of Dr. Brownson struck him, and he was delighted to hear what I told him of the services that that great man had rendered to religion in America. Finally he directed me to send his most special blessing to the author and to the publisher of the work, and to express his hope that their efforts to promote the cause of religious education in America would be appreciated, and might result in effecting all the good which they anticipated from their labors.

Yours very truly,

✠ JOHN MOORE, D.D., *Bishop of St. Augustine.*

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THE

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VOL. XLIII. APRIL, 1886. No. 253.

CAUSE AND CURE.

THE social-revolutionists, known, according to their more or less "advanced" ideas, as Socialists, Communists, or Anarchists, confined their field of operations to Europe until a few years ago, when the blatant voice of the demagogue was heard in our public halls and a free press permitted him to poison, or rather to attempt to poison, the minds of the American people with his insane theories. Pessimists sounded the alarm; optimists shrugged their shoulders and said: "Why, we are all free and equal here; there is no oppression, no class-distinction; the road to success and wealth is open to all. What inducements can these fellows hold out to our workingmen?" The optimist was right in so far that the great mass of our people have too much sense to wish the destruction of institutions under which this country has enjoyed such extraordinary development and prosperity. The American freeman is not prepared to exchange the substance Freedom for the shadow License. Yet the pessimist was not altogether wrong, for, though our social institutions should resist victoriously the attacks of anarchy, the struggle in itself would be a serious calamity.

Since the first note of alarm was sounded the question has assumed such proportions that it claims the serious attention of all who have the prosperity of the American republic at heart. Mr. Lyman Abbott's article, "Danger Ahead," in the November number of the *Century*, is a thoughtful study of the threatening aspect of this question. He has not quite exhausted the subject,

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however, and exceptions may be taken to some of his conclusions.

Mr. Abbott begins with an interesting picture of "the piety, probity, industry, and simplicity" of the early colonists—"the Huguenots of South Carolina, the pious Cavaliers of Virginia, the devoted Roman Catholics of Maryland, and the sternly religious Puritans of New England"—"which might have descended to their children and grandchildren" but for the American Revolution, which forced the colonists into a united nation; the discovery of steam and the introduction of steam navigation, which facilitated immigration; and the untold wealth of the country, which invited it. He does not regret that these immigrants have come, but they are "generally without capital, often without education, almost always without culture, sometimes densely ignorant. They have never been taught the difficult art of self-government." He remarks that "many of them are members of the Roman Catholic communion, which teaches one chief lesson to its communicants—to obey. They no sooner reach our shores than they begin to unlearn it." I trust the last remark is not well founded; but I am happy to note the confession that comes immediately after it, and which I give in italics: "The power of the priesthood weakens; *and Protestants, with a fatal folly, rejoice to see this power over reverence and fear grow daily less, though no reverence for God and no fear of conscience grow to take their place.*"

If the Catholic Church teaches obedience, and foreign Catholics unlearn this teaching when they come to our shores; if the "power of the priesthood" (*i.e.*, faith in the teachings of the church) grows less, "though no reverence for God and no fear of conscience grow to take their place"—which means that these renegade Catholics become free-thinkers, atheists, and revolutionists dangerous to society—what is the meaning of this other remark Mr. Abbott makes a few pages further: "America is at least partly protected from the revolutions such as destroyed Rome and ravaged France, for America has what neither Rome nor France possessed—Protestant Christianity"? How! Men who were obedient Catholics in those European countries which are the most exposed to revolutions come to this country; they find here that shield against revolutions, Protestant Christianity, and forthwith they are deaf to the voice of their church, they lose their belief in God, their conscience becomes voiceless! In other words, they are suddenly transformed into dangerous revolutionists, ready for any crime. How illogical their course! And when we are told that foolish Protestants rejoice at the de-

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parture of these sheep from the Catholic fold, little dreaming that they are so soon to be turned into roaring lions, may we not infer—admitting such a loss for the sake of argument—that Protestant Christianity is an active factor in bringing about this lamentable change? Experience shows that when the abuse and denunciation so continually hurled at the church succeeds in frightening off ten weak Catholics, nine turn downright unbelievers. In robbing these men of their ancient faith, only to plunge them into the darkness of despair, Protestant Christianity only helps in the work of the anarchists who would destroy society, though a confusion worse than pandemonium should follow.

I have digressed somewhat from the main subject to show how that irresistible propensity of Protestant writers to have a fling at the Catholic religion may lead even an eminent thinker like Mr. Lyman Abbott to contradict his own words or to assume an absurdly illogical position. *Revenons à nos moutons.* The principal elements of danger, in Mr. Abbott's opinion, are to be found in the immigration of vast numbers of people of various creeds or of no creed at all, "many of whom come here having learned lessons of anarchy and revolt in their native land," and who are given here "these powers of ballot, of education, of free speech and free organization." He then draws the following sad picture of the American people of the present day: "One-half of our workers are wage-workers; one-third of our population, including the vast majority of our wage-workers, are either of foreign birth or children of foreign-born parents. They are restless, and are growing more so. There is no power in any church to which they owe allegiance adequate to prevent an outbreak. There is no power in the state, no police, no military, capable of quelling it. Large numbers of them acknowledge no fealty to any religion which teaches them the duty or endows them with the power of self-restraint. The churches too often address not their conscience but their imagination. The schools address not their conscience but their intellect. Men who have been taught that modern order is despotism and modern property is theft find themselves in a country where the only support of order is an enlightened conscience, and the only protection of property is an enlightened self-interest; and neither their conscience nor their self-interest is enlightened." If this be a true bill against *one-third* of our population the republic is indeed in danger and republicanism a failure. In justice to that vast number of American citizens who are of foreign birth, or who can-

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not boast of two generations of American ancestors, but who, notwithstanding, are ready to shed their blood in defence of the laws and institutions of their country, let us hope that the picture is overdrawn. The organization of labor with aggressive tendencies, and the scandalous power of wealthy corporations, are other dangers which Mr. Abbott describes with a "pen eloquent." While he does not claim to have discovered a remedy for these woes, he suggests certain palliatives. To the workingmen he counsels co-operation. He tells them: "Make yourselves capitalists; combine your capital with your industry, and add to it by your credit, and so become your own master." Concerning the growing power of corporations, he suggests that the communistic idea of the state assuming the functions of a great co-operative industrial organization should be "carefully guided and directed, not condemned and repressed."

Taken as a whole, Mr. Abbott's article is a vigorously-written and well-meant document, which, as he expresses the hope, "will start the reader to thinking." But he has not exhausted the subject; he leaves some points untouched, and the truth-seeker may be permitted to differ with him in some of his conclusions.

The attempt to propagate anarchist doctrines in this country is but a proof of the insanity of the few men who still adhere to the programme of that defunct apostle of destruction, the Russian Bakounine. In countries where the citizen enjoys certain liberties, and property is distributed among a large number, these doctrines must fail of enlisting the sympathies of the masses. This has been fully demonstrated by the result of the general elections in France last October. Of the 7,220,000 votes polled, the Radical candidates received only 900,000, as against 3,180,000 for the Republicans of various other shades and 3,140,000 for the Conservatives; and it must be borne in mind that, though the Radical programme might lead to anarchy, it differs widely from that of the Simon Pure anarchists, who accepted it for the time being in order to secure the election of a few of their own candidates. The principal actors in the hideous drama of the Paris Commune were true disciples of Bakounine; but how many of their deluded followers were prepared to go so far? It was a supreme effort; the long-looked-for opportunity had come; the anarchists had full possession and control of the capital whence had come so often the signal of revolution, tamely accepted by the whole country. Except short-lived demonstrations in a few of the large industrial cities, the movement had no echo in the provinces; it had failed even before the government troops en-

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tered Paris. Switzerland has been for many years the land of refuge of the anarchists; there they have published journals to propagate their doctrines; they have been permitted to preach publicly atheism, murder, and arson; they have been allowed to rant unmolested. The peace of the Swiss Republic was never endangered. The noisy demagogues who strive to inflame the passions of the poor and ignorant classes in some of our large cities are not agents sent here to carry out a concerted plan; they are simply men who have left their country "for their country's good," and are trying to make a living in the easiest way possible. They are plying a trade. These men are repudiated by the sound-minded Socialists. It is but a few weeks since a Socialist orator, Mr. Paul Grottkau, speaking on the eight-hour question before a large meeting of German workingmen in Baltimore, attacked the anarchists, "who were betraying the cause of liberty, just as Judas betrayed his Master." The speaker denounced John Most, and, after reading an incendiary article from the latter's paper, said that "the man who could advise workingmen to rise in armed revolution was a traitor to the workingmen and a contemptible swindler."

But if anarchy is a failure here, as elsewhere, as much may not be said of Socialism, or—by whatever name its advocates or its accusers may choose to call it—the party representing labor in its struggle against capital. Nor should Americans complacently believe that this party is composed exclusively of foreigners. The more advanced Socialists, those who are firm believers in certain theories, possibly come from other lands where the greatness of their wrongs has suggested remedies far too energetic for this latitude. But if we include all workingmen, all bread-winners of whatever calling, whose grievances—of various kinds, but nevertheless real—have led them to unite under one banner, we shall find a party where Americans form a no mean minority; a party formidable in number, and which lacks only perfect organization and accord to be formidable in their strength and power; a party which does not advocate violence to life or property, but which is determined to resist the autocratic rule of capital. It is not so much the danger such an organization presents that we should fear, as it is the necessity for anything of the kind in a country like ours that we must deplore. Let us not judge these men too harshly, even when, tired of waiting for justice, some of them dream of redressing their wrongs with their own hands, as men resort to lynch-law when the law of the state fails to mete out justice. While we condemn acts which threaten

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the peace of society, let us not forget to inquire what causes prompted these acts—what were the original motives of the perpetrators. It is impossible that any large number of men should complain without some just cause, and, when that cause is found, that there should be no remedy for its removal. Unless we admit this we acknowledge that the anarchists are right in their reasoning: they hold that modern society is diseased to the very core, diseased beyond all hope of a cure, and they conclude it is best to tear down every social institution and start afresh.

The poor and humble have been talked to and preached to long enough; the wealthy, the educated and highly cultured, who have grown to believe themselves as constituting society—of which the unfortunates are but the Pariahs—should hear the truth, however unpalatable that truth. Men can no more be equally rich than they can be equally happy or equally healthy. Not only the physically or mentally weak will ever be ruled by the strong, but every man does not possess the ability to accumulate wealth or to enjoy the comforts it gives. Even Christ, when he taught the brotherhood of man, did not remove or deny this inequality; but he defined the relations between the mighty and the humble, the rich and the poor. With Christianity the ruler learned to rule, but not oppress; the rich to help, and not despise. The whole fabric of Christian civilization rests upon love, justice, and charity. They are the cement which holds together the social body; without them it must fall to pieces.

The question arises: Are we a Christian people? Do we observe the teachings of the divine Founder of our civilization? Let us see. We live in an enlightened and progressive age; we have made of science our handmaid, and nature has scarcely any secret that we have not read; our national prosperity is unparalleled, our wealth immense; we are, in fact, a great people, blessed as no people has ever been before, for we are free. We are a church-building people, and the number of stately spires in our cities are proof of our piety, as our superb mansions are proof of our wealth. But a very large proportion of the people never enter these churches, and the growth of infidelity is alarming; and in the very shadow of our palatial residences are miserable hovels where vice and poverty dwell. Lean Starvation glares greedily at rotund Plenty, and Despair scowls at self-satisfied Sanctity crossing the church-door. The blessings we boast of—with more pride than gratitude—have not been equally distributed, or have been diverted from their original destination by cunning hands, and the voices of millions of our fellow-men cry out against us.

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They ask for justice, and we do not even think of them with charity. They say that we take advantage of their necessities to make them do our work for less pay than it is worth—for less, indeed, than they can live on and support their families; they allege that but for their labor our capital would be a dead weight on our hands; that, not satisfied with getting the full interest of our money, we absorb nearly all the surplus which their industry has added to our legitimate gains. They do not complain because our share is larger than theirs, but because it is so large while theirs is so little. They charge that, thanks to the terrors of starvation—their sword of Damocles—we hold them in bondage debasing to freemen.

Can we enter a general denial to these charges? If true they are a hideous blotch on the picture of our vaunted prosperity; they reveal a corruption we would fain conceal. On whose shoulders shall we shift the burden of defence? No despot rules over us, no crowned profligate is here whom we may accuse of squandering the nation's wealth. Do what we may, we are compelled to acknowledge that the responsibility rests with us. We live in a republic; we make our own laws; we have no rulers, but public servants; if these servants had done the wrong we might dismiss them; but, though the result might affect society at large, the question is one of individual interest for which the law has no provision and in which the government has no power to interfere. Is it a particular class of workingmen, those whose hands are made callous by honest hard work, who makes this complaint against a particular set of capitalists—say soulless corporations? Not at all. It is the complaint of all underpaid bread-winners against their employers. Any man who pays another for doing a certain work is a capitalist for the time being; and, *per contra*, every one who hires the work of his hands or of his brain for money occupies the position of a workingman. Have we, as individuals, done any of these wrongs for which the law does not provide? If we have we are responsible to God for the suffering that has resulted therefrom, and which may lead, through despair, to crime. "Bah!" will one say, "this kind of goody-goody talk don't frighten us a bit! As long as the law does not hold us responsible what do we care? God is far from us! Don't mix up religion and business. Then what wrong have we done, after all? We have neither killed nor stolen. If we find a man willing to work for a dollar, why should we continue paying another two dollars? It is our own money, I suppose; we can do as we choose with it. Some die of hunger or

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commit suicide, you say? Well, it isn't our fault. Why were they not more prudent? Haven't our economists explained that wages and prices are governed by the law of demand and supply? Haven't the statisticians compared the cost of living now with what it was in former years, and demonstrated—figures never lie—that the workingman was never better off? Have not our philosophers told us all about evolution and the survival of the fittest, and proved that the big fishes have a right to eat up the little fishes? My clerks? Well, what of them? My average annual profit in business was $50,000; last year I made only $40,000. I reduced my clerks' wages twenty per cent.; that's justice, I should think. Besides, I give liberally to the poor, and I am in good standing in my church. No one has anything to say." It is with such reasonings that we try to quiet that troublesome thing, conscience, until the "small, still voice" is hushed.

For all that, we are responsible. We have made materialism the corner-stone of our happiness. All the resources of science, all the inventions of genius, have been turned to account to increase our material comforts. To enjoy has become the sole aim of our lives. We are possessed of the greed for gold. We want to get rich in haste, and the more we have the more we want. Time-honored business has become a species of legalized gambling, by which twenty pockets are emptied in order to fill one. According to our new code of ethics, the honest man is he who takes care to not do anything that would bring him within the scope of criminal law. Moral obligation and the Christian's duty we ignore in our transactions with our neighbors. We bring up our children in these principles; we teach them by the force of example. Our very schools help in this work. They fill the young mind with ambitious ideas. Our boys enter life's struggle with dreams of wealth or greatness. Not even one thinks of being a good man. So with our girls; they wish to shine and to enjoy. They enter womanhood unprepared for its duties, ignorant of its responsibilities. In brief, we live, and bring up our children to live, as if there were no hereafter.

The least evils that can arise from such a system of education and such a mode of life are discontent and a blunted moral sense. Can it be expected that the industrious classes, the hard-worked men and women who depend entirely upon their wages for bread, will live in the midst of all this extravagance, greed, and selfishness, and not catch the infection? And even though they remain, miraculously, patient, prudent, and honest, can it be expected that

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they will be content with wages inadequate to their wants, while their employers grow rich with a rapidity which suggests unfair, if not dishonest, means? They have, certainly, the best right to be discontented. The advice given them to "make themselves capitalists" is strange, to say the least. They are invited to combine what they have not—money—and to emulate the very people of whom they complain. This is but carrying out the principle which is at the bottom of all our social troubles—the continual attempt to "get up higher on the ladder." Certainly, every man has a right to try and better his condition, but it should be on certain conditions: first, that his condition be actually bad—for to "let well enough alone" is a very wise old saw; secondly, that he should start with reasonable hopes of success, depending more upon his persevering industry and honesty than on his good luck. It is the too great haste, the mad race for riches, which strews so many wrecks on the course. The man who works steadily to improve his business or trade, whichever it may be, seldom fails. Then, again, in a country like ours, where there should be no class-distinctions, one need not be ashamed of his calling. It is much better to remain an honest, thrifty mechanic, perfect master of his trade, than to resort to doubtful speculations, or, worse, political intriguing, in order to attain wealth or position. The sturdy yeomen, our forefathers, who tilled the soil and plied their axes in the virgin forests of America, founded a government on the basis of liberty and equality; the tendency of their descendants is to create an aristocracy of the worst type—that of money. A wrong use is made of education—which should tend to increase equality—when it does not teach our youth that labor is ennobling and needs but one title to be respected: the simple word "honest."

We need not go back to idyllic colonial days to find a state of things far different from the present one. Less than fifty years ago there was very little actual poverty in the land; on the other hand, very large fortunes were few—Astor and McDonough were regarded with curiosity as wonderful specimens of that rare species, the millionaire. Men did not grow rich in a year then, nor were thousands impoverished in a day through the smartness of a speculator. The laborer was worthy of his hire; the merchant was frugal and patient; the young men fought their way up, step by step, by sheer zeal and hard work, content to reach the goal by the time they attained middle age—which did not prevent them from marrying early, living happily, and raising a family of children in the fear of the Lord. The "happy

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mediocrity" sung by the poet was the rule then. It is true we had not yet reached the "age of progress." It can scarcely be held that this state of things was changed by an increased immigration, since the development of the country's resources has kept pace with the increase of population. The discovery of the gold and oil fields, by bringing sudden and immense wealth to people unused to the responsibilities the possession of riches imposes, gave the first impulse to the extravagance and greed that pervade society. The false science which denies whatever it cannot explain did the rest.

It would be presumption on my part to think that I can solve the problem of labor *vs.* capital, when great thinkers have tried and failed. Yet this problem may be reduced from its confusingly great proportions. The remedy is twofold. We must return to simpler ways, more becoming to a republican people, and in which the present administration is giving the example: we must enter upon an era of social reform. This is our duty as citizens. There remains what we should do as Christians. We need not consult learned treatises and read ponderous tomes to find out what that is. Our catechism and prayer-book tell it plainly enough. We may have forgotten, or we have not meditated sufficiently over, the simple words. They warn us against avarice, against extravagance and covetousness; they tell us that "oppression of the poor" and "defrauding laborers of their wages" are "*sins crying to Heaven for vengeance.*" The Catholic Church is not satisfied with general maxims liable to various interpretations. She has carefully defined the duties of her children towards God and his church, towards their neighbors and themselves, in whatever station in life they may be. Catholics, therefore, cannot set up the plea of ignorance. Let them bear constantly in mind those precepts, and bring religion to bear on their relations with their neighbor, be he the master or the servant. The sweet spirit of charity alone can substitute harmony for the antagonism which exists between labor and capital; each of us may help to this desired end. If our Protestant brethren know of another remedy let them apply it. We can rely on ours.

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A TOUR IN CATHOLIC TEUTONIA.

PART III.

Before leaving Salzburg, a city which is so full of interest to the Catholic and the antiquarian, we felt it incumbent upon us to take such survey of its topographical surroundings as was permitted us by the amendment which, at the end of our stay, took place in its proverbially bad weather. The old city nestles beneath a lofty, elongated hill—the Mönchsberg—on the left bank of the very rapid Salzach, while a modern suburb is growing at the foot of the opposite and more lofty Kapuzinerberg. A pleasant walk extends along the summit of the former hill, and thence may be descried both the lofty and irregular mountain ranges to the south and east and the wide-stretching, flat plain to the north; the river rushes on northwards and westwards on its way to join the Inn.

It was through the defiles of these southern mountains that we drove to visit Berchtesgaden and the Königs-See, situated on that Bavarian tongue of land, projecting into Austrian territory, which was assigned by the Congress of Vienna to the potentate of Munich as a "happy hunting-ground."

The delights of the Bavarian part of the Salzkammergut, the picturesqueness of Berchtesgaden, and the wild charm of the Königs-See and Ober-See have been described over and over again. We shall here, therefore, almost entirely confine ourselves to a few notes which may be of interest to the Catholic tourist. To him, however, as being, after all, *a tourist*, we would recommend that on no account should this charming excursion be omitted. The sylvan scenery it can boast is such as we have most rarely met with elsewhere, and we would further recommend that it should be thoroughly enjoyed in a comfortable landau and pair, to the careful avoidance of all the public vehicles, as well as of hired ones that *will not shut up*.

On a bright and balmy 1st of September we set off by half-past eight in pursuit of the object of Dr. Syntax's first journey. The road winds, at starting, round beneath the episcopal palatial fortress (at the south end of the Mönchsberg), and continues on by Gröding, with its manufactory of boys' marbles, and under the great and savage Untersberg, wherein, buried beneath six thousand

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feet of mountain rock, Charlemagne (according to the legend) still sleeps his deep sleep till the hour fated to awake him for Germany's salvation. A little further on through a most charming defile, and we came to the Bavarian frontier, where a brief halt was made, that we might answer the custom-house officials' formal demand whether we have "anything to declare." The first Bavarian village, Schellenberg, struck us as very bright and clean; and here, and elsewhere beyond the Austrian frontier, the aspect of the villages and small towns was an improvement on what we had left behind. We were struck also with the number of large crucifixes beside the road, with their good taste and careful preservation.

We halted at Berchtesgaden to lunch and to rest our horses, and visited its interesting church, which was clean and well preserved within, and which has two western towers and spires. The drive on to Königs-See was full of charm for us, and exceeded, in our eyes, that of the lake itself. The tourist who may not care to be rowed on the Ober-See, and who merely wishes for a good view of the first and larger lake, will do well not to embark upon the latter, but to take the footpath which winds, gently ascending, along its left margin. He will thus soon reach an excellent point of view, whence the whole extent of the Königs-See may be surveyed much more advantageously than from any boat. After a further rest for the horses, and a slight refection at the rustic inn on the lake's margin, we started on our way back. A few drops of rain fell ere we reached Berchtesgaden, and the rest of the journey was performed in a steady down-pour, through which we drove comfortably sheltered, rejoicing at our prudence in having taken a landau in so changeable a climate. This very satisfactory journey cost thirteen florins, whereof one was the coachman's drinkgeld. The Hôtel de l'Europe is a very comfortable one, and a bedroom can be got for a florin and a half. Dinners are only *à la carte*.

After a day passed in country rambles and in waiting for London letters we started for Innsbrück, *via* Rosenheim. This, the less picturesque route, was selected because of the exceedingly early hour at which the only quick train by the southern and exclusively Austrian road starts. The Rosenheim route has the inconvenience of passing through Bavarian territory, making luggage liable to two examinations, and the train is a slow one as far as Rosenheim, in reaching which it skirts that largest of Bavarian lakes—the Chiem-See. From Rosenheim an express train carried us quickly to Innsbrück, where, avoiding the more mod-

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ern and comfortable hotels, we put up at the old-fashioned "Goldene Sonne," on account of its more central situation. It stands on the main street of the town, over which the neighboring mountains, though really some miles off, appear to hang, so that, as they say, "the wolves can look down and see what people in the city have for breakfast." The old part of the city is picturesque, the houses being built over arcades, groined and with pointed arches. The utility of these walks was very manifest on the day of our arrival; for the wind blew a hurricane, with blinding clouds of dust, so that the only comfort to be found out-of-doors was walking in the shelter of these arcades.

The next day was devoted to the sights of the place, which are by no means numerous. We entered a newly-built Gothic church which was indeed a poor attempt at pointed architecture. The great thing to see at Innsbrück is, of course, the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian I. in the Court Church, which is served by Franciscan friars. The church itself is vile as a specimen of architecture, though built in 1553. The tomb fills up the greater part of the centre of the nave, and is surrounded by twenty-eight wonderful bronze statues of more than life-size, which have a special interest as faithfully reproducing the costumes of the middle of the sixteenth century. We next visited the university, and especially the zoölogical collection, which we found to be contemptible in the last degree.

On the morning of September 5 we left, rejoicing that a pouring rain in the night had laid the dust for our journey to Zurich. The Goldene Sonne is neither comfortable nor dear. We paid two shillings for one of its best bed-rooms, which did not, like many of them, open upon a balcony surrounding a court-yard. For coffee and milk with bread and butter the charge is one shilling and sixpence. We have to take the train which comes from Vienna, and there is a fine struggle for places, which being successfully obtained, we enjoy the mountain scenery we traverse, though it must be confessed it is nothing to that of the Semmering pass between Vienna and Grätz. We are exactly seventeen minutes in going through the Arlberg tunnel, which has been but recently opened. At Buchs (the Swiss frontier station) the luggage was examined, but passengers were not required to take out, or even to open, the small packages carried with them in the carriages. The superior grandeur of the scenery in Switzerland to that of even the Salzkammergut is very soon obvious, and especially charming is the journey along Lake Wallenstadt, which is seen excellently from the railway, and

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makes the road by the much larger lake of Zurich seem tame and tedious.

At that great commercial Swiss city we put up at the Hôtel Baur au Lac, which is admirably situated, very comfortable, and not extravagant in its charges. Here for the first time we found a comfortable reading-room, well supplied with books and papers. The day after our arrival being Sunday, and Zurich being the headquarters of the new sect of Old Catholics, we were anxious to see something of their doings, and also to get a peep at the very venerable "minster"—the chief Protestant church—before service commenced. This involved early rising, as we were told that all the churches except the Anglican church begin service at half-past eight. The minster is a very solemn and early Romanesque church, square at either end. It was the scene of Zwingli's preachings. A smaller church of the fourteenth century was formerly assigned to the Catholics, but we found it in the possession of the "Old Catholics." It was filled by a very respectable-looking congregation, with a number of children of both sexes. The seats being full, many men stood around them, serious and devout in aspect, listening to a preacher who was eloquent and seemed earnest. His subject was the small number of true believers in the days of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. We hastily left, expecting to be able to drive to the Catholic church in time for Mass, but on our arrival found it impossible to effect an entrance into it, each open door being blocked by a crowd of devout Catholics, mostly of the peasant class, bare-headed and very reverent. The church was a newly-erected structure, and the Bishop of Coire was then engaged in consecrating it. After waiting some time we were able to obtain a glimpse of the interior, which appeared to be in very good taste. The bishop wore a Gothic mitre and was of a noble aspect. We then returned to witness what we could of the "Old Catholic" Mass, and found the priest singing the *Pater Noster* in German in the ordinary well-known tones. He wore a Roman chasuble. The genuflections before the *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum* and before the *Domine non sum dignus* were omitted, but the bell was rung three times at the latter. He sang one post-communion only, omitted the *Ite missa est*, and left the altar immediately after the blessing. When the congregation had left we walked round the church and noticed *Latin* altar-cards—this on two side-altars. We asked a schoolmaster—who had been conspicuous during the service—the reason of this, seeing that the Mass itself was *in German*. He replied that they had been

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anxious to leave all furniture and other externals as unchanged as possible. Altogether the impression we received was that at Zurich "Old Catholicism" had succeeded in attaching to it a large number, probably the bulk, of the middle and upper class Catholics.

The next day we proceeded, having by the way a pleasant glimpse of the Lake of Zug, to the charming town of Lucerne. There we put up at the new and well-appointed Hôtel National, which is better situated than the older Sweizerhof. It is, however, rather dear, five francs being asked for a very small bedroom in the entresol. The *table-d'hôte*, morever, was not good. We were more charmed with the Lake of Lucerne than with any other place we had yet seen. The town is most picturesque, and the walk under the trees by the lake's margin very animated and amusing. From our bed-room we had an admirable view of Mons Pilatus—which men so long dreaded to ascend—and the atmosphere was so transparent that all the outlines of the distant Snow Mountains were distinctly visible, as well as, of course, the summit of the Rigi. Immediately behind the Hôtel National is the principal church (dedicated to St. Leger), the two western towers of which alone are mediæval. Inside is a profusion of gilding and altars in very bad taste. A curious cloistered burial-ground—reminding us of Pisa's Campo Santo on a small scale—extends round the church on three sides. We have already said that the town is picturesque, and particularly picturesque are the two wooden bridges which span the rapid river Reuss. The roof of each is very interesting in its construction, and contains a number of old paintings, those of the more distant bridge being devoted to picturing the well-known "Dance of Death." Most picturesque also are the elaborate and artistic signs which hang in front of inns and shops on the old streets of the town. There is, for example, a glorious gilt, double-headed eagle; and there is a large stag suspended from a projecting piece of ornamental iron-work, which reminded us of the town-clock overhanging the high-street in that most picturesque of English country towns—Guildford. On one margin of the river were several enclosures wherein swans were bred, and others for ducks, moor-hens, and other water-birds.

Early on the morning of September 7 we went to the venerable Franciscan church, and found Mass for the dead going on in the sanctuary, while in a side-chapel a bride and bridegroom with a party of happy friends were hearing a nuptial Mass!

After a visit to Thorwaldsen's lion-monument to Louis XVI.'s

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murdered Swiss Guards, and to the curious Gletscher Garten, the singular evidences of glacier action in which no visitor should omit to see, we started for Berne, and succeeded with difficulty in finding accommodation at the Bernerhof Hotel. That is the house to which it is advisable to go, not only because it is a very comfortable house, but because its windows afford an admirable view of the mountains of the Oberland, save when—as during our visit—they are persistently shrouded by clouds. The next day, being the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, we set out betimes to find the Catholic church, in hopes of getting Mass. We found the church, a solid, modern Gothic stone edifice, close to the Rathhaus and overlooking the river Aar. There were, however, no signs of Mass, nor was a single person at prayer within it. Searching for some notice, we found to our surprise a placard stating the hours of the Anglican service, and soon learned that the building had been taken from the Catholics and given to the Old Catholics. We duly admired the miles long street of arches, the numerous fountains and towers, the celebrated clock with its many droll mechanical figures, and those living symbols of the Bernese state—the bears in their pits at the bottom of the hill just over the bridge. Then, returning, we visited the mediæval, flamboyant cathedral, now a Protestant church, which was finished in 1457, and contains some very fine stained glass. We noticed with interest that its old sedilia were arranged according to what is the modern Roman rite, the priest's seat being in the middle, and not that nearest the altar, as it was of old time in England, and as the Dominican friars have it to-day. In the afternoon we left for Interlaken, and found the journey along the Lake of Thun very tedious on account of the steamer's many stoppages. Most of my readers are no doubt acquainted with Interlaken—that singular modern village-town with wooden houses, a summer encampment of pleasure-seekers and their ministers—so nothing further need here be said by way of description. We put up at the Victoria Hotel, which has most excellent public rooms, but a bad cuisine. The next morning was perfect, and the wonderful Jungfrau showed her whole vast, towering mass of snow-clad mountain—an immense but slender pyramid of dazzling whiteness. The weather tempted us at once to make our pilgrimage to Grindelwald, and, mindful of our experience at Salzburg, we carefully eschewed the cheaper one-horse victorias and set off in a landau with a good pair of horses. The weather had tempted many other travellers also to set forth on the same journey, so that a continuous string of one-horse and two-horse

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vehicles followed close on one another in a series long drawn out, and right thankful were we that rain on the previous night had made impossible the cloud of dust through which we should otherwise have had to make the journey. The drive was inexpressibly delightful; even the charm of the (now first heard) Alpenhorn much exceeded our anticipations. The nearer and nearer view of the snowy mountains made their impressiveness greater, and at our journey's end we were fortunate enough to witness and hear two exceptionally considerable avalanches. We put up at the Bear to lunch and to rest our horses, and in the meantime threatening clouds gathered and the rain began to fall, and on our return journey we had again to be thankful for the welcome shelter of our well-closed carriage.

The following day we departed from Interlaken and went as far as Lausanne, in approaching which a magnificent view of the east end of the Lake of Geneva and of the mountains in its vicinity is to be obtained. Our love for history and our own country made us choose the Hôtel Gibbon for our short stay. Having religiously inspected the alleged site of Gibbon's labors and the alley he is said to have so often paced, we set out to view the venerable cathedral, which seemed, from the view of it from our bed-room window, but some ten minutes' walk distant. As it was on an eminence, we pursued the upward-rising street, expecting soon to come to it; but after a considerable walk we came to a point of view which showed us the cathedral and its hill separated from the spot where we stood by a deep abyss with no ready means of access to it. We found ourselves obliged to go almost the whole way back, and then, after descending a steep declivity and climbing a hill as steep, we found ourselves at the foot of a flight of one hundred and sixty-two steps which must be mounted to lead us to the door of the cathedral. Lausanne is a singularly inconvenient city on account of the steepness of its streets and the number of ascents and descents which a walk in any direction inevitably entails.

The cathedral was partly restored under the auspices of M. Viollet-Leduc, and the exterior is still in process of restoration. It is in Protestant hands, and kept shut save at service-time and for purposes of exhibition. The key will be found at a house opposite the north side of the west end of the cathedral—No. 5. The church has a very fine early pointed interior, and is three hundred and thirty-three feet long. The eastern end is apsidal. There are no chapels in the apse, but only a passage round behind the pillars which sustain the eastern wall. In the wall of

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the southern transept is the monument of a Duke of Savoy who was Bishop of Geneva, and for a time pope under the name of Felix V. The cathedral being placed in so elevated a situation, there is a magnificent view from the terrace which is close to its western door. The next day we gladly departed from Lausanne, going by rail to Geneva—a most tedious journey, during which, short as it is, there were no less than fourteen stoppages.

At Geneva we lodged at the Hôtel Metropole, where we found the most comfortable bed-room—carpeted all over—which we had had since we left England, and also the best *table-d'hôte*. Our first expedition was to the Catholic church of St. Joseph, which we found close to the hotel, where we made acquaintance with its amiable vicaire, the Abbé Roemel. He told us that "Old Catholicism" was decreasing, and never had much life at Geneva, its headquarters being Zurich. His own church, seized for a time by the sectaries, had been recently reacquired by the Catholics, who had also converted into a church a building which was the Masonic temple, and which served to replace another Catholic church which had been confiscated.

Our next visit was to the very solemn and impressive old Romanesque cathedral, which, like that of Lausanne, we found high up on a hill, and the key of which we obtained at a house opposite its western façade. Returning to our hotel, we traversed by the way a spot sacred to all lovers of biology—the historical botanic garden which had been laid out by the great De Candolle.

Opposite the hotel is the so-called "English Garden," and therein is a building containing a most excellent model of Mont Blanc. It is of large size, and enables one well to understand the topographical relations of the various parts of that enormous mountain mass.

On the opposite side of the river is another, smaller garden, in which is the monument to the Duke of Brunswick who left so rich a legacy to the city, and who, a generation ago, was a very unpleasing figure often to be seen at Her Majesty's Theatre, in its palmy days, in silk trousers and with rings outside his primrose gloves.

The afternoon of the next day was devoted to a pilgrimage to Voltaire's house and garden at Ferney, about five miles from Geneva and a little way across the French frontier, which we passed twice without the slightest notice being taken of our vehicle and its occupants, so far as we could perceive. The visit was somewhat disappointing, as the present proprietor only allows two rooms to be seen. The wretched little hovel of a church which

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Voltaire built still bears its somewhat bombastic inscription, "*Deo erexit Voltaire*," but its interior cannot be seen. It serves, in fact, but as a domestic out-house. The furniture of the rooms shown is of the epoch of Voltaire, whether or not it has remained there ever since his occupation, which lasted from 1759 to 1777. We were much disappointed that neither here nor in returning could a glimpse of Mont Blanc be obtained. It had been continually hidden by clouds ever since our arrival.

The next day, September 13, being Sunday, was hailed by us as an opportunity of testing by personal observation the truth or falsehood of the reports we had from time to time heard about the "Old Catholics" of Geneva and the condition of their churches, the chief one of which, called "the Cathedral" and dedicated to Notre Dame, was so unjustly taken from the Catholics who built it.

After hearing Mass at St. Joseph's we at once drove to Notre Dame, which is a handsome and conspicuous building very near the railway station. Although we did not get there till ten o'clock—the hour fixed for the High Mass—we found the church empty, except that an old lady and gentleman were sitting in the nave and a young American gentleman was looking about near its western end, and with whom we entered into conversation. He said he had, somewhat earlier, been present at a sermon in German, which he thought curious in a Roman Catholic church, the priest having said so much in abuse of the superstitious observances of the middle ages. We explained to him that it was now not "Roman Catholic" but an "Old Catholic" church, at which he was much interested, and joined us in an examination of the place and its ways. We found here, unlike Zurich, the side-altars all stripped, but in the dismantled Lady Chapel there was still an image of Our Lady with an inscription saying it was given to the Catholics of Geneva by His Holiness Pope Pius IX. By degrees a few more persons came in and some children, but all took their places with scant ceremony, very few of the children even making any reverence to the altar or crossing themselves. Some of those present were evidently spectators like ourselves, and all present did not exceed forty when the Mass began. Two priests entered, each with a short beard and moustache, as at Zurich—one in surplice and stole, who took his place in the stalls; the other vested for Mass in a stiff, ugly French chasuble, attended by two boys. He said the psalm *Judica* and the *Confiteor* in French, and as he went up to the altar, which he did not kiss, the organ began to sound and did not cease for the *Gloria* or till his *Dominus*

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vobiscum afterwards silenced it. He then sang one collect in French, and we, including our American fellow-spectator, left together to see what was going on at other churches. After looking in at one of the Calvinist churches we went to that of the Sacré Cœur, formerly a Freemasons' hall, where Mass was being heard by a densely-crowded congregation, as at the other Roman Catholic church—St. Joseph's. We next proceeded to the "Old Catholic" church of St. Germain, which we found less empty than Notre Dame had been, there being about a hundred persons present, all apparently hearing Mass seriously and not mere spectators. Here the side-altars were not stripped. The Mass was said in French, and when we entered the *Pater Noster* was just over. During the priest's communion a woman's voice in the organ-gallery sang the *O Salutaris Hostia* in Latin. We said to an attendant: "Since the service is in French, do you generally have the singing in Latin?" "Oh!" said the man, "seulement quelques morceaux bien connus."

We finished our ecclesiastical investigations by a visit to the Russian church, a small but interesting structure, built in the national style. High Mass was just beginning, the priest and deacon both wearing blue vestments. We were surprised to find that so many of the congregation knelt, and the priest himself knelt three times during the service. The singing, though somewhat monotonous, was solemn and impressive. A boy and girl were taken by a lady, apparently their mother, up to Holy Communion, but she did not herself, nor did any adult save the priest, communicate. The latter addressed a long exhortation to the children, holding the chalice in his hand. They stood the whole time, and received in succession both species from the chalice in a golden spoon, which was placed in their mouths by the celebrant. Immediately after partaking an attendant brought forward a small tray, from which each took a vessel and drank; a small loaf was given to each child, who ate a small portion of it as soon as they had returned to the places where they had been previously standing. They did not appear specially recollected or to make any particular thanksgiving, but looked much like Roman Catholic children who had gone up to the altar to kiss some relic or to perform some other religious but not supremely holy rite. At the end of the service the priest, who was a fair, very pleasant-looking man, again came forth from the centre door of the screen of the sanctuary, this time holding a cross in his hand, which most of the congregation went up to kiss.

The long-persistent clouds beginning to clear away, we drove,

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in the afternoon, through Mornex to Mounetier, and enjoyed a magnificent view of Mont Blanc and also of the city of Geneva and its surroundings—Mounetier being near the summit of the French hills overhanging the city. There we again met our young American explorer of Notre Dame, and exchanged cards in all friendliness after a pleasant chat. We then drove home to our pleasant hotel for the last time, and early the next day, Monday, September 14, we left and went to Fribourg. The day was clear and we enjoyed for a long space fine views of Mont Blanc and of the Lake of Geneva, and also, when passing Berne, of the whole series of snow mountains thence visible.

On arriving at our destination we put up at the Hôtel de Fribourg and Zahringen, which accommodated us fairly well at a very reasonable rate. We greatly regretted that we had not come to Fribourg a day sooner, as we found that yesterday was a great festival at which all the bishops of Switzerland were present, and that there had been a grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the whole length of the city. There was plain evidence of this, for the streets were still profusely decorated with flags and hangings, and there were representations of the Blessed Sacrament. The papal colors were very extensively displayed.

We soon set out to visit the church of St. Nicholas, miscalled "the cathedral." It is really a collegiate church served by canons who are nominated directly by Rome. Fribourg is a very picturesque old city with embattled walls and numerous mediæval towers, but its chief curiosity is its situation, built, as it is, on a peninsula embraced by the river Sarine, which flows through a deep gorge traversed by two wonderful suspension bridges. No one interested in ecclesiastical, mediæval, natural, or mechanical curiosities should fail to halt on his journey at least a few hours at Fribourg. Next morning, however, we were compelled to hurry on to Basel, which we reached in a journey of less than six hours, but which we found very tedious, as the train stopped at every station, and very long at most of them. We had been most strongly recommended to put up at the hotel of the Three Kings, which we found to be most unworthy of the encomiums we had heard passed upon it, its sanitary arrangements being especially open to criticism. In the reading-room the English literature consisted all but exclusively of Evangelical "goody-goody" books, and prayers and sermons of the same theological complexion. It had, however, a pleasant balcony overlooking the Rhine. The only sight we cared to visit, at this our last resting-place on

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our road homewards, was the minster, now in Protestant hands. It is a noble, rounded-arched edifice, dating from 1010, though almost all the existing structure is of the twelfth century. It contains the tomb of the Empress Anne, the wife of Rudolf of Hapsburg. On the south side of the cathedral are very interesting cloisters, forming several quadrangles and leading to a terrace at the east end of the minster, whence a magnificent view of the river and country round, including the Black Forest, can be obtained. We found Basel a large, busy, but, to us, uninteresting city. The only men we noticed there who wore what are called "chimney-pot" hats were, strange to say, the chimney-sweeps; and all the members of that fraternity bore such appropriate head-gear. We elected to go direct to London, and determined, the next time the journey should be performed by us, that we would go direct from Berne to Charing Cross; for a "through" first-class carriage and coupé can be got for the whole distance from Berne, though "wagon-lits" stop at and start from Basel. We left in the evening, and, on crossing the French frontier, found that all our hand-packages had to be examined (in spite of our having through first-class tickets), an inconvenience to which we had not been subjected on entering in either Belgium, Germany, Austria, or Switzerland. When morning dawned at half-past four on the morning of September 16 we found ourselves at Laon, and, after lunching at Calais, we said *Deo gratias* on arriving at Charing Cross at a quarter to six, after having successfully accomplished an excursion to which we had looked forward for more than a quarter of a century.

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THE INCEPTION AND SUPPRESSION OF THE "OLD LAND LEAGUE OF IRELAND."

IT may here, perhaps, be well briefly to review the events which preceded and marked the progress of those strained relations which gradually developed themselves in so marked a manner between two very powerful classes of society—viz., the landlords and the tenant-farmers.

I do not undertake to write a history of this marvellous agrarian revolution, or to detail the various circumstances, some of them of a painful and startling nature, which characterized its course. I will not venture to describe how a class, numerous and powerful, if they only knew their strength and how to use it, were gradually awakened to a sense of the serfdom in which they had hitherto existed; how the servile, obsequious manner was cast aside, to be replaced by one of simple manliness and independence; how the agent, or even the landlord, was no longer approached by poor, trembling wretches, hat in hand, who in humble accents implored paltry concessions, and who for the slightest favor—a kindly look, a word, or a smile—returned thanks with grateful submissiveness; or, instead of all this, how these exacting magnates now found themselves for the first time confronted by a determined tenantry conscious of their rights, and resolved to stand by them and one another in the assertion of them.

To other and abler pens shall I leave the task of narrating the influences which resulted in this great awakening of a slumbering nation. But as I wish to note facts, however succinctly, which came under my own observation, I cannot avoid referring to the most striking and conspicuous truth of all—viz., that it was entirely owing to the teaching of Mr. Parnell, and the able, gifted, fearless, and self-sacrificing band of men who rallied around him, that the Irish people were aroused from the lethargy in which for years they had reposed. From his perfect coolness, tact, patience, and consummate ability sprang that wondrous sympathy which united the people to each other in bonds of fealty hitherto unknown.

The Land League may be denounced, and some there are who will attribute to its operations all the outrages which synchronized with its existence; but those who indulge in

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wholesale denunciations of this kind have no actual or personal knowledge of what the League really was, or of the social position and character of the persons composing its branches. It raised the people from an abject, spiritless attitude, and taught them the trite but all-important maxim that property has its duties as well as its rights, and that they had an equal, if not superior, interest in the land to the mere rent-receivers, who in the profligate dissipations of foreign capitals squandered the hard-earned products of their never-ceasing toil.

For years past the great and burning topic of the day in Ireland has been the land question. In comparison with it all others are of minor importance. The circumstances and peculiarities of the country render this inevitable. Wherever we travel in England or Scotland, whether by day or night, we are rarely even for an instant out of sight of those huge chimney-stacks and glowing furnaces which attest the presence and active existence of some industry which is a source of wealth not only to the nation but to the local inhabitants. The thriving manufacturing towns, the inhabitants of which increase and multiply as if by magic, are only short distances apart; the extensive seaboards are dotted with creeks, havens, and harbors, each in itself being a source of commercial life and activity. There are countless ways and means of obtaining a prosperous and lucrative livelihood independent of the cultivation of the land.

Commerce and manufactures attract the young, the talented, and the enterprising. In their exciting though peaceful pursuit they have ample scope for the development of energy and ability, and in point of importance they far outstrip the agricultural interest.

In Ireland quite a different state of affairs exists. We may speed almost from one extremity of the country to the other, and our view of the skies or more adjacent scenery is never once interrupted by those lowering banks of smoke which occur at such frequent intervals at the other side of the Channel. The agricultural interest is almost the sole, and certainly the predominant, one. The cultivation of the land, whether for the production of cereals or the raising of cattle, are the only occupations available for the great masses of the people; therefore common sense and common justice alike require that they should be jealously guarded and protected in the exercise of them, that they should be free from capricious and tyrannical disturbance, and that they should not labor, day after day, with their energies cramped and crippled by the conviction that at any moment they

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may be cast homeless upon the world. Deprive them of their farms, take away the lands which they and their fathers before them have cultivated, and forthwith they become like captive and disarmed soldiers who stand cowed and subdued in presence of their conquerors, well knowing that life itself depends upon their charity and forbearance. Surely no one will have the effrontery to blame the tenant-farmers for determining upon escaping from the dreadful contingency of being placed, through no fault of their own, in this degrading and humiliating position.

As far back as my memory goes I recollect the vague, indefinable fear of eviction which seemed to be ever present to the minds of prosperous and solvent farmers, even in a county where leaseholders abounded and tenants-at-will were the exception. Their existence was passed in almost a chronic state of uncertainty. They were eternally speculating upon alterations which possibly might take place in the management of the property, with an injurious effect on their interests. Still, rents were paid with almost unerring punctuality.

Those who allege that the tenant-farmers of Ireland are an idle, extravagant, intemperate lot, regardless of their obligations towards their landlords, simply indulge in false assertions and calumnies which are perfectly foundationless. If idleness be compatible with working all the year round from early morn until late at night, then they certainly deserve the imputation. But the dismal swamps which have been drained and reclaimed, the broad acres, now teeming with the highest cultivation, snatched from bleak and desolate bogs, and the almost inaccessible patches amid rocky mountain fastnesses which have been rendered productive, amply attest their unwearied industry, as well as the patient spirit which they exhibit under wrongful and unjust treatment; for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it has almost invariably happened that when, after much expenditure of time and labor, the barren spots had been rendered fruitful, the landlord stepped in and arbitrarily taxed those improvements, which he had rendered no assistance in making, by the imposition of an increased rent. Their manner of life is frugal in the extreme, amounting almost to parsimony. Once or twice a year, perhaps at Christmas and Easter, they indulge in the luxury of boiled American bacon; fresh meat is never even thought of. The principal fare is Indian meal stirabout and potatoes and milk. To procure these wretched necessaries of life for themselves and their children, and to save sufficient to pay the rent, their lives are passed in one monotonous, never-

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ending struggle—a struggle which the fatalities from which none are exempt often bitterly intensify. Sometimes perhaps the pig which had been so affectionately cared for, and which is such a good rent-payer, would succumb to an attack of soger, or some virulent disease would break out among the scanty stock of sheep or cattle, or a marauding fox would make sad havoc among the turkeys or geese. Still, despite all visitations, they continued to pay, and never were they so happy and elated as when they could show a clear receipt.

In 1878 a change—which Providence, in its inscrutable ways, may have designed—first began to manifest itself. The elements themselves seemed to have conspired to blight the hopes and blast the prospects of the poor Irish farmers. Ungenial seasons and continuous rains proved almost as destructive of their skill and husbandry as the plagues of Egypt did in the olden time. I myself have seen men in a potato-field, their trousers turned up, as the water was level with the tops of the highest stalks, endeavoring to fish out a few of the sodden roots to satisfy the pangs of hunger.

I saw the entire produce of a farm, consisting of oats, potatoes, and hay, literally washed away before the owner's eyes; and the poor fellow assured me that, unless the few pounds he had lying by were sufficient to maintain himself and the family, he would have to borrow, beg, or enter the workhouse. This case, which occurred in the County Kildare, was not a mere isolated one. Afterwards I had opportunities of observing hundreds of similar ones in the wild and unproductive reaches of country which are to be found in the south and west, where actually no return was obtained from the labor and seed bestowed on the land.

The small agriculturists were reduced to a state of abject misery and destitution, mainly in consequence of the exorbitant rents which had been so relentlessly and systematically exacted from them—which, of course, prevented the possibility of their laying by anything for a rainy day—and partly on account of a sudden visitation of Providence in the shape of bad and unpropitious seasons. So far from having the means of paying rent, they had not money sufficient to purchase one comfortable meal, or clothing for their shivering children, who, owing to their half-naked condition, were obliged to spend their time in bed or crouching beside the wet sods of turf which smoked on the cheerless hearth.

No amount of newspaper-writing—for people always suspect

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exaggeration—would convey an adequate or accurate idea of the deplorable state to which these poor people, through no fault of their own, found themselves reduced. Famine literally stared them in the face. The hated workhouse, with its degrading associations, was their only refuge. So desperate were extremities to which they were driven to obtain the most meagre food, and so reckless had they become from the daily contemplation of the hopeless misery in which they found themselves involved, and from which they saw no probable extrication, that an experienced land agent, who felt for their sufferings, assured me that he would not be surprised if there would be a dangerous outbreak in the west, for to the vast majority of the people life was almost a burden and death had lost its terrors.

In this appalling crisis how did the landlords act? I blush to confess that nearly all followed the example of Shylock. They not only insisted upon the amount of their bond, but many of them tauntingly observed that the tenants had the money and could pay if they wished. The stern machinery of the law was put in requisition, and processes and writs were showered among a starving tenantry.

It was in this supreme hour of trial and suffering, when the cup of misery was full to the brim, and when all hope seemed to have vanished from sight, that the Land League was established by a bold, daring, and far-seeing spirit. With electric speed it spread through almost the whole of Ireland; scarcely a parish that had not its branch; its members were to be counted by hundreds of thousands, and at one time no less than a million able-bodied men were enrolled in its ranks. No wonder—it offered the only means of escape from the universal shipwreck with which the people were threatened. No movement of modern times evoked the same widespread unanimity and enthusiasm. Its objects were humane, noble, and magnificent; hence its popularity. To protect the people against capricious eviction; to restrain and curb that craving for land which impelled persons otherwise respectable to bargain for and take evicted farms; to reduce exorbitant rents, and to root the tiller in the soil—were grand undertakings, and, when all together combined, constituted a policy so evidently right and noble that with its advancement the proudest might rejoice to be identified.

It is a fatal mistake to imagine that the Land-Leaguers were the mere vulgar herd of bloodthirsty ruffians whom English scribes delighted to hold up to the contempt and ridicule of their readers. The recognized head and leader was a polished, scho-

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larly gentleman of varied attainments and of mild, dignified, and prepossessing exterior. His lieutenants were gentlemen of energy, ability, and disinterestedness, who, had they espoused the cause of the landlords, would sooner or later, at the hands of an appreciative government, have received some substantial mark of recognition in return for their services. His supporters and sympathizers included some of the most holy and learned bishops of the Catholic Church, almost the entire priesthood, barristers, solicitors, doctors, merchants, shop-keepers, nearly all the tenant-farmers, and artisans and mechanics of various trades and callings. His followers were, in fact, the representatives of all the professions and occupations essential to the building-up of a great nation.

It is unnecessary to observe that whilst the several religious denominations to be found in the country contributed each a certain number of zealous adherents, still the organization, exclusive of its distinguished leader, was mainly Catholic. Of the latter, one class only, which happily now is rather despised, held studiously aloof—viz., those Whig Catholics who, while they profess an ardent love and desire for the welfare of their country, generally contrive to keep one eye firmly fixed upon the petty rewards and honors which the government can bestow. As long as a magistracy or some paltry appointment which may for the time being impart a little Brummagem respectability to their commonplace surroundings is expected, they steer clear of such arch and thorough-going reformers as Parnell and his party. I have often been amazed to witness the avidity with which some senile old dotard of seventy, who, as long as he had a head to think or a heart to feel, was systematically ignored, grasps at the commission of the peace, or some similar sop, tardily thrown to him as his reward for not participating in the legitimate agitation of the people.

It was my good fortune to have been present at Land League meetings in different parts of Ireland, widely apart, and the impression which they produced on my mind will never be effaced. It was a goodly sight to see those hardy sons of toil, some on foot, some on horseback, some in vehicles of every conceivable pattern, but all eagerly converging towards the platform. The vigorous and stirring music of numerous bands, the distinguishing flags and emblems so proudly borne by the various contingents, and the lusty cheers which were raised ever and anon, all lent a peculiar charm to a spectacle the repetition of which the Crimes Act has rendered well-nigh impossible.

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What struck me most of all was the real, genuine, and unaffected earnestness of the several speakers. There was no display of ornate language; empty and unmeaning platitudes were avoided. Every word was full of meaning, and seemed to come directly from the heart. Even at the small rural meetings, at which the orators of the day were selected from the surrounding farmers or shop-keepers, there was a simple pathos and persuasiveness in the arguments which they advanced in condemnation of the land system that appealed directly to the common sense of their auditors.

A great deal has been said about the manner in which the Land League endeavored to enforce its edicts; that boycotting was not the only weapon in its armory, and that incendiary fires, mutilation of cattle, and murder itself were among the means employed to promulgate its doctrines. The Phœnix Park case gives the lie direct to the last part of the accusation; and as to the others, I can only say that I have had seventeen years' experience as a police-officer, a great portion of which time was spent in what are, by euphemism, denominated disturbed districts. I have frequently had occasion to visit cases of alleged malicious burnings or injury to cattle, almost invariably with the result that I felt in my own mind a doubt amounting to a conviction that no outrage had been committed, and that the injury complained of was the result of accident or attributable to some cause capable of an innocent solution.

As to boycotting, it evidently had its origin in the practice pursued in higher and more refined quarters of sending people to Coventry.

Is boycotting of the most pronounced and practical kind unknown in Dublin Castle? What name is to be applied to the system which openly excludes Roman Catholics from almost every office of trust and emolument under the crown in Ireland, unless as scullions or stable-helps? Catholics have but little to do with the distinguished staff composing the lord-lieutenant's household. Their names are few and far between in the list of privy councillors. In the chief secretary's and constabulary departments they are literally unknown, whilst among the resident magistrates, county and sub-inspectors of police, their numbers are so contemptibly infinitesimal that they are scarcely worth noticing. What name is to be applied to the extraordinary practice, which was repeated over and over again in courts of justice, of sneeringly ordering every Roman Catholic to stand by as he presented himself to be sworn, and finally try-

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ing some poor wretch with a jury entirely composed of persons of a different and a hostile creed? All this appears to me to amount to the most decided and undeserving boycotting of Roman Catholics.

I am unable to perceive any difference between this mode of procedure and the course adopted by the Land-Leaguers when they refused to speak to, or buy from, or sell to some one who had incurred their displeasure. I am clearly of opinion that the former line of action should be far more strongly reprobated and condemned.

The government, alarmed at the rapidity with which the Land League was spreading, determined upon its suppression. The usual insidious means were employed. Every scrap of paper containing a threat, written and circulated, I believe, in the vast majority of cases by persons who were hostile to the League and who wished to bring it into disrepute, was converted into an outrage of the first magnitude. If an ass or an ox tumbled into a ditch it was at once blazoned forth as a diabolical case of malicious injury to cattle, and was duly so recorded at headquarters. Common assaults, having their origin in the too liberal allowance of alcoholic stimulants in which the belligerents had previously indulged, were elevated to the importance of serious offences against the person, and were registered as outrages.

In the west and south of Ireland the most petty and commonplace acts, by a process of fabrication and exaggeration, were converted into grave outrages; whilst if a case of a similar kind occurred in the province of Ulster a direction would immediately come down from headquarters to the effect that it was not deemed worthy of notice. Of this I shall give a remarkable example. A few years ago a certain sub-inspector received, on the occasion of a party anniversary in the town of Lurgan, a blow of a stone, which caused a slight fracture of the skull. The matter was reported to headquarters, but, in the opinion of the officials there, it was not a sufficiently serious case to amount to an outrage. A short time afterwards, at an eviction in the County Limerick, some one of the spectators tossed a pebble among the police, which struck one of them on the cheek, without inflicting any wound or producing any injury; yet when this incident was reported to the Castle a direction immediately came down that it was to be recorded as an outrage.

The object of drawing this extraordinary and unjust distinction between what constitutes an outrage in the north and south is perfectly intelligible. The government, before they apply co-

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ercive legislation, wish to make out a case for its necessity, and their only means of doing this effectually is by exhibiting a long catalogue of crimes. They are not at all disposed to subject the loyal people of the north to the restrictions and restraints of coercive measures, consequently there is no necessity for a rich harvest of outrages; and they do not avail themselves of the forcing process which so generally prevails in the south and west, where every alleged act of omission or commission is tortured into an offence of the darkest dye.

Knowing the hold which the Land League had on the affections of the Irish people, and fearing that its machinery might be converted to other purposes than those of the improvement of the condition of the tenant-farmers, the government resolved upon its proclamation. They pleaded as a justification for their action the numerous, alarming catalogues of outrages which for months previously, under skilful manipulation, had been surely, silently, and secretly growing in the pigeon-holes of Dublin Castle. Moreover, they were favored by the perpetration of a murder so foul and unnatural that the whole civilized world stood stunned and shocked at the details.

There can be no doubt whatever but that Mr. Forster by his conduct, which at times it was difficult to reconcile with the possession of common sense, either on his part or on the part of his colleagues, called into fierce play the worst and most vindictive passions of Irish nature. The vexatious, whimsical, and arbitrary manner in which the Crimes Act was enforced, the personal spite and malevolence so plainly discernible in the arrest of Mr. Parnell after his telling philippic at Wexford in reply to the prime minister, and the wholesale manner in which those who were able to advocate with energy and eloquence the cause of the people were run into jail; as well as the hypocritical braggadocio evidenced by Forster's going in person to the disturbed districts and addressing pious exhortations to muzzled auditors, all combined to create a storm of indignation against himself and the government, of which the latter cunningly took advantage, and alleged it as a sufficient justification for the proclamation and suppression of the "old Land League," which, however, was immediately revived, and still exists under the name of the "Irish National League."

For ages past two policies, equally futile and disappointing in their effects, have been tried in Ireland—the one of open, undisguised, and insulting exclusion of Roman Catholics, not only from the highest, but from the intermediate, moderately respec-

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table, and lowest offices of state; the other of distrust, covert tyranny, and repression, exercised as occasions offered towards those who were unfortunate enough to accept government employment. Both systems have produced in abundance the results so naturally to be expected.

The former has succeeded in completely alienating the sympathy and confidence of the masses of the people, in infusing into their minds a spirit of deep and bitter hostility towards their oppressors, and making them anxiously long for the period when, England being involved in foreign wars, they may with some hope of success raise the standard of revolt, spring from their present crouching and watchful position into open rebellion, and give unbridled scope to the fierce passions and deadly rancor which have been welling up in their hearts since childhood.

The latter has converted what would otherwise have been zealous, devoted, and valuable public officials into soured and brooding slaves, who yield a spiritless, mechanical obedience, who perform their allotted tasks after a dreary, routine fashion, clearly showing that the heart is not in the work, and that their smouldering discontent might easily be fanned into a dangerous flame.

There is only one remedy for the universal gloom, discontent, and depression which prevail. There is only one straightforward and honorable course for England to pursue, and sooner or later she must of necessity enter upon it, and that is to permit the people of Ireland to manage their own affairs according to their own ideas.

With an army of thirty thousand bayonets supplemented by a police force generally averaging half that number, with a costly and well-paid magisterial machinery, she may for a brief period succeed in driving discontent beneath the surface, only to break out again with redoubled force when least expected. This has been the history of the country since the Union and for some six hundred years antecedent to it. Why, therefore, does England madly persevere in a policy which experience shows is productive only of feuds, turmoils, perennial poverty, and discontent? The physician who finds his prescriptions producing only deleterious effects speedily tries other remedies. Why does she not act upon a similarly wise principle?

The descendants of those who for centuries have been an oppressed and suffering people, subjected to the foulest wrongs and indignities, banned and proscribed on account of their nationality and religion, sedulously excluded from all participation in the government of their own country, doomed to pass their lives in

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obscurity under a foreign and detested yoke, have at length fully awakened to an appreciation of their power and to the necessity of exhibiting it in an unmistakable manner.

The Irish people have peacefully yet boldly asserted their privileges, and now through the mouths of eighty-six Parliamentary representatives they firmly demand the right of self-government.

It is to be hoped that this reasonable request, so calmly yet so significantly made, will meet with that prompt attention which its justness demands. It is to be hoped that wise counsels will prevail in the party so recently recalled to power, and that distrust, suspicion, and the desire of maintaining a hated and vexatious supremacy will not influence the minds of those upon whom the settlement of the Irish question will devolve.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY.

THRONED aloft on Sion's sacred summit,
Pictured bright against the glowing sky,
God's fair temple, dazzling in its beauty,
Reared its golden pinnacles on high.

Thence, from throngs of snowy-girded Levites,
Strains of solemn song rose clear and sweet;
Mingling with the scent of sacrifices
Incense-clouds wreathed round the Mercy-seat.

Dark and deep beneath the sacred mountain,
Shunned by men, a lonesome valley lay;
Beetling rocks in rugged guard around it
Kept it, deathly cold, from sunny ray.

There, when Juda turned from God to idols,
Moloch's filthy image rose on high;
Thence the smoke of midnight immolations
Densely rising hid the shining sky.

Since that day men held the vale accursèd:
All that could pollute the mountain fair—
Bodies foul of heinous malefactors,
Carcasses of beasts—lay rotting there.

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Ghastly heaps of whited bones unburied
Shone from out the darkness spectre-wise;
Evil-omened birds, voracious prowling,
Broke the brooding silence with their cries.

Heaven's city! bright with pearly bulwarks,
Shedding rays that dazzle mortal eye,
Where the saints, white-robed, 'mid censers waving,
"Salus Deo nostro" thankful cry:

Sion's mountain, shining in its glory—
Sacred spot, where God dwelt in his shrine—
In its beauty did but faintly mirror
Thy perpetual praise, thy peace divine!

Drear and loathsome as was Ennom's Valley,
Yet its pallid terrors speedy wane
When, with trembling gaze, we search, faith-lighted,
Hell's abyss of never-dying pain.

Everlasting horror, hopeless anguish,
Ceaseless wailings, fill that sunless place:
Rebel souls, in life their God despising,
Bide there ever, banished from his face.

Jesu, Master, keep me close beside thee!
Weak am I, but Thou my strength wilt be.
Many dangers threaten, foes are mighty;
With thy shoulders safely shadow me.

Lucifer, thine angel, Prince of Heaven,
In his hour of trial fell away!
One whom thou hadst chosen, turning traitor,
Perished hopelessly in evil day!

Paul, thy strong apostle, heavenward lifted,
Yet in lowliness need humbly pray
Lest, for souls his life's best efforts spending,
He himself might yet be cast away.

Weak and frail, to thee, my Lord and Master,
Close I'll cling, by thee upheld to rise,
Safe from dread Gehenna's lasting torments,
Swift to Sion bright beyond the skies.

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THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

V.

THE priest rose as he uttered the last word, walked across the floor to a book-case, and took thence two volumes, with which he returned to his seat. Laying them on the table, he opened one of them and began turning over the pages, pausing here and there to mark a passage to which he wished to direct particular attention. "I have alluded to but one of the five arguments which St. Thomas makes in proof of the existence of God," he said; "but if you will read his whole course of reasoning on the point—it requires, I warn you, some effort of mind to do so—if you will read this book"—he closed it, laid it on the other volume, and pushed the two toward the young man—"comprehensibly and with impartial intention, you will find your materialism *nil* when you come to the last page."

"I will read it," answered the doctor; but he spoke in an absent-minded tone, and his countenance wore an anxious expression, for he had observed that Father Brian moved very languidly and sank back in his chair with closed eyes for a moment. "It is time for you to take some coffee," the young man went on hastily. "It will not do, would not be safe, for you to go to sleep for some hours to come."

"I am not thinking of going to sleep, I assure you."

"Not thinking of it, but—"

"But I don't believe my stomach can bear anything but ice yet," said the father eagerly, roused to animation by seeing the doctor lift a coffee-pot that was sitting by the fire and pour out the strong, black decoction.

"I must insist on your trying," said the latter, offering the cup.

"It is too hot!" objected the padre.

"Not at all. The hotter it is the less likely will it be to cause nausea. Drink it all!" the speaker continued, as Father Brian, after taking one scalding gulp, would fain have declined the remainder; and the cup, which was a large one, was emptied.

"Now," said the physician, with an air of relief as he saw how much brighter the father's eyes had become—a result

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probably attributable to the moisture brought into them by the swallowing of so much all but boiling fluid—"walk about awhile, if you please. Your doing so need not interfere with the continuation of your discourse, in which I am very much interested."

"I hope you are in earnest in saying so," responded Father Brian, wiping the aforesaid moisture from his eyes with a white cambric handkerchief. "I can willingly continue my discourse; but walking about is a different thing. I have not the strength for that, so you must excuse me."

"You are weak, no doubt, from want of food," the doctor remarked. "Mrs. Brown tells me that you have eaten nothing for several days past."

"I have had no appetite."

"Still it is absolutely necessary to take nourishment. I will bring you some beef-tea."

"My dear doctor," cried the persecuted padre energetically, as the young man turned quickly to leave the room, "don't ask me to take anything more at present. My stomach"—he laid his hand remorsefully over the region of that much-injured ventricle—"my stomach really could not stand it!"

"I will see about the beef-tea, anyhow," said the doctor, "so that it may be on hand when you can take it."

He went his way and soon returned, followed by Mrs. Brown carrying a pitcher and a decanter of wine. "Here it is, father," she said, half-filling a goblet with the tea and adding an equal quantity of wine. "You'll find it good, I hope. I've had it a-simmering all day long, for I thought mebbe you might drink a little of it, as you won't eat nothing solid."

"I don't want it, Mrs. Brown, and I can't take it," protested the invalid with mild obstinacy of tone.

"Oh! but you must take it, father; the doctor says you ought to," she replied, evidently thinking that her last argument settled the matter. "'Sposen it was me that was sick," she went on, as there was still no movement on the part of the father to receive the glass she offered, "wouldn't you say I must do as he told me?"

"Do you really think it necessary for me to take this?" asked Father Brian, looking up to the doctor, who was counting his pulse. "I am afraid my stomach will not retain it."

"I think you had better make the attempt," was the reply. "Your pulse is very feeble. This is both food and stimulant; and you need both."

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With a sigh the father extended his hand for the unwelcome potion and drank it. "You are a tyrant," he said to the doctor.

The young man laughed. "Go on with your sermon, father," cried he. "I am all attention."

"There is such an intimate connection between the brain and the stomach," observed Father Brian, "and my stomach is so uncomfortable—" he paused here, put his handkerchief to his face, and yawned. "Excuse me," he went on when his lips came within speaking distance of each other again. "I was going to say that my stomach is so uncomfortable that I think I must postpone further sermonizing for to-night."

"No, no, I can't hear of that!" exclaimed the doctor, who saw with alarm this shrinking from mental effort. "You are beginning to come under the effect of the opiate, and you must struggle against and throw it off at once. Let me put this to the back of your neck."

He had rolled up some pieces of ice in a wet towel, and Father Brian submitted to having it placed around his neck; and perceiving the apprehension the doctor now felt, which the latter made no attempt to conceal, he voluntarily rose and walked about the room until he had shaken off the sense of heaviness that was creeping on him.

"There! I am all right again now," he said cheerfully, when at length he sat down, or rather sank, into his chair and began to unloose the towel from his throat.

"For the present," responded his companion. "The inclination to drowsiness comes on in paroxysms, you will find. It will attack you again before long. I see plainly—and there is no good in concealing the fact from you—that we shall have a fight of it."

"For my life, do you mean?"

"Well, yes," answered the doctor after a scarcely appreciable instant of hesitation. "I tell you so, because if you know the truth you will understand that I am obliged to press the requisite treatment without regard to the discomfort or even pain which it may give you; and that it is absolutely necessary that you exert all your power of will to resist the somnolent influence that is growing stronger and stronger, which, indeed, we must expect will continue to increase for some time to come. So far as I can judge, I think the case manageable; but it is impossible to determine what amount of morphine was absorbed before you threw it off your stomach. As yet you are getting on well; but, without meaning to alarm you, I tell you frankly

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that the danger is too great to admit of the least trifling or hesitation."

"I am not alarmed," said the priest. "My life is in God's hand. I should prefer to live, to serve him longer, and I wish I could receive the sacraments. But if he orders otherwise, his holy will be done!" He crossed himself devoutly, then, turning with a smile to the doctor, said:

"Whether I live or die, I beg that you will take that book" —he pointed to the St. Thomas lying on the table—"and read it carefully."

"Go on with your sermon," said the doctor, "and resolve to keep awake, and there will be no question, I hope, of your dying. Danger does not mean death, generally speaking, particularly in illness."

"Far from it," assented the father, and, though with a perceptible effort, he had opened his lips to comply with Dr. Ferrison's request, when a loud ring at the door gave him an excuse to pause. Mrs. Brown's step was heard pattering along the vestibule outside, and then she appeared at the sitting-room door.

"It's Mr. Gowan again," she reported, "and he would like to see you, he says."

"Let him come in," said Father Brian.

The druggist entered the room with a very serious and embarrassed air, which was, however, soon relieved by the kindly reception he met. His face brightened wonderfully when he saw Father Brian sitting by the fire, looking rather pale and weak, but cheerful and apparently quite wide awake. He greeted Mr. Gowan pleasantly, and listened to the latter's somewhat long-winded explanation of how the blunder came about.

"My son James is not to say a very quick boy, though he's got sense enough when once he understands a thing," said the druggist in conclusion; "and Gregory has a habit of talking inside of his mouth—chewing his words up, as I often tell him: and between them they made the mistake. But neither of them is likely to make such another, I'm pretty confident. I turned off Gregory, and I intend to give James such a strapping tomorrow as will teach him to remember what he's about when he puts up medicine hereafter."

"Mr. Gowan," said the priest, "I think you are too severe on these young men. I feel that I am quite as much to blame as they are, for if I had looked at the box, as I ought to have done, before taking the medicine, I should have seen that there had

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been a mistake. It was a mistake, not a wilful fault. Let me beg, therefore, that you will excuse Mr. Gregory and your son."

"It was a piece of outrageous carelessness that deserves punishment, in my opinion. What do you say, doctor?"

"I agree with you. I think that it deserves punishment," answered the doctor promptly and decidedly.

"They have been punished," said Father Brian. "They will go to bed, the one thinking he has lost his place, and the other that he is to have a flogging in the morning—not a happy state of mind in either case, you must admit, and quite penalty enough for the error committed. A penalty should always be in proportion to an offence; and the saving point for these unintentional offenders, as a lawyer would tell you, is that the medicine was labelled correctly. Strictly speaking, it was carelessness on my own part which caused the accident. If I had taken the box in my hand and looked at the prescription, as it was natural to suppose I would, the mischief could not have occurred. And so, Mr. Gowan, I hope that, as a personal favor to myself, you will take back your clerk, and will not associate me in the mind of your son with the recollection of a flogging."

Mr. Gowan, who was much amused at the earnestness of the speaker, laughed outright at his peroration, and said:

"I suppose, since you insist so upon it, I'll have to overlook the thing. But I must say it is very good-natured of you, Father Brian, to want to get them off. If such a trick had been played on me I shouldn't have taken it so easy. I hope the worst's over with you?" he added.

"Oh! yes; I am doing very well. I am only sorry that the doctor will have an uncomfortable night. He says it would not be safe for me to go to sleep, and insists on staying to see that I don't drop off unawares. I do not myself think there is any danger from the effects of the drug now. I threw it off my stomach too soon."

Mr. Gowan looked at the doctor, and, as the latter's countenance was not so reassuring as the priest's words, his own face fell a little. He hesitated an instant, then said frankly:

"I will stay myself and keep the doctor company, if you don't object. He may want some medicine for you during the night; and if he does I can go and get it."

"You are really very kind, sir," said Father Brian cordially, "but there is no necessity, I assure you."

"Still, I should prefer to stay," persisted the druggist, who

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less and less liked the expression of the doctor's face the more he observed it, "if my being here don't disturb you, sir."

"Not at all," answered the priest, who, though he would have been glad to be rid of the man, did not wish to wound his feelings by telling him so. "But I warn you that you will have to listen to a sermon if you stay. I have been preaching at the doctor—who, as you may be aware, does not call himself a Christian—and he encourages me to go on, as he thinks the best way to keep me awake will be to put me, metaphorically speaking, into the pulpit. By the way, may I ask, Mr. Gowan, what is your religious belief?"

"Well, I don't know that I have any particular belief," was the reply. "My mother's a Presbyterian, and my wife's a Methodist, but I can't say that I am more one than the other. I don't belong to either denomination."

"In short," said the priest, "you have not given the subject much attention, I presume."

"I have not," Mr. Gowan acknowledged. "Not as much as I ought, I expect. But," he added, "I am not a prejudiced man. I believe the Catholic Church is as good as any other."

There was a sparkle of humor in Father Brian's eye, but he said with apparent gravity: "Dr. Ferrison will go with you that far—eh, doctor?"

The latter assented briefly. He was by this time in no mood to be either amused or expansive. Though he had urged his patient to talk and thus keep off as long as possible the drowsiness which was so much to be dreaded, he was not without apprehension that the exertion might produce too much cerebral excitement; and with this counter-anxiety on his mind, in addition to uneasiness about the opiate, the young man felt no interest in the promised sermon.

Mr. Gowan, on the contrary, welcomed the opportunity afforded him by chance of listening to it. He had several times thought that he would like to go to the Catholic church and hear Father Brian preach; but knowing that such an act would cause serious distress to his wife and mother, who, instructed by their respective spiritual guides, firmly believed "Romanism" and the Scarlet Lady to be one and the same thing, he had refrained from indulging the inclination and thus bringing a domestic storm about his ears. He was pleased that his curiosity to hear what the priest had to say could be gratified without his womanfolk being any the wiser or less happy in consequence. Settling himself comfortably in his chair on the opposite side of the fire-

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place from the reverend father, he braced his shoulder against the pilaster of the mantel-piece with an air of the strictest attention.

Father Brian settled himself also, as comfortably as the condition of his stomach permitted, and paused a moment to consider what he should say. With the doctor for sole auditor, he had intended to take up his subject where he left it, give a brief enumeration of the different religions of the world, their tenets and history; a more particular outline of the Jewish faith as the type of that which was to follow it, Christian revelation; and, finally, a succinct exposition of Catholic belief. But Mr. Gowan's presence necessitated, he felt, a change in the character of his discourse. Something in the ordinary way, a plain, practical sermon, would be more suitable than what he had designed, he thought; and so, with half a sigh (for he was conscious of a great disinclination to the exertion before him) and half a smile (for he was amused at the humor of the situation), he began to preach from the text "Thou art Peter," explaining in a simple and lucid manner why the church claims exclusive authority as the depositary and exponent of Christian truth, and why such exclusive authority is absolutely requisite to prevent variation and consequently error of doctrine.

At first he delivered himself with the fluency which long practice in extempore speaking, to say nothing of the familiarity of the subject, had made a habit; but soon he found no small difficulty in keeping his ideas together. The constantly growing inclination to yield to the drowsiness that became more and more irresistible every moment made the labor of utterance really painful. It was with a deep inspiration of relief that he finally concluded his task, and, putting his handkerchief to his face, indulged a most refreshing yawn, while Mr. Gowan said:

"Well, I never understood anything about the Catholic religion before, but I always told my wife I didn't believe the half of the stories that are told about it. Some of them staggered me, though, I'm free to confess." And he proceeded to recount what these were, and to ask an explanation of the priest.

Poor Father Brian struggled heroically to hear and comprehend the words that for the most part came as an unmeaning hum to his ear. There was a threefold weight upon his waning consciousness—the effort to support his head in an upright position, it having an almost uncontrollable tendency to fall back against the chair or else to droop upon his breast; the equally difficult endeavor to hold his eyes open; and the mental strain of

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listening to and trying to understand the meaning of the buzz-z which was all that he could make out of Mr. Gowan's plainly enough spoken sentences. His head would sink slowly forward to an angle very much out of the perpendicular, when suddenly, recovering a dim sense of his surroundings, he would bring it up with a quick jerk, force his quivering eyelids wide open, and utter a word or two of assent or apology that had no relevancy to what the druggist was saying. The latter looked surprised once or twice at the inconsequent replies he received; but, being near-sighted, he could not from where he sat distinguish the face of Father Brian clearly, and therefore he repeated more at length the questions which, he supposed, had been misunderstood.

It would have been amusing if it had not been alarming to the doctor to watch the scene. He let it go on, hoping that the necessity to exert himself which Father Brian evidently felt even in his present state of somnolence might prevent a total lapse into unconsciousness. But at last the young man found himself constrained to interfere. Mr. Gowan, after explaining elaborately some of the accusations that are made by Protestants against the confessional, and the abuses which, according to their enlightened testimony, flow from it, was amazed and obviously scandalized at receiving an unqualified though disjointed assent to each count as it was cited. "No doubt," "yes," "unquestionably true," Father Brian, having an obscure perception that he was expected to say something, would respond at each pause of the speaker, who finally turned a face of ludicrous astonishment toward the doctor.

"Don't you see that he don't know what he is saying—that he is asleep?" said Ferrison impatiently, as he rose and hurried out of the room. And the druggist, approaching the priest, did see that in the instant which had elapsed since his last response he had sunk into a profound slumber.

Dr. Ferrison returned as quickly as he went out, and, coming to his patient, shook his shoulder vigorously until he opened his eyes with a sleepy, bewildered expression.

"You must walk about some, father!" said the young man. "Here, Gowan, support him on that side, will you? He must not go to sleep."

Together they lifted the poor padre to his feet and put him in motion, guiding his steps up and down the floor, until he was sufficiently awake to be made to comprehend that he must swallow the coffee which the doctor held to his lips. Back and forth,

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back and forth they led him, his steps growing more and more uncertain, his eyes closed, his head bent over his chest, for at least half an hour, when the doctor placed him in his chair, and, turning to the druggist, said hastily:

"I sent for Clayton, but by his not being here by this time I am afraid he is not in town. Worthington is sick in bed, but I wish you would go and explain the case to him and see if he can suggest anything more than I have been doing."

Thoroughly frightened, Mr. Gowan stayed not to reply even, but went with all speed to do as he was requested, while the doctor, assisted by Mrs. Brown, put mustard around the wrists and ankles of Father Brian and on the back of his neck.

"Has not Simon returned?" asked the doctor when they had finished doing this.

"He hadn't when I come out of the kitchen," was the reply. "Here he is now," she added as quick, heavy steps entered the vestibule.

The next instant the door was opened and Simon, followed by Dr. Clayton, entered.

The latter, a short, stout personage, with a nose like the beak of an eagle set between a pair of small but piercing black eyes, asked no questions, having heard from Simon the facts of the case, but walked in briskly, and, stooping over, looked closely at the priest's face, listened to his breathing, touched the temporal artery, and then inquired, "How long has he been in this state?"

"Not long. He was talking steadily until about half an hour ago," answered Ferrison.

"Let me have some ice—ah! here is some, I see," he said, as, turning to the table, his eye fell on the bowl sitting there, which was half-full of water and floating fragments of ice. He picked it up and dashed the contents into the father's face with a suddenness and force that almost roused the sleeper, causing him to start violently and make an ineffectual effort to open his eyes.

"Get some coffee and brandy," said Dr. Clayton. "Peach brandy? Yes, that will do; but make haste—there is no time to lose."

While Mrs. Brown went on her errand the somnolent padre was again placed upon his feet, this time with much difficulty—with so much difficulty, indeed, that but for the opportune reappearance of Mr. Gowan, accompanied by two gentlemen whom he had picked up on his way, they might probably have failed in the attempt.

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"Your priest here is in a bad state, I am sorry to find, Mr. Ashby," said Dr. Clayton, addressing the elder of the two gentlemen, who were Catholics and evidently father and son. "We are trying to get him on his feet to keep him in motion."

The younger Ashby started forward to assist, and a perambulation of the floor began again.

They had not made many turns when Mrs. Brown entered with the coffee and brandy. As he took them from her hands and set them on the table Dr. Clayton requested her to put a few lumps of ice in her water-bucket and bring it to him, which she did at once; and dipping a bowlful of the ice-cold fluid, the physician walked in front of the procession as the father was conducted up and down, across and around the tolerably large apartment, throwing the water in his face every few steps.

It was a distressing spectacle to the only two unemployed persons present—the elder Mr. Ashby and the housekeeper. Father Brian's eyes were closed, his steps mechanical and stumbling, his head nodding from side to side except when the periodical dash of water caused him to start back and shiver an instant.

"I'm afraid they'll give him his death of cold!" thought Mrs. Brown, as with troubled gaze she watched the water streaming down the front of his soutane and deluging his slippered feet. "He looks pitiful, treated so!"

The success of the treatment, however, gradually became apparent in the increased sensitiveness he exhibited to the shock of the ice-water, and presently Dr. Clayton said: "Let him sit down now. He must take this coffee, if possible."

"Yes, and I must look to the mustard-plasters," said Dr. Ferrison, proceeding to remove them as soon as they had placed the father in his seat.

"Put your smoothing-irons to the fire, Mrs. Brown," said Dr. Clayton. "I hope we shall not have to use them, but we must have them on hand in case of need."

Mrs. Brown's usually ruddy face was already pale, but it lost an additional shade of color at the intimation thus conveyed. She went, though, in all haste to obey the doctor's orders, and when she came back, as quickly as possible, found them trying in vain to rouse the priest sufficiently to get him to take the coffee. "Tell him there's a sick-call," she suggested. "That'll fetch him, if anything can. Let me speak to him!" And as those surrounding him moved back at her approach she leant down with her lips almost to his ear and cried loudly:

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"Here's a sick-call, father!—a sick-call!"

The good father moved slightly, and Mrs. Brown, inspirited by this sign of success, repeated in a still louder tone:

"A sick-call, and you must take a cup of coffee before you start out. Won't you get up, father, and go to a sick-call?"

"Yes," was the reply in a sleepy tone.

"Then drink this coffee."

"Drink!" said Dr. Ferrison.

"You must hurry, father, and drink your coffee and go to a sick-call!" screamed Mrs. Brown persistently in his ear.

"Yes," he responded again, and began to drink as it was held to his lips, but went to sleep in the act, and another course of walking and water was deemed necessary. But an impression had been conveyed to his mind. He stopped suddenly in the middle of the floor after a few turns; his face took an expression of painful perplexity; he moved his right arm restlessly, trying to release it from the grasp of his supporters, and when their hold was cautiously withdrawn, and he found it at liberty, he began passing his hand in a bewildered way over the left side of his chest and then the right, until it became evident that he was feeling for a pocket.

"What are you looking for?" asked Dr. Ferrison in his ear.

"My—bre—via—" he tried to answer; but his hand fell to his side, his chin to his breast, and his countenance lost the ray of intelligence it had worn for a moment. The doctors, nevertheless, were satisfied.

"He's coming round!" said Dr. Clayton cheerfully, bestowing a liberal dash of water over the bowed face and head as he spoke.

"I have had some tolerably rough practice in the way of sick-calls," said the good padre, as he sat by his fireside some days later talking to Dr. Ferrison, "but nothing to compare in any respect to the one on which I was journeying all that night."

They both could afford now to laugh at the recollection of how the poor padre had been kept up to the mark of walking off the effects of the opiate by the exhortation constantly reiterated in his ear that he "must hurry to a sick-call."

"The dim recollection I have of it is that of a hideous nightmare," said he. "My mind was in a mist, or rather, I should say, in a London fog, with the strangest muddle of ideas coming and going, the dominant one being that I was hurrying through a very hard rain, that swept over me in blinding, ice-cold gusts,

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to a sick-call, and that I was not sure I had everything I should need with me. The apprehension of not being able to give the sick person the sacraments, after all, troubled me very much. Added to this, I was oppressed by the conviction that the coffee which I had to drink before starting out—and I seemed to be always in the act of starting, yet laboriously plodding on my way—was not coffee, but mustard and morphine."

"It is easy enough," said the doctor, laughing, "to account for that hallucination: The morphine you had taken first, followed by the mustard-emetic, and, lastly, the condition of your stomach."

"The bitter and burning taste, too, of the black coffee and brandy! I had a bewildered sense of amazement that Mrs. Brown should have used such materials in making coffee, and was sure that the mixture must be injurious, even dangerous. Then why Dr. Clayton should throw water in my face puzzled me exceedingly and excited a dull sense of indignation. With the inconsistency of a dream, I thought at one and the same time that it was rain that was pouring on me, and yet that Dr. Clayton was the author of my discomfort—for I opened my eyes several times and saw him in the act of dashing the water—and I remember thinking hazily that it was very strange and outrageous conduct on his part. Ah! well," said the father, "it is over now, thank God and the good friends who by his permission pulled me through! It will be a lesson to me, as long as I live, to know what I am doing hereafter before I swallow medicine."

"It will be a lesson to several people," said Dr. Ferrison. "Gowan hates it desperately; and though he has kept his word to you about taking back Gregory and not flogging the boy, he tells me, he has managed, I am sure, to make the subject a sore one to them. They are not likely to hear the last of it soon," added the speaker in a tone of malicious satisfaction. "It is a question with me whether it was not my bounden duty to have taken Gregory before a magistrate about it. If it had not been on Gowan's account I should have done so."

"I am glad you did not," said Father Brian. "I feel myself fully as much to blame as he was; and as the accident has not resulted in any serious consequences, my only regret is for the trouble it gave. Which reminds me," he added, taking out his pocket-book, "that I have not yet settled my doctors' bills, and I always like to attend to matters of the kind at once." He had opened the book as he spoke, and, unfolding a small roll of bank-

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notes, was disengaging one of them with the evident intention of offering it to Dr. Ferrison, when the latter interfered to stay the proceeding.

"Excuse me," he said, "but don't you know that we doctors never charge men of your profession?"

"I know that is the custom of some physicians, but not of all, I think."

"It is my custom, and Clayton's," said the young man. "As to myself," he went on, with one of the boyish laughs which sometimes strongly contrasted with his usual gravity, "I have already received my fee."

"What do you mean?" asked Father Brian, looking puzzled.

"That for several nights past I have been studying St. Thomas diligently, and I can say now, as I heard a poor Italian cry out vehemently the other day to a sanctimonious-looking individual who was trying to proselyte him, '*Credo in unum Deum*, ET UNAM SANCTAM CATHOLICAM ET APOSTOLICAM ECCLESIAM.'"

THE CONQUEROR.

I READ of one who, ere his youth was spent—
In days Arthurian, time of chivalry—
Beheld no mightier warrior than he,
Himself the champion of the tournament.

But lo! he slept; and to him came a guest,
A knight, who bade him arm; and in the light
The pale moon shed they battled through the night—
The stranger knight the victor of the quest!

"And who art thou," the conquered champion saith,
"That doth so quickly cause my overthrow?"
The strange knight vanished in the air, but lo!
These words he saith: "I am the Conqueror, Death!"

And thou, O listeners! this my moral keep:
Who would a victor be must guard his sleep!

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THE CATHOLIC CHARITIES OF DUBLIN.—THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

THE thought has often struck me, What an immense deal we hear of the bad there is in the world, and how comparatively little is said of all the good that is being done around us from morning till night, and even through the long night! All the wickedness of the world seems to be cried out upon the house-tops, but the good goes silently, quietly, unceasingly along, self-forgetful, so accustomed is it to its own beautiful presence, doing its work so simply that we are only too apt to take it as a matter of course, as we do the very air we breathe: we feel it, we see it, we live by it, but it is with the air that is our life as with the good that surrounds us—we only stop to think or wonder about either when either produces some unusual effect: a storm in the air, or a great public (and, being public, often questionable) act of virtue. Yet it is not the storm, but the pure, gentle air we scarcely feel, that is our life; it is not the occasional, wonderful deed of virtue that constitutes the true beauty and life of the world, but the quiet, unnoticed, never-ceasing daily round of acts of Christian love and unselfishness going on in the daily lives of those about us wherever human beings are congregated.

Many a time, when listening to the talk we so often hear about the wickedness of the world, I have thought, What a huge chronicle it would be if the good deeds, not of a country or of a province, but of one town alone, and for one day only, could be written! But it would be impossible. No book, save that of the recording angel, could contain the entire history of the good done in that one day, even within the limits of a single city. For who could go from house to house, especially amongst the poor and struggling, and tell of the patient toil, the heroic endurance of suffering, the cheerfulness amid dire privations, the charity of the poor to each other, the lives of self-sacrifice and true piety to be seen in those poor homes? Yes, in every one of them we may learn a lesson; for even in those wretched dwellings where drunkenness and vice and squalor have taken up their abode it is seldom indeed we do not also find redeeming examples of endurance or of devotion that make us think better of human nature.

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It would be even difficult to give a minute account of the acts of kindness and charity that are the one day's work of the numerous benevolent institutions of a city. A passing visit to a few of those institutions could give but a faint idea of the incalculable amount of good done in that short space of time; but the hours so passed would not be ill-spent if we bring away with us a truer sympathy with the afflicted, and the belief that, after all, if we but look for it, there is far more good than bad in the world.

Previous to 1872 there was not in all Ireland any hospital specially devoted to the treatment of the various woes that children suffer from. In that year a few charitable ladies and gentlemen resolved on supplying this much-needed want. They collected funds, they interested their friends in the project, they expressly appealed to the feelings of the young girls and the children of the rich and well-to-do families of the city; and, encouraged by the support received on all sides, they rented and furnished a large mansion in the now decayed but once fashionable Buckingham Street. For three years these kind-hearted ladies and gentlemen, working without any foundation for their institute, but depending from day to day upon the charities that somehow never ceased to come in, continued their good work, each year adding, as their scanty means allowed, to the number of beds maintained in their wards, while each year added largely to the number of out-door patients relieved in the dispensary attached to the hospital.

It is touching to read the early records in which are chronicled the most minute details of the working of the establishment: the names of the little patients, the various offerings of their kind friends—all being enumerated and gratefully acknowledged, from large gifts of money down to bouquets of flowers or baskets of fruit, or even a broken doll. In these yearly reports, too, many a kind little donor is told of the pleasure and comfort that the "Noe's Ark" or the "Jack-in-the-box" had brought to more than one poor suffering infant. These simple details, also published in the *Irish Monthly*, were read by children not only in various parts of Ireland but in foreign lands, and from even America came child-like little letters enclosing help for the sick children in St. Joseph's. One letter, in the corner of which was pasted a gold dollar, came from three boys in San Francisco. Another tender-hearted child, hearing of a motherless, broken-hearted infant of five years, whom even a black-faced sailor doll could not comfort, saved up her pennies and bought for the young orphan a nice sailor doll with a white face ("I don't like dolls with black

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faces," she said in her letter), and the next month's chronicle tells that the white-faced doll and the letter that accompanied it had brought the first smile to the little orphan's face.

It was not little girls only who worked, and work still, in this way, but a number of boys of the wealthier classes enrolled themselves in the "Boys' Brigade." These little fellows went heart and soul into the work, not only saving their pocket-money, their toys, begging for and artistically mending up the broken toys of others, but regularly visiting the tiny sufferers in the hospital, playing with them, reading for them, and by every means in their power trying to make the poor children happy; all the while laying up for themselves a store of unselfishness and kind sympathies which I am sure many of them have found a treasure in after-life.

It was through one of these young "Brothers of Charity" that I first came to know St. Joseph's, a few years after its foundation. I had in those days a great friend, a rollicking, harum-scarum little boy, so delicate that he spent one-half of his life dying, the other half playing tricks and eternally laying traps to ensnare his sisters and myself. Being very accomplished in those ways, I laid worse traps for him, and so we became great allies. On his invitation I set out one day with him to visit the Children's Hospital, and I can never forget the feelings of pity, wonder, and admiration with which I went from bed to bed through the wards: pity for the pain, the sickness, and the premature sorrows depicted, in one form or another, on every tiny inmate of the pretty cots ranged round the bright ward; wonder at the sufferings endured by such little creatures—sufferings, many of them, that would tax the endurance of many a powerful man; admiration for the patient kindness and thought, of which there were evidences on every side.

And no small amount of admiration for the sudden change in my vivacious, merry young companion George, suddenly transformed into a patient, gentle, watchful nurse-tender, going from bed to bed with a bright smile and a merry but never a loud word for each sick child; gently lifting up one to settle its pillows, eagerly discussing the contents of a wonderful farmyard with another, sympathizing with a third over the broken tail of a cat, which he slipped into his pocket with a promise to mend and bring it back to the dejected owner; then, when he had comforted and brightened every little sufferer, volunteering to be charioteer for the day, and carrying off on his back a poor lame

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child, to be driven round and round the garden in the perambulator of the establishment.

I thought of those days as I went with a friend, one morning recently, to visit the Children's Hospital in Upper Temple Street. In 1876 the original founders requested the Sisters of Charity to undertake the permanent charge of the institution. The sisters consented, and, finding in Temple Street a building more suited to their requirements than the house in Buckingham Street, they, trusting to that charity that had never failed since the beginning of the work, transferred the hospital to its present site, a large, cheerful-looking, red brick building on the sunny side of the street.

Standing on the door-steps while awaiting an answer to our ring, the merry sound of the voices of children at play came to our ears—voices that suggested anything but the thought of sick children. These, we found, were the convalescents, who, the day being too chilly for the garden, were at play in the recreation-room, which looks into the street.

The moment the door was opened we saw we were in a house not built for its present purpose, but in one of the fine old mansions inhabited by the aristocrats and prince-merchants of Dublin in the days when Dublin boasted as brilliant society as any capital in Europe. The square hall, the solid mahogany doors leading to various parts of the house, the finely-finished mouldings of ceilings and walls, the broad, handsome staircase—all showed that the house was once the abode of wealth and fashion. Fortunately the old house has found a better fate than so many of its contemporaries; it is in the possession of those whose exquisite taste and care make the simplest house look elegant, and in whose hands the handsome old mansion, if not luxuriously furnished, looks young again and bright as if only built yesterday.

But everywhere there is some indication of the different life the old walls now see from what they looked on in former days. A glance as we pass through the hall showed us a poor, shivering woman, come to the sisters, she said, "for something to cover her." On the first landing stood—the Lady of the house—a life-size and most life-like statue of "Our Lady of Succor," holding the Divine Infant asleep in her arms and bending over him with a look of tender care.

In response to our inquiry for the superioress a young, bright, not at all responsible-looking nun came to us, and, kindly saying she would be delighted to show us all over the house, led the way at once to the sick-wards, a suite of lofty, handsome rooms,

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evidently once the reception-rooms of the mansion. Here all is bright, cheerful, exquisitely neat, the air fresh and pure, and there is a plentiful supply of that most health-giving of all medicines—sunshine.

The first was exclusively a girls' ward. I know the good nuns never dreamed of the effect, but in the first cot as we entered was an exquisitely beautiful child of about four years—a sweet, gentle, sensitive, and, like most of the children of the poor, a sensible little face, looking lovely in spite of having lost her hair; for the young patient was being treated for some severe head disease. One cannot but remark how many of these poor children suffer in like manner, from the difficulty the parents have in rearing them properly, usually being forced, while they themselves go out to earn the daily bread, to leave their little ones in charge of children scarcely older than the babies themselves. For it must be understood that none but the children of the very poorest are treated in this hospital, and the greatest number of patients are found amongst motherless children. The institute, too, is strictly non-sectarian, the question as to the religion to which a child belongs being asked on entry solely to avoid any interference with the teaching or religious exercises of non-Catholic children.

From the first cot the superioress turned to that beside it, and, tenderly and gently turning down a little of the bed-clothes, she showed us the most pitiable example of attenuated, worn-out infancy it would be possible to imagine: a handful of misery and wretchedness it was—a child five years of age, but not as large as an infant of five months. The snow-white sheets of the bed were not the awful white of the ghastly skin that seemed not even to contain a bone; the nun carefully took in hers a little hand and arm that did not seem human; and, small and pinched, and wan and worn out, as the poor little face was, there was also in it a world of premature care, one would almost say hopelessness, that was pitiful to see. This, too, was a motherless child, and the nun told us that its life was being drained away by an abscess in the head so terrible that she, who was used to looking at every form of disease, could scarcely bear to see it dressed. The child was exactly what the old story-tellers so graphically describe as what a fairy changeling gradually dwindles down into.

Crossing the room to a bed placed close beside the fire, and over which was erected a kind of temporary tent to keep out all chill, we saw an infant, only a year and eleven months old, whose death from a violent attack of bronchitis had been expected all

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through the night; but the superioress said they now trusted it would pull through. "And I do hope it will," she said kindly, "for its poor father would be broken-hearted if it died. His wife is dead, and this baby is all he has to comfort him. You should have seen him with it yesterday. 'I think it would be best not to ask to see the child,' said the sister to him; 'its heart is very bad, and it is so excitable.' 'Ah! ma'am,' said the poor fellow, 'for God's sake let me up to her; I want to tell her I've got work at last.' It was one of the most touching sights I ever witnessed," continued the superioress, "to see the big man sitting there beside the little bed, holding the baby's hand in his, telling her of his delight at getting work to support them when she'd come home again; what wages he was getting by the week, and how he hoped for a rise after Christmas; how he'd have something nice for her to eat, a warm frock to keep out the cold; how he had got his coat and his tools out of the pawn; how the landlady was going to take half the rent he owed and trust him a few weeks for the rest, and how things would be all right once she was well and strong and able to come home again—while all the time the child lay listening and gazing in her father's face, as if she understood and was thinking over everything he said." "And do you really think, mother," I asked, "that an infant of not quite two years old could understand what the father was telling her?" "I really don't know," she answered. "I would not say she did not, for it is wonderful how early the children of the poor come to know and take their share of all the troubles round them. The poor mothers, sometimes for want of other human comfort, tell the babies all that happens to them from morning till night, and these little things become singularly quick-witted. And then their hearts are so warm! Now, for instance, as a rule all the children are fast asleep from six o'clock. One Saturday night, about nine o'clock, a poor little fellow five years old was found sitting up in his bed crying bitterly. 'What in this world ails you, Willie?' asked the sister who was going round the ward. 'Oh!' says the child, sobbing as if his little heart would break, 'this is Saturday night; father 'll get his wages, he'll be drunk, an' he'll beat mother, an' I won't be there to save her.'"

This little story brought us to the bedside of a lovely and most healthy-looking little girl, looking, as did almost every child in the hospital, so cheerful and patient that we doubted that anything could be wrong with her. Yet the superioress told us that Mary had but lately undergone a severe operation—a diseased bone had been taken out of her leg—but she was

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getting on splendidly and would soon be all right. "And here is poor Kitty," said the kind nun, putting her arm round a tiny child in the next cot, "has to get a bone out of *her* leg in a few days; but she won't mind it at all, she is such a good child." Here Kitty showed her "poor leg," the fellow to which we found gaily decorated with a magnificent black and yellow stocking, left on to please her fancy. Miss Kitty was a plaintive, reflective-looking wee body, whose tongue had been going as smartly as any one's until we came near, but instantly a self-contained, eyes-cast-down, overtried-by-the-world look came over her, and no petting could get her to raise either eyes or voice. Each little bed is provided with a sliding table to hold toys, books, dinner, or a weary little head, as the case may be. But Kitty would have neither table, nor toys, nor cakes; all she wanted was to be left alone with her sorrows, so we left her. She was not an ugly child—far from it. She had silky red hair, the curls carefully combed and prettily falling about her face; the downcast lids had long, red eye lashes, and her skin was as fair as a lily—as the old Irish saying in reference to the white skin of red-haired people has it, she was "*gilla gan buideacas* [pr. *bweecachus*]" —"fair, and no thanks for it"; but I trust I am not uncharitable towards Kitty if I say that I should be glad to hear that she was safe in heaven, for her little face did not look as if she would grow up either cheerful or amiable.

Not so the occupant of the next cot, a little girl with a splendid head all over chestnut curls, and eyes that looked straight at you as she cheerfully answered every question, and said she was not suffering at all, though the poor child was being wasted by a bad hip-disease. She took a deep interest in our next visit, which was to a baby just learning to walk in a cage on wheels, and who was being treated for a club-foot. The fat little feet were bare, and their owner looked on gravely while the superioress stretched and gently rubbed and straightened out the club-foot, which, with the aid of irons and constant care, will one day be a good, sound, straight one.

From the merry little baby we passed on a few yards to where lay, waiting for the Angel of Death, a little girl of nine years, so wasted from years of want and disease that she was not larger than a child of three or four. She seemed perfectly easy, and said she was "well."

A whimper from the other side of the room attracted us towards the only *really* woebegone and comfortless child in the place. There sat a doleful little soul whinging—there is no other

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word for it; there were no tears, but a perpetual whimper for her "mother." The nun said they thought she had headaches, for nothing cheered her up. A tune on a lovely new musical box was tried for her, all to no purpose; nothing could comfort her, nor could she tell what was the matter with her.

Going up to a mass of golden hair on a pillow, the little hand covered up the face, and the child cried to us to "go away." "Ah! we won't tease her," said the superioress; "she has but just come in—another child whose mother is in heaven, and the poor little thing is very bad with dropsy. She was a long time waiting before we had a vacant bed for her. The father works out on the river, and, as he says, has to go out with the tide; but for ever so long, when the tide came in, there was the poor fellow at the gate with the sick child in his arms, waiting to see if there was a chance of getting her in, and going away so miserable and dejected when I was obliged to refuse him. You may imagine how delighted I was to-day when I found I had a bed vacant, and knew the poor man's heart would be easier the next time he went out with the tide."

A step or two brought us into the boys' ward, on the threshold of which we were received by Patsy, a convalescent, a gentle, bright-looking boy, who from that moment remained with us, accompanying us from bed to bed, and who treated me privately in a corner to a tune on the jew's-harp.

Sitting bolt-upright in bed, and looking half-defiantly, half-stupidly around him, was a miniature likeness of the great Oliver Goldsmith. Just such a mouth and nose, and just such a round head; but the poor head was in a bad way, having been blistered for brain attack, from the effects of which Oliver's eyes were unnaturally big and bright and his speech somewhat incoherent. His temper had been roused, for the moment he caught sight of the superioress he commenced a rambling complaint of "that fellow over there, with a leg an' a half, took—took—" we could not make out what, but he pointed to another invalid, the victim of a broken leg, who was looking highly amused over some piece of mischief he had accomplished.

We inquired how the children bore the severe operations many were obliged to undergo, and were told that all the operations were performed under the influence of ether; that the children, being unconscious of the gravity of what they were undergoing, and seeing nothing but cheerfulness and brightness around them, appeared to have little or no idea of suffering, beyond the moment of actual pain. A few days before our visit a child's finger had

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been amputated. The superioress, coming to the ward shortly after to see if the boy had as yet got over the influence of the ether, found the patient gay and hearty, the invalid hand neatly bound up, the good hand busily employed tuning up a barrel-organ.

Perhaps I may remark that while the surgical operations have been numerous and very trying, yet such is the recuperative power of childhood, and such the skill and care bestowed upon the patients, that since the opening of the hospital there has been but one death after surgical treatment.

As we left the wards to visit the rest of the house a smiling little boy called out to the superioress from his bed: "Before you go, tell me, do you like me?" We noticed the thoughtfulness, even in trifles, with which she turned to reply gaily: "Do I like you? Indeed I do when you are a good boy."

In the immediate vicinity of the wards we had just visited are beautifully-fitted-up baths. I thought, Even if there had been no medical attendance in the house for the children, what must not be to such poor, neglected waifs the comfort of a bath, of fresh, warm clothing, and a clean, soft bed, the restful ease of which alone would go far to bring back health to their perished frames. This, indeed, was noticeable in the quiet, reposeful way all the new-comers nestled in their cots, as if rest were all they wanted.

Passing up-stairs to a higher story of the building, our attention was once more attracted by the superior build and finish of the house, and our kind conductress told us we were right in supposing it to be one of the mansions of Dublin in past days. It had been originally built and inhabited by a wealthy East India merchant and his family; and here came the reflection, One can go nowhere nowadays without coming across Mr. Parnell or his name. When Parnell was a child his mother lived in this very house, and, no doubt, he himself had many a happy, childish frolic along those corridors through which we were at that moment passing. If, amid all his cares, he has time to think of his boyhood's days, does he, I wonder, ever think of the old house in Temple Street, now the resting-place for the suffering childhood not of Dublin alone, but of all Ireland? For from every province the little ones of the poor who cannot have in their wretched homes the surgical skill and the watchful care that they so often need are brought to St. Joseph's, where they are so lovingly tended by the devoted Sisters of Charity and the no less devoted and most skilful physicians of the city, three of whom—to their honor be it said—have, from the foundation of the institution,

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not only given their daily attendance without accepting any remuneration whatever, but they and their families have been constant and liberal contributors to the establishment.

In the upper portion of the house small wards and separate baths have been fitted up, with a view to increasing the number of in-door patients, as well as being able to divide and classify more than is at present possible the different diseases from which the children suffer. For instance, children suffering from certain diseases of the eye are injured by the plentiful admission of sunlight and air, so beneficial for other patients. Then, again, for those who suffer from bronchitis it would be more easy in a separate and smaller ward to keep up a certain temperature, necessary for them, but injurious to many others. But for the present these wards lie idle for want of funds to support the additional expense.

As we came again through the wards on our return we found an extraordinary change had come over the scene. Dinner was being served from a table in the centre of the room, and there was a general and very lively resurrection in all the little beds. Every child, even those who seemed dying an hour ago, was now sitting up, uncommonly lively and deeply interested in the distribution, first, of the neatest of little white pinafores, and then of a nice hot dinner. Even poor little Frank, who was not long for this world, being in an advanced stage of dropsy, still took a deep interest in the amount of salt he directed should be put in his soup.

In the middle of the room there was a table about a foot high. At this was going on a dinner-party—convalescents and club-feet—and I have seen many and many a stylish dinner-table at which there was not half the easy flow of conversation that went on round this little board. I glanced round to see what the plaintive Kitty was doing. She was working away manfully with her spoon; but the moment she caught my eye, down went the head and the eyes, and the hand that held the spoon fell languidly on the little table, and poor Kitty had no appetite. But the most extraordinary resurrection of all was that of the worn-out atom we had seen at first. It sat up like an attenuated farthing rush-light, the wick or head of which was almost enveloped by a tall, white extinguisher in the shape of a conical night-cap. The little creature had grown no bigger, no less wan or ghastly, no less a pitiful sight; and still, sitting up there, with a sudden life seeming to have come into it as it ate as only a starveling can, it looked like a microscopic edition of a wee, wizened, 'cute old

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man—a tiny, tiny "Grandfather Smallweed" just shaken up by Judy. It almost took away my breath to see, but seeing it so I could well believe the superioress right in saying it might recover.

Our last visit to the children's portion of the institution was a walk round the spacious garden, from which we entered the mortuary chapel, where are laid before interment, clothed in white and strewn with flowers, the mortal remains of those little ones who have just joined the angels in heaven. As is but right, there is nothing sad or death-like in this chapel. It is cheerful and sunny, and on the altar before which the small forms are laid stands the image of a guardian angel leading a child's soul to heaven—a beautiful image that must have consoled many a tearful parent.

Leaving the chapel, and passing through a corridor, we came upon a sister bending eagerly over a large hamper of old toys that had just arrived from some kind donor. "There, now!" exclaimed the superioress triumphantly—"there was Willie crying just now because I had no toys for him, and here they are come in." We all dived into the toy-basket, and I could not help secretly reflecting on the likeness between the contents of the basket and the contents of the hospital. There was not a form of physical human woe and bodily dilapidation that was not represented amongst those toys. There was a soldier with "a leg and a half" for the little boy up-stairs; there was a poor Mrs. Noe with a hole in her hip, and the top of her head badly blistered where her plaster-hat had been torn off; there was a bran-doll—*she* was an incurable case, for she had lost her head: but the sister said that was not a matter to fret over, as she could not allow bran-dolls into the wards, for the children put them through surgical operations that quite upset the neatness of the floors; there was a fine, fluffy goose that had lost its legs; a beautiful tin cab, but the hind wheels were gone; a fine elephant with a jointed back, but one joint of his backbone was missing, and an operation was decided on, on the spot, by means of which he would become a whole elephant again; a fiddle that had a screw loose, like the wits of poor little Oliver Goldsmith in the ward above—in short, such a basket of accidents never was seen. But what matter! The babies up-stairs were not fastidious about toys, and great was the delight of the good nuns at this replenishment of the toy-cupboard.

Having seen the principal parts of the house, our last visit was paid to the linen-room, where some young lady-visitors had just

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ceased folding and arranging in beautiful order all the linen for the use of the young patients. Here we had a pleasant talk with our kind conductress and with several other ladies of the community. It was delightful to listen to their conversation on the leading topics of the day—on literature, politics, ways and manners. At our request they told us some of their cares and troubles in connection with the hospital: of the great expense of purchasing, furnishing, and keeping up, entirely dependent as they are on voluntary contributions, such a large establishment. And yet, somehow, all comes in from day to day.

When the Sisters of Charity came to their present house they were a hundred pounds in debt, and had nothing to buy food with, not to mention tables or chairs. The food came in the shape of a large basket of game from a lady in England, but there was a charge of three shillings and sixpence to pay on the basket. The house was searched; every table-drawer was examined—all no use. The carrier had to be told he must take away the parcel, for there was no money to pay for it. This the carrier refused to do. He gave the good sisters credit, and when, after a time, he came to be paid, the three shillings and sixpence had "come in," as had also chairs, and sofas, and tables, including an elegant little chess-table for the days when the sisters shall have nothing to do but play chess. The table still looks brand-new.

In order to enable the sisters to make use of their new wards and to extend their great work of charity towards this most helpless of all classes of patients, funds are wanting. Some idea of what, with very limited means, has been done in St. Joseph's Hospital may be formed from the fact that within the last five years 1,337 children were fed, clothed, and received the best medical treatment in the hospital wards, while in the dispensary attached to the house 23,592 extern patients were treated during the same time. The good sisters depend altogether on charity, and they appeal particularly to the charity of wealthy mothers whose feeling hearts are so pained by the sufferings of their own little ones, surrounded though they are by all that care and affection can do for them. These mothers they ask to pity and help the children of the poor, to whose sufferings in sickness and disease are added all the horrors of hunger, cold, and nakedness.

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"RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE."

THE troubled waters had become apparently calm, but that stillness only preceded the muttering of the far-off thunder. Just as Queen Elizabeth had secretly despatched her cautious and calculating political agent, Sir Henry Gates, to Lord Moray to arrange the "purchase-money" for the surrender of the brave and chivalrous Earl of Northumberland, an appalling event had interrupted the blood-stained treaty. The Regent Moray was assassinated in the old town of Linlithgow, and while surrounded by his Puritan friends. The assassin was James Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh. "The assassination was very generally attributed to a feeling of private revenge for an inhuman and savage wrong." So writes Fraser Tytler, a very truthful Presbyterian Scotch historian. That a powerful party rejoiced in the death of Moray by any means, however unfair or cruel, there can be no doubt, for he was universally hated, and his victims were to be found in every part of Scotland. The women execrated him because he curtailed many of their ancient privileges as housewives. Roger Mackenzie states that "every side Moray turned there were deep, unforgiving curses concealed for him." For more than two years before the death of the regent predictions of his violent end were freely discussed in every part of Scotland. Several of the old women whom he had consigned to the flames on the charge of witchcraft prophesied "terrible things concerning Jamie the Bastard." One aged woman, Mog Macniven, at whose immolation by fire Moray presided, hearing the regent order *a fresh bag of gunpowder* to be placed by the faggot and tar-barrel prepared for her cruel death, bitterly exclaimed: "What need o' a' this wasthing o' powthur? A wee bit 'll do for the laird yonder when his turn cumes to be struck down." Although in dreadful agony, the witch gave a half-fiendish laugh at the thought of what was in store for the regent, and, giving a savage look of defiance at Lord Moray, accompanied by renewed execrations which are too horrible to appear in print, the aged witch expired. Lord Moray presided at many shocking scenes of a similar description.

Now for the cause—or the alleged cause, as some historians have the courage to put the question—of the assassination of the Regent of Scotland. James Hamilton, commonly called Both-

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wellhaugh, was a gentleman of ancient family. He fought for the Queen of Scots at the battle of Langside. At this battle he signalized himself and fought hand-to-hand with the enemies of his sovereign. To the great grief of the young queen, her faithful knight was taken prisoner by Moray, who condemned him to be shot; but the numerous admirers of Hamilton in all ranks compelled the regent to withdraw his judgment. It is stated that, in a merciful mood, Moray banished Hamilton from the kingdom and confiscated all his property.

The outlawed patriot's beautiful young wife was the daughter of the chivalrous and high-minded Oliver Sinclair, the valued friend of Queen Mary's father. Mrs. Hamilton, the victim here referred to, was the heiress of Woodhouselee, a small property on the river Esk, to which she had retired under the mistaken idea that Moray would not be so cruel or so unjust as to drive her from this small patrimony. The regent having made a bargain with Bellenden, his "man-of-all-work," the latter came on a very severe night, the wind and cold being intense. All humanity and delicacy were flung aside by Bellenden and his ruffian followers. He ordered Mrs. Hamilton to leave the house instantly. Moray's warrant was produced. Strong words passed between the servants of Mrs. Hamilton and the armed retainers of Bellenden. The old family nurse supplicated for her young mistress and the new-born babe; but all in vain. Mrs. Hamilton, who had been present at the battle of Langside, was somewhat courageous, and stated that she would rather die on the spot than leave the last remnant of her ancestral inheritance. The domestics became furious, but they were quickly disposed of by the armed intruders, who tied them down. At this time Mrs. Hamilton was in her lying-in bed with her infant, only a few days old. At ten of the clock the poor lady was carried out of bed and dressed in a hurry. The servants were helpless, and yielded to armed force. Mrs. Hamilton, it is stated, was thrown in a neighboring wood to prevent her return home. In the wood the mother and her infant spent the night. The moaning of the wind did not long affright her, for she soon lost her senses. In the morning one of the servants who had escaped found her sitting beneath an old ivy-tree singing some mountain ditty, and her child lying dead at her feet. The scene was quickly made known to the outlawed husband, who, it is said, on bended knees made a vow to be avenged upon the man who had brought ruin upon his family and for ever blighted his domestic happiness.

Scotch tradition has furnished a vivid picture of this ter-

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rible narrative. Some Puritan writers question the whole affair. Later writers deny that Mrs. Hamilton and her child received such treatment as that described. But the records of the times are backed up by accurate traditions which have long been preserved in many intelligent families and ancient clans, where the genealogical tree is reverently respected by every successive generation. This feeling is kept clear of sectarian sentiment. Then all honor to such a reform in dear old Caledonia!

Calderwood affirms that Hamilton had twice failed in his attempt upon the regent's life, and that the Hamiltons, who had long hated the regent, encouraged the aggrieved man to make a third attempt, which proved successful.* It is not likely that Hamilton required "any entreaties" from his numerous clansmen, for the wrongs he endured were too great for a brave man and a loving husband to forget.

Mr. Hamilton was resolved to redeem the oath he had registered before Heaven. There must have been a strong feeling against Moray for his treatment of Mrs. Hamilton when we find the calm and discreet judgment of such a historian as Fraser Tytler pronouncing these words: "*If ever revenge could meet with sympathy, it would be in so atrocious a case as this.*" †

Nothing could be more determined than the manner in which Hamilton proceeded. He was very much attached to his beautiful and accomplished young wife, who, in the spring of life, was styled the "White Rose of the House of Sinclair." She never recovered the night in the wood and the loss of her child. Mrs. Hamilton's funeral was attended by a vast concourse of people, who publicly gave expression to their feelings concerning the conduct of the regent. Hamilton visited his wife's grave on a stormy midnight, and, to add to the loneliness of the scene, he was alone. On the occasion of his last visit to the grave he renewed his vow to destroy Lord Moray, and, in order to give an additional feeling of revenge, some fresh incentives, he *gathered a handful of the earth which covered the grave of his departed wife, and placed it within his girdle* as "*an eternal exciter*" to revenge against the Regent Moray, who was then at Stirling and intended to pass through Linlithgow on his way to Edinburgh. In this town, and in the High Street, through which the cavalcade passed, was to be seen a dilapidated house, once the property of Archbishop Hamilton. The outlawed Hamilton soon gained over the occupier of the place by money and liquor. He took his station in a small room, or, as some people called it, a wooden gallery, which

* Calderwood MSS. † Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. vi. p. 113.

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commanded a full view of the street. To prevent his heavy footsteps being heard—for he was booted and spurred—he placed a feather-bed on the floor; to secure against any chance observation of his shadow, which, had the sun broken out, might have caught the eye, he hung up a black cloth on the opposite wall, and, having barricaded the door in front, he had a swift horse ready saddled in the stables at the back. His preparations were not yet completed; for, observing that the gate in the wall which enclosed the garden was too low to admit a man on horseback, he removed the lintel-stone, and, returning to the room, he cut in the wooden panel immediately below the lattice-window, where he made a hole just sufficient to admit the barrel of his caliver.* Having taken these precautions, he loaded his piece *with four bullets*, and calmly awaited the approach of *his* wife's murderer and the plunderer of his ancient and honored family. The crowds who surrounded the regent caused him to ride at a slow pace, so that Hamilton had time to take a deliberate aim. The hour of Retributive Justice had *now* nearly arrived. Just as Moray had passed the fatal house the shot was fired; the bullets struck right through the lower part of the body; one bullet, entering above the belt of his doublet, came out near the hip-bone and killed the horse of Arthur Douglas, who rode close beside him. An indescribable scene followed, and, amidst the confusion, Hamilton escaped. It was certain that a large number of the Hamilton clans and retainers were in the crowd. Many voices exclaimed: "The queen's enemy is done for!"

Lord Moray was carried into a house and expired about midnight in a state of horrors; some allege singing praise to God. He seems to have had a fearful dread of death. And no wonder!

James Hamilton escaped to France, where he was offered a large reward if he would undertake the assassination of Coligni, but he refused the proffered bribe with a noble indignation. "I have avenged myself on the villain who made my home desolate," he replied, "and I glory in the deed; but I will not condescend to adopt the trade of an assassin. Coligni never injured me; why, then, should I take his life?" When James VI. attained some degree of freedom and power on the fall of Morton, Bothwellhaugh, as he continued to be styled, ventured to return to Scotland, and, being introduced into the royal presence, knelt and implored pardon for the slaughter of Moray. "Pardon thee for his slaughter!" exclaimed the young monarch. "God's blessing

* *Historie of King Jamie the Sext;* MS. Letters; State Papers; Fraser Tytler, vol. vi.

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on him whose son ye be; for an ye had not taken the life of yon traitor, I had never lived to wear my crown."

One of Sir Walter Scott's most pathetic ballads celebrates the wrongs and revenge of Bothwellhaugh.

The penal laws enacted by the Regent Moray were of the most oppressive and cruel nature. Many of the studied insults offered to Mary Stuart at Loch Leven Castle were traced to Moray and Lord Argyle. Argyle was an active and principal agent in the plot to ruin his royal sister-in-law, whom he styled "*that woman.*" He proposed some plans to "*reduce her mind to the level of any common woman.*" What a base suggestion for an educated nobleman and "a reformer of religion" to devise!

Human nature is generally on the side of mercy. A man must have outraged all the proprieties of life and made himself personally hateful when the populace raise a shout of joy at his death, and more especially when that death has been accomplished by a hand unauthorized by law. When Henry VIII. sent his unprincipled and wicked minister, Thomas Crumwell, to the scaffold, the people of England burst forth in an extravagant fit of rejoicing that the "Grand Inquisitor," as Crumwell was styled, had fallen from power. All classes, from the peer to the London 'prentice, approved of the verdict against Thomas Crumwell, and waited with anxiety for the terrible scaffold scene. The inhabitants of the great Continental cities took up the cry, "So the cruel oppressor of the people has reached the Tower, and the headsmen are preparing for his execution." The people of Paris exclaimed: "This is justice too long delayed." Charles V. and Francis I. wrote "congratulatory letters" to King Henry VIII. for having at last consigned Crumwell to the custody of the "finisher of the law."

An official of the Tower states that Crumwell, in a conversation with him before his execution, assured him that the joy the populace evinced at seeing him in that condition had quite unnerved him, even more than the presence of death itself, because it reminded him *of all the innocent people he had unjustly slain.**

* Jemmy O'Brien, the infamous informer, perjurer, and assassin, and the man of "bloody agencies" for the English government in Dublin (1798), reached the scaffold as soon as his English employers had their turn served. It has been recorded by one of the priests who attended O'Brien that when he appeared on the scaffold he was met with a wild shout from some seventy thousand people. The wretched man instantly rushed back and became quite faint. He assured the priests that the shout of joy he had just heard reminded him of all the brave and honest men he had murdered for English gold. Half an hour elapsed before he made his last appearance. The priests then held up the crucifix to the populace, and the great criminal was permitted to die in peace. But the scene which followed is too horrible to chronicle here. It was the pent-up feeling of revenge—the triumph of the oppressed bondsmen.

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The passage of time, however, witnessed a far worse specimen of public men brought to a dreadful end.

"Who can wonder," writes Miss Strickland, "that the husband of the young wife who was thus treated became infuriated by the outrage and had resolved on avenging her sufferings and death? An appeal to the laws of Scotland would, he knew, be unavailing, so grossly violated as they had been both by the regent and his law-officers who had committed the crime. . . . The Regent Moray, whom Hamilton regarded as the primary cause of what had occurred, crossing his path was doomed to pay the penalty of a crime which appeared to place its authors out of the pale of humanity.*

Business of ominous import to Queen Mary had been transacted by the regent on the morning of his death, at Stirling, with Sir Henry Gates and Sir William Drury, Queen Elizabeth's envoys for conducting the negotiations for "their secret matter." †

The plot apparently advanced, and the obstacles to the accomplishment of the treaty were now supposed to be removed. On the following day (Sunday) Moray was to meet his colleagues in Edinburgh for the final arrangement of the murder of his sister. The assassins to have been present on this occasion were Morton, Marr, Lindsay, Ruthven, and MacGill. The presence of James Hamilton in Linlithgow on Saturday morning, the 23d of January, led to a different conclusion.

Who can defend Lord Moray's breach of all promises to his sovereign, and that sovereign a loving, confiding sister? His treacherous arrest of her deputies and confidential advisers; his infamous betrayal of his own friend and co-religionist, the Duke of Norfolk? (His conduct to Norfolk roused the indignation even of such a partisan as Robertson, who states that Moray had "deceived the Duke of Norfolk with a baseness unworthy of a man of honor, if such a maxim existed in that age amongst a debased nobility.") The regent's murderous efforts for getting his sister into his own hands once more, in order to bring her to the scaffold by one of those schemes with which he was so well acquainted, or perhaps to have her privately assassinated? The pretended confessions of French Parris, after he had strangled that unfortunate youth and committed Sir William Stuart to the flames at St. Andrews, lest he should disclose the revelations

* *Queens of Scotland*, vol. vii. p. 57.

† Keralio's *Elizabeth*, vol. iii. p. 444. Killigrew's correspondence with Cecil is to be found in Murdin, where the reader will find all the arrangements for the murder of Mary Stuart. Tytler, vol. vi., and the *Queens of Scotland*, vol. ii., throw much light upon this murderous plot.

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made to him by Hubert on their voyage from Norway, were evidently prepared for the purpose of being produced in a kind of Star Chamber for the fatal crimination of the queen. But the summons suddenly directed for his own appearance before the dread tribunal of the Eternal in a few hours dashed to atoms his schemes of murder and ambition.

Puritan writers draw a glowing picture of the "humanity and piety" of Lord Moray. Dr. McCrie describes him as "the darling of the Scottish people"; whilst his own personal friends and eulogists—such men as Buchanan and Sir James Melville—declare that the regent was very unpopular with the Scotch nation. The records of his public and private actions must be accepted as correct. His avarice was unbounded. He did not even refrain from plundering his nephew, young Francis Stuart —the orphan son of his brother John, known as the prior of Caldingham—of his patrimony. He also compelled the aged Bishop of Moray to resign the greater portion of his lands to him. He likewise seized on the church plate, chalices, etc. He endowed his second daughter, Arabella, a child of some six years old, with the property of Lord Sanquhar; but with the death of the young lady this settlement fell through. The manner in which he obtained the grant and possession of the earldom of Moray was fraudulent. His conduct to unfortunate Lord Huntley would in itself cover him with shame in the estimation of every honorable man. He adopted as a practical maxim "to regard the end more than the means." Early in life, with the concurrence of his friend John Knox, he began to make political capital from forged letters, as can be seen from the Scotch and English State Papers of the period. He took part in imposing upon Scotland the falsified treaty of Edinburgh instead of the genuine document. In this, as in every other transaction, he was the political instrument of Sir William Cecil. He not only aided in procuring a number of vile letters to be forged as his sister's handwriting, but he came forward and, with uplifted hands to heaven, declared upon his oath that all these documents were the genuine handwriting of his sister Mary.* His whole life was a tissue of hypocrisy and fraud. It is really astounding to find historians, English and Scotch, coming forward to defend such a character, against whom there now exists an overwhelming mass of evidence that can never be questioned.

There are several confirmations of the plot that Moray sug-

* See Chalmers (quarto), p. 390; also the secret despatches of Drury, Throckmorton, and Sir William Cecil, to be found amongst the English and Scotch State Papers of the period.

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gested to Sir William Cecil—that it would be "a wise plan to arrest the Queen of Scots on the high seas as she was returning from France to her own country." I quote one high authority upon this question—namely, Camden: "James the Bastard, returning very lately through England, had given secret warning to intercept the Queen of Scots." Camden adds: "Lethington gave the same advice to Cecil at this same period. Both Lord James and Lethington were in correspondence with Queen Mary, and full of devotion and loyalty to her."

The letters of these men to Sir William Cecil are in the Cottonian MSS., and they prove the writers to be venal and traitorous, ready for any intrigues that might have been suggested.

Mr. Hosack believes in the "religious integrity of Moray, and that his private morals were irreproachable."

Judging of the regent's religious sentiments by his actions as a politician, he has no claim to the character of a man who really believed in Divine Revelation. His morals will not stand the test of an inquiry. He was the son of a notoriously immoral prince, and his mother, Margaret Erskine, whether married or single, had no claim even to fidelity. She was a base, sordid woman, who, even in old age, showed no symptoms of repentance, and died as she had lived, with the maledictions of those whom she had injured knocking at the door of her conscience.

An opinion formed upon the research of such an honest historian as George Chalmers cannot fail to have some weight with posterity. Chalmers describes Moray as a hypocrite by habit, and throughout life practising deception, lies, perjury, and fraud.*

Moray stands in the front rank of Mr. Froude's "God-fearing heroes." "The good regent," writes Mr. Froude, "will take his place among *the best and greatest men that have ever lived.*" †

The actions of "the good regent" are far from agreeing with the eulogy here pronounced. He played the part of *a pious young priest* in France, and was actually appointed to the rich priory of Moscou, in that country; a bishopric was also sought after. Let it be remembered that the prior of Moscou took the usual oaths to the pope as the head of the Catholic Church. Now, at this very time he was engaged in undermining the papal authority in his own country. In 1560 he was acquainted with Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, Elizabeth's ambassador in Paris, who was, no doubt, astonished at the ability, tact, and deception of the prior, who enacted so many different parts without detection. Throckmorton states in his despatches to Elizabeth (1560) "that

* Chalmers, vols. i. and ii. (quarto).

† Froude, vol. ix. p. 581.

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the Lord James, called *the* 'Scotch Bastard,' hath 2,500 crowns yearly from a bishoprick and an abbey, but the revenues were suddenly taken from him, the French government stating that the money could not be paid to one who was falling away from his duty." *

It is very bad taste to state that such a man was "sincere in his religion." What religion can sanction perjury and fraud to promote its principles? There is something awful in the contemplation of the very thought. But the contemporaries and Scotch coadjutors of the prior were remarkable for hypocrisy in all their religious professions. Amongst Lord James' unworthy transactions was that of plundering the young Countess of Buchan out of her estates, under the plea of marrying her, and then wedding another.

"Nothing," writes Miss Strickland, "can more thoroughly lay bare the baseness of Moray than those transactions." His honest and virtuous wife had reason to know that his moral character was as bad as that of his father, King James. Lord Moray stands condemned by Tytler and Hosack, two notable historians of the Kirk party. As regent, Moray violated all the ancient laws of the country. Men were suddenly arrested, brought before a sham tribunal, and in many cases sentenced to be hanged, and the executions were carried out before sunset. In other instances the condemned were marched from the justice-room "to the scaffold and hung up like mad dogs." The "witnesses for the defence were sometimes hanged for being too saucy." Those who dared to question the regent's powers were doomed, and if they did not find a retreat in the mountains they were certain to end their days at the hands of the public executioners.

The criminal statute-book of Scotland contained some wise and merciful maxims. It was usual to allow the accused a certain time to prepare his defence. During the reign of James IV. of Scotland an act was passed in the Scottish Parliament which provided that persons charged with robbery should have fifteen days' clear notice to make a defence. In the case of treason and murder a longer period was given. The "character and motives" of witnesses against the accused were considered, and "due weight attached to them." † Moray set aside "all law and usage." We are, however, assured by Mr. Froude that he dealt

* Hardwicke's State Papers, vol. i.

† Skene's *Laws of Scotland*, ed. of 1609; Hume's *Criminal Laws of Scotland*, vol. ii.; Hosack, vol. i.

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mercifully with all offenders against the law; but the records of his actions present a far different picture.

One flagrant injustice followed another, and the day of retribution was not far distant; still the usurper blindly pursued his path, as defiant of popular opinion as he had expressed his contempt for the ancient laws of the land.

The Earl of Moray was about thirty-five years of age at the period of his death. The only authentic portrait of him known to be in existence is amongst the collection of pictures to be seen at Donhistle House in Scotland, where it was discovered some fifty years ago, with that of the Countess of Moray, concealed behind a panel. The regent is represented as handsome, but with a sinister expression of countenance, bearing in features and complexion a decided resemblance to his great-uncle, Henry VIII. His hair is light red, his eyes gray, his nose regularly formed, mouth small, thin lips twisted into a deceitful smile; the face is smooth, fair, and of a square contour—in short, a Tudor in all respects.

"The plot for the murder of Lord Moray was *originally* formed in the household of Mary Stuart, *if she herself* was not the principal mover in it." * So writes Mr. Froude. Now for facts. Gilbert Talbot, the deputy-jailer at Tutbury Castle, writes to his father (the Earl of Shrewsbury) in these words: "The (woman) called Mary Stuart is well watched by day and by night. The queen and her ministers may rest assured that the woman (Stuart) *has no chance of escape unless she could transform herself into a flea or a miserable little mouse.*" † Another official states at this very period that no servant of the captive queen could speak to one another unless in the presence of Lord Shrewsbury's spies; the Queen of Scots was not permitted to open her lips unless in the presence of one of the Talbot family. All letters were rigidly examined; no one could speak to either physician or priest unless in the presence of the jail authorities. Gilbert Talbot's exultation explains the real state of affairs at Tutbury, and places Mr. Froude's statements in a misty position. It is rather unpleasant to be compelled to notice such an incident.

Gilbert Talbot, the deputy-jailer at Tutbury, was by nature formed for his office; for amongst the unmanly officials who filled the "racking and pinching department at the Tower," with the inhuman Toppclyffe as their spirit, none could possibly ex-

* Froude's *History of England*, vol. ix. p. 575.

† Gilbert Talbot to the Earl of Shrewsbury, May 11, 1571—to be seen in the State Papers concerning the Queen of Scots at Tutbury Castle.

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ceed Gilbert Talbot, who was "specially congratulated by his sovereign for the zeal he displayed in the performance of his duty." The Queen of Scots spent nearly fifteen years under the iron rule of the exacting Talbot family, who left the smallest intervals of time for conspiring against any one. The letters of Jane Kennedy show the cruel treatment the Queen of Scots and her ladies received at Tutbury, sometimes being left *twenty-four hours without bread*, till the French ambassador made a strong remonstrance against such inhuman conduct.

I cannot pass over the name of Jane Kennedy without recurring to some incidents in connection with her history. Several of Jane Kennedy's letters were, in course of time, deposited in the library of St. Marc in Venice. The Abbé Magans, a learned Dominican, and an Irishman by birth, saw two of these letters in 1749. The abbé states that the letters referred to were written in French, on a thick, blackish paper, and the writing very much resembled that of Mary Stuart. A slip of paper, which was deposited in the ivory box that contained the letters, had a few words written upon it, stating that they were concealed *stitched up in an old shoe*, and carried thus from Tutbury Castle. It is traditionally stated, writes that notable cleric, Peter Talbot, that a correspondence between Mary Stuart and her devoted friend Mary Seton was carried on through the agency of a pair of shoes. Mary Seton was then in a convent at Rheims. The history of Mary Seton, like many other strong-minded, noble-hearted women, remains to be written. The "leave-taking" between Mary, Queen of Scots, and Mary Seton, when the latter was about to retire into a convent, is described by a French physician who was present as "one of the grandest and most affecting scenes that can possibly be imagined." At this "farewell" Jane Kennedy, another devoted friend of the enthusiastic Mary Seton, became the "observed of all observers." And, to add to the scene, such a woman as Lady Shrewsbury, the jailer's wife, was moved to tears. The memory of Jane Kennedy is still loved and honored in many a mountain home of Old Caledonia.

O shade of Tutbury Castle! how many noble and heroic women have sighed away their youth and beauty within your walls. Yet the chivalry of the age seemed deaf to their appeal for justice.

The portraits of Mary Stuart and her lady-sufferers will appear more complete when accompanied by the jailer's wife. Bess of Hardwicke (Lady Shrewsbury) was a noted woman in her time.

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She had four husbands "in due order," and it is stated that they trembled at hearing her voice. Her last husband was Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, one of the most obsequious and contemptible men amongst the state jailers of Elizabeth's reign. Such Catholics as Lord Shrewsbury dishonored the country. During the fifteen years he filled the office of jailer to the unfortunate Queen of Scots at Tutbury Castle, he ruled over a few strong-minded women, who were imprisoned in that damp and gloomy fortress, with a rod of iron. And his wife became the domestic scorpion of the castle. She was proud, vindictive, and jealous-minded, treacherous and false; she possessed no fine, delicate womanly qualities, and was universally detested by the peasant classes for her oppression of the poor. Her portrait and those of her four husbands are to be seen at Hardwicke Hall, now the residence of the Duke of Devonshire.

I am happy to add that, in due time, the Countess of Shrewsbury reached the Tower, not to undergo punishment for her petty and cruel treatment of Mary Stuart and her noble lady friends, but for a supposed slander upon the honor of the "Virgin Queen," popularly described by the Protestant community as the "good Queen Bess."

To return to Lord Moray and his ill-fated successors in the office of regent. Lingard remarks that Lord Moray has been described by the writers of one party as an honest and patriotic nobleman, by those of the other as one of the most selfish, designing, and unprincipled of men.

I will merely remark, as something extraordinary, that almost every charge made against Lord Moray by the advocates of the Queen of Scots is confirmed by the contemporary memoir of Bothwell, *though of the existence of that memoir they must have been ignorant.*

The Earl of Lennox, Queen Mary's father-in-law, became the second regent of Scotland. This accommodating Catholic joined the Kirk party, but was unpopular with the Presbyterian clergy and their congregations. Lennox governed the country by the pressure of military force. He fell a victim to the Hamilton clans, who despatched him after the same manner that Rizzio was murdered. Amongst the early crimes of Lord Lennox that have been "duly proved" is the murder of *eleven children* who were left with him as "a hostage for their parents' conduct as political mercenaries." At a later period he hanged Archbishop Hamilton without the sanction of jury or judge. He accused the archbishop, upon the assertion of such a notorious

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false witness as George Buchanan, with the murder of Lord Darnley. The Hamilton family gave satisfactory evidence that the allegation was unfounded, but it did not satisfy Lord Lennox.

At the time of the murder of Lord Lennox his wife was, for the fourth time, a political prisoner in the Tower. Her great offence was that of being related to the Tudor family. Queen Elizabeth's hatred pursued this unhappy lady to the grave. The Countess of Lennox lived to almost witness the mysterious assassination of her eldest son (Darnley), and next of her husband, and the long captivity of her daughter-in-law, the Queen of Scots. Lord Lennox, who may fairly be judged as a murderer of the most cold-blooded type, a traitor to his country, his religion, and his friends, was, at the same time, a "model husband."

I refer the reader to volume iv., page 145, of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* for an interesting memoir of the Countess of Lennox, who was a heroic and a good Catholic whilst surrounded by heretical danger and persecution.

The third regent of Scotland was the Earl of Marr. A bargain was arranged between Lord Burleigh and Moray for "delivering up and despatching" the Queen of Scots in forty-eight hours after her arrival in Scotland.*

John Knox was, as is shown by his secret correspondence with Cecil, a party to the projected assassination.† A new scheme was devised for the accomplishment of the same dreadful crime in 1572. The chief actors were Cecil and his royal mistress on the one hand, and the Earls of Marr and Morton on the other; but this fell through by the sudden and mysterious death of the third regent of Scotland. Marr, on his route to London to conclude the "murdering treaty," was seized by a violent illness and expired in a few hours at a roadside inn. The circumstances preceding the last illness of Lord Marr are rather startling. Morton was the governing power who had ruled each succeeding regent, and prompted them to greater acts of wickedness than perhaps they were inclined to adopt. In the October of 1572 "the great matter," as Killigrew, Elizabeth's envoy, styled the fresh-projected murder of Queen Mary, was under consideration. Morton was at this period confined to bed by a dangerous illness at Dalkeith. The question of the murder

* *Queens of Scotland*, vol. vii. p. 51.

† The original letter is preserved in the State Paper collection. See Tytler, vol. vii. pp. 248–250; also *Queens of Scotland*, vol. vii. p. 55.

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was discussed at his bedside. Marr agreed with Morton that the "plan proposed" would be the best and only way to end all troubles in both realms.* The next question to be considered by the assassins was what sum the Queen of England would pay them for what they were about to undertake. Killigrew,† who was not inferior to Randolph in villany, cold-bloodedly replied "that if they did not consider the undertaking personally profitable they would not move in it." Morton, raising himself in bed, declared "that both himself and Marr did desire it *as a sovereign salve for all their sores*, but it could not be done without some manner of ceremony, and a kind of process whereunto the noblemen must be called after a *secret manner, and the clergy likewise.*" . . . He further added "that if they could not bring the nobility to consent, as he hoped they would, *they would not keep the prisoner* (*Mary*) *alive three hours after entering within the bounds of Scotland.*"‡ Killigrew, like the butcher, wished to close for the price to be paid for the sheep required in the slaughter-house, and promptly replied that he would write at once as to what Morton proposed. Marr became somewhat embarrassed and desired a little time for reflection. Miss Strickland judges correctly of Marr when she states that his "hesitation proceeded *not from conscience or tenderness of heart, but from caution and cunning.*" When we consider the previous history of Marr, and his associations with the Stuart family, he almost appears in a worse light than his nephew, Lord Moray. Marr had been a priest for many years, and conducted himself with apparent propriety. He was amongst Queen Mary's earliest tutors; when a child she had been brought for refuge to his priory at Inchmahone; he subsequently accompanied her to France, and was connected with her household till the period of her marriage with the Dauphin. She dearly loved her tutor-chaplain, and in after-years rewarded him largely—in fact, she showered favors upon him. At this time he carried on his game of deception undetected at the French court, where an apostate priest would never be sanctioned. Most fatally had Mary trusted him, though the brother of her father's mistress, Lady Douglas, and the uncle of Lord Moray. Both the uncle and the nephew became the plunderers of church-property to a large amount. Of all the calculating traitors who betrayed the young orphan queen for gold, plotted against her, calumniated her character and charged her with murder, and then called on Heaven to witness the truth of

* Tytler, vol. vii. pp. 314–317. † Killigrew was Sir William Cecil's nephew.
‡ Scottish State Papers of Queen Mary's time; Tytler, vol. vii. p. 173.

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the accusations, the Earl of Marr was, perhaps, the worst. Sir Henry Killigrew, the English assassin, as he has been justly styled, records "that he found Marr more cold than Morton, yet he seemed *glad and desirous* to have it come to pass." * One of Morton's confidential agents, who was present, urged that Parliament should be consulted upon a "matter of such awful importance." Killigrew would not listen to this proposition. He stated that the plan by which Queen Mary's death was to be accomplished *required secrecy, in order that the result should be beyond all doubt.* Robertson and other partisan writers assert that Marr was horrified at the proposal made by Killigrew. There is no foundation for this statement, for amongst Drury and Cecil's correspondence are to be found documents from Marr and Morton suggesting the whole scheme. In fact, Killigrew visited them both to discuss and arrange the murder. He *represented* Elizabeth and Cecil.

Marr, not contented with the probable stability the queen's death would secure to his regency for the little prince, intended to be well paid for becoming a hired assassin for the Queen of England, who gloried in the death of Mary by any means.

Sir Henry Killigrew was "much astonished at the large sum of money demanded for the affair required to be done." He objected, and forwarded the "paper of agreement," proposed by the Earl of Marr and Morton, to Cecil. This caused further delay; but there was no doubt that Cecil and his royal mistress would pay down the *ten thousand in gold demanded* by the conspirators. Mary's fate was decided; but human calculations are not always to be relied upon.

The infamous Lord Marr started on his journey to carry out the treaty which "had just been agreed to by the parties concerned." Having reached Sterling, he was suddenly seized by a dangerous illness which none could understand; he was carried to bed and died in a state of indescribable horror in a few hours. The Puritans relate that he died singing hymns.

It was rumored at the time that Morton had poisoned the regent, some said by "a sweet-cake," others that he had partaken of "poisoned wine." But these relations have come from personal enemies and cannot be credited without strong corroboration. There is, however, a powerful case made out against Morton as to the poisoning of Lord Athole. Morton's conscience, or his fears, never permitted hesitation or pity to impede him in his dark designs. Marr and Morton were intensely sordid, and

*Sir Henry Killigrew's despatches to Cecil; Tytler, vol. vii. pp. 314–317.

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their love of gold would tempt them to the commission of the most nefarious crimes. The painstaking research of Mr. Fraser Tytler has brought to light the documentary evidences of this long-hidden work of darkness—the contemplated murder of the Queen of Scots—proving from Killigrew's letters, mystified though those documents are, that the only hesitation on the part of Lord Marr arose from the desire of making the most profit he could from the blood of the royal lady who had been his *penitent and his pupil* in the morning of life, and afterwards his much-injured sovereign. This fallen priest was a perfect demon. Thus perished the Earl of Marr, once known as Father John Erskine, prior of Inchmahone.

Queen Elizabeth and her minister were much disappointed at the sudden death of Lord Marr. Sir Henry Killigrew was instructed to renew the negotiations with Morton; but that cautious official declined taking any further action in the affair, knowing, as he did, that a powerful party were ready to take up arms in Scotland for Queen Mary, and, judging from the strong popular feeling against himself, he felt that defeat would soon send him to that scaffold which had been so often crimsoned with the blood of his innocent victims. "Let the Queen of England keep or kill her hated cousin, as she likes," was Morton's reply to Killigrew.*

So the second device for having Mary murdered on Scotch soil, and by her own kinsmen, fell through, but not without giving a terrible warning to the murderers of Rizzio and Darnley that were still living.

It is most important that the reader should see the secret instructions delivered to Sir Henry Killigrew when he went on his murderous mission to Scotland. The document *is still in existence, and was written out by Cecil himself.* It runs thus:

"It is found daily more and more that the continuance of the Queen of Scots here [in England] is so dangerous, both for the person of the Queen's Majesty [Elizabeth] and for her state and realm, as nothing presently is more necessary than that the realm might be delivered of her; and though by *justice* this might be done in this realm, yet for *certain respects it seemeth better that she be sent into Scotland to be delivered to the regent and his party.*" †

The fourth regent was known as Lord Morton, a man of considerable ability, daring and brave, but selfish and sordid, un-

* Killigrew to Morton—State Papers; *Queens of Scotland*, vol. vii.

† To be seen in Lord Burleigh's State Papers on Mary Stuart. I believe those precious documents are in the Hatfield collection.

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scrupulous, dishonest, cruel, and regardless of the sacrifice of human life, provided he might attain his ambitious projects or have the triumph of revenge over a fallen foe. A combination of extraordinary circumstances led to the discovery of the real murderer of Darnley in the person of Lord Morton, the *then* regent of the kingdom. Fourteen years had rolled over since the murder of the Earl of Darnley. Morton was the man who charged his queen with the murder of her husband. He was also implicated in the assassination of Rizzio and others. During his regency he sent several women to the scaffold, two of whom were *within a few hours of their confinement.* Morton was in the pay of the English queen for many years. He amassed enormous sums of money, and lived in luxury, dissipation, and immorality. When his own turn came Morton supplicated for life; he became abject and cowardly, offering to do any servile work for the new government if they saved his life.

Young King James sent him a message to the effect that he could not save the life of the man who murdered his father and treated his mother in a manner that outraged justice and humanity. "The law demanded his life, and he should be *speedily hanged.*"

Morton had a great horror of death. At the last moment he "again supplicated for life." The sheriff, however, reminded him that he had sent several of his own relatives to the scaffold some years back, "and," continued the sheriff, "*the hour of my revenge has now arrived.* Amongst the wicked men who persecuted our poor queen you were the very worst." Then, addressing the executioners, the official of the law commanded the hangmen to do their duty immediately. So in a few minutes the murderer of Darnley and the base calumniator of his royal wife was "tossed off," amidst the cheers of the mob and the "silent approval" of those who believed in *stern retributive justice.*

A Scotch tradition relates that "about eleven of the clock, on the day of Morton's execution, he partook of a hearty dinner—roast fowl, beef, etc.; and, further, that the hangman and his assistant complained that he was delaying them, for they had 'another job' on the same day." Morton replied that he "would do as he did on every other day—namely, have *his fill of belly-cheer.*" He next called for "a stoup of liquor," to which the sheriff assented. His last request was to be allowed to "*search the Scriptures for a short time.*" At this request the executioners indulged in a hoarse, brutal laugh.

"Come," said the sheriff, "*finishers of the law, do your duty.*"

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"Oh! spare me for a while longer, *for I am not fit to die now*," were Morton's last words. This supplication caused renewed laughter from the ruffianly executioners, who were strangers to pity or humanity in any form, to young or old.

It is said that on the scaffold Morton threw himself on his face, and by sobs, groans, and violent contortions of the body manifested the agitation and anguish of his mind. Much of Morton's "confession," it is affirmed, was suppressed by the preachers.* Camden states that, according to Morton's "genuine confession," he "refused to act in the murder of Darnley without a note from Queen Mary *herself*." Morton further states that such a note could not be procured, because the murder was intended to be perpetrated without the *queen's knowledge*.†

The evidence against Morton consisted of verbal and written statements. The object of the first was to show that he had held a consultation respecting the murder of Darnley at Whittingham; that, when it was perpetrated, his cousin and confidential friend, Archibald Douglas, and a man named Binning, were present; and that when Queen Mary surrendered at Carberry Hill she told Morton to his face that he was one of the assassins.

Morton was accused of other capital crimes. He made an attempt to poison the Earl of Athole, to imprison the young king, and to have Lords Athole and Montrose despatched by the hired daggermen of Edinburgh. The last of the "four regents" seemed a fitting rival to his predecessors in office.

Archibald Douglas, the oracle and accomplice of Morton in the murder of Darnley, fled to England, where Elizabeth provided for him, as she did for many of the blood-stained bravoes who had crossed the border. During the enactment of the closing scenes at Fotheringay Castle, Archibald Douglas, acting in conjunction with the Master of Gray, advised Queen Elizabeth to *poison* her royal prisoner. "*The dead cannot bite*," was the motto to be found in the letters of those red-handed assassins who were awaiting employment about the government offices in London. Such characters and such scenes were no novelty in the days of Elizabeth. But "Retributive Justice" pursued all the chief actors, and they were struck down, sooner or later, by the unseen hand of the Avenger of the oppressed.

* Bannytyme's *Journal*, pp. 494–517. † Camden's *Annals*, p. 143.

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CATHERINE TEGAKWITHA.

THE Indian village of Caughnawaga, situate about an hour's journey from Montreal, is well worthy of a visit, not only on account of its distinctive peculiarities as the home of a peaceful remnant of the once ferocious Iroquois tribe, but also as the scene of the life and death of the Indian maiden, Catherine Tegakwitha, whose name has lately been presented at Rome for beatification.

The reverend curé, Father Burtin, O.M.I., is ever ready to do the honors of his historic parish, which has existed since a very early period of Canadian history, and figures in the *Relation des Jesuites* as the Mission of Sault St. Louis.

In the sacristy of the ancient parish church is an old oil-painting of "la bonne Catherine,"* representing her as standing by a river on the bank of which rises a mission cross. She is dressed in a quaintly-fashioned garment of blue, bordered with heavy brown fur; flashes of bright colors such as Indians love gleam here and there about her dress. Her expression is modest and gentle, denoting the indwelling of that peace which the world cannot give.

This holy Indian maiden, whose memory is so dear to her own people and to all who have studied the history of the early Canadian missions, was born in 1656 at Gandahouagué, a bourgade of the Aguier tribe, one of the six divisions of the Iroquois nation. Her father, an Iroquois, lived and died a pagan, but her mother, who was an Algonquin, had received baptism from one of the early Jesuit missionaries. Both her parents died while Tegakwitha was very young. The poor mother, who was unable to have her little one baptized, left her in charge of an uncle and aunt, who were the principal people of the village, but who, unfortunately, were not Christians.

The first cross sent to the poor little waif was that dread disease, the smallpox, which left her with weak sight for some years. This affliction was, like many another, a blessing in disguise, for it was the means of fostering in her a taste for solitude, and she preserved her innocence in the midst of the wild orgies of that lawless pagan band.

* The original portrait of Catherine Tegakwitha was painted from memory by Father Claude Chauchetière, S.J.

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When very young she evinced a taste for domestic employments rare in a child of the forest,* and also showed a decided repugnance to the pleasures of the chase.

Some missionaries † passing through the village were the means of her receiving a knowledge of the rudiments of Christianity. Her uncle being the chief man of the place, his dwelling was the fittest for the fathers to lodge in. Tegakwitha waited on them. Her modest and graceful demeanor attracted their attention, and she also felt drawn to them.

The powers of reflection with which she had been endowed by nature had been developed by the retired and almost contemplative life that she had led, and she watched these holy men, pondered over their manner of speech and action, dwelt on their zeal and the fervor of their prayers, saw that they were sustained by an invisible power, and finally ventured to speak her thoughts to them.

The fathers, experienced in the direction of souls, understood her far better than she understood herself, and met her wishes by instructing her as far as they could during their short stay at Gandahouagué. Unfortunately they were soon obliged to leave that canton, having received instructions to push up to a northern mission.

Match-making, though generally looked upon as an outcome of civilization, was rife among the Indians, and Tegakwitha, who all her life had endeavored to keep aloof from the lawless tribe in which she lived, and had evinced a strong repugnance to the idea of marriage, was, possibly on account of this very exclusiveness, singled out as a victim. A match was proposed to her; she determinedly refused to entertain the proposition, and her relatives allowed the matter to drop. Shortly after this affair she was again sought in marriage by a young pagan Indian, to whom, without consulting her, her kinsfolk formally betrothed her. Père Charlevoix, in his life of Catherine, says:

"The young man at once went to her cabin and sat down beside her. To ratify the marriage it only required that she should remain near the husband selected for her, such being the way of these tribes; but she abruptly left the cabin and protested that she would not return until he withdrew. This conduct drew on her much ill-treatment, which she endured with unalterable patience."

Her repugnance to the marriage state could not be understood by those among whom she lived; they therefore came to

* The name Tegakwitha means "who puts things in order."
† Fathers Fremin, Bruyas, and Pierron, S.J.

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the conclusion that her refusal arose from love of her mother's people, the Algonquins, and hate of the Iroquois tribe. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon her, but she stood firm.

About this time Père Jacques de Lamberville arrived at Gandahouagué with orders to establish a mission there. From the hour of his arrival Tegakwitha felt her former wish to become a Christian revive; but, being afraid of her uncle, as well as naturally timid, she did not venture to speak. An opportunity was, however, afforded her. In the autumn it was customary in Indian villages for the men and women to go out to the fields to gather in the harvest of maize. The father, being obliged to suspend his public instructions on account of the general exodus, availed himself of the leisure thus afforded him and visited the wigwams in order to make the acquaintance of the young, the aged and infirm who remained at home. In one of the wigwams he found Tegakwitha, to whom a wounded foot had given a valid excuse for remaining at home. Overjoyed at this opportunity, she opened her mind to the missionary, and, before two or three women who were her companions, avowed her intention of embracing Christianity, saying that, although she would have many and serious obstacles in the way, nothing should deter her.

A strange and subtle sympathy often attracts kindred souls. Those who have been brought up amid different surroundings, who are as widely apart as the poles, will on coming together evince a complete understanding, appreciation, and kinship with each other that is deathless and God-given.

So Père de Lamberville understood Tegakwitha. Years afterwards he averred that from the first interview he had with her he felt that God had great things in store for the Indian maiden. However, he did not feel authorized to suspend for her the ordinary rules that governed the reception of adult Indian converts, and deferred her baptism until her faith and resolution should have been tried.

The whole winter was spent in these trials. Tegakwitha employed herself in studying how to meet them properly and how to fit herself for the grace she so much coveted.

Father de Lamberville meanwhile made inquiries regarding her character and reputation, but succeeded in eliciting none but the most gratifying assurances of her virtue, even from those who were wont to cruelly persecute her. This, Père Charlevoix remarks, "was all the more wonderful, as Indians are much given to slander, and are naturally inclined to put an evil interpretation on the most innocent actions."

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Tegakwitha, having passed through her time of probation, was baptized on Easter Sunday, 1676, and received the name of Catherine. Her whole life would seem to have been a preparation for the grace of the sacrament, and after receiving it she advanced towards perfection with rapid strides, astonishing all who beheld her by the saintliness of her life. Her historian tells that "she relaxed nothing in her domestic occupations, and was ever found ready to give her services to all."

Her relatives, however, were displeased at her consecrating so much time to prayer, and began a series of persecutions which finally drove her to the decision of leaving Gandahouagué.

We are told that she would never have thought of changing her position merely on account of the sufferings she underwent, but she feared that bad example, or the human respect that was so powerful in the Indian mind, might have a baneful effect upon her in time.

On the banks of the St. Lawrence River, near the French trading-post of Montreal, was a mission called La Prairie de la Madeleine, where dwelt a large number of Christian Indians who had escaped from surroundings similar to those of the Lily of the Mohawk, as Catherine is sometimes called.

Catherine's eyes were longingly turned to this city of refuge, where she could serve her God in peace and escape from the poignant suffering that she endured in seeing him daily offended and disobeyed. She had an adopted sister, married to a very zealous Christian Indian, who had already removed to La Prairie de la Madeleine. This man was wont to travel about among his tribe, making business serve as a pretext for seeking opportunities to bring his people to the knowledge of the true God.

He learned of and sympathized with Catherine's sufferings, and after consulting his wife, who encouraged him in the idea, he decided to go and fetch Catherine to their home.

He communicated his design to a friend who was willing to aid him, and in the guise of hunters the two started for Gandahouagué, where it was an easy matter to meet Catherine in the forest. As her uncle happened to be from home, no time was lost; she joined them, and they started northward. On the uncle's return he was furious, having a natural and patriotic dislike to the depopulation of his canton, as well as an appreciative affection for the good angel of his cabin, in spite of her having become a devotee. He started in pursuit and overtook the men, who fortunately had had the forethought to hide Catherine in the woods.

Not seeing her with her sister's husband, the uncle naturally

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thought he had been misinformed, and retraced his steps, giving up the chase. Catherine thankfully resumed her journey, and reached La Prairie in October, 1677.

In those days there dwelt at La Prairie de la Madeleine a pious Indian woman named Anastasie, of whom Père Charlevoix writes that "her only occupation was to coax Indian women to baptism."

Catherine's sister and brother-in-law appear to have laid up more treasure in heaven than on earth, for they had no cabin of their own, but lodged with Anastasie. Into this Christian household Catherine was welcomed as an inmate, and here she immediately began to prepare for her First Communion, which she made after being carefully instructed by the good Anastasie.

From the day when the love of God first made its way into her heart it appears to have completely absorbed all her thoughts. Being obliged to follow the chase in common with the other women of her tribe, she built a little oratory in the woods, where she would hide from her companions and hold sweet converse with Him in whom her soul delighted. Here in this leafy shrine she would pass hours in prayer and meditation, advancing in spirituality and in perfection with rapid strides, her teacher being God himself.

About this time the dwellers in La Prairie de la Madeleine came to the conclusion that the soil on which they dwelt was not suitable for the culture of maize, which was one of their chief means of subsistence. It was therefore decided to move the mission a little higher up the river to a place exactly opposite to the Sault St. Louis, by which name it has since been known, although in the last century it was again removed higher up the river to land exactly opposite Lachine, where the mission of Sault St. Louis still exists in what is called the "Indian reserve" of Caughnawaga.

To Sault St. Louis, therefore, Anastasie's little household removed, and here Catherine found a favorite place for prayer and meditation.

Upon a point of land jutting out into the river was erected a tall missionary-cross, to which she repaired whenever leisure was afforded to her.

At this time there reigned at Sault St. Louis a spirit of mortification and piety very edifying to read of. The Indians brought the heroic endurance with which they were gifted by nature to bear on the new life they had begun to live, and imposed upon themselves frightful penances for their former sins.

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Some would stand for hours in frozen water or lie prostrate before the altar until they became rigid. Catherine went to extremes in this matter, so that at last her confessor interfered. Sometimes he would find her stretched prone before the altar, cold and stiff, having preserved the same attitude for many hours. He would send her to her wigwam to warm herself, but a short rest would suffice: back she would come to throw herself on her knees before the Lord, who was her only love. Sometimes during the livelong night she would remain a loving watcher before the Blessed Sacrament, wrapped in prayer and adoration.

The church, even while in course of construction, had a fascination for Catherine. She used to hover about the spot where the builders were at work. One day, whilst standing near the unfinished sanctuary, she saw beside her a young widow who was personally a stranger to her, but to whom she felt impelled to speak.

She therefore addressed the stranger, asking her what part of the new church was intended for women. The woman, whose name was Thérèse, showed her. Catherine then continued the conversation, saying: "Alas! it is not in material temples that God delights most; our hearts are the sanctuaries most agreeable to him. How often, wretched woman that I am, have I forced him to abandon this heart where he would reign alone! Do I not deserve to have closed against me the doors of this sanctuary that they are building to his glory?"

Thérèse, who, though baptized, had fallen away from grace, was much touched by these words of humility from one who was regarded as a saint; she made known her contrition to Catherine, whose gentle teaching was the means of the reformation of the backslider, who approached the sacraments and eventually became most holy. She was known throughout the bourgade as the dearest friend of "la bonne Catherine."

As we have before said, Catherine had some difficulty in successfully combating the matrimonial schemes of her relatives at Gandahouagué. What was her consternation at finding the same trial follow her to her new home!

Her sister, with the assumption of worldly wisdom and experience so common to a young matron, began to lecture her on the impropriety of her determination to lead a single life, telling her that, although she and her husband were happy to give her a home, yet, should their family increase, they might not always be able to provide for her. This lecture concluded with a harrowing picture of the certain destitution to which Catherine

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would be reduced in the event of the death of the mentor and her husband.

Poor Catherine was deeply affected by this harangue, and keenly felt its injustice; nevertheless she thanked her sister and promised to think over her words. She immediately went to her confessor, who, to her agony, took her sister's view of the subject, telling her that she should thank her sister for the care she evinced for her, and that her advice should be calmly reflected on. Catherine replied that the time for deliberation had gone by; that long ago she had given herself to Jesus Christ, assuring the missionary that she had no fears for the future, but that God, who provided for the birds of the air, would not allow her to starve. The good Jesuit, however, dismissed her, bidding her again consult the divine will.

On her return home her sister again pressed the matter, and induced Anastasie, whom they both regarded as a mother, to reason with Catherine. As celibacy had never been practised among the Indians, Anastasie sided with the sister and counselled Catherine to accept a husband. Her arguments, however, were of no avail, and she supplemented them by threatening to tell the missionary who was their common director.

Catherine, however, was the first to seek the good father, and very earnestly she begged him to allow her to take a vow of virginity, saying: "Father, I have considered it all: I will never have any spouse but Jesus Christ."

Her director gave her to understand that he would ultimately grant her request, and promised that he would stop all further persecution on the part of her relatives. Catherine had, ever since her baptism, inflicted the most severe penances upon herself, such as walking barefoot upon snow and ice, strewing her bed with thorns, burning the soles of her feet, and mixing earth with all her food; this was done without reference to her director, she believing that customs so general in the village could not be unknown to him. After a while these severe mortifications told upon her system and she fell ill.

When her health was in some degree restored she paid a visit to Montreal, and here for the first time she beheld a community of virgins consecrated to God. Her biographer says that she never before heard of the Hospital Nuns, who had a short time previously been brought to Montreal by Mademoiselle Mance; but they made a deep impression upon her, and when she returned to La Prairie she renewed her entreaties to her confessor, who no longer judged it his duty to withhold his consent, and

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allowed her to consecrate herself to God by a vow of chastity—the first of her tribe who had registered such a vow. As her health failed her religious fervor increased, and her union with her heavenly Spouse became more and more perfect. She detached herself from all earthly friends except Anastasie and Thérèse, retaining them because they spoke to her only of God.

Many and constant as were her penances, she endeavored to hide them from those with whom she lived, and it is said that "she understood the superiority of the crosses presented by the hand of the Lord over those which are self-imposed, and sufferings in which her will had least share were always dearest to her heart."

At last she was attacked by a malady which was deemed mortal. It happened to be at a time when her people were obliged to be absent in the forest, and Catherine would lie for hours, and even days, alone in the wigwam, with no other refreshment than a plate of maize and a little water which the good Anastasie would leave beside her bed.

It is wonderful to see how brightly the light of divine grace illuminated the mind of this poor Indian girl, who, with so few of the advantages and blessings given to us Catholics of to-day, has left so fair a record. All through the lonely solitude of her illness she was perfectly happy, enjoying the opportunity thus given her for prayer and meditation. From that illness she never completely recovered; her strength failed slowly but surely; the last sacraments were administered to her on Wednesday in Holy Week, 1678, when she died in her twenty-third year.

Père Charlevoix says of her that—

"Her countenance, extremely attenuated by austerity and by her last illness, changed as soon as she ceased to live. It was seen assuming a rosy tint that she never had, nor were her features the same. Nothing could be more beautiful, but with that beauty which the love of virtue inspires.

"The people were never weary gazing on her, and each retired, his heart full of the desire to become a saint."

They placed her in a coffin—at that time a great mark of distinction among Indians—and buried her beside the running water at the foot of that cross beneath the outspread arms of which she had been wont to kneel and pray; but after many years had passed, each marked by signal favors obtained through her intercession, her remains were taken up, the skull and one arm sent to the Indian mission at St. Regis, and the other bones placed in a rosewood casket and carefully preserved in the church at

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Caughnawaga, where the Rev. Père Burtin kindly allowed us to examine them with their authentication.

Every year, on the anniversary of the death of "la bonne Catherine"—the name by which, through deference to the Holy See, they honor the saintly maiden—the inhabitants of many parishes come to Sault St. Louis to sing a solemn Mass of the Trinity to her honor.

Father Charlevoix, speaking of the number of the faithful who flocked to her tomb, says:

"There are preserved especially the judicial assertions of two persons whose character leaves no doubt as to the truth of their deposition. One is the Abbé de la Columbière (brother of the Jesuit Father Claude de la Columbière, celebrated for his virtues and his eloquence), grand archdeacon and vicar-general of Quebec, and clerical councillor in the Superior Council of New France.

"The other is M. du Luth, captain of an infantry company, one of the bravest officers the king has had in the colony, and whose name is frequently cited in this history.

"The former declares under his own hand that having been sick from the month of January to that of June, 1695, with a slow fever which baffled all remedies, and a dysentery that nothing could check, he was advised to bind himself by a vow that, if it pleased God to restore his health, he would proceed to the mission of St. Francis Xavier, at Sault St. Louis, to pray at the tomb of Catherine Tegakwitha; that he yielded to this advice, and that the fever left him that very day, and that the dysentery diminished considerably; that, having set out some days after to fulfil his vow, he was entirely cured before he had proceeded more than a league.

"The second certifies judicially that having been for twenty-five years tortured with the gout, accompanied by excessive pain, that sometimes lasted for three months without respite, he invoked Catherine Tegakwitha, an Iroquois virgin who died at Sault St. Louis in the odor of sanctity, and promised to visit her tomb if, through her intercession, God delivered him from this cruel disease; that at the end of a novena which he performed in her honor he was perfectly cured, and that for the last fifteen months he had felt no symptoms of gout.

"A parish priest at Lachine, a town on Montreal Island, by name M. Remy, who had recently arrived from France, on being informed of the custom in vogue among the Catholics of the neighboring parishes of meeting each year on the anniversary of Catherine's death, to sing a solemn Mass in her honor, replied that he deemed it a duty not to sanction by his presence a public cultus not yet permitted by the church. Most, on hearing him speak thus, could not refrain from saying that he would soon be punished for his refusal, and in fact he fell dangerously ill the same day. He at once understood the cause of this unexpected attack. He bound himself by a vow to follow the example of his predecessors, and was instantly cured.

"Thus New France, like the capital of Old France, beheld the glory of a poor Indian girl and of a shepherdess shine above that of so many apostolic

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men, martyrs, and saints of all conditions of life; God doubtless wishing, for our instruction and the consolation of the humble, to glorify his saints in proportion to their having been little and obscure on earth."

Two hundred years and more have rolled by since the Lily of the Mohawk was laid to rest by the seething waters of the Sault St. Louis. Along the margin of the noble St. Lawrence have arisen other shrines where God has been pleased to perform special miracles. At Beaupré the lame walk and the blind are restored to sight through the intercession of the "Bonne Sainte Anne." At Varennes, at Sainte Anne des Plaines, at Yamachiche, and in the classic meadows of Sainte Anne de la Pocatière the mother of the Blessed Virgin has obtained for her votaries signal favors. In the solemn courts of Rome an investigation has lately been held which resulted in the proclaiming Venerable the adopted daughter of Canada, the saintly Marguerite Bourgeoys; but she for whom the honors of the altar are now solicited was in very truth a child of the soil, a chosen soul whom her heavenly Spouse led in the paths of perfection, making "perfect in a short space," that she might endure as an example and an ornament to the country that, recognizing her great virtue and feeling the need of a special intercessor in heaven, has risen up to call her blessed.

TOMB OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MENARA.

OPEN this urn—what world-wide fame doth lie
Shrunk in the compass of this mute stone vase!
Thou extinct thunderbolt of war, lo! I
Salute thy crownless ashes, while I gaze
Bewildered and abashed, and vainly try
Of that dread conqueror to find some trace
Whose wormy dust wrung many a tribute sigh
From heart of Asia in the far-off days:
Now dark Oblivion covers with its shroud
The name and tomb of him before the sweep
Of whose victorious chariot nations bowed;
Up-gathering in my hand the tiny heap
Of dust—"Behold, O kings!" I cry aloud,
"Earth's conqueror in these ashes lies asleep!"

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INTELLECTUAL OPPORTUNITIES, PAST AND PRESENT.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SEVENTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

PERSONS living at the present day amid all the conveniences and amenities of modern life, surrounded by every comfort that human wisdom and industry can devise and every luxury and gratification that human ingenuity can suggest, can form but a very poor and inaccurate idea of the state of society as it existed a few centuries ago. Men in prosperity and abundance are little wont to notice, much less to sympathize with, those in poverty and distress. Once in the land of promise, once safe amid its pleasures and delights, and the memory of the long and tedious journey through the arid desert that led to it languishes in the mind or is lost in oblivion.

So, to a great extent, is it with us. We are living in the enjoyment of favored times, in an age of wonderful material prosperity. We have our share, too, in all the improvements of the hour. The march of science has made itself felt in every corner of the globe, and reaches the meanest of the poor as well as the most powerful of the rich, dispensing its blessings and shedding its light on every inhabitant of the earth. We can travel from the east to the west and from the north to the south with comparatively little expenditure of time or money, and with a facility and a security not only utterly unknown but utterly inconceivable to our ancestors. The stirring events and momentous occurrences enacted in the most distant and unknown regions of the globe we may discuss and comment on, almost as soon as they take place, over our tea and toast at the breakfast-table or in the reading-room of a neighboring club. The dusky natives of the Soudan or the Congo grin out upon us in their natural colors from the illustrated papers, and the history of their manners and customs, their successes and overthrows, are chronicled by competent writers on the spot. Indeed, more than this, our very wishes may be expressed, our very sympathies made known, to friends and relations whose hands we have not grasped for many a long year, and who are living at our extreme antipodes.

Such a state of things, indeed, could hardly have entered into

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the thoughts of the most speculative of our ancestors, or have been considered anything more than the wildest dreams by those who but a few generations back were traversing England along the rough, uncared-for roads in their rude, cumbersome coaches, winning renown on many a bloody field with battle-axe and cross-bow, ploughing through the treacherous sea in great wooden hulks, or feeling their way about the dark, unilluminated streets and alleys of their native towns.

While such vast improvements have been opened out to us of late years, we are well content to enjoy and make use of them without troubling ourselves much about the state of countries in general, or even England in particular, in those less favored times.

A steady and continuous development, perceptible, indeed, in well-nigh every department of civil life, but especially apparent in the domain of knowledge, has been rapidly changing and modifying, as well as developing and extending, the intellectual condition of the world by both facilitating and increasing the sources and channels, the means and instruments, whereby all kinds of information are prepared and served up for the public taste.

The wealthy and highly-refined man of the world, as he sits in his sumptuous apartment adorned from ceiling to floor with the varying productions of beauty and art, presents a picture it was never given to the gentry of England to contemplate even as late as under the Stuarts. The numberless rows of richly-bound tomes, arranged line after line along the entire length of his well-stocked shelves, or even the choicer specimens in enamel and morocco, gilt and adorned in every variety of form and pattern, that lie about in studied negligence amid the bouquets and ornaments on the drawing-room table, would be a strange, unusual image of affluence and prodigality to men living at a time when a single volume, now sold for a few shillings, would cost more than the horse and entire accoutrements of a cavalier!

Though our sturdy ancestors might find fault with the delicacy and softness which prosperity invariably breeds, though lips might curl in lofty disdain and stout hearts throb in virtuous indignation at the effeminacy and degeneracy of the present generation, sunk almost into the sensuous, easy condition that heralded the final overthrow of pagan Rome, yet such sentiments of disgust would be powerless to repress expressions of wonder and admiration at the means and appliances that genius and skill have elaborated in the interests of human power and human happiness, enabling man to utilize forces of whose existence he was

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for so long profoundly ignorant, and to turn to his own benefit so many of the latent powers of nature, stealing, as it were, each year some fresh secret from her bosom—such, for example, as the electric fluid, enabling us to knit together, so to say, the entire universe in one vast whole with a complete nervous system of cables and wires, along which the electric current darts with a lightning speed with news of war or messages of peace, with words of weal or of woe, revealing the fluctuating fortunes of friend or foe, depression or prosperity in trade, down to the least important events of our more immediate neighborhood, the last speech of the premier, or the final decision of the law court.

Let us, before going any further, pause for a while, and cast our eyes back a couple of centuries, and visit England as it then appeared. We must confine ourselves to the subject of education chiefly, and what more immediately touches education, since we would else get too much involved or else be compelled to prolong our paper beyond its natural limits.

The art of printing had, of course, been invented at that epoch, but the process was so laborious and so imperfect that but very few books were struck off in the course of a year. In towns and villages libraries and literary clubs, such as we know them, can hardly be said to have existed at all. None of the public institutions to encourage study, so many and so various nowadays, were then known. The coffee-houses were the nearest equivalents, and these, indeed, were the chief centres of information and general knowledge of all kinds. To them the curious and inquisitive, gray-headed politicians and learned doctors, artful schoolmen and men of letters, used to flock in large numbers and gather up the scraps of information and floating tales and rumors always inundating large cities.

There were political coffee-houses, literary coffee-houses, Tory and Whig coffee-houses. Each section, indeed, of the community possessed its own particular *sanctum sanctorum*, with its leading man, who gave the tone and character to the place. Here they would spend many an interesting hour gathered round the hospitable hearth, and launch out into animated discussions and harangues on whatever subject might be uppermost in the popular mind, or enter into grave debates on matters of interest and importance, whether in religion or politics, church or state. The newspapers, if we may so call them, consisted of a single small sheet. Whenever they made their appearance—which, however, was only once or twice a week—they were seized with avidity and handed round with absorbing interest from one to another. As

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might well be supposed, they gave but very scanty and uncertain information; just sufficient, it would seem, to stimulate curiosity, and yet leaving abundant room for surmises and conjectures and endless conversation. In referring to these so-called newspapers we speak, of course, only of the larger cities and towns; for as to provincial newspapers—well, there simply were none. Persons living at a distance from the metropolis were almost entirely dependent upon the professional letter-writers for an account of the events of current history, which, it may be added, were often grossly misrepresented by them, and drawn up in a party spirit, and colored and dressed so as to suit as far as possible the special bias and sympathies of the reader. Magazines, whether philosophical, speculative, literary, scientific, geographical, or religious, it is hardly necessary to state are of a later date.

Books were, of course, seldom seen in any large quantity. As late as the latter end of the seventeenth century a man was considered well off if he possessed as many books as a boy will now carry home from school in his satchel. There were certainly a few well-furnished book-shops in the capital, the constant resort of the intellectual world. These administered in some measure to the urgent wants of the community, supplied food for thought and matter for discussion. In the country, however, things stood on a very different footing, and the country squires and landed gentry who lived on their estates were far worse off in this respect than the poor farmer, or even the poor farmer's man, is at the present day. No library, book-shop, or literary club of any kind existed in rural districts at all. The few well-thumbed books or papers which found their way from the capital months, sometimes years, after issue, were all that the country gentry had to throw a ray of light upon the doings and events of those stirring times. These they conned with unwonted earnestness and treasured with zealous care; but the more general and profounder subjects of thought they had to leave to the universities, where almost the whole intellect of England was gathered. There was hardly even a clergyman of note or prominence but at the universities or in the capital. Barrow, Cudworth, More, South, Aldrich, Sherlock, Temple, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Fowler, and, in a word, all the most illustrious minds paraded their learning, as well as acquired it, at Oxford or Cambridge, or in one of the chief cities, where there was abundant scope for exercising their intellectual faculties and sharpening their wits.

It was far otherwise in the rustic villages and the more thinly populated country districts. The Sabbath bell, as it rang out its

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early summons over shady hamlets and moss-grown cottages, gathered the simple people round a minister almost as simple and unlettered as themselves. Here he would speak to them with pathos and enthusiasm, if you will, but in a language which had acquired little elegance or polish from study, and little force from theological or philosophical lore. We are, of course, speaking of the Protestant divines, as the number of priests then in England was small, and even these could only exercise their vocation by stealth. But to proceed: It would be unfair to put down the deplorable ignorance of rural ecclesiastics entirely to a paucity of books or to the absence of skilled professors, since their poverty was so great that, had the opportunities been given them, they could ill have spared the time or leisure necessary for the cultivation of their intellect. Their social position seems to have been very different from what it is now. They were, indeed, more like servants or slaves than messengers of the Eternal King or propounders of the doctrines of Heaven. When acting as chaplains they were expected to fulfil the most menial offices: to chop wood and pile it on the hearth, to carry parcels ten or twelve miles, to rub a horse down, feed the pigs, or load a dung-cart was nothing out of the way. Should they leave the family with the hopes of ameliorating their condition or extending the field of their labors by taking a cure, they were very little better off. The taking a wife was often the only condition of their getting a living which, just enough for one, was quite incapable of supporting two, to say nothing of the numerous progeny that might result from their union.

When the natural teachers of the people, when those "whose lips should guard wisdom," were struggling on so low a level, when the very clergymen were so poorly supplied with works of theology, history, philosophy, or literature, we may guess the mental condition of the great masses. How deficient their education, how neglected their training, how stunted and dwarfed their mental energies! There was scarcely a knight in the shire whose entire library would not have fitted comfortably in a moderate portmanteau, or a single squire who had as many books as a literary man nowadays would take with him on a month's holiday at the seaside. Their exercises, indeed, were more physical than intellectual; their pointers and setters, their flint-guns and fishing-rods, their falcons and horses, were oftener before their minds than the ancient literature of Athens and Rome, or than even the more homely and modern efforts of

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English genius, whether in prose or verse. Their children, nurtured at home, grew up for the most part in the society of keepers and grooms and other menials, or if sent for a few years to school soon returned home to lose what knowledge and experience they had gained amid the wild diversions and boisterous pleasures of those exciting times. The scant means of travelling and the execrable roads, in places often quite impassable during winter, not to mention the actual danger to life and limb, were little calculated to entice them from the security and comforts of home to the asperities and inconveniences of distant and unfamiliar parts of the country, so that very many passed their lives without ever having trodden the streets of London or having once gazed on its architectural beauties. Their ideas, their notions of things, their views and opinions on questions of the day, were consequently all characterized by bigotry, narrowness, and prejudice. They preserved the decisions, judgments, and even the feelings and sympathies handed down to them, with jealous care, almost as they would an heirloom, and, however biassed and incorrect, seldom suffered them to be adjusted by the help of study or modified by the experience afforded by travel and intercourse with the world.

We might go on expatiating on the state of the still lower orders, and compare their present condition with the past; but, as space is limited, what has been said may be considered sufficient for the purpose we have in view, and that now a few remarks may be made on the present. Before making them, however, we wish to answer by anticipation a possible objection that may occur to some of our readers. They may urge, perhaps, that it is difficult to credit the truth of the picture just drawn as to the state of general ignorance so short a time ago as the seventeenth century, for that we still possess the writings of scholars, poets and diplomatists, and preachers who lived at that time and were men of eminence. Look, they will say, at Cowley, who died in 1667; look at Sir John Denham, who died in 1668; look at Edmund Waller; look at Milton, at Chillingworth, Tillotson, Cudworth, Dr. Robert South, and some others who flourished in the same century. In reply to this we simply say that we are not at all attempting to make out a case of universal ignorance. On the contrary, we feel very strongly that it must be admitted that men of unusual attainments and quite exceptional abilities gave a brilliancy and an *éclat* to the reign of the Stuarts.

Nor have we forgotten such illustrious names as those of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Boyle, Newton, and Harvey, and their

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deep researches into mental and natural philosophy. All we are contending is that knowledge was not *diffused;* that the culture of the higher faculties of the soul was not *general;* that the sources of mental improvement, in a word, were closed to the *masses*, and that a few had the monopoly of what has since become, in a large measure, general property. It must be borne in mind, indeed, that all who attained any literary excellence were residents of universities, seats of learning, or, at all events, of large cities where facilities for self-culture and opportunities for mental discipline were, comparatively speaking, abundant. They were also, for the most part at least, men of means and masters of their own time. Thus, to take a few instances: Cowley, who was the son of a prosperous grocer, had the benefit of studying both at Cambridge and Oxford; he then retired to the charms of Arcadian solitude, where he assiduously cultivated the Muses till he died. Sir John Denham was likewise in easy circumstances, and prosecuted his studies at Oxford, besides having the advantages of having travelled in France—an unusual thing in those days. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the famous Protestant apologist, passed his youth at Cambridge, and, as his position implies, was not stinted in wealth. Cudworth, too, not only studied at Cambridge, but professed Hebrew there for some thirty years. Edmund Waller received his polish and refinement at the king's court, and came in for £3,000 a year which was left him when yet a mere child. Milton, as we all know, was sent to school at St. Paul's, London, and from there to the University of Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A.; he had the privilege of visiting France, Italy, and Switzerland, too, and received a salary of £300 per annum as foreign secretary. It is unnecessary, however, to go on enumerating such particular instances—for such we are compelled to consider them.

Enough has been said to enable us to take, we will not say a very *full*, but at least a very *fair* view of the state of England (intellectually) a couple of centuries ago. The wonderful march onward that has marked the past hundred years must be evident to all. Science and experimental knowledge of all kinds have wonderfully advanced and extended their boundaries, and new discoveries have recently been lit upon which have proved of incalculable service in perfecting old vehicles of thought and in inventing newer and improved ones. Take, as an illustration of what is meant, the modern printing-press. What a contrast to the old, cumbersome, awkward machine of earlier days! With

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what marvellous expedition, accuracy, and neatness it turns out volume after volume! How perfectly and faultlessly it forms every letter and even every stop! Or consider the system of the post-office. To what wonderful results has it not led? It enables us to read detailed accounts of the most interesting events that have taken place in the most distant points of Great Britain within a day or two of their occurrence. It keeps us *au courant* with the political, social, and literary world; it enables us to keep pace, as far as may be in these days, with the inventions, discoveries, and improvements in every department of science. We can learn not only the minds of great men and their intellectual bias, not only *who* have written and the subjects they have chosen, but their style and method, and what the world thinks of them. Each man—and each woman, to the matter of that—who has what is called a view on any subject can find every opportunity now of ventilating it. Papers and pamphlets and magazines, reviews and puffs and prospectuses, in hopeless variety and overwhelming quantities flood our tables day after day.

The number of books is inconceivably great, the field of the reader vast as ocean. Every day new books and new editions are issuing from the teeming press, and each year in an increasing ratio. Books upon books on theology and religion, on science and philosophy, on history and biography, on painting and poetry, on travel and adventure, pour down upon us in alarming profusion. Nor is this all: novels and romances and tales for the million add their tributaries to the great stream, with books on cooking and dressing, on letter-writing and love-making, and Heaven knows what besides. "There never was a time when information was scattered about so freely, when every kind of knowledge was brought within men's reach. We have books on everything, and little treatises to explain these books. It is pleasant, of course, to think that where there are so many hundreds of writers there must be many thousands of readers. Publishers are, after all, commercial men, and carry on their business *on trade*, *not* on philanthropic, principles. If books are printed they are sold, and we take comfort to ourselves that the age we live in is an age of readers." And this is, no doubt, true. People do read more now than formerly. We have many readers, but have we many students? Have we many men who care to do more than read, who strive to master any study, to sink to its foundations and understand its first principle?

Let us consider this matter briefly and see the practical result

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of the facilities of the present day. Let us see if we are as well off as we imagine ourselves to be. Though in many respects we are, of course, in a far more enviable position than our ancestors; though, indeed, we may safely say that, on the whole, our age has made a real step in advance, yet, if we consider attentively, we are very much mistaken if we shall not find that, with all our boasts and self-complacency, we are nevertheless laboring under certain disadvantages and drawbacks from which our predecessors were in a great measure free. We will point out some, such as they occur to us.

First. If, as there is little question, our knowledge is more vast and extended, it is yet not so certain and well founded. We know much because we read much, but our knowledge is second-hand. Time will not permit us to sift and winnow an author's words, or by actual experiment to make his knowledge our very own. We must take his dicta on faith. We must accept his statements in great part for no better reason than because he has made them. To master every science and examine every theory has long since become impossible. This could be done, at least to a very much greater extent, a couple of hundred years ago. Besides, men's minds then ran in grooves much more than they do at present. The philosopher was content to remain a philosopher, the poet a poet, but now each man would rather skim over every subject than master one. It is the present fashion of the world, and she is imperative in her demands. One must know something of everything and be able to converse on every conceivable topic. One must know something about the writers of the day, and have read or peeped into their works, even if they be nothing more than mere novelists or poetasters. It thus becomes impossible to be profound in any subject. Do what we can, we can hardly even keep pace with the current literature of the day, with the reviews and periodicals that surround us. Add to this the literature of other countries—of France, Belgium, Italy, and Germany—which flow into the country with every tide. Think, too, that all these must find readers and purchasers. The more we reflect, indeed, the more obviously it appears that knowledge generally—knowledge in the masses, knowledge such as we find it in the gay man of the world or the young ladies of the period—is shallow, superficial, and frothy. We will quote in support of this view no less an authority than that of Cardinal Newman:

"I will tell you," he says, "what has been the practical error of the last twenty years: not to load the student with a mass of undigested knowledge,

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but to force upon him so much that he has rejected *all*. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not; of considering an acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons, and the possession of clever duodecimos, and attendance on eloquent lecturers, and membership with scientific institutions, and the sight of the experiments of a platform and the specimens of a museum—that all this was not dissipation of mind, but progress. All things are now to be learned at once—not first one thing, then another; not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil; without *grounding*, without advance, without finishing. . . . What the steam-engine does with matter the printing-press is to do with mind: it is to act mechanically, and the population is to be passively, almost unconsciously, enlightened by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes." *

Though multiplicity breeds confusion, and depth is hardly compatible with a very wide range of subject, and, as Cardinal Newman says, the very extent of our literature leads to dissipation of mind, still it would signify very much less if the authors of the day were always worthy of their calling.

If the quality were better little would be said of the quantity. Of this it is we have most reason to complain. The famous Carlyle, in speaking of modern writers, asks:

"How is it that no work proceeds from them bearing any stamp of authenticity and permanence, of worth for more than one day? Shiploads of fashionable novels, sentimental rhymes, tragedies, farces, diaries of travel, tales by flood and field, are swallowed monthly into the bottomless pool; still does the press toil, innumerable paper-makers, compositors, printers' devils, book-binders, and hawkers grown hoarse with loud proclaiming, rest not from their labor; and still in torrents rushes on the great array of publications, unpausing, to their final home. And still oblivion, like the grave, cries, 'Give! give!' How is it," he asks, "that of all these countless multitudes no one can attain to the smallest mark of excellence, or produce aught that shall endure longer than 'snowflake' on the river or the foam of penny beer? We answer, Because they *are* foam; because there is no reality in them."

We must just quote one other passage from Carlyle bearing on the same subject and penned in his usual peculiar and wonderfully original style. He is referring to those who scatter words without meaning, and do to the world mischief past computation:

"Thistledown," he says, "flies abroad on all winds and airs of wind; idle thistles, idle dandelions, and other idle products of Nature or the

* *Idea of a University*, p. 142.

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human mind propagate themselves in that way; like to cover the face of the earth, did not a man's indignant providence, with a reap-hook, with rake and autumnal steel and tinder, intervene. It is frightful to think how every idle volume flies abroad like an idle, globular down-beard, embryo of new millions, every word of it a potential seed of infinite new down-beards and volumes; for the mind of man is voracious, is feracious, germinative, above all things, of the down-beard species. Why? The author corps in Great Britain, every soul of them *inclined* to grow mere dandelions if permitted, is now supposed to be about ten thousand strong; and the reading corps—who read merely to escape from themselves, with one eye shut and the other not open; will put up with almost any dandelion, or thing which they can read *without* opening both their eyes—amounts to twenty-seven millions, all but a few."

Much might undoubtedly be said upon this very important view of the case, but the matter is sufficiently obvious, so we may broach another consideration, and it is this:

Secondly. That although the conveniences and improvements of later times—the telegraph, the post, the printing-press, the facilities for illustrating, photographing, chromo-lithographing, and so on,—although, we say, their tendency is to improve and raise the condition of man, yet the enemy has also found means to employ them to a fearful extent to further his interests. The amount of harm that is done in the world at present by reason of books and publications of all kinds is horrifying and heart-sickening. There are thousands who are ready to sacrifice their honor, even their very consciences, for gain, and will play upon not only the credulity and prejudice but upon the miserable weakness of their fellow-creatures in order to secure a little more money. They proceed accordingly to poison the very wells of thought by the most infamous and immoral publications, and to feed and nourish with their lascivious writings and illustrations the prurient sense and depraved inclinations of worldly and froward minds, and thus decoy untold numbers into the meshes and toils of Satan. In France and Italy particularly, but in almost every Christian land, this species of literature, in spite of the spasmodic efforts made by the governments, goes on doing its work and eating into the very vitals of the teeming populations. Minds that will feed from such flesh-pots will be satisfied with nothing else, and the constantly increasing publications point to a constantly increasing demand. It would be a curious and interesting thing to trace the career of any single such volume, and see how at each step it defiles and contaminates those whom it touches; how, notwithstanding, it goes on from one to another and passes through hand after hand, leaving the slimy track of the

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serpent on whomever it touches. We might then form some idea of the total amount of harm that the immense number of volumes are causing, and which we can never sufficiently deplore.

Thirdly. What has been said of morality may be said also of religion and faith. Instead of its becoming easier to the masses to discover the truth by the light of reason, it has become more hopeless than ever. The number of theories and opinions defended by volumes after volumes full of most specious and dazzling argument, and written in a style most calculated to captivate and please, and bearing all that appearance of truth that learning and research can be employed to inspire, are simply innumerable. Theories, indeed, which but a few years ago no man would have ventured to hold, much less to defend in public, are now advocated in popular magazines and leading periodicals. Atheistical views and rational and pantheistical opinions are unfurled and waved before the public eye, and every man who has learned to read imagines he can now form his own theories and act on his own judgment. Amid such a Babel of voices it is difficult to get a hearing. The claims of the church are drowned amid the clamors of a thousand jarring sects, each more vociferous than the other in the praise and vindication of its particular tenets. The minds of men are distracted by so many contradictory and conflicting statements, and are at last driven to take refuge from the storm of discordant opinions by building up a system of their own or in rejecting religion altogether. Nor is the number of writers inconsiderable at the present day who, without actually attacking the church *ex professo*, yet scoff at her holiest doctrines and mock at her most solemn offices, who turn upon her system and practice the full tide of their ridicule and abuse, and by hints and insinuations and ingenious sophisms do all they can to destroy her influence and lessen her hold on the love and loyalty even of her own children. Objections of various kinds against the most necessary doctrines, carefully elaborated proofs and ingeniously devised arguments, attacking dogma after dogma, are scattered broadcast over the land, which the less instructed fail to see through and the worldly-wise welcome as words of true wisdom. The indulgence, in some cases, of the worst passions is advocated on the loftiest principles, and sanctioned by men of the highest culture and learning. The future life and the invisible world, the immortality of the soul and the eternity of pain, are openly denied from the public platform, and laid down as ideas no longer tenable, no longer possible, in our present state of advanced knowledge and general enlightenment. We thus see

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that, though unquestionably human knowledge is a grand and noble thing, yet it is only this when it is made the handmaid of religion. Though in itself it is a mighty and a powerful instrument, it is one which may be used amiss. Ignorance is bad, we admit, but, as a late archbishop has said:

"There is, however, one greater curse in the world than ignorance, and that is instruction apart from religious and moral training. To instruct the masses in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and to leave out religion and morality, is to arm them with instruments for committing crime. An ignorant criminal is bad enough, but he is harmless compared with an educated one."

The illustrious Cardinal Newman, in speaking on the same subject, says also with his usual clearness of manner:

"Knowledge is one thing, virtue is another; good sense is not conscience, 'refinement is not humility, nor is largeness or justness of view faith. Philosophy, however enlightened, however profound, gives no command over the passions, no influential motives, no vivifying principle. Liberal education makes not the Christian nor the Catholic, but the gentleman."

But in this nineteenth century religion not only plays a subordinate part in education, but in many cases is totally estranged from school and lecture-hall. Nay, worse than this, as already remarked, it has, in many cases, become a butt of special attack and a mark for the bitterest vituperation.

While, therefore, we cannot but rejoice at the immense advantages that we enjoy in the present age, we shall do well not to lose sight of the dangers and difficulties that but too often accompany them, so that we may, while sharing largely in the former, be on our guard against the latter.

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"THE BROAD CHURCH."

WHATEVER may be the gifts of Professor Allen, of the Episcopal School in Cambridge—and he writes well, and sometimes with much power—he certainly is not either a profound or an original thinker. This can be easily seen by taking up any one fundamental point of his study of theology in the light of its history.* To start with the proposition that "man has a constitutional kinship or relation with God" is either to confuse thought or the surrender of the special claim of Christianity; but this is what he has done in his article in the *Princeton Review*, published some time ago, and what he does in the present volume of studies. Undoubtedly man has a relation with God, and so far God is not unknowable. Man has a natural relation with God, and so far God is naturally knowable. But that man has "a constitutional *kinship* with God" is quite a different affair. There is no kinship where there is no common nature. Kinship supposes the same nature; the same or common nature supposes equality of nature. If man has a constitutional kinship with God, man is therefore by nature equal with God. This is the assumption of the extreme left of Unitarianism, and ends logically in the denial of the Divinity of Christ and the repudiation of the claim of Christianity.

This is pantheism, or rationalism, or anything else you please, but not Christianity. Mr. Allen appears not to see the distinction between constitutional kinship with God and relation with God, hence he couples both in the same sentence. This is to confuse thought, and under this confusion Christianity vanishes and one becomes a nothingarian. One must advance upon a more solid basis than any the author of the above volume offers, if he would retain belief in Christianity consistently. Nothingarianism in religion is called euphonistically Broad Church, which means no church, which means no Christianity. The tendency of such teaching must force the sincere believers in Christianity among Anglicans into the Catholic Church, and others into Broad-Churchism, Unitarianism, Rationalism, or Agnosticism.

* *The Continuity of Christian Thought: A Study of Modern Theology in the Light of its History.* By Alexander V. G. Allen, Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; New York: 11 East Seventeenth Street. 1884.

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Lest the reader should deem us unjust to this writer, we quote a few sentences which we affirm to be fair specimens of the whole work:

Page 52: "The idea of life as essentially an education under the guidance of immanent Deity implies a divine constitution in man formed to receive the divine teaching."

Page 77: Speaking of St. Athanasius: "His experience illustrates that one man standing out against the church may be right and the church may be wrong."

Page 91: "Such a conception of the nature of the triune Godhead as existing from eternity and manifested in time demanded that its members should be regarded as in their essence one and co-equal, and as forming together the one absolute or infinite personality whom we call God." [Please notice the confusion of *one personality* and *a triune God*.]

Page 92: "The tie which binds the creation to God in the closest organic relationship."

Page 93: "The Deity revealing itself in humanity in its highest form only in so far as humanity realized its calling."

Page 138: "He rather by his Incarnation revealed the kinship of the human with the divine; the perfected human was declared to be identical with that which was most divine."

Page 14: "That humanity had been endowed through Christ in its own right with a recuperative power which would enable it to struggle successfully against all that was contrary to its true nature."

Page 177: He speaks of constitutional kinship with the Deity, a constitutional kinship which made the Incarnation not only possible but a necessary factor in the process of redemption.

THE BROAD CHURCH AND SCEPTICISM.

Everywhere in this book the writer reveals a sceptical state of mind. He discusses the history of Christian beliefs without admitting or presupposing their truth. His object, as that of every historian, must be to draw lessons from the past showing the divine plan in the life of man. But how can he show anything divine in the theological teaching of the past when he breathes into its face the breath of doubt? The author is a teacher of aspirants to the Episcopal ministry. And since a teacher imparts to his pupils his frame of mind as well as his opinions, Professor Allen will teach a pseudo-liberal Christianity in doctrine and scepticism in mental trend. He will propagate unbelief and doubt among Episcopalians. The liberal opinions of Dean Stanley and Frederick Denison Maurice, of Phillips Brooks and Heber Newton, are sure to prevail in proportion to his influence. We have conscientiously read these lectures on the history of Christian dogma, and have found them sapping the

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ordinary Protestant belief, even the view tolerated among Evangelicals, on such points as the Trinity, original sin, Divinity of Christ, and inspiration of Scripture. We could multiply tenfold such extracts as are above given in proof of our estimate of the author's position. Is it not time to ask whether such men are engaged to broaden the sphere of faith by wisely directing a reverent study of God's word and his works, or whether they have simply undertaken to show that scepticism is consistent with Christianity? If this book is a specimen of Broad-Church theories, it is all too plain that the name does not signify breadth of Christian faith. Broad-Churchism is the prelude to theological positivism.

Of course we do not mean to say that Professor Allen is conscious of sceptical tendencies, or that he avows sceptical views. There is, of course, a difference between him and an open sceptic. A common sceptic, like Tyndall, would treat the history of these Christian dogmas as he would the fossils in a slab of limestone—remains of extinct species of animals. Mr. Allen treats them as the relics of revered ancestors. But to both one and the other they are things whose life is dead and gone these many ages.

It seems a hard saying, but it strikes us that the author's theological summary may be stated thus: It is the highest wisdom to be certain of uncertainties and clear about obscurities, and to be satisfied with plain self-contradictions in the make-up of Christian belief. If any further element of confusion were needed it is supplied by the author's adoption of Hegel as his philosopher. With Maurice his theologian, Hegel his philosopher, and Clement of Alexandria, very wildly interpreted, as his oracle of antiquity, let the young Episcopalian Levite rejoice that he goes forth to battle equipped with a trumpet giving forth no uncertain sound!

We are repeatedly told that to understand Broad-Church theology we must know the spirit of Maurice. A rapt admirer has thus sketched his spirit on its logical side:

"What made his whole drift hard to follow was that sooner or later his reader or hearer had to surrender, for a time, the belief that logical coherence was the test of the truth. There is always in any sustained reasoning of his a gap to be crossed where no logical bridge is possible, and his follower must trust to the wing of his strong imaginative faith. Perhaps, for instance, it would be possible to append to every criticism given in this article some single quotation from his writings which should make it appear erroneous." *

* *British Quarterly Review*, April, 1884.

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Mr. H. R. Haweis, a devoted disciple of Maurice, thus admits and palliates his contradictions:

"People complained of the obscurity of his books, as they complained of the obscurity of his sermons, but the man himself interpreted both. You could not always tell what he had been talking about; each sentence was clear, the page was hard to grasp; intellectual coherency seemed to be at times lost; but there remained something better—a spirit that seized, a power that moulded."*

It is plain from all this that the "spirit" of Maurice—and Professor Allen partakes largely of it—in knitting the web of Christian doctrine, here and there dropped a stitch necessary to certainty. To be seized by a spirit and to be moulded by a power is fine talk; but any teacher who, when I ask him to tell me precisely what he means, can only give so vague an answer, is of no good to me. The fact is, the Broad Church seems to think that the necessity of certainty is not one of the great necessities. With Maurice and with Allen the great necessity is compromise—that is, a readiness to sacrifice essential dogmas for peace' sake. Among Broad-Churchmen compromise is taken from the region of non-essentials and from the category of makeshifts, and is written at the head of the book of dogma.

THE BROAD CHURCH IN RELATION TO HIGH CHURCH AND LOW CHURCH.

Perhaps the curious reader might ask, what is a Broad-Churchman in comparison with a High-Churchman and a Low-Churchman? The answer is, that he is High, Low, and Obscure. Maurice and all his followers are High-Churchmen, Low-Churchmen, and Obscure-Churchmen. He was exceedingly fond of High-Church doctrines and quite devoted to Evangelical opinions; and when put to the question as to how such opposites were compatible, he was indignant or silent, and if he deigned to answer he was, at any rate, obscure. It reminds one of the "addition, division, and silence" of a class of politicians of former years. He took what the High Church offered, for it suited his feelings; what Low Church offered, for it was "personal contact" with God; as to the uproar that such a mixture would raise in reason and common sense, he fell back on the principle that "logical coherence is not the test of truth."

Mr. Haweis says that Maurice believed the external church to be an organism divinely established and informed with divine

* *In Memoriam Fred. Denison Maurice.*

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authority, yet that no external medium was necessary between his soul and God. If you said to him, or to Mr. Haweis, or to Mr. Allen, Supposing the church thus under the divine influence, and the man equally under the divine influence, should differ one with the other, what then? They would each fall to saying things whose meaning is past finding out. According to Mr. Haweis, the external ecclesiastical order was held by Maurice to be a necessary witness of the inner voice of God: here is Highness. Yet the true and sufficient teacher of the heart and ruler of the life of man is the inner voice of the Holy Spirit: here is Lowness. As to which shall be the criterion of the other no man can find out what Maurice thinks. Professor Allen calls Maurice "the greatest of modern English theologians"—a model, we fear, of the uses of obscurity as well as of the flexibility of belief. In our opinion such writers are to the ordinary sceptic what Swedenborg is to a full-blown spiritist. Their works are footfalls on the boundaries of the world of universal doubt.

THE BROAD CHURCH AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

It is therefore evident that the effect of such teaching can only be the loosening of the interior bands of faith. But how will it dispose its disciples in reference to the Catholic Church? Perhaps it will not produce hatred. Yet it is a monstrous misconception of the true ideal of the church of God. We are not surprised at this. It would be strange if men in a corner could easily appreciate universality and unity. The men we are considering voice the needs of but a circle, a class, a school of thought. They are last to feel the deepest yearnings of the heart for God and to perceive the need of methods to attain to union with him which shall be as sure as the soul's existence or the noonday sun. The leaders of a small subdivision of a fragment of Christendom will not easily understand what is truly Catholic. A divine influence, concrete in a universal organism, squarely facing and solving all the problems of life, a religion which cognizes and fully appreciates the wants of all fallen humanity, they will hardly comprehend.

As to Professor Allen's view of ecclesiastical history, it seems to us—and we have sought a fair mind in reading him—that he has made his induction prior to his investigation. He seems to have concluded the truth of his hypothesis previous to his study of the phenomena. In homely phrase, he has cut his cloth before measuring his customer. For example, he is content to explain the so-called lapse of Rome from the first purity of Christian

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faith in such a way as leads us to suspect that the previous question of lapse or no lapse had not been so much as considered by him. Look at his reasons for Rome's lapse. God, says he in effect, permitted it because only a corrupted Christianity would be accepted by the northern barbarians. For hundreds of years God's main use of Christianity was to change the northern nations from roving tribes of barbarians into peaceful dwellers in the modern town and country. It was not to give men the way, the truth, and the life, but to tame the savage of the forest; such was the purpose of Christianity for ages. According to him Christianity is a *massa informata* thrown among the races of men as a new bone of contention. For a while the Greeks had it. It then became the plunder of the Latins. Then came the turn of the Teutones at the Reformation. What next? Mr. Allen and the Broad Church.

Here, therefore, is a genuine specimen of a class of men who would make Christianity a race religion—for, according to Professor Allen, the religion of Christ from Athanasius to Maurice was an attribute of races and epochs. Instead of all races being for Christ, he and his religion are for them, even for a portion of them. The whole providence of God in the supernatural order is, according to this theory, but an annex of the development of races towards civilization. And the countless multitudes who came and went between the pure Greek theology and the pure Broad-Church theology—what relation did their souls hold to the truth? The upshot of Professor Allen's philosophy of dogmatic history is that it was necessary that those generations should believe a lie in order to save the truth for the generations of Broad-Churchmen yet unborn. The Broad Church is the first generation since Clement of Alexandria capable of standing the unmixed truth.

Thus our author points out that to believe what he deems the detestable Augustinian theory of grace was necessary in order to defeat Gnosticism. The world must groan under the yoke of the Papacy in order to be saved from Mahometanism. From the decay of the Eastern Church down to these bright days of Maurice and Allen the Christianity of Western Europe has had only something like the baptism of John, and has been "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," waiting for the baptism of the Spirit. The shades of the bygone ages of the Christian faith gather to the margin of the wilderness, and, seeing the approach of Maurice, accompanied by Professor Allen and his Broad-Church brethren, they cry, *Ecce Agnus Dei*, and vanish away. Meantime it does not occur to our author that a historical view which can skip over fifteen

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centuries to catch sight of the true religion has got to prove that Christ is not a failure.

There have been silly, there have been malicious, errors in accounting for the Catholic religion as concrete in the Roman communion. She is the Scarlet Lady, says one; she is the incarnate wisdom of ancient imperialism, says another. But who ever equalled the mingled good-fortune and ingenuity of Professor Allen's theory? "Latin Christianity," he says on page 438, "is seen as a parenthesis in the larger record of the life of Christendom."

It is somewhat amusing to hear this little, piping voice from the midst of a religious organization put together by statecraft and compromise, which is a church of titles, and places, and externals, and worldly respectability, thus exchanging the old-time hatred of Rome for so harmless and frivolous a theory. What folly to thus account for history's most wondrous fact, the majestic church of the ages! That great past of the followers of Christ, that ubiquitous present, that looming, portentous, religious future of the life of mankind which men everywhere call "Rome," is scissored out of the world's life and cast into the waste-basket as a "parenthesis."

Doubtless the author has read much of history, but he knows little of Catholic theology and can have read but little of it. He seems especially superficial in his knowledge of the scholastics. He blames the schoolmen for dividing the ascetical and mystical from the dogmatic—a division necessary when theology, under the hands of St. Thomas, became a science. And it is the very effrontery of ignorance to assert that the Angelic Doctor only now and then, and by exceptions, knows of and speaks of the inner workings of the Holy Ghost. He spent his boyhood in the contemplative quiet of a Benedictine abbey and was a member of the Dominican order—enough to show what he knew of the interior life. On every proper occasion he teaches the highest form of spiritual doctrine, constantly quoting the author bearing the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, whose writings are a thorough treatise on the inner life of the soul with God. Indeed, we know of men who can make their daily meditations from the *Summa*, as well as prepare from it their theological lectures. We offer an extract from St. Thomas as a specimen of his spiritual doctrine. After speaking of the happiness of the next life he adds:*

"During this life we should continually rejoice in God, as something perfectly fitting, in all our actions and for all our actions, in all our gifts

* Opuscula, *De Beatitudine*, cap. iii.

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and for all our gifts. It is, as Isaias declares, that we may particularly enjoy him that the 'Son of God has been given to us.' What blindness and what gross stupidity for many who are always seeking God, always sighing for him, frequently desiring him, who daily knock and clamor at the door for God by prayer, while they themselves are all the time, as the apostle says, temples of the living God and God truly dwelling within them, all the time their souls are the dwelling-place of God, in which he continually reposes. Who but a fool would look for something out of doors which he knows he has within? Or what is the good of anything which is always to be sought and never found, or who can be strengthened with food ever craved but never tasted? Thus passes away the life of a good man always searching and never finding God, and it is for that reason that his actions are imperfect."

It betrays culpable ignorance in an historian of Christian dogma to say that St. Thomas Aquinas had no great idea of the Divine Immanence. It is worse to say that "the Jesuits never had any great respect for Thomas Aquinas," for they are obligated to follow him and teach his doctrine by their very rule. And there are many other such faults in Professor Allen's book, showing that he thought or hoped that a Catholic scholar would never open it.

THE BROAD-CHURCH PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION.

Yet, for all that we have said, we believe that the Broad-Church movement is a craving for the true catholicity of Christ. The Broad-Churchmen have been swimming out of a pond into the deep sea, but they are not to fancy that it is a discovery of their own; nor are they to hope that this vast ocean of divine liberty is without its tides and its laws of being. The sense of freedom seems to have overpowered their judgment, so that they do not so much as ask themselves where they are, and what this vastness is, and who was there before them. We sympathize with the Broad-Church longing, for it indicates that spirits of a nobler kind are feeling the difference between a paddock and the Christian Church. But before such men can be at home in the broad truth they must have found a union in their lives for both the inner light of God and his external will. If Professor Allen had first settled the question of the compatibility of outward authority and inner liberty he would not have betrayed his conviction of the necessity of the fatal expedients of agnosticism.

Such is the real problem: to show the harmony between the divine influence in external authority with the same influence in the divine, personal guidance of the soul. Those whose perception of the divine, personal guidance is exaggerated fall into the delusion that it is the only guidance they can follow. All the

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methods of religion are centred upon spiritual introspection. Man, a composite being of an inner life of spirit and an outer life of sense, is treated as if he were a simple being of spirit alone. Mankind seems, to those under this delusion, but a multitude of perfectly unconnected units. The notorious danger of deception in the study of one's own heart, in the gauging of one's own sincerity, of selfishness in deciding upon one's own case in one's own court, is left out of view, until allegiance to the nation, obedience to the laws, fidelity to friends, even love of nearest kindred, are lost in the maze of delusions; finally, it often enough happens that the victim of exaggerated personal guidance can no longer draw the line between reason and lunacy. The vagaries of Pearsall Smith are an instance; Freeman, of Pawtucket, murdering his own child at the bidding of private inspiration, and Guiteau assassinating the Executive head of the nation, are but extreme instances. These men are condemned by Protestants, but they cannot be condemned by Protestantism. They are the logical children of Luther. The search for the discovery and leadership of a purely inner divine impulse as the only practical means of salvation has been the chief error of Protestantism, call it private judgment of Scripture, the experiencing of a change of heart, or any other delusive name. It "whispers of the glorious gods and leads us into the mire," * if its leading be a voice without a hand. Meek and solemn self-conceit and wild fanaticism are the results, harmless or harmful, of this error.

On the other hand, the exaggeration of the external operation of the divine influence produces spiritual paralysis. The activity of the human spirit is cramped if it rests upon externals, however sacred. The religious instincts remain, indeed, and must ever remain, but they are not developed. Even the truths received from external divine sources lodge but upon the surface of the soul. A shameful servility to authority of every kind, and a mulish obstinacy in adhering to traditional beliefs, are traits of this form of error. A blank, dead-level mediocrity is all that is attained; it is often set up as the highest standard. High-Church Episcopalianism is a fair specimen of this exaggerated external view of the religious life. The schismatic churches of the East, held together by the episcopal order and by the cohesion of race and the power in Eastern races of ancient traditions, are also specimens of the helplessness and barrenness of religion when the souls of men slothfully substitute the outer for the inner action of God.

Only the harmony of the twofold action of God upon man

* Emerson.

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can give the true religion. As man is the harmony of the material and spiritual in the personal oneness of his sensitive and spiritual nature, so any influence capable of controlling the entire man must have both a fulness of external and of interior power. The mediator will follow the lines laid down by the Creator. If the mediator be one with the Creator, he will not give to man a religion which the Creator has made man unfitted to fully assimilate. God will not give to man a religion purely angelic. And it is for this religion, absorbing the entire man, that every honest soul craves. We do not want servility, no matter if it clothes itself with such revered names as loyalty, obedience, discipline. We do not want eccentricity, though it be clothed in the attractive form of zeal. What we want is God in the concrete inner and outer life of man. The synthesis of the entire divine action is the true religion. The harmony of the providence of God in the outer world of all humanity, and of the Spirit of God in the inner world of the individual soul, is the true religion. And this synthesis, this harmony, is actualized in the life of every member of the Catholic Church, explicitly or implicitly.

And how, it may be asked, are these two factors of the divine life in man related to each other? The answer is that the Holy Spirit is the interior guide by his secret inspiration, and at the same time he is the external criterion by the divine authority of the church—guidance within and criterion without. The individual guidance of the Spirit of God is the inner life of the renewed soul; the external criterion is the divine authority of the church of Christ. The inner guide stirs the conscience, elevates the motives, sanctifies the soul, and in the higher paths of perfection deals very intimately with it. The external criterion gives certitude. The Catholic is sure in his interior life that he is guided by the Holy Spirit when he walks within the lines approved by the divine external authority. This synthesis gives the Catholic an inner liberty peculiar to the children of God, together with a conviction immovable in its certitude and unique among men. Strange that a divine guidance productive of such a stable mind should be interpreted, by men who do not understand the divine harmony between liberty and authority, as the result of superstition, stupidity, and ignorance!

A Catholic in religious matters obeys no one but God; he is not led by any man; he pins his faith to no man's sleeve; only the divine authority without, the divine voice within, will he follow; God is his only law, and he must have that divine law in his life—not alone inner, but outer; not alone outer, but inner.

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Hence the depth of his certitude; it is only among Catholics that you hear doctrines spoken of as universal, infallible, unerring, irreformable, eternal. Hence the marvels of Catholic sanctity; it is only among them that true martyrs, missionaries, and heroes of every kind of charity are to be met with.

It is on account of failure to understand this that such men as Professor Allen fancy that Catholics are trammelled in their spiritual life. The Catholic is not trammelled, because he is subject to the same Holy Spirit within and without. There can be no conflict between God and God. The principle of the external authority of the church over a Catholic is the Son of God visible, audible, incarnate, and perpetuated and made universal in "the church which is the body of Christ." The principle of the inner life is the grace of the same Christ, which is "the Holy Ghost diffused in our hearts." These two principles are one in essence and make the divine oneness of the entire life of the Christian.

The freedom of a man is never so well secured as when he is guided with certitude by his Creator, by God's word and work in the divine organism of the church of Christ. No man feels trammelled by the church's authority except one who has become rebellious to the guidance of the Holy Spirit within him, or who has become deluded with the fancy that some vagary of his private judgment is the instinct of the Holy Spirit.

PRACTICAL PEOPLE.

PALISSY seized upon furniture, bedding, and all things combustible in his own household wherewith to feed his furious furnace. Wife, neighbors, all called him impractical, fool, insane! For sixteen long years the fool labored patiently at baking his clay, bravely bearing the contumely of friend and foe alike. Surely a foolish thing to do, this baking of clay. Better bake dough and make bread. So thought the potter's own flesh and blood, friends and neighbors. History and Art and Fame have since rewarded the fool's patience and industry. Shakspere was in this sense an "impractical" man. The artistic temperament is ever "impractical" in the vocabulary, and under the intellectual microscope of "practical people." Practice is one thing, theory is another, has passed into a proverb with a latent sneer at the latter. In this age of presumed fact and data theory

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has been adorned with the dunce's cap and held up for pitying contempt. "He is theoretical, he isn't a bit practical"; and Sir Practicality smiles complacently at his own cleverness and poor Theory's stupidity.

Practicality! What does the word mean? Of Greek derivation, from *praxis*, it signifies the doing of a thing. He, then, is practical who does, who acts. Action is the essence of the practical. But the abuse of the word is as wide as its acceptance. Applied only to the doing of things immediately doable, it has been narrowed down to the meaning of doing only concrete, material things, and in a still more restricted sense, with a majority, to the making of money. But this is not the true, catholic meaning of the word. It has a broader scope and a nobler meaning, and, in truth, goes hand-in-hand as complement with the diviner word theory. The practical is truly the doing of the theoretical. Theory is the conceptual; practice is putting this into action. The words are used as contradictories, when in reality they are only complementary opposites. They are supposed to be antagonistic, when they are, indeed, brothers of the closest kin. The intellect conceives, the hand executes. The first is an image of the divine, the latter the instrument at command of the will. He who is all practice and no theory is but half what he should be. The highest part of him is under bondage to the grosser. But practice does not simply mean a doing; it means the doing of the thing conceived. Man can never be all practice. A beast wanting discourse of reason can alone be that. People who boast of their practicality, using the word in its lesser sense, in spite of themselves are theoretical. They must conceive before they can act, or else grade with brutes, which lack reason. Their defect lies in seeing only what is immediately at hand, and acting that alone. Their field of view is limited by the horizon of the present, that indivisible instant lying between the infinite past and the infinite future. What an unreality to live on! An unstable passing for ever from the nothing future to the nothing past! The practical, with them, means doing that only which is *now* at hand. To them the theoretical implies that conceptual grasp of the future which is beyond their intellectual capacity, and so, for them, is not. Hence their ever-ready condemnation of him who sees beyond the compassing bounds of the instant into things that are to be. He is visionary. So was Palissy, who saw more beauties in his clay than his neighbors ever dreamed in their lifetime; so was Robbia della Luca, Shakspere, and a host of others whose impractical turn of mind has left the rich-

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est legacies to mankind that the world has ever seen. To such men the dirt we trample under foot has more beauties than the gold with which we ornament our barbaric persons.

But what, then, is the impractical? Trying to do the not-doable: the impossible is the impracticable. It is the function of theory to teach us the not-doable. Whatsoever is conceivable is doable—practicable—not at present, may be, or in the near future, or even in all time with our limited powers. The impractical man is he who seeks to do the impossible, or who endeavors to cram the future doable into the present time, or who fancies that even in all time can be accomplished some doable which exceeds human powers. The practical man is he who adapts to his end the means best suited. Patience, courage, perseverance often make up the main means to the end. By these Palissy accomplished his end. Michael Angelo said that patience is genius. He meant that genius reaches its end by means of patience. That end is either the true, the beautiful, or the good, which truly in themselves are one. Genius is the seeing this, and using the best means to reach it. It is therefore both theory and practice. The keenest sight of the human mind is genius; it sees furthest; it can look into the face of the sun without so much as blinking; it can look into the depths of the abyss and see bottom. It foresees—that is theory; it waits—that is practice. In ordinary parlance it is the "impractical." If Shakspere had been a worthy butcher he would have been "practical," but he would not have been Shakspere. Had Dante been a "practical" politician he might have won the highest civil honors of his native city, but he would never have shown us the terrors of hell, the sufferings of purgatory, or the joys of heaven. Men with far-reaching ends, like Columbus, who saw beyond the horizon—in truth, saw all the way around this whirling planet of ours—have always been accounted "impractical," because the extent of their vision was beyond the ken of ordinary people. Such are men

> "of long-enduring hopes,
> And careless what this hour may bring."

The king of birds sits solitary on his mountain peak with the world at his feet. Genius shares his solitude. It sees furthest and sits highest, at the cost of being solitary and alone.

When a man sees no further than his own nose, let him follow it. It will not lead him to great heights, but it will make his journey ordinarily safe. It is his only guide in ordinary affairs,

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and for things beyond the ordinary—well, he has no business there. An old proverb has it, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last." Decidedly impractical is the shoemaker who does not. We must be properly shod against the rough ways of this world, and Providence does not fail to provide shoers. Demand makes supply, hence the necessity of the shoemaker. Tailors, butchers, and others also have their use and necessity. Shakspere a butcher would have been an impractical man; and a butcher, a providential butcher, aspiring to be Shakspere, a fool. Nature makes poets and others of the kind. She makes them for a purpose, and intends that they shall not miss it except by doing violence to her and bringing ruin on their own heads. They must stick, metaphorically, to their last, or fail; and Nature will not tolerate a contradiction. Thwart her, and she crushes you for your impudence. A practical man consults her, follows her direction, seeks her assistance, getting the universe on his side, aims at her purpose, and so attains her end and his own. Midas prayed the gods for the gift of changing everything that he might touch into gold. Meat and drink in contact with his lips turned into the precious metal, and at his kiss his daughter became an image of gold. An impractical man, you say, to ask for such a gift. True, indeed, but not a rare thing to see. There are hundreds of "practical" men around us—think of any ten and you will have nine of them—asking Nature, whose forces the ancients called gods, for the gift of turning everything they may touch into gold. Meat and drink are transformed into gold at their touch, for they eat and drink that they may live to make gold. Alchemy, we see, is not a thing of the past. Their affections are changed into a love of gold: wife, daughters, and all others through their fatal gift become images of gold. All things else are subordinated to this ruling passion—gold: Nature's order turned topsy-turvy; means made the end; the end subverted to the means. Their hearts become the temple of Mammon, and their thoughts are ever at the shrine of their deity. From the rising of the sun to its setting it is one perpetual striving after gold. The busy brain at night, wakeful and shutting out the balmy sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, worries itself out of its rest and its vigor, scheming for the coming day, longing impatiently through the silent hours for the marts of commerce, where gold comes and goes like a flowing river. Meanwhile the years slip by—old Horace sang the song ages ago, *Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni:* Alas! the fleeting years slide by—and Time weaves his white among the black, drives his fur-

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rows deep across the brow, and still the search and struggle after gold. The portals of life have faded away in the distance, so long ago has it been since Midas left them behind him, and shadows, with a chill in them that makes the blood run colder, are thrown across his path as he approaches the gateway in the darkening west. But he pays no heed to that—he is searching for gold, the bright, the precious, the glittering idol of his life. The darkness deepens; it grows very chill now, and ah! how cold. A woman's form comes up close behind him, bends over him, reaching out with a glittering something in her hand—one instant, and Atropos has severed the thread of life! Midas has passed beyond the dark gateway in the black west. "A shrewd, practical man!" is the comment of his neighbors; "he has made a great success! He leaves millions behind him!" Does Midas himself now think that he made such a great success out of his life? He asked for gold, and Nature gave him gold in plenty; everything he touched turned into it—he lived for gold. The world to him was one vast commercial enterprise, a trading-shop for the gaining of gold. He ate, drank, slept that he might make gold. He turned all the energies of his brain into gold. All to him became gold, for the value of all was measured in gold. The world says that Midas was a "practical man." The elder Midas, he of the old Greek legend, prayed the gods to take back their fatal gift when he made the horrible discovery that the wine he drank froze into gold on his lip, and the sweet kiss of affection through contact with his flesh became cold and dead on the mouth of a golden image. He saw that human happiness, the pleasures and the affections of human life, were not made up of gold; that the gods did not mean all things to become gold, and, like a sensible, practical man, he prayed them to take back their fatal gift. There was something more valuable than gold. Is the wisdom of the elder Midas for ever lost from off the earth? It is to be wondered if a little ancient "impracticality" would hurt our modern Midas.

Nature placed gold in the earth beneath man's feet, and the stars in the heaven above him, and made him with head erect looking upward, as a Roman poet sings, *erectos ad sidera vultus*—with countenance held to the stars. So Nature made him. When he falls upon all fours and burrows in the dirt with his head downward, in his eager search for gold, can it be said that he is following Nature's plan? Is he truly practical in the higher, nobler sense of the word, or impractical in trying to make a brute of himself, when Nature made him a man?

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ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S ADVICE.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, true to travellers' instincts, has left us a souvenir of his visit in the shape of an article in the *North American Review.* His thoughts are upon "The Work of the Church in America." He introduces his subject in such good taste that the reader is flattered and lends an ear in sympathetic attention. With the method of a trained mind, the very reverend gentleman defines his subject, tells us what he means by "the church," and what is the great work before it. If he be illogical, it comes from the inconsistency of his position as a minister without a mission, a preacher at odds with reason and revelation. By "the church" he means the "church of God," composed of the warring, intolerant elements, Papalism, Methodism, Presbyterianism, etc. These isms, we are told, are more united than they are divided, therefore they are one. They all preach "the pure word of God"; how much or how little it matters not. Error thrown in, to make the quantity respectable, does not destroy the purity of what is pure, and hence does not sever the tie that connects all with the Gospel and with one another. Why did the archdeacon forget agnosticism and infidelity? Do not even these sometimes tell the truth? They discourse upon the beauty of nature, and it undoubtedly is beautiful. They speak of man's dignity, and so does the Gospel. Could not an average evolutionist discover a connecting link between an infidel and the lowest Christian organism, and then, by a well-recognized chain, unite him with the venerable archdeacon himself? If holding some of the Gospel tenets places a man in the church of God, it would be hard to find one outside its fold.

This "church," such as it is, needs something. The archdeacon quotes approvingly a friend who maintains that its great need is a "new enthusiasm." Without waiting to discover the etymological signification of the word, we know what "enthusiasm" means in America. We have plenty of it here, with a sublimate of sensationalism added. "Enthusiasm" is an agreeable intoxicant, which does not come under the ban even of the prohibitionist. Unfortunately, however, like most intoxicants, its influence is short-lived; men swoon and sleep it off. Yet not always before we are forced to witness the easy descent from the

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sublime of the enthusiast to the ridiculous of the "crank." The reformed inebriate or criminal, armed solely with enthusiasm, comes before the public in the name of the Gospel, and treats of the most awful mysteries in the slang of his former haunts. The reasoning pious say religion is profaned; the reasoning impious say it is folly. I wonder has the Archdeacon of Westminster ever heard one of our "enthusiastic" preachers? Could his most refined ears brook language whose greatest fault is not that its *r*'s are boiled down or eliminated? Do not look for a "new enthusiasm" nor for pop-bottle fervor. Revive the old enthusiasm, or rather come and participate in it, for it still lives. Its convictions are not the phantasmagoria of a diseased imagination, nor are its hopes a bubble that swells and attenuates until it vanishes. That old enthusiasm has indeed come from God. Its endurance proves its divine origin. It is self-possessed and energetic. Its enterprises are not tentative, but confident. It plants the cross in a new mission, fearless of the result. It goes among the heathen, neither courting nor dreading death. This is the enthusiasm that is consonant to the heart of brave, practical America.

Fortified with this enthusiasm, or lacking it, in the plodding style of "steady moral development and reformation," the church must begin its work. What that work should be the archdeacon tells us accurately, quoting the words of an American writer. It is the purification of public and private morals, especially in regard to the Seventh and Ninth Commandments. To particularize, he wants the church to assume the direction of politics; "to exercise a beneficent influence" in business; to arrest the progress of divorce; "to elevate and purify the press"; and, lastly, "to teach a true and an intelligent, as opposed to a delusive and obsolete, view of religion."

Under the first heading the reviewer says some things worthy of attention. We are satisfied that his remarks are wise, at least theoretically. The dictum "no clergy in politics" he justly relegates to the abodes of ignorance and semi-education. If law should be based upon the principles of justice, the authorized exponents of these principles must not be denied a voice in legislation. If the civil code is intended *pro bono publico* in its construction you cannot ignore those whose lives are devoted to the same grand cause. If at no time are passions so turbulent as in the political campaign, the minister of Him who calmed the winds and the waves must not be outlawed from the scene. The civil state, like every other good gift, comes from God. Its

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principles are divine; and though their application may be human, still its exalted source must not be forgotten. It is, then, a false maxim that shuts out the minister of religion—presuming his religion to be the true one—from the arena of politics. And the clergyman who resigns his right to a voice in the government of his country is false to his profession. That there are circumstances in which that right may, and ought to be, kept in abeyance is equally indubitable. Was it through a forgetfulness of this latter fact that the church came to be injured, as the archdeacon says it was injured, in the late election? Or was it through that strong partisan policy which his article deprecates? Let those whom it concerns answer. For our part, we most confidently assure the gentleman that the true church of God, the Catholic Church, has not suffered in the late or in any previous election.

Admitting, nay, insisting upon, the clergy's right to a voice in politics, it may be asked how far that official right extends? The archdeacon would permit full partisan length in such questions as the anti-slavery movement in America. He might have added in the anti-slavery, anti-starvation movement in Ireland. Upon questions of lesser moment the gentleman could find food for reflection in the utterances of some English Catholic bishops previous to the late election in that country. The church's authority covers the field of faith and morals, and also of facts intimately connected with the integrity of either. Beyond this it does not go. It does not decide upon the relative merits of tariff and free trade, of Republican and Democrat, of Methodist and Baptist in purely secular matters. Ecclesiastical authority has its province and its limits. Its lines are sharply drawn, though easily overlooked. Hence, though in law they are straight, in practice they meander. Men, supposing themselves armed with the authority of religion, have, in the impulse of partisan strife, gone into foreign fields, from which they returned with the *name* of religion sullied. The name alone suffered, for the reality was not there. We must, then, look upon the archdeacon's advice as dangerous in practice, though wise in theory. It is directed mainly to Protestants, whose ministers are not all sufficiently circumspect to see the thus far and no farther of religion. Could the entire body direct the individual, matters would be better. But such direction is incompatible with the preacher's independence. Besides, it would seem that the archdeacon's exhortations are entirely superfluous. His brethren of the ministry are not wont to run shy of politics. They generally

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reach the limits of the expedient, if not the wider circle of the lawful. Catholics will always greet such documents as encyclical *Immortale Dei*. They will look for counsel from those whose position and prudence entitle them to speak. But they will never expect their priests to enter individually the turmoil of politics.

The archdeacon's views upon the attitude which the church should assume towards wealth are sound, but sadly wanting in motive. Honor, national greatness, are not the inspirations which a Christian minister should try to breathe into a Christian people. Nor do confused notions of duty or right assist much. Sentiment is good when it is the flower of sound principle; alone it is but a castle in the air. Had his remarks come from a pagan philosopher we should applaud them; coming from a Christian minister they lack the force which Christianity could lend them. The honor of honesty may, in these days, be outweighed by the honor of success; but temporal success can never counterbalance eternal failure.

But would it be prudent for the Protestant Church here in America to wage war against wealth or its unjust acquisition? The good archdeacon must remember that its ministers are not a standing army of government officials. They are supported by their congregations. These congregations are voluntary associations, chiefly of rich people. The poor do not sustain or visit their churches. If a rich man is offended in church he can take a change of venue without qualm of conscience or loss of honor. And the good preacher is so much the poorer, without accomplishing anything.

The same worldly motives inspire the writer's warning against the multiplication of divorce. It is perfectly true, as he says, that the greatness and glory of a nation depend upon the purity and stability of the home. But does he suppose that a man will spend his life with a virago for the sole purpose of averting from the commonwealth the trifling disaster which his divorce would bring upon it? Are the majority of men satisfied to undergo slow martyrdom for their country's good, especially as many of them cannot see wherein it is benefited by their sacrifice? Nations do not exist beyond the grave. Their rewards are temporal, or not at all. Why should a man spend a whole life in torture for their sake? Teach men the necessity of self-denial. Let them look upon marriage, not as an end, but as a means and a remedy. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder" has done more to stem the tide of passion than all that has ever been said about the glory and stability of states.

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We are in hearty accord with the archdeacon's remarks upon the press. The evil done by its personalities and circumstantial presentation of crime is simply enormous. It creates and feeds a morbid appetite for unseemly mental pictures. These contaminate the soul, loose it from its moral moorings. For money's sake crime is made familiar, not odious. Men would not dare mention in public what young and old gloat over in private. The individual who would attempt, in a respectable family, one of these every-day newspaper narratives would be promptly told that he had mistaken his company. But, by a strange inconsistency, written obscenity is welcomed where the lesser evil would be rejected. And as is the demand, so will be the supply. A distinguished journalist recently, in a moment of candor, admitted that the newspapers were nasty because nastiness paid. He said that his long experience taught him that decent journalism was unprofitable, and was therefore abandoned by him. You must rectify the conscience of the masses before you can suppress filthy and sensational journalism. But what control can Protestantism exercise over conscience? By what authority does it enter that sacred domain? It may condemn the external act. It may assail the individual news-sheet. But before it does its ministers must acquire a manly independence of newspaper notoriety—an independence greater than even the good archdeacon manifested in this country. Journalists should not be so familiar with preachers' weaknesses. The Protestant laity should not be forced to follow the movements of their minister through the columns of the public press. If the amiable man himself is anxious to see his sermon in print, even though sandwiched between two social scandals, he cannot condemn the cup which, with so much honey, contains a little foreseen poison. If you wish the clever journalist to fear you, do not ask him to humor your vanity.

Hitherto the archdeacon's remarks are worthy of attention and respect. His occasional inconsistency may well be forgotten in the grandeur of his purpose. We only wish he were a little more forcible. Might not a few religious motives be added to his many political considerations? He is a Christian minister, addressing what he believes to be the church of God in this vast continent. Does he suppose that church beneath inspirations, higher than those springing from temporal ambition? But we must not be hypercritical. Christianity does not eliminate but elevates the natural. May not his advice also be elevated? Having received the subject as he presents it, may we

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not Christianize it by shedding a little Gospel-light upon it? Our greatest fears are that his good counsel will bear no fruit. What can poor Protestantism do but veer with the wind of popular passion? "A breath can make it, as a breath has made." It has no authority to teach; its only resource is tact to please. Much as it may esteem its genial counsellor, it cannot sacrifice its peace and position in a vain attempt to carry out his instructions. It is the offspring of wild passion, and must not turn upon its parent. Parricide would be suicide.

Passing on to the latter paragraphs of the article, I find my criticism very much baffled. After maintaining constantly a "few great truths" for whose inviolability there is more authority than there is for the least word of revelation, the archdeacon says: "It is the special work of the church, in these days, to teach a true and intelligent, as opposed to a delusive and obsolete, view of religion." Yes, teach a true and intelligent view of religion. "True religion, like true liberty, demands an eternal vigilance on the part of its defenders." Without doubt, God's best gift to man is entitled to such vigilance, but it does not require it as a necessity of its being. Defence may relax, and yet the gates of hell shall not prevail. Now we come to a well-concealed transition. "We cannot," he says, "withstand the skilled arms of modern antagonism with the bows and arrows of mediæval warfare." The gentleman should not forget that some of the mediæval warriors were trained marksmen—too trained to be guilty of the random shots of "modern antagonism." "I hold," he continues, "that no defence of religion is possible which does not co-ordinate its doctrines with truths taught us by God's other revelations in science and history." "Co-ordinate" is an unhappy word. If it be used as the equivalent of *harmonize*, the writer is in perfect accord with Christendom. If it be used correctly, as no doubt it is, to signify equality, equal order, then is religion dethroned, reduced to rationalism, by a distinguished divine of the Establishment. He is correct in saying that a champion of the church must keep abreast of the times; he is further correct in warning the church against staking its existence upon the doctrines and commandments of men. If the full force of that advice had been realized and acted upon during the last four centuries, there would be no Protestant Church to fear the "hurrying feet of advancing generations." All through this paragraph true principles are made to stand sponsors for artfully-concealed error.

Religion is identified with its varying view, and both with

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the arms wherewith it is defended. And because the latter must change, so, it is inferred, must the former also. Religion has a charmed life and mysterious existence. It is something placed in the centre of revolving ages, presenting a different view to each succeeding decade. As generation after generation turn their faces towards it some fall down in humble worship, others direct their arrows against it. Post after post falls, doctrine after doctrine is assailed and abandoned. A "few great truths" manage to hold out by a skilful though unprincipled shifting of position. The devout of to-day cultivate what the impious of former days have left them. There is little interest in the wounded or dying. The enemies of the church virtually dictate its creed. "*Fas est ab hoste doceri*," was never intended to go so far.

In particularizing the reviewer tells us that to the teaching of a "strong, living church" three elements are essential—tolerance, freedom, and progress. "The most exclusive," we are informed, "must recognize that, though there is but one flock, there are, and to the end of time there will be, and are meant to be, many folds." This may seem a trifle at variance with the "one fold and one shepherd" doctrine; but no doubt the gentleman looks upon this latter as a "delusive and obsolete view" of religion. A hard name is an easy argument, and, as the world goes, sometimes an effective one. The archdeacon may, with a dash of his genius, set aside the word of God! But how can he explain the glaring absurdity of his pet "toleration"? Does he expect that the Christian who would lay down his life in testimony of his faith in the Real Presence can "tolerate" those who ridicule that awful mystery? Can he who adores the God-Man "tolerate" a denial of his divinity? Will the distinguished lawyer "work side by side, in respect and amity," with the blackmailing pettifogger? Can the skilled physician "respect and refrain from invading the separate spheres" of the quack and the faith-healer? Shall he refuse his services to the unfortunate who has unwittingly fallen into the hands of one or other of these mountebanks? Even though he should, still the true minister of the Gospel, whose law is faith and whose inspiration is charity, who reveres religion and is convinced that the same doctrine cannot be true and false, can never abandon any portion of Christ's vineyard to the unauthorized laborer, enthusiastic though he be. Ask the school-teacher to "tolerate" a diversity of opinion in the science of numbers, but do not ask the faithful pastor of souls to tolerate a perversion of the declared and ascer-

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tained will of God. Again, even though these warring religions should cease hostilities and ape the unity and amity of an organic body, would Christianity be benefited? Would not the infidel world denounce such action as a grand conspiracy against truth, as the last resource of imbecility and decrepitude? Men are too discerning to "tolerate" such "toleration" or listen to the pretensions of mock unity.

What the archdeacon says of "freedom" is meaningless. He tells us that "it is the aim of all ambitious ecclesiastical tyrannies, whether of new presbyter or old priest, to load the minds of men with secular chains." Who would expect such nonsense from the scholarly divine? He might as well assure us that it is the property of fire to burn as that it is the aim of tyranny to oppress. Evidently his mind was confused just here. Was he afraid to speak of ecclesiastical institutions that are not tyrannies? Or did he dimly apprehend that the church in America cannot forge "secular chains"? But even Homer sleeps, perhaps dreams, and, it may be, ultimately dotes.

"Lastly," the writer tells us, "there must be progress." What does he think of Macaulay, who says that neither natural nor revealed theology is a progressive science? Archdeacon Farrar blames the church for "having tried to preserve when it was her duty to improve." It is painful to hear such words coming from a Christian. The churches have pretended and still pretend to teach the word of God. The writer himself refers to them as "communities in the midst of which the pure word of God is preached." How could they "improve" the pure word of God? If they have it, is it not their duty to "preserve" it? If they have it not, why do they pretend to it? Why do they counterfeit the Gospel to the deception of immortal souls? God's word is always the same. Men must neither add nor diminish. His laws, like his creative and conserving power, are adapted to all times and all climes.

Nowhere is the inconsistency of Protestantism more apparent than in the means which the archdeacon suggests for its stability. It is a mighty evil that can so disintegrate revelation and confound the common sense of clear minds. Theology is not a progressive science. As seen in Protestantism it is eminently retrogressive. We do not blame Archdeacon Farrar. The fault lies with the cause he maintains. In maintaining it he has, no doubt, made the best of a bad matter.

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

IT is very hard nowadays to keep up with the literary times. Solomon's complaint doubtless had its ground; but if in his time the making of books was endless, what can be said of it now? And yet the publishers, while keeping the printers busy, have gloom in their eyes. Unless the flood of reprints—cheap, but not always popular—is stopped, they cry, there will in a short time be no American literature and no American publishers worthy of the name. Nevertheless, while waiting for an international copyright law that shall please everybody, they go on publishing.

The critic at the end of a month trying to give even a short review of that month's literature finds himself in as hopeless a condition of mind as the distracted young rustic who, when spring thaws out the streams and the travelling circuses, wants to follow several resplendent processions, each with its own band and its special gilded chariot. The critic sees many glittering bodies of words defiling before him, with great banging brass bands of adjectives and booms of prefaces, and big, false gilded chariots dazzling the crowd and passing for real gold in the garish sunlight!

Two of the falsest and most glittering of these, both having two bedizened idols aboard, are John Morley's *Voltaire* (Macmillan & Co.) and Charles Algernon Swinburne's *Study of Victor Hugo* (New York: Worthington & Co.)

Mr. John Morley gilds the battered old bust of the philosopher of Ferney, taking care to rub a little of the gold-leaf off here and there to heighten the brilliancy of the rest.

The key-note of Mr. Morley's panegyric on Voltaire is in these sentences: "He never counted truth a treasure to be discreetly hidden in a napkin. He made it a perpetual war-cry, and emblazoned it on a banner that was many times rent, but was never out of the field." Mr. Morley's contempt for his audience is shown by these words. To appreciate it one must remember that he is writing of Voltaire, the time-server, the sycophant of the Prussian autocrat and "the lover of liberty," the private counsellor of France's enemies and the public friend of her prosperity. There is no doubt that Mr. Morley's book is a dangerous one, for to the unread in the truthful chronicles of Voltaire's time it is

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a confusing one. Mr. Morley writes well and with a dogmatic atheism, skilfully veiled under an appearance of philosophical impartiality. But the initiated will see that here there is a great deal of Morley and not very much of Voltaire. Mr. Morley even insists that the existence of great defenders of revelation and reason in France was due to the attacks of Voltaire. He quotes De Tocqueville's famous tribute to the high character of the clergy at the period immediately preceding the Revolution, with the insinuation that it was owing to "those just and liberal ideas which Voltaire had helped so powerfully to spread." Mr. Morley assumes that free and untrammelled thought is the most important factor in the progress of the human race, and that the world has gained by the substitution of unbelief for even the mild and sentimental deism of Voltaire. He sympathizes more with the keen logic of the French, who were Voltairean, in quickly seeing the absurdity of constructing a God for themselves, than with the English who influenced him and who were influenced by him in trying to construct a respectable God from a number of remnants. He sees how vain and silly Voltaire's arguments against religion were, but he assumes at the same time that Voltaire was the precursor of an admirable reform, the comfortable effects of which we feel to-day in the freedom of human thought. In reading this book one is often tempted to quote a saying of Voltaire's: "History is, after all, but a parcel of tricks that we play the dead." It is awful to see the corpse of this restless and vain philosopher, who believed less in himself than in God, and who was so conscious of it that he needed the constant flattery of mobs or of silly women to keep him from despair, galvanized by a philosopher of the nineteenth century. The old sneer is softened into a semi-benignant smile; the bend of the body, for tyrants or courtesans alike, becomes a heroic pose. But all Mr. Morley's fine skill cannot change this mean soul, gifted with wonderful power of expression, into a true man, much less into a hero. Voltaire was not a great and original free-thinker; he took "his own" wherever he found it; in his English visit he found much of it. Protestantism had had its logical effect on men's minds in England. In depriving them of an infallible guide it left them at the mercy of private judgment. "Protestantism," says Mr. Morley, "was indirectly the means of creating and dispersing an atmosphere of rationalism, in which there speedily sprang up philosophical, theological, and political influences, all of them entirely antagonistic to the old order of thought and institution." Voltaire was much affected by English thought. He

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carried it into France, and it progressed so quickly that it soon became "a system of dogmatic atheism, and the advanced among his disciples said of him, '*Voltaire est bigot; il est déiste.*'" In April, 1764, he wrote: "The young are very happy; they will see fine things." They saw fine things; they saw Christianity, law, order, divine and human rights, all that was best, submerged in such a deluge of blood that Paris seems red with it yet. The kings have gone, but the priests live, though his disciples still clutch at their throats. Voltaire died in May, 1778, "probably," Mr. Morley says, "from an over-dose of laudanum." Mr. Morley gently leaves his death-bed with that phrase, and by so doing shows the discretion of an artist anxious to make the best of a hideous subject.

Mr. Swinburne's adjectives pelt furiously on the big drum, and his superlatives rush after one another like the notes from a very sonorous brass instrument indeed. The mildest thing he says of Victor Hugo is that he was "the greatest Frenchman of all time." Swinburne exhausts language in his admiration for Victor Hugo's poetry, which is commonplace enough. He may be pardoned for praising, even extravagantly, those wonderful romances which seem to be the work of a giant with some of the faults of a dwarf. Swinburne's frenzy over Victor Hugo's political hallucinations is almost comic. He apparently does not know that this great master of melodramatic effect was almost as changeable as the Vicar of Bray. In *Les Rayons et les Ombres* he called Voltaire "that ape of genius sent by the devil on a mission to man," and in 1867 eagerly subscribed to a statue of that philosopher, with the words: "Voltaire is a forerunner, torch-bearer of the eighteenth century; he preceded and announced the French Revolution; he is the star of that grand morning." The last words of Swinburne—writing of a great weaver of language, whose verse was thin and affected, except when he wrote for the theatre—are almost burlesque. Think of comparing Dante and Hugo!

"Meantime," cries Swinburne, "it is only in the phrase of one of his own kindred, poet and exile and prophet of a darker age than his, that the last word should here be spoken of the man by whose name our century will be known for ever to all ages and nations that keep any record or memory of what was highest and most memorable in the spiritual history of the past:

'Onorate l'altissimo poeta!'"

This "study" of the poet of pretty sentiment and stage-thunder

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by the poet of Priapus (but still undoubtedly a poet) is an example of epilepsy in literature.

A magnificent book, so far as typography, paper, presswork, and arrangement go, is the *Life of William Lloyd Garrison* (New York: The Century Co.), by Wendell Phillips Garrison and Francis Jackson Garrison, of Boston. This volume is suggestive of many lessons on the theme which Mr. John Morley illustrates so often in his *Life of Voltaire*—the dangers of appeal to private judgment in belief and morals. William Lloyd Garrison's mother was Frances Lloyd, whose father, Andrew Lloyd, had come to Nova Scotia from Kinsale, County Cork, in 1771. Frances Lloyd, who was a Protestant Episcopalian, went to hear a Baptist preacher who held forth on Moose Island, near to Deer Island, New Brunswick, where the Lloyds lived. The preacher was probably Elder J. Murphy, a licentiate from a Baptist church in Nova Scotia. In this region Abijah Garrison met the youthful Baptist convert at a religious meeting. "His eye fell upon a strikingly beautiful young woman, dressed in a blue habit; or, more than likely, the previous sight of her was the cause of that evening's piety. At the close of the services he followed her to the door and boldly asked leave to accompany her home. Her reply was a rebuff." Nevertheless the pair were married. The romantic courtship had a not unusual ending. Abijah disappeared, leaving his wife his name and his children. They were then in Newburyport, Mass., where William Lloyd was born. A venerable woman, a relative of Abijah's, hints at the cause of his vagaries:

> "It was the fashion of that day," she writes, "to use alcoholic spirits in all places of honor or trust. We had it at our ordinations, weddings, births, and funerals, and the decanter was brought on the table to greet our friends with when they came, and was not forgotten when they left; and if they could stand the test and not reel they were called sober men."

The story of young Garrison's struggles at Newburyport makes some of the most interesting pages of the book. His mother was rewarded for straying into a Methodist meeting-house by the ministerial greeting: "We pray thee, O Lord! to strip Sister Garrison of her Babylonish frills." In fact, all through this biography the pious people seem to assume that they are on such familiar terms with the Creator that —to borrow a phrase—everybody else must feel *de trop*. Garrison's dedication of himself to the welfare of the colored race contains his rejection of all authority except his impulses,

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backed, when he could find a text to suit him, by Scriptural authority. "I ask no church to grant me authority to speak. I require no ordination. I am not careful to consult Luther, or John Calvin, or His Holiness the Pope." This biography is copious—too copious to be summed up or analyzed fully in the space of a brief review. Although written naturally from a sympathetic point of view, it shows how narrow-minded and intolerant were the band of fanatics of whom William Lloyd Garrison was a leader. Untrained, undisciplined, willing to drench the land in blood to gain an end by direct and brutal means, possessed by a supreme egotism which they called Christianity, their plans and methods were horrible to many who sympathized with their object. Attempts to make William Lloyd Garrison a hero are as futile as similar efforts to make a nimbus for John Brown.

The lectures on Goethe delivered at the Concord School of Philosophy have been made into a book by Mr. F. B. Sanborn (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) All these essays are clever. One on Goethe's novel, *The Elective Affinities*, is a very skilful piece of special pleading. It is by Mr. S. H. Emery, Jr. Goethe fancied that he had very strict opinions on marriage, and Mr. S. H. Emery is inclined to believe him. The present critic has always looked on *The Elective Affinities* as even more immoral than *Wilhelm Meister*, which is a more dangerous book for the young than *Tom Jones* or the other openly coarse novels denounced in all the text-books of literature. *The Elective Affinities* is a sentimental study of misplaced love; the women are all married to the wrong men, and *vice versa*. The reader is expected to sympathize with them and to curse Fate at the end, or to hope for some sort of a happy hunting-ground where these lackadaisical couples shall be united. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe contributes an essay on Goethe's women, including those who influenced his life as well as those he portrayed. Mrs. Howe's treatment of Gretchen in *Faust* is very tender, very sympathetic, and her description of Mignon's song, in *Wilhelm Meister*, so exquisite as to deserve quotation: "The song, '*Kennst du das Land?*' is like some magical crystal ball held in the hand, but in which one sees visions of things far distant. Mignon gives us all Italy in that one beautiful crystallization—the blooming thickets, the gleaming fruit, the soft air, the mountain-passes, the ancestral halls rich in sculptures. Who can show us so much in so little? Only a magician—and he puts his wonder-ball in the hands of a child." Mrs. Howe's tolerance is of a dangerous quality. Goethe was notoriously un-

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faithful to all the women he pretended to love. He lived with Christiane Vulpius eighteen years, and finally married her in the presence of his son, then nearly eighteen years of age. Mrs. Howe has much to say in extenuation of this, in which she follows Mr. Lewes, George Eliot's "husband." There is an amusing contrast offered by Mr. Emery's plea for Goethe's stern morality and his preaching of the necessity of reason conquering chance, and Mrs. Howe's excuse for Goethe's sentimental treachery and immorality that they were the result of a conflict between "temperament and circumstances over which he had no control." Goethe's women in his literary work are not creditable to that adoration of *das ewig-weibliche* (the eternal womanliness) with which Mrs. Howe credits him. Had he turned from that sentimental regard for the female sex, which was half-sensual, half-mystical, but never very profound, to the contemplation of the most perfect type of eternal womanliness, the Virgin Mother of God, the world would have now the fruits of his genius in perfection—not cumbered and slimed by the trails of loathsome creatures bred at the foot of the statues of Priapus. There is much that is interesting in these lectures, but little that is instructive. We Catholics must always find sad lapses in a philosophy of life which is without spirituality.

Next to Mr. W. W. Astor's *Valentino*, Mr. Howells' new novel, *Indian Summer*, attracts the most interest. If *Valentino* had been written by a gentleman whose name would have been less of an advertisement it is doubtful whether it would have so soon found its way into a fourth edition. As a novel it has no reason to exist. As a historical picture of the times it has a certain worth, but no more value than a dozen books already printed. With Roscoe's *Leo X.* and Machiavelli's *Prince* any man of ordinary perception could have made quite as good a picture. Mr. Astor, with his opportunities, might have made better use of his materials. The "new view" of Lucrezia Borgia which the advertisements of *Valentino* promised us turns out to be an old view. No reader of the history we call Italian ever imagined that the character of Lucrezia Borgia was that of a fiend; but every indolent frequenter of the theatre and lounger over light novels accepted a vile view of a woman who had human faults, but more than counterbalancing Christian virtues. Mr. Astor takes the vulgar side as to Pope Alexander VI. A little attention to the documents so long within his easy reach while at Rome would have saved him from a blunder which is of no importance, occurring as it does in a novel without a pretence

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to literary weight; more care would have given the public worthy of respect a higher opinion of Mr. Astor's scholarship and method of work.

Indian Summer (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) is the novel of an artistic realist—a literary photographer who is careful how he poses his sitters. Any book from the pen that wrote *A Modern Instance* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is sure of a large circle of readers. Mr. Howells is not a great writer. He is more like Miss Austen than Thackeray, and worthy to be compared to M. Alphonse Daudet, who is not a great writer either, but, in manner, a very charming one. *Indian Summer* is characterized by that serene good-humor and delicate sarcasm and keenness of observing small symptoms of character which make one of the chief qualities of Howells' work. But it is not as robust in character as *A Modern Instance* or *Silas Lapham*. It is realistic, but its realism, being tinged with foreign color, will not provoke the appreciation that followed all the delightful photography of *A Modern Instance*, or the shouts of applause that were drawn out by the tableau of Silas Lapham's false step at the Corey dinner. Mr. Howells' new success in *Silas Lapham* throws *Indian Summer* into the shade. Another American novel, which is, however, never mentioned by the enthusiastic friends of its author, Mr. Henry James, is *The Bostonians*—a dismal failure.

Mrs. Jackson's ("H. H.") novel *Ramona* should have been her last. It was characterized by all the best qualities of her nature, which towards the end and best part of her literary career seemed to be getting more and more in sympathy with the church, whose inspiration and influence she honored cordially in her remarkable series of papers on the early missions in California. *Ramona*, like *Ben Hur*, is one of the late books that a careful critic can recommend. It is a worthy monument to the memory of a woman of letters of whose fame every American has reason to be proud. In her earlier performances, even in her poems, there were traces of prejudice against the church; but in her later and fuller work there was a tenderness and sympathy for the church and her priests that have left on the minds of Catholics, drawn towards her by the articles on Fra Junipero Serra and the novel *Ramona*, a grieving wonder that she did not at last become one of that visible circle to which she seemed to be tending. *Zeph: a Posthumous Story* (Boston: Roberts Brothers) has insight into character, pathos, keen humor, and sympathy with the sufferings of poor humanity; but it should not have come after that well-rounded book, *Ra-*

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mona. Miss Sophy Burr is a New England old maid keeping a thrifty boarding-house in a Colorado town. She is not an unusual type of the Eastern old maid as found in stories. Her angularities have all a kind of grim humor about them. She has opinions of her own:

"'Just look at that man all doubled up there in the poor-pews. I do declare,' she says, looking at the interior of the Presbyterian church—'I do declare, I think it's a shame to have any such thing as poor-pews; it's a kind o' badge o' disgrace to sit there; I've known lots 'n lots o' poor folks that wouldn't set foot in 'em, not if they never heard a sermon t' their dyin' day, they said. I always feel ashamed when I go by and shut the door t' my pew. It's borne on me 't 'an't Christian. I think the Catholics are lots better 'n we are about that—lots. There an't anything but poor-pews 'n their churches, 'n that's the way it ought to be—free to all.'

"'How you do talk, Sophy!' replied her companion, good Mrs. Jones. 'Why don't you be a Catholic 'n' done with it, if you think their way's so much better than ours?'

"'I don't,' retorted Miss Sophy—'nothin' o' the kind. But I say they've got the right idea of seatin' people. No wonder they get all the poor people; I should think they would.'"

Zeph is a miserable and inconsistent specimen of humanity. His wife, Rushy, is a disreputable creature, who disappears at intervals, taking the children with her. Zeph drops work during these intervals and sneaks about his wife's haunts, waiting patiently for her to return to him. He knows that she is leading a shameful life with dissolute companions, but he congratulates himself that she has the children with her. Miss Sophy, thrifty and capable, takes a fancy to the shiftless Zeph, and, when his wife succeeds in divorcing herself from him and in "marrying" one of her admirers, Miss Sophy marries Zeph, who with the greatest coolness, which contrasts singularly with his former absurd devotion to his wife, prepares to leave Colorado and his children, to begin life over again with Miss Sophy. The story is not finished, but from the outline left by the dying writer it is plain that the breach of morality made by Zeph and Miss Sophy in marrying was not condemned by her.

A story with a new flavor is Dr. George H. Picard's *Mission Flower* (New York: White, Stokes & Allen). It is a thoroughly American novel, without any touch of New-Englandism—which is singular. There is really, so far as we have seen, no allusion to the *Mayflower* or to Boston. The scene is laid among Americans of Spanish blood, in a new, far western country. There are several English people introduced, but they are not presented to us in the usual self-conscious, international way. Nelly Para-

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dise, whose father sends her to America to prevent her from entering the church, falls into a very nest of Jesuits at the mission of St. Xavier's-in-the-Valley; she is perhaps a little frivolous, but very real; and so truly does she appear to the reader that one is in doubt whether her apparent frivolity is not solely due to the author's point of view. What plot there is is badly managed. The author's efforts at tragedy always end in the serio-comic. For instance, the villain of the book, Manuel Silva, who is only half a villain, can get nobody to do him justice. He begs the officers of the law to imprison him; but they will not take the risk of committing the murderer of an unpopular man to prison, and so he is forced to live. If Miss Paradise is somewhat giddy and her desire to enter a convent is directed by the "becomingness" of the habit, Doña Sola, who hopes that she has a vocation, is serious enough. But there is a vagueness about the religious aspirations of these young women, both of whom are Protestants, that throws a doubt on the perfect understanding on the part of the author of the motives that determine a true vocation. He knows very well the exterior surface of Catholic life; he has evidently lived much among Catholics. One is almost tempted to say that the quaint humor of the scene between Père Caron and the novice, in which Nelly Paradise takes part, could only be conceived by a Catholic. Père Caron is teaching the novice the use of the "irons" for making the altar-bread, when Nelly Paradise interrupts him. The old Jesuit laughingly gives the burned and spoiled "breads" to his assistant. Nelly's High-Church horror when one is offered to her is very funny indeed. There are a hundred touches that make one suspect that Dr. Picard is a Catholic, but an undertone of humorous pessimism which always casts the shade of a doubt. The charming old superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, with her courtly manner borrowed from her life in the France of by-gone days, is a new figure in literature. The author of *A Mission Flower* possesses very high talent. He is the master of a crisp and plastic style, which is a worthy instrument for the conveyance of new and interesting impressions of people and things.

Fiammetta: A Summer Idyl (Boston, New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by William Wetmore Story, is an Italian romance, and a very romantic romance. Fiammetta is the usually guileless Italian girl; Count Marco is the unusually guileless artist who finds in Fiammetta an ideal model and goes off when he finds that she is in love with him. The judicious reader will grieve or perhaps become angry over Fiammetta's foolish

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grandparents. These stupid old people have seen their daughter "go to the bad" through too much "gallivanting" with strange young tourists, but they let Fiammetta do as she pleases. Finally Fiammetta, after Marco has gone, begins to fade away. The village priest is then introduced.

"'I could not help it, padre,' she says. 'I loved him—I loved him; and I love him still, with all my soul! To me there is no one else in the world. And he is gone, and I never shall see him again, and I do not wish to live any longer. There is nobody I can say this to but to you; and oh! I feel that I must say it to somebody. I have done nothing wrong, padre, believe me—I have done nothing wrong; but I am so unhappy.'"

Padre Anselm sends for Marco, and Fiammetta dies happy. In spite of a very correct style and careful local coloring, artistic and poetical dialogues, and other proper accessories, *Fiammetta* is not an interesting story. We are told that the characters are Italians; they have Italian names, they utter an Italian word at decent intervals, but they might be Poles or Scandinavians, for all that. It is hard to find fault with a novel in which the proprieties of art have been so well consulted, in which the purity of the English language and the conventions of life are not outraged; but, nevertheless, *Fiammetta* lacks vitality, without which all other qualities in a novel are useless.

Count Tolstoi's novel, *War and Peace*, following his recent exposition of his religious opinions in *My Religion*, had a certain *succès d'estime*. Much was expected from it, and much disappointment was felt after Gottsberger, who is the one New York publisher making a specialty of translations, had printed it. It is in two volumes, but it does not end there. The two volumes are called, in addition to the regular title, *Before Tilsit*. Where it does end nobody knows yet. It is a series of pictures of Russian life, done with evident fidelity and entire knowledge, somewhat after the manner of the Flemish author, Hendrik Conscience, but in no sense reminding us of Tourgueneff, by all odds the greatest, if the saddest, most pessimistic and sceptical, Russian writer known to the English-reading public. *War and Peace* is a terrible picture of Russian life, semi-barbaric, semi Christian, the men materialists in life, superstitious at the approach of death; the women frivolous or sad, accepting the forms of a state-degraded church, but seldom penetrating to the real sweetness and consolation of religion. The premature love-making of the children in one of the aristocratic households described by Count Tolstoi does not seem to strike him as a reprehensible thing.

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Pierre, who is the natural son of Count Besoukhow, and on that account received into the best society, is a robust young man, despising conventionalities, openly simple and honest, but steeped to the eyes in all the corruption of the circle of young Russians to which he belongs. He is a frank young animal, and a type of the aristocratic Russian youth not yet Frenchified. Prince André and his sister give hope of better things; but it is in spite of all the influences and surroundings of their lives. The Princess Marie manages, through purity of heart and extraordinary grace, to secure spiritual nourishment in the arid soil of Russian orthodoxy. It is the development of this character and that of Prince André that gives interest to Count Tolstoi's interminable succession of military scenes. To any one that wants to understand the hopelessness of Russian life we commend *War and Peace*. It is strange that a character like that of Mme. Swetchine could have gathered beauty in such an atmosphere.

Mrs. Oliphant's new novels, *A Country Gentleman* and *A House Divided against Itself* (Harper & Bros.), are worthy of the only legitimate successor in English literature of Miss Austen. *A Country Gentleman* is the better of the two. It is told with all Mrs. Oliphant's command of quiet humor and that gentle, sub-acid quality which is not satire or irony, but which answers the purpose of either. *A Country Gentleman* introduces one of the most outrageous prigs in existence—a young man spoiled by his woman relatives. He marries a widow of an affectionate disposition, of perfect manners and knowledge of the world—a country gentlewoman with a touch of *haute noblesse*. Mrs. Oliphant is much at home in her delineation of these persons, who live in those quiet, harmonious, luxurious interiors which she loves as backgrounds. She has no equal in her understanding of the social "business" of life, and no superior in her manner of describing a well-bred woman. Her domestic comedies and tragedies are not brought about by the vulgar sensationalism of chance. They arise from the conflict or harmony of character, as they do in real life. *A House Divided against Itself* is a sequel to *A Country Gentleman*. The prig has lived a lonely life, apart from his wife, in the Riviera. His daughter Frances is with him; his daughter Constance, and his step-son, Lord Markham, the main cause of his separation from his wife, have remained with their mother in London. Frances is a simple and sweet young girl, brought up by an Italian nurse. Her amazement when she finds herself transported from the simplicity of Italian life to the artificiality of London is great. She cannot

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understand the innuendoes of those around her, half-tolerant, half-condemnatory, of the immoral lives of the young men she meets and hears of. Her honesty and purity have their effects, one of which is the reconciliation of her father and mother, although the reader who has followed them carefully cannot help wondering how long this will last. Mrs. Oliphant needs only the light of faith to make the best of her stories the best examples of what good modern novels ought to be. But if she does not give faith its rightful place in life, she is at least very reverent. No word of hers wounds the Catholic heart; if she is ever satirical at the expense of anything having the appearance of religion, it is when she finds the materialism of the English Establishment a tempting object, or its inconsistencies a theme for her fine humor. It is a question whether Mrs. Oliphant can write too much; like Trollope, she can never exhaust her themes while Englishmen live and act comedies and tragedies in every-day life.

A Long Search, by Miss Roe (New York: Dodd & Mead), is a pleasant, harmless novel, plainly the work of an amateur. *After His Kind*, by John Coventry (New York: Henry Holt), is a taking picture of an English inn, but not much else of interest. *A Conventional Bohemian*, by Edmund Pendleton, has little human interest, and none of any other kind.

Lord Beaconsfield's *Letters to His Sister* (Harper & Brothers) are very instructive reading. They picture him as a young man with an object in life and an illimitably good opinion of himself. He talks of his "iron heel" and his intention of crushing or smiting all who oppose him in life. His firm belief in himself is remarkable; although his maiden speech in Parliament was a complete failure—a ludicrous failure, according to the recent Greville memoirs—he does not admit it, but sees in his being obliged to sit down amid the hootings of the House a guarantee of future success. He expresses no very flattering opinions of his contemporaries; he met "young Gladstone" among others at dinner somewhere, but "a swan delicately stuffed with truffles was the best company there." He expresses a doubt as to whether Gladstone has an "avenir." Later he begins to enjoy his "career," finding that his success makes such a difference in the attitude of his friends towards him that he can "scarcely keep his countenance." Lord Lyndhurst (Copley) is one of the few persons for whom he expresses great admiration. He declares that Washington Irving overrated his own work; indeed, Disraeli, in

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these familiar letters, shows frankly that all literary effort not his own is indifferent to him.

"At General Baudraud's," he writes in 1845, "besides Washington Irving, whom I think vulgar and stupid, I met Lamennais; extremely able and interesting, talks admirably, without the slightest effort or affectation; indeed, simplicity is his characteristic; he is not taller than Tom Moore, very delicate and advanced in life, for which I was not prepared. Not so old as Baron de Cetto's father, whom he has just left at his castle near Ratisbon, aged ninety-five and quite hale."

He mentions having heard the opera of "Lucrezia Borgia" in company with a descendant of the Borgias, who amiably said that "his family must have degenerated, since he had never done such dreadful things." He rejoices maliciously over "Johnny's" (Lord John Russell) famous No-Popery letter of 1850:

"The Irish are frantic. I think he wants to hark back, and the silence of the *Times*, after all its agitation, is very suspicious. If he goes on with the Protestant movement, he will be thrown over by the Papists; if he shuffles with the Protestants, their blood is too high to be silent now, and they will come to us. I think Johnny is checkmated. The Dean of St. Paul's told my informant that he had seen the letter Lord John wrote to the Bishop of London a week before his letter to the Bishop of Durham, and it was quite on a contrary tack."

It is not often that one is able to obtain, in such small space, so clear an insight into the cold and cynical means by which nations are ruled and fooled.

Mr. James Anthony Froude protests that he is "an old man," but in his new book, *Oceana; or, England and Her Colonies* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), he chatters like a very young one. He is a devoted Tory, whatever he may pretend to be. Mr. Froude's *Oceana* seems to be written to prove two things: that the British colonies, that is, all those that come under the title of *Oceana*—the Australasian ones—love England, but hate Mr. Gladstone.

"Kind words," he says, "cost nothing, and kind words would be precious to these far-off relations of ours, for they would show that the heart of England was with them."

Could anything be more suggestive of the grand old Tory opinion of dependants than this? Mr. Froude would not give the colonies any concession that would "cost anything." Kind words are enough—"cheap and filling," to borrow London slang. But English dependencies have long ago learned that acts and sacrifices are more to be depended on as signs of heartfelt interest

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than "kind words." Mr. Froude says the most complimentary things of the colonies. He appears to be afraid that any word of his may provoke disunion—indeed, his anxiety to show that the very thought of disruption with the mother-country is "treason" makes one suspect that there is great disaffection in the colonies. One of the most flattering things he tries to say is this:

"If English farmers and farm-laborers could but see what I saw that day (and I am informed that other parts of the colony [Victoria] were as much richer than this as this was richer than my own Devonshire), there would be swift transfers over the seas of our heavy-laden 'agricultural population.' The landed interest itself—gentry and all—will perhaps one day migrate *en masse* to a country where they can live in their own way without fear of socialism or graduated income-tax, and leave England and English progress to blacken in its own smoke."

The book is not worth buying; it is as the "crackling of thorns."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUTLINES OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. Designed as a text-book and for private reading. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Yale College. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., publishers.

The mechanical arrangement, form, typography, series of maps, etc., so specially important in a text-book, strike the eye and commend themselves to the taste at a single glance, showing careful editing and publishing, in Dr. Fisher's *Universal History*. The finest of the fine print is rather trying to the eyes, and we have noticed a couple of typographical errors. These will be, of course, observed and corrected. But we suppose the fine print is made necessary by the convenience of size and shape in a volume fitted for the use of students.

Every kind of compendium is a difficult work, and a historical compendium has its special difficulties. It is difficult to decide what to include and what to exclude in respect to real or supposed facts and events, explanations of facts, and theories concerning their relations and significance; perspective is difficult, and style, or the art of so relating what is to be told that conciseness and brevity may be united with clearness and distinctness; and the reading of that which is necessarily so condensed and epitomized may be made as easy and agreeable as the nature of the subject will permit. The present compendium is excellent in all these respects. Dr. Fisher is master in a high degree of the rhetorical art, and his style is specially adapted to historical writing. Some beautiful passages are intercalated here and there which are not merely ornamental, but really useful and important portions of the solid structure of the work.

In selecting from the vast mass of materials contained in the extensive universal histories of the standard authors, and in the great library of his-

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torical documents of all kinds, and in arranging the selections deemed to be most suitable for an epitome intended for use as a manual by pupils or private students, the author, in our opinion, has shown great judgment and skill.

About two-thirds of the volume is devoted to the period of historic time including, roughly speaking, about twenty centuries immediately preceding A.D. 1500. This part of the domain of history is the one which gives the greatest advantage to the historian for taking a general view within diminished but correct outlines. An observer who could ascend in a balloon to the requisite height would get a view of the earth showing its sphericity, outlines, general divisions, and objects of great magnitude in a perspective which would be on a large scale what a prospect from a high elevation on the surface of the earth sets before the eye in lesser proportions. This advantage is lost by increasing or lessening the observer's distance from his visible object. In the analogical sense, the more distant and the nearest periods of history do not give the historian the aspect advantageous for a view, at once extensive and comprehensive, which the middle period furnishes. Grecian history, Roman history, Jewish and Christian history, vindicate the principal places for themselves in this general division of universal history. It is in this part that the author has most fully executed his plan. He says (Pref. p. 1):

"In writing this volume I have aimed to provide a text-book suited to more advanced pupils. My idea of such a work was that it should present the essential facts of history in due order and in conformity to the best and latest researches; that it should point out clearly the connection of events and of successive eras with one another; that through the interest awakened by the natural, unforced view gained of this unity of history, and by such illustrative incidents as the brevity of the narrative would allow to be wrought into it, the dryness of a mere summary should be, as far as possible, relieved; and that, finally, being a book intended for pupils and readers of all classes, it should be free from sectarian partiality, and should limit itself to well-established judgments and conclusions on all matters subject to party contention."

The author has, with a scholarly competence which is beyond question, sincerely and conscientiously striven to fulfil this ideal plan throughout the whole work, and we think he has made a notable approximation to the intended result, especially in the part of his epitome above referred to.

The earlier part of the history, however, excited our curiosity and interest more than any other, for the reason that it has been the domain of so many recent discoveries, researches, and hypotheses. We are pleased to find that, in the main, the opinions which we have been able to form in respect to that part of human history which goes back into its obscure beginnings are confirmed by the judgment of Dr. Fisher; and, of course, we must express satisfaction with this part of his work, brief as it is, and consisting in mere outlines which vanish into the dim distance.

The latter portion, as it approaches the present moment, becomes more and more a mere summary. The period between the beginning of the sixteenth and the end of the nineteenth century can be more comprehensively and impartially estimated and judged in a future age than in the present one. With all the difficulties in the way of epitomizing "judgments and conclusions," as well as facts in their external aspect, without bias, partiality, or partisanship, in a general history of this last period, Dr. Fisher has succeeded remarkably well in preserving a calm and moderate tone, and keeping his succinct, well-arranged summary of the most important events

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free from combination with topics of difference and contention which belong to the philosophy of history. Naturally there must be incidental and particular points upon which minute criticism, applied differently by different critics, could raise questions of discussion. On the whole, however, it would be difficult to write a history which would be more generally approved by a common verdict of English and American readers of good culture than Dr. Fisher's *Outlines of History*. It is a very useful book for all such readers, as well as for pupils in schools, not only as an introduction to historical reading, but as a companion, a sort of map of the world, or small globe, in which one can find the results of his general reading brought into the unity and compass of a general view.

The ruling principle, the—so to speak—architectonic idea controlling the plan of the work, is religious and Christian.

"History," says the author (Introd. p. 3), "as a whole is the carrying-out of a plan. . . . 'Through the ages one increasing purpose runs.' Augustine long ago argued that He who has not left 'even the entrails of the smallest and most insignificant animal, or the feather of a bird, or the little flower of a plant, or the leaf of a tree, without a harmony and, as it were, a mutual peace among all its parts—that God can never be believed to have left the kingdoms of men, their dominations and servitudes, outside of the laws of his providence.'"

"The deliverance of the race from moral evil and error, and the building-up of a purified society, enriched with all that belongs to the ideal of humanity, and exalted by fellowship with God, is not only an end worthy in itself, but it is the end towards which the onward movement of history is seen to be directed. Hence a central place in the course of history belongs to the life and work of Jesus Christ. No more satisfactory solution of the problem of the significance of history has ever been offered than that brought forward by the Apostle Paul in Acts xvii. 27, where he says that the nations of men were assigned to their place on the earth, and their duration as well as boundaries determined, 'that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him.'"

This grand historical theory might be presented more clearly and perfectly than it has yet been by Leo, Fisher, or any other eminent historian. We are thankful for the contribution which Dr. Fisher has made toward the desirable work of showing how all things converge toward Jesus Christ, or diverge from him as the great central object in history, and how in him there is a unifying power tending to bind all things together in one. The hopeful view which Dr. Fisher takes of present tendencies and future prospects, in this direction of universal unity, is one which we find very pleasing, and we trust that in the end, and as soon as possible, the result will justify, not the forebodings of those who prophesy evil, but the hopes of those who await better things than the church and the world have hitherto experienced.

THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE JOSEPH MARCHAND, APOSTOLIC MISSIONARY AND MARTYR. By Abbé J. B. S. Jacquenet. Translated by Lady Herbert. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The subject of this brief memoir was of humble origin, moderate talents and learning, but great innocence, virtue, diligence, and zeal from his childhood; a truly heroic and apostolic missionary, and finally, while still young, a martyr for the faith in Cochin-China, after enduring torments like those of the illustrious martyrs of the earliest ages. He was put to death in 1836, and it is probable that he will in due time be canonized.

The nineteenth century has a long roll of Christian heroes and martyrs,

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worthy compeers of those who have gone before. Borie, Olivaint, Pimodan, Moreno, Marchand, and other chiefs of the noble host have had hundreds, even, we believe, thousands, of followers who have endured all kinds of suffering and death for the sake of Jesus Christ, for the faith, for Christian virtue and honor. Within the past two or three years this good fight has been fought in countries where Christians have been subject to persecution, and it is still going on. The dust and turmoil of the great political movements and struggles of the world prevent much notice of the obscure missionaries and native Christians who are contending and falling in the vanguard of Christianity, and hinder the impression which they would naturally make in Christian countries. But these heroes, confessors, and martyrs expiate the sins of the world, they cast a holy radiance on an age which is full of vice and apostasy, and redeem the ignoble faithlessness of a multitude of bad or worthless Christians. It is to be hoped that their blood will be the seed from which good and abundant fruit will spring up, in Christian countries and in those which are still heathen.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC NON-JURORS OF 1715: being a Summary of the Register of their Estates, with Genealogical and other Notes, and an Appendix of unpublished Documents in the Public Record Office. Edited by the late Very Rev. Edgar E. Estcourt and John Orlebar Payne, M.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

For all students of the history of the former position of Catholics in England the present work will form a valuable addition to those which have been published in recent years. It is founded upon a very imperfect work of John Cosin which appeared in 1745. No labor has been spared by Mr. Payne in order to secure accuracy and completeness. He has searched not only printed books, but the British Museum, the Probate Office, the unprinted Visitations of the College of Arms, and not a few Catholic Mission Registers. The book will be of special value, of course, to students of history and genealogy, and to the descendants of those whose names appear in these lists. The general reader, however, will find scattered over its pages many things which will interest him, especially in the appendix, in which there are printed for the first time some documents showing how Catholics were harassed by false brethren and informers. The following is an instructive entry in the register "of what Mr. Wappeler, S.J., did in his mission at Danby": "27 Nov. 1768, I assisted at the marriage of Joseph Harker, a Protestant, and Jane Errington, a Catholic; witnesses Will. and Eliz. McArthur, at the Bridge. E. B. maxime invito. Harker afterwards broke his promises about changing his religion; never will I again take a Protestant's word about religion." There is a complete index of every name mentioned in the lists, which is invaluable for reference.

STUDIES OF FAMILY LIFE: A Contribution to Social Science. By C. S. Devas, author of *Groundwork of Economics*. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

Social science is growing more and more in popular favor. The habits and lives of the *hoi polloi* excite now greater interest than the dates of reigns and the lives of kings. And the "constitutions of homes," as Mr. Devas justly observes in his preface, "are as much deserving of study as the vari-

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ous constitutions of states." The volume before us is one of great value. It is a study of the family life of the principal peoples of the world—a study from the Christian standpoint—and from a great array of facts Mr. Devas incontestably proves that the Christian ideal of the family life is the highest and best, and that it is productive also of the greatest amount of material happiness; in fact, it is the great safeguard of the race, which can only reach its highest and best development when influenced by a Christian idea of duty. The author classifies families in three groups, which he styles the Fore-Christian, Christian, and After-Christian, saying in his preface:

"By Fore-Christian I mean not only societies previous to Christianity, but also those which have never passed through Christian influence—for example, the modern Hindus and Chinese—whereas by After-Christian I mean societies dwelling in regions or belonging to races once Christian, and who follow principles of religion or philosophy that profess to be better than those of Christianity."

Among the After-Christian families he includes the Mohammedans, the irreligious French peasantry, the Northeastern Americans, and the English laborers. Of course Mr. Devas does not maintain that Christianity and the effects of Christian teaching have disappeared entirely from the family life in France, England, and the United States, but he does draw a frightful picture of the degeneracy of the family among the irreligious classes in these countries, a picture drawn from facts which cannot be denied: a fearful statement of the immorality and vice which is only too evidently prevalent, and which are traced to their cause—irreligion. If it is urged that immorality and vice prevail also among Christian families, the author meets this by showing that vice prevails in spite of Christian teaching, but is never countenanced by it.

Anyway, can any reasonable being believe that even partial failure to live up to a high Christian standard is not better than living up, or rather down, to a low standard?—the standard that so many of those whom Mr. Devas styles After-Christians adopt; a standard drawn from the "what is" about them; a standard which is bound to lower with succeeding generations. Does not the race need now and always an ideal which is above it, so high that through the course of ages it may ever struggle upward toward its realization?

At the end of his interesting and exceedingly valuable work the author reaches this conclusion, a conclusion which will be shared by every unbiassed reader:

"We say that the highest and best family life possible for man is reached by Christianity, and that there is no evolution beyond, unless we call evolution a descent into an abyss. And we say, and this will hardly be denied, that for the great bulk of mankind, who must toil for their daily bread, there is in this world no source of happiness, no recreation from their toil, to be compared to that afforded to them by a good family life—that is, by a home where, between husband and wife, parents and children, there is union, affection, and peace. The cultivated and wealthy few may make up in some sort of way for the lack of these by an abundance of sensual and intellectual enjoyments. But these substitutes—they are but sorry substitutes—for a happy home cannot be got by the great multitude. Hence it follows that those who would overthrow the Christian family are the arch-enemies of the happiness of the great multitude, and this in spite of all their protestations, all their professions of benevolence."

The work contains many valuable foot-notes and extracts. In the part dealing with family life in this country we are pleased to note copious extracts from articles that have appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE DIVINE OFFICE Considered from a Devotional Point of View. From the French of M. l'Abbé Bacquez, Director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. Edited by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton, of the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles. With a preface by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This volume, as may be inferred from its title, is not intended to teach the method of reciting the Divine Office. The author's aim is far higher. He seeks to instruct the heart. He designs to instil an esteem and love for the book which those in sacred orders have so often in their hands. He shows its excellence, its beauties, its difficulties. The book teems with piety, and gives evidence in many places of great research. Throughout the whole the spirit of St. Sulpice prevails.

POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO CATHOLIC FAITH AND PRACTICE CONSIDERED. By William Dodsworth, M.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

Of the many books written by converts to the church which have been so useful in our times, one of the most useful has been that of Mr. Dodsworth. We are very glad to see a reprint.

DER GOLDENE SCHNITT UND DESSEN ERSCHEINUNGSFORMEN IN MATHEMATIK, NATUR UND KUNST (Mathematical Axioms in Nature and Art). Von Dr. F. X. Pfeiffer. Augsburg. 1886.

The author, Professor Pfeiffer, has given a very interesting investigation in several departments of botany by the exact measurement of a number of plants and animals. The results of his researches are given in mathematical formulas, in designs and photographs. Even in botany we are taught that the "golden rule" is the basis of all the different variations in plants, and that variability is only the consequence of constancy of "species." First of all the author gives a historical review of all investigations of this problem since Euclid, Leonardo da Pisa, Luca de Burgo, Campanus, Petrus Ramus, Kepler, Sonnenburg, Zeising, etc. Following the inductive method, he produces rich results from his measurements and researches in different departments of natural sciences, mathematics, geometry, and mechanics.

VAGRANT VERSES. By Rosa Mulholland. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

We are glad that Miss Mulholland has captured these vagrant verses of hers and bound them for safe-keeping between the covers of a dainty little book. Among them are to be found some very charming bits of verse. Instance the lovely picture which is brought to the mind by this stanza from "A Sleeping Homestead":

> "Now warmer light upon the welkin lies,
> And deeper night intensifies the peace;
> Only the river moves and will not cease
> Its swift, up-searching glances to the skies."

Here is Miss Mulholland's idea of a theme upon which all poets have sung:

> "True love is that which never can be lost,
> Though cast away, alone and ownerless,
> Like a strayed child that, wandering, misses most
> When night comes down its mother's last caress."

Who that has been haunted by the dread of approaching evil, and has

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tried in vain to shake it off, but has felt as in these lines from "A Dreaded Hour"?

> "But in pause of dance and in break of song
> The fear with me grew wild and strong,
> And long remembrance was lighter pain
> Than forgetting and calling to mind again."

A lovely and delicate piece of word-painting is "My Saint":

> "Her mind is a river of light,
> Her heart is a well of love;
> But none may look on her soul so white
> Save only the Lord above."

Indeed, there are many of these *Vagrant Verses* that one is tempted to arrest immediately, and to put them in the lock-up of his memory for life.

THE CHALDEAN MAGICIAN: An Adventure in Rome in the Reign of the Emperor Diocletian. By Ernst Eckstein. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger.

A Roman youth ruined by gambling calls in the aid of a Chaldean magician to secure a rich wife. The real lover (rich, although it seems unnecessary) secures the assistance of a scientific fellow—one evidently made for emergencies and kept on hand; but the Chaldean triumphs. The learned author says: "Olbasanus would have obtained undisputed success if instead of *three* amazing miracles he had displayed only one."

But mark the superiority of a literary man aided by brute force. A note decoys the Oriental into an oval *exedra* (Latin terms translated at the foot of the page), and "three strong Germans rushed in and seized him as a pack of hounds fall upon a wolf." Desperate resistance, gag, glances fierce and diabolical—well, the convenient centurion threatens and the Chaldean confesses with "pitiable abjectness."

The book makes pleasant reading for one evening.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE ON RANDALL'S ISLAND INSPECTED. 1886.

We imagined in our youth everybody was seeking to know God and how to serve his neighbor. We have not forgotten the dreams of our youth. But we are at loss to know how the men who are responsible for "The House of Refuge on Randall's Island" can, after this exposé, look honest men in the face without blushing!

THE TREASURE OF THE ABBEY. Translated from the French of Raoul de Navery by Alice Wilmot Chetwode. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Treasure of the Abbey forms a sequel to De Navery's *Castle of Coëtquen*. It treats of the awful period of the French Revolution, and its pages are full of graphic descriptions of the horrors of that most horrible of times. There is nothing to lighten the gloom of these descriptions: rapine, sacrilege, murder follow each other in such rapid succession that there is no room for the joys of life. The book gives a true picture of the times, no doubt, but when the imagination of the novelist runs riot in such times he can only produce a book that will give people the nightmare. Of course it impresses upon the mind the fearful lesson of the Revolution; and although history, perhaps, has already done this sufficiently, still there are many people who will not read history and who will read novels; to this numerous class the historical novel, when truthful and accurate, will always be a valuable instructor.

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EDGE-TOOLS OF SPEECH. Selected and arranged by Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

A quotation from George Eliot upon the fly-leaf gives a good idea of this book: "A book which hath been culled from the flowers of all books." Aphorisms, maxims, and pithy sayings worth repeating have been culled in a careful and intelligent manner from the literatures of all ages, and for the sake of ready reference have been placed under heads arranged alphabetically. At the end of each *edge-tool of speech* the name of the author is given, so that when one is in doubt concerning the original sayer of a saying the book is a most convenient reference. Upon the very first page, under the heading "Absence," occurs the oft-quoted phrase, "Conspicuous by his absence"; not a few will be surprised to see the venerable name of Tacitus affixed to it. In his preface to this valuable work Mr. Ballou observes:

"To be of greatest value quotations must be accurately given; but the readiest memory seldom retains more than the aggregated sense of an aphoristic utterance. To be able, therefore, to turn at once to a desired axiom or familiar thought, and to give it verbatim, is an undoubted benefit to the student and littérateur."

THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAI. By Charles Warren Stoddard. *Ave Maria* Press. Notre Dame, Ind.

This little book forms No. vii. of the *Ave Maria* series. It gives a graphic description of the life of the lepers upon the leper settlement on Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands. Leprosy being so fearful and horrible a disease, a pamphlet dealing with the lives of the poor wretches afflicted with it cannot, of course, be pleasant reading; but the more wretched the surrounding life the greater is the opportunity for noble self-sacrifice. No one can read the life of Father Damien, sketched in these pages —the life of one who has devoted himself to ministering to the spiritual wants of the loathsome victims of leprosy—without feeling increased reverence for the religion that inspires men to lead such lives of self-immolation.

LORD O'HAGAN'S SELECTED SPEECHES. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1885.

Mr. Teeling's edition of Lord O'Hagan's speeches, at the bar, before public assemblies, and in Parliament, has been published in the best style, and is adorned by a very fine portrait. The illustrious Irishman is too well known to need any eulogium, and the collection of his selected speeches has its best recommendation in the name of their author.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

THE CITY OF REFUGE; or, Mary, Help of Christians. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP: A Manual of Devotion for every day in the month. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION, 1883-84. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1885.

REPORT OF THE KANSAS STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, for the quarter ending December 31, 1885. Kansas Publishing House. 1886.

CIRCULARS OF INFORMATION OF THE BUREAU OF EDUCATION. No. 4. 1885. Education in Japan. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1885.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL, New York. For the year ending December 31, 1885.

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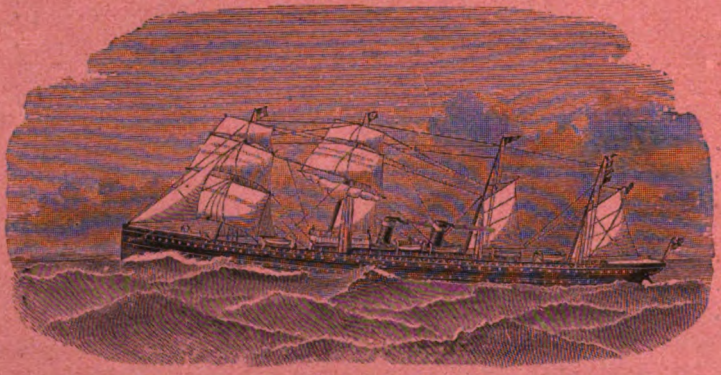

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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"PAAS-FLOWERS." *

"O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon!—daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."—*Shakspere.*

WHEN unto Hades' sunless land
Dis bore Persephone,
As roamed the maiden, unafraid,
The plains of Sicily,
The little birds grew dumb with awe,
Breaking their full hearts' song,
Trembling to note death's ruler grim
The meadows speed along:
Withered, the golden daffodils
The affrighted maid let fall
Marked the swift pathway of the steeds
Fed in no earthly stall.
So paled the sunshine on the earth
Mourning a ravished life;
The fig-trees drooped, the grass grew sere,
Earth with the gods at strife.

Once more the golden daffodils
Make sunshine on the plain,
And sweet birds call from budding bough
Their full hearts' song again;

* "Paas-flowers"—local Dutch name for daffodils; from Paas, Easter

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Oped are dim Hades' death-sealed doors,
Touched by the Easter sun:
Through Love, that stronger is than death,
Earth's ravished life is won.
No more the golden daffodils
Seem emblem of life's loss:
Swiftly they press through earth to tell
The victory of the Cross;
Rays of the Sun of Justice now,
They signal soul's release,
Daybreak of heaven, shadows fled,
Earth with her Lord at peace.

SON EMINENCE GRISE ET SON EMINENCE ROUGE.

BULWER-LYTTON, in his essay, *The Stage in Relation to Literature*, affirms that the writer of historical plays is under no obligation to observe historical accuracy—nay, that the temptation to do so should be carefully repressed. Every consideration must yield to the requirements of dramatic truth. When, therefore, he finds the motive of a play in a single trait of some famous personage or in a single phase of some memorable event, the playwright, ignoring all adjuncts not to his purpose, is to supplement his primal motive with others, the heirs of his own invention, thus achieving, not a mere scenic presentation of actual history, but a development of what history might have been—an "artistic verisimilitude," to use Pooh-Bah's happy phrase.

Richelieu, or The Conspiracy was constructed on such principles. Lord Lytton, while emphasizing this fact, assures us that it was written only after careful study of the reign of Louis XIII., and that his father took no more liberties with the history of that reign than were imperatively required by the canons of dramatic art—*i.e.*, by Bulwerian canons. For the "modern Shakspere," as the Countess of Blessington's coterie styled the author of *Richelieu*, was superior to received methods. Just what liberties he actually took few admirers of his work have a just notion. Macready, to whom it was first submitted for inspection, was scandalized by its historical incongruities. In the preface Bulwer pleads the privileges of a poet. It is the poet's function to please by holding up for our contemplation whatever is grand

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or touching in nature and in man. It is the poet's privilege to raise actual things by the force of elevated description and by all the arts of admissible exaggeration. But it is not his privilege to belittle even the least of those whom the historian has delighted to honor.

Shakspeare arrogates to himself no such privilege. In the "Histories" he was content to state facts much as the chronicler gave them, and with excellent results. Speaking of these plays, August W. Schlegel says:

> "The principal features of events are exhibited with such fidelity, their causes are placed in so clear a light, that we can attain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the memory that will never be effaced."

The learned reader of the "Histories" may detect inaccuracies now and then. It has been demonstrated, for instance, that Henry V. first kissed Katharine at Meulan, not at Troyes; that the Lady Constance was dead some little time before the battle of Mirebeau—nay, enough such discrepancies have been found to fill two volumes octavo. But they are accidental rather than intentional, and, in any case, of only minor importance. Except, perhaps, the case of Jack Cade, there is not in the entire series of king-plays a single instance of the poet's deliberately subordinating historic truth to dramatic effect. The English stage knows few more striking figures than Shakspere's Wolsey. And yet even Cavendish could scarcely have pointed out a flaw in the portraiture. The justest word ever penned concerning Thomas, Cardinal of York, is the glorious passage from Henry VIII. wherein the prince of English dramatists has embalmed the memory of the prince of English churchmen.

Respecting the protagonist of *Richelieu* only this much: The scene between the cardinal and the courtesan is gravely misleading. Richelieu was anything but a gallant. Whatever else may be said of him, he was a man of extraordinary personal virtue. But, to come to the matter of adjuncts, never was there such a martyr to dramatic truth as Richelieu's familiar. The Joseph who adorns Bulwer's tale is but a travesty of the veritable Joseph. We smile half in mirth, half in scorn of the stage-monk, ignorant the while that the worthy Capuchin was no mere conventional shaveling. Joseph of Paris was the friend, not the parasite, of Richelieu—the confidant of his secrets, the soul of his plans. He was a man who filled with honor the threefold rôle of religious, courtier, and statesman. There beat beneath the

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coarse habit of "Son Eminence Grise" a heart as strong and high as that which pulsed under the silken vesture of "Son Eminence Rouge."

François Le Clerc du Tremblai, son of Jean Le Clerc, Seigneur du Tremblai, and Marie de la Fayette, was born in Paris November 4, 1577. He came of illustrious stock. His father had been ambassador to the Republic of Venice and president of the Parliament of Paris. His mother had been reared in Calvinism, but abjured it at her marriage. His godfather was Monsieur le Duc d'Alençon, later Duc d'Anjou, remembered in English history as Queen Elizabeth's plighted lover, and in Flemish history as the instigator of the French Fury. His baptism was deferred for six weeks, so that preparations might be made worthy the occasion.

François went through the usual course of studies in the University of Paris, and then, by way of completing his education, made the tour of Italy and Germany. On his return he entered the army and fleshed his maiden sword at the siege of Amiens. This city, the wealthiest and most important in the north of France, and the key to Paris, had fallen into the hands of Philip II. in March, 1597. The French king recovered it September, 1597, after a vigorous siege of six months. The first article of the capitulation was a curious one. It enacted that the tomb and epitaph of Porto Carrero, the doughty little Spanish captain who took the city, and who was killed in the siege, should be left inviolate.

The high birth and conspicuous talents of François Le Clerc insured him a brilliant career. But just when his prospects of worldly advancement were fairest he withdrew to a Capuchin convent. His mother, who had not been apprised of this design, threw herself at the king's feet and besought him to give her back her son. She procured a writ of Parliament, which Henry reinforced by a lettre de cachet. But the young man would heed neither royal command nor parental entreaty; his resolve was of six years' standing; he felt that his vocation was to become a Franciscan; in short, he protested so vehemently that his mother finally resigned herself to the situation and took up her abode at Orleans, so as to be near him. Charles Le Clerc, her second son, succeeded to the honors and estates of his family upon his brother's renunciation. He became governor of the Bastille.

Brother Joseph made his profession in February, 1600. After completing his theological studies he was appointed teacher of

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philosophy, and later master of novices. In due time he was commissioned to preach. His Lenten discourses, in which he assailed the abuses that had crept into the churches and convents during the religious wars, made him widely known. He next essayed the conversion of the Huguenots, and in this he achieved a fair measure of success. One of their ministers was of the number of his converts.

The nuns of Fontevrault, moved thereunto by the report of his zeal and eloquence, now petitioned him to undertake the reform of their institute. The order then possessed some fifty convents, subject to the abbess of the mother-house at Fontevrault. The venerable Madame de Bourbon, aunt of the king, was superioress-general. The pope had given her an assistant in the person of Antoinette d'Orleans, a dame of equally high degree, who, however, had accepted this office with a very bad grace, and was untiring in her efforts to be relieved of it. Father Joseph strove to dissuade her from this purpose, representing that the permanence of the reform depended upon her remaining at Fontevrault. But all in vain. When Madame de Bourbon died in 1611 the Capuchin, thoroughly perplexed, sought counsel of the Bishop of Luçon, Armand du Plessis de Richelieu, who was then residing at his priory of Les Roches, near Fontevrault. It was from this meeting that Richelieu's greatness took its beginning. The monk, already influential at court, was impressed by the character and abilities of the youthful prelate—Richelieu was then about twenty-nine. The bishop, on the other hand, was struck by the talents and zeal of his visitor. After deciding what was best to be done Joseph and the bishop made their report to Marie de Médicis. She adopted their suggestions: another abbess was chosen, and Madame d'Orleans went back to her own convent. Joseph generously attributed the whole merit of the arrangement to his colleague, and recommended him as worthy the royal patronage.

Armand du Plessis de Richelieu had been consecrated Bishop of Luçon by the Cardinal de Givry in April, 1607. Ere long he discovered that his see was the poorest and most villanous in France. He presented himself at court, but Henry IV., though he received him kindly, discovered no anxiety to have him remain. Returning to his diocese, he zealously applied himself to the administration thereof till the king's assassination. Then he hastened to Paris, hoping to profit by any changes that might ensue. He courted attention as a preacher; but though the greatest personages came to listen to him, though the queen-

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mother herself complimented his eloquence, no solid advantage thence accrued to him. Again he betook himself to his bishopric. Soon afterward he met Joseph, the Capuchin, at Les Roches.

In 1614 Monsieur de Richelieu, whose prospects had meanwhile undergone no perceptible amelioration, went to Paris to attend the opening of the States-General. This, by the way, was the last convocation of the Estates of France till Louis XVI. summoned them to Versailles in 1789. The Bishop of Luçon was chosen to present the *cahier* of the clergy to the king. His speech was a remarkable one. He demanded the promulgation of the Tridentine decrees. He counselled the young king to entrust the government to the queen-mother. He vigorously asserted the privileges of his order, charged the lawyers and the official tribe generally with aiming to monopolize the business of the realm to the exclusion of those who were far more worthy and capable, and complained that not a single churchman was admitted to the royal councils.

About one year afterwards Richelieu became, by favor of Marie de Médicis, secretary of state. Joseph was presently sent to Rome on a mission, partly diplomatic, partly ecclesiastical. In the king's name he explained to Pope Paul V. the provisions of an important treaty which he had helped to negotiate. His Holiness was pleased to say that he had never met a man better qualified for the conduct of weighty affairs. Joseph also submitted to the pontiff's consideration three designs which he had very much at heart—viz., the extirpation of heresy in France, the recapture of Constantinople, and the canonical institution of the new order of Calvary. This order had been founded by Madame d'Orleans, the whilom vice-abbess of Fontevrault. It was distinguished by special devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows. Joseph, as the confessor of the foundress, was concerned in its success. The pope commended these three projects, and promised to use his influence with the sovereigns of Europe to further the movement against the Turks.

Two years later Joseph went on a mission to the court of Spain. Some Franciscans of his suite died on the way because of the great heat—for the party set out in midsummer. He was cordially received at Madrid, and obtained from Philip III. a promise to co-operate in the projected crusade. The real object of the journey was perhaps to get trustworthy information about the finances and military strength of the Spanish monarchy.

On his return to Paris Joseph set vigorously to work to realize his favorite design. He composed a series of six tracts ex-

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plaining and justifying it, which he caused to be distributed by his brethren at home and abroad. But all his labor was in vain. There was no community of feeling among the various states. The day of the crusades was over; the age of chivalry had passed away for ever. Some of the details of Joseph's plan were chimerical in the extreme. One feature of the new crusade was the institution of a new order of knighthood, the rules and make-up of which he had planned most minutely. He went so far as to write a poem in which the achievements of his embryo order were glowingly depicted. But the central idea was by no means chimerical. The Ottoman power which he proposed to destroy was then, and for many a day succeeding, a standing menace to the kingdoms of the West. The siege of Vienna was an event whose probable consequences are not pleasant to contemplate. Germany, in particular, should ever hold in grateful remembrance the name of the heroic John Sobieski, who alone of all the kings of Europe came to the deliverance of her capital city.

In 1617 Louis XIII., moved thereunto by his favorite, De Luynes, got rid of his mother's Italian counsellors, assumed the government, and sent the queen to Blois. Richelieu, who also had incurred the jealousy of De Luynes, was presently exiled to Avignon, where he employed his enforced leisure in writing a treatise on Christian perfection. Not finding a retired life to her taste, Marie de Médicis began ere long to plot for her return to power, with the ultimate result that the kingdom was brought to the brink of civil war. At this juncture Father Joseph, who enjoyed the king's confidence, recommended Louis to seek a reconciliation with his unruly parent, and suggested that Monsieur de Richelieu, as a man of honesty and address, be appointed intermediary. The Capuchin's brother, Charles Le Clerc, was, in consequence of Joseph's representations, ordered forthwith to conduct the Bishop of Luçon to the headquarters of the queen. The prelate's mission was completely successful. Ere long mother and son became again estranged, and with somewhat more serious results. Joseph himself acted as peacemaker this time. One of the conditions of the reconciliation was that Louis should exert himself to procure a cardinal's hat for Monsieur de Richelieu. The pope was duly petitioned; but, as the king had meanwhile conceived a deep dislike for the bishop, a private letter was sent to Rome to cancel the official request. Father Joseph discovered the intrigue and warned Richelieu, who in turn notified the queen-mother. A very pretty quarrel ensued.

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Finally the king consented to forget his dislike, and Monseigneur de Luçon became Cardinal de Richelieu in September, 1622. After Marie de Médicis, the first person to whom he communicated the news of his elevation was his good friend Joseph. At the cardinal's entreaty he repaired to Paris and abode with him till bidden to Orleans by the father-general on business of his order. Here Father Joseph had a novel experience. He was accused in full chapter of having uttered heresy in one of his little books. The charge was, however, on due investigation, found to be without foundation, and was retracted as publicly as it had been put forward. As an evidence of the high esteem in which his brethren held him, Joseph was, despite all his protestations, elected provincial. This was in 1623. The Cardinal de Richelieu was called to the council by Louis XIII. early in 1624. The king had need of him. No sooner was he admitted than he asserted his right as a prince of the church to take precedence of the great officers of state. He soon acquired complete control. Within six months from the day of his admission to the council he wrote as follows to Father Joseph, who was then presiding over a chapter of his order at Orleans:

"TO FATHER JOSEPH, CAPUCHIN:

"As you are the principal agent whom God has employed to lead me to all the honor to which I behold myself raised, I feel obliged to send you the first tidings thereof, and to inform you that it has pleased the king to make me his first minister at the petition of the queen. At the same time I pray you to anticipate the date set for your return, and to come hither as soon as possible, so as to share with me the conduct of affairs. Among those now pressing are some which I cannot confide to any one, nor can I settle them without your advice. Come, then, promptly, to receive the marks of esteem which I entertain for you.

"THE CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU."

Joseph came as soon as practicable, and from that day forward the two "lived together in the most intimate friendship, inhabiting the same palace and seeming like two souls in one body." As long as Joseph lived no important matters, whether of foreign or domestic policy, were despatched without his privity and counsel.

In 1625 Joseph was again sent to Rome. The then pope, Urban VIII., who as Cardinal Barberini had entertained him on his previous visit to the Eternal City, treated him with marked distinction, and at Richelieu's request granted him permission to engage himself in state affairs. Henceforth the Capuchin was

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not able to labor for his own perfection as assiduously as he desired. But he, in a manner, made amends by seeking more zealously than ever the spiritual welfare of others. Urban made him protector of the missions in England, Canada, and Turkey. He did much for the progress of religion in these countries.

In the following year Joseph acquired fresh claims upon the love of his friend by unravelling the conspiracy of Chalais, which was aimed at the life of the cardinal. Chalais had been Richelieu's friend. His mother on her knees besought the minister to spare her son for the sake of old times, but in vain. In the same year Joseph laid the foundations of the enormous fortune of the house of Orleans by securing the marriage of the Princess de Montpensier to Monsieur, the king's brother.

La Rochelle was the "citadel de la religion" in France. Joseph often reproached the king for allowing this state of things to continue. So when the Rochellois revolted and sought help from the English, Louis resolved to stamp out the Huguenot power for ever. He and his minister went to participate in the siege. Joseph, at Richelieu's invitation, came to bear them company, having performed the journey from Paris on foot. He and the cardinal lived together in a lone house by the sea-shore called "Pont de la Pierre." During his stay Joseph made himself exceedingly useful. He put a stop to blasphemy in the camp, looked after the hospitals, and catechised and confessed the soldiers. When the king, weary of camp-life, returned to Paris, Richelieu was for going with him, fearing that the queen-mother, now his mortal enemy, might injure him in his absence. But Joseph prevailed on him to stay where he was, representing that the king's gratitude over the fall of La Rochelle would outweigh every adverse consideration that might meanwhile be advanced. The cardinal, left behind as the king's lieutenant, compassed the reduction of the city by building a dike across the harbor. Accompanied by Joseph, he was to be seen day after day, clad in full armor, a sword by his side and pistols in his belt, directing the operations of his engineers. In the procession which attended Louis into La Rochelle after the capitulation Joseph walked on foot before the king's horse; and it was he who intoned the "Te Deum" at the solemn service in the church of St. Margaret. Richelieu now proposed to make Joseph bishop of the city. But he refused the proffered honor, declaring that nothing in the world could induce him to forsake the habit and obedience of St. Francis. Michelet gives a characteristic version of this affair. He says that the cardinal, now grown jealous of his intimate,

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thought thus to get rid of him, but that the wily Capuchin declined to be buried alive amid the ruins of La Rochelle. Joseph's relatives were highly incensed by his refusal of the mitre. His biographer, by the bye, indulges in some delicious remarks touching his conduct at this trying juncture. It seems that Joseph had too overpowering a sense of the responsibilities attached to the episcopal office ever willingly to assume them.

The Huguenots disposed of, Richelieu set about realizing the dream of Henry IV.—the humiliation of the house of Austria. The methods he employed were often anti-Christian and dishonorable. He adhered to the terrible principle of which Professor Seeley speaks in his *Napoleon*—"that so long as the public good is our object, almost every act is permissible"; or, as Mirabeau was fond of repeating, "La petite morale est ennemie de la grande." In his parallel between Ximenes de Cisneros and Richelieu, Dr. Von Hefele brings out this fact:

> "It was Richelieu who, in order to humiliate Austria and break the power of Germany, called the king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, into the empire, and, after the death of the 'Goth,' continued to add fuel to the religious wars. It was he who assisted the Puritans against the king of England, the Catalonians against the king of Spain; who tried to detach Maximilian of Bavaria from the cause of religion and of country."

From a diplomatic point of view the most interesting chapter of the Capuchin's life is that which records his doings at the Diet of Ratisbon. Unfortunately it is too long to be given here. Through his influence the designs of the emperor were completely frustrated, and Wallenstein, the ablest general in the imperial service, was relegated to private life. Ferdinand felt keenly the deception practised towards him, and was frequently heard to say, "A Capuchin has disarmed me with his beads and covered six electoral caps with his cowl." Léon Brulart, his colleague at Ratisbon, declared on his return that Joseph had nothing of his order but the habit, nothing Christian but the name; that he tried to deceive Europe, and that his only aim in life was to serve Richelieu. Messire Léon's remarks must, however, be taken with considerable limitation, as he was Spanish in his sympathies.

Joseph surpassed his master in prudence and courage. Weakly in body and cold in temperament, the cardinal often found the greatest difficulty in screwing up his courage to the sticking-point. In 1636, when the Spaniards broke into Picardy and Paris was panic-stricken, Richelieu, frightened at the prospect, made up his mind to resign. The Capuchin scouted the

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idea and bade him go out among the people without his guards, so as to reassure them. The result proved the soundness of this advice. "Ah!" said Joseph, when they met again, "did I not well say that your feathers were only wet, and that a little confidence would carry you through?"

Père Joseph having refused two bishoprics, Mans and La Rochelle, and having rendered distinguished services to the state, Richelieu decided that nothing less than a cardinal's hat would be a suitable recompense for him. Louis lost no time in communicating with the pope. But the Roman authorities were in no hurry to gratify this wish of the Most Christian King. Despite his reiterated applications, the matter was under consideration for fully three years. There was already one Capuchin cardinal; to create a second would be to violate established custom. Furthermore, the pope thought it useless to confer the hat upon one who had uniformly showed so little concern for worldly honors. His Holiness offered to compromise the matter by promoting Joseph's nephew to the Sacred College. But this Louis would not hear of. Meanwhile the subject of so many postilles, apostilles, memoranda, and petitions fell sick. Richelieu brought him to his own castle of Ruel, so as to have him continually under his eyes. The pope, hearing of Joseph's illness, finally proclaimed him cardinal, but he died before he could be invested with the insignia. At his death Richelieu said: "I have lost my friend, my consolation, my right hand."

He was given a funeral becoming his high estate. His body was brought to the great convent of his order in Paris, and there, in the presence of the Parliament and the greatest in the land, buried at the foot of the high altar. Richelieu caused a monument to be raised in his honor bearing a most laudatory inscription.

Joseph, as the friend of Richelieu, enjoyed a peculiarly sinister reputation. After his death his enemies vented their spleen in spiteful epitaphs, of which the following is a specimen:

> "Cy gît au chœur de cette eglise
> La petite Eminence Grise.
> Et quand au Seigneur il plaira
> Son Eminence Rouge y giva."

His devotion to his friend was at once the glory and the reproach of his life; for he shares in the odium of the measures which Richelieu pursued in the interests of his country. The phrase "reasons of state," as justifying shady political transac-

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tions, originated between them. As minister of the prime minister, Joseph was the most powerful man of his day in France. The proudest nobles had to court the favor of "Son Eminence Grise"—for so he was facetiously styled—if they cared to stand well with "Son Eminence Rouge," Richelieu. It has been said that, toward the end, there was mortal jealousy between them. But this seems to be disproved by the tenor of their lives. The king was no less attached to Joseph than the cardinal was. Louis XIII. loved him for his austere and simple life, and gave him his confidence long before Richelieu came to power.

A MODEL ALPHABET.

IT is a curious fact, which has been often recognized, that the intellectual idiosyncrasy of a nation depends very much on the nature of its alphabetical characters. The better the alphabet the abler the national intellect. "The use of characters easily written and easily read," says Guizot, "seems to be necessary to a high degree of literary cultivation. The want of such characters has kept stationary the Chinese. The complexity of their characters was probably one of the causes which arrested the progress of the Arabs—an exceedingly intelligent race, who yet have contributed little to literature."

If this be true it is not at all impossible that the intellectual superiority which the Irish exhibited when their island was *insula doctorum et sanctorum* may be ascribed to the admirable excellence of their alphabet. If the use of an alphabet be to represent the sounds of a language distinctly and unmistakably, the superiority of the Irish will be questioned by those only who are unacquainted with its merits. In its simplicity, comprehensiveness, and power of reproducing "the winged words," but, above all, in its freedom from double and clumsy consonants, it will be found superior to the alphabets of the classic languages. The reader will find in Lucian an amusing dialogue in which the double consonants of the Greek scold and vilify one another as cheats, thieves, and schemers who usurp functions and push themselves arrogantly into places to which they have not a shadow of legitimate right. No such controversy can be ascribed by the most audacious imagination to the modest letters of the Irish alphabet. No Irish consonant intrudes into the place

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or usurps the functions of another, but all dwell in peace in that scrupulous respect for mutual rights which invariably characterizes conscientious and law-abiding neighbors. In this respect, it must be confessed, the Irish alphabet offers to the Greek, Latin, and English an example which we fear they will never imitate. The most illustrious orator of pagan Rome is known among English-speaking people as *Sisero*, while he is termed *Kikero* by the Germans. In the one country *c* is shamefully wronged by the impudence of *s*, which assumes its place, while in the other it is ousted by the audacity of *k*, which seems to shoulder it from its legitimate place. The letter *t* has equal grievances to complain of. It is ruthlessly evicted by *s* or *sh*, as in the words Mauritius, Tatius, Usurpation, etc. A thousand instances of this indifference to proprietary rights might be cited against the Latin, Greek, and English languages. But we must pass over these literal delinquencies. Suffice it to say that no such disreputable charges can be brought home to the alphabet of the Gael, which in its incomparable integrity stands perfectly alone among alphabets.

It has been repeatedly affirmed—by no less a person than Lucien Bonaparte amongst others—that the Irish alphabet is a mere plagiarism of the Roman characters. For instance, Ernst Windisch, in his *Irische Texte mit Wörterbuch*, says: "The old Irish writing is a peculiar form of Roman character."

There is reason to doubt this. Such theorists should go a step farther and prove that the names of our letters (for our letters have names), as well as the letters themselves, were communicated to the Irish by the masters of ancient Italy. When a foreign people import a strange article into a new country, the original name generally adheres to the importation, and the terms paper, parchment, delft, and tea may be cited in evidence. But the boldest theorist will hardly affirm that such words as *beith*, *luis*, *nuin* (the name of the Irish alphabet in pre-Christian times, and representing *b*, *l*, and *n*) are Latin words.

"Among the Romans letters were known by their sounds. They did not retain the Greek names for the alphabet. The momentary sounds and *h* were denoted by their own sound, followed by a vowel, as *be*, *ce*, *de*. On the other hand, continuous consonants were preceded by vowels, as *ef*, *el*, *em*, *en*, *er*, *es*" (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, ninth edition). This is entirely unlike the Hebrew and Phœnician. In these languages the name of every letter has its meaning in the ancient Hebrew. Now, it may be laid down as an axiom that when the names of the letters of

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an alphabet are words of the language to which the alphabet belongs, that alphabet owes its origin to the people who spoke that language. This is the case with the Irish. Every Irish letter has an Irish name; which would be wholly impossible if it originated with a foreign people.

We learn from Quintilian and Gellius that the ancient Romans termed their alphabet *Sylvæ*, precisely as the Celts termed it *Feadha*—a word having the same meaning. Carden informs us that before papyrus or parchment was used as writing material men impressed their thoughts upon the leaves of trees. Hence the Sibyl tells Æneas:

"Foliis tantum ne carmina manda," etc.

It has been affirmed that the names which the Irish applied to their letters must be older than those they bestowed upon their trees.

When Ireland was colonized by the Milesians, or De Danaans, the *Tuatha Fiodha*, or forest tribes, who were armed, we are told, with poisoned weapons, were, like all aboriginals, destitute of letters. But the colonists, being a literary people, gave the names of the letters they possessed to the trees which flourished on the shore. This is the opinion of a writer in the *Ulster Irish Archæological Journal.* He says:

"The names of the letters are a list of the trees indigenous to Ireland. Now, it would be impossible to find in any country a list of forest trees undesignedly furnished with names whose initials would give all the sounds necessary to make an alphabet; and equally impossible to induce an unlettered people to give up the names they had been accustomed to and adopt a new nomenclature at the bidding of a learned few. From this it seems evident that the names of the letters were given to the trees, not the names of the trees to the letters."

The red men of America had given names to their forest trees before the Pilgrim Fathers set foot upon this continent. But the new-comers never thought of taking those Indian names and applying them to the alphabetical characters which they had brought with them from Europe. This is a difficulty which has never been sufficiently considered. It is much more easy to suppose that the Milesians brought their alphabet from their fatherland on the shores of the Mediterranean, and imparted to the trees in Ireland the names they had already bestowed on their alphabetical symbols. This would be at least possible. The other hypothesis seems wholly untenable.

It is evident from all this that the Irish alphabet, which Eng-

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lish writers so readily dispose of by deriving it from the Latin, gives rise to questions that are very difficult of solution. And here the question again suggests itself: If the Irish borrowed their letters from the Romans, from whom did they borrow the names? Was it in Spain they obtained their alphabetical nomenclature? If the Romans gave them both, why did the latter not apply those apposite names to their own ciphers?

The most remarkable characteristic of the Irish alphabet is the paucity of its elements. The number of its characters is only sixteen (for *h* is only an aspirate). It resembles in this respect that archaic alphabet which in the morning of time Cadmus introduced into Greece, and Evander into Italy. The Irish have found it, however, in all ages sufficient for all the purposes of language. In this respect they differ essentially from all those races who, in more recent times, have been indebted to a foreign people for their symbols of sound. The Russians borrowed the Greek alphabet; but, finding it incapable of representing all the sounds of their language, they increased its letters to forty-eight. This is the grand characteristic of an alphabet which is not indigenous—the growth of the national mind. A borrowed alphabet invariably fails to represent the simple sounds of the tongue to which it is applied. The number of its symbols never corresponds exactly to the number of sounds which are distinguishable in the language of the borrowers. In the Parsi, for instance, forty-five letters have been evolved out of seventeen Aramaic characters. The Bohemian has forty letters; the Afghan, forty-two; the Indian, forty-nine. From the seventeen or eighteen Syriac characters between thirty and forty Mongolian characters have been developed, in addition to those derived from Buddhist sources. In Sanscrit every native writer seems to use an alphabet of his own, as in a Dutch concert every musician played a distinct piece of music. The Sanscrit characters, as we learn from Max Müller, are so modified by each author that to print a new manuscript it is almost necessary to procure a new font of type.

This is not the case with the Irish alphabet. It is eminently characterized by legibility and distinctness. It was brought into Erin before additional characters were invented, as is evident from the paucity of its symbols and their distinct powers. They carry the mind back to the times of Cadmus and Evander. The authors of the Irish alphabet contrived an ingenious, simple, and beautiful machinery which obviates all deficiencies. They have nine consonants, which, when marked with a point or followed

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by an aspirate, represent new and distinct sounds. These points, which are always *over* the letters, remind us of the Hebrew points, which are in or under the symbols; and it is worthy of remark that our pointed letters are those, and those only, to which the Hebrews add a *dagesch*. They are termed by Irish grammarians "aspirated consonants." Now, it surely was not from the Latins the Irish learned this ingenious means of multiplying and increasing the representative power of their nine consonants. No sound, perhaps, occurs more frequently in the Irish language than that of the letter *v*, and yet the Irish alphabet contains no *v*! Why should the Irish cast away this symbol and substitute an aspirated letter in its place? For instance, *bh* and *mh*, when written between two "slender" vowels, have the sound of *v* in the English word *vine*—as *a mhian*, "his desire." That is, when the Irish found it necessary to write the consonant *v*, so natural to the Latin, they always rejected this character and substituted in its place *bh* or *mh*, and more anciently *b* or *m* with a point, to determine the sound and value of the Latin consonant *v*. Now, what could be their motive in rejecting this consonant? Every other nation on the face of the earth in adopting the Latin alphabet has made use of this cipher. Why should the Irish reject it? It seems evident that if they had no letters of their own they could never have thought of substituting *m* or *b* for the Latin *v*.

In the same way *bh* and *mh*, when occurring between two "broad" vowels (*o*, *a*, or *u*), have the sound of *w*—as *a leabhar*, "his book"; *domhan*, "the world." Did this arrangement come from the Romans?

Again, when *bh* and *mh* are written with a single broad vowel they have in one part of Ireland the sound of *w*, and of *v* in another—as *a bhas*, "his death"; *a mhart*, "his ox": words which in Munster are pronounced as if written *a vas*, *a varth*, but in Connaught *a was*, *a warth*. Did either of these modes of representing sounds come from the Romans? But without this Irish cannot be written.

In the same way *ch*, when written with a broad vowel, has the guttural sound of *gh* in the Scotch word *lough*—as *a chorp*, "his body"; *bochd*, "poor"; *gach*, "all." It is worthy of observation that these two letters, *c* and *g*, produce or represent, in their pointed or natural forms, so many as eight sounds; *d*, *t*, and *s* produce twelve, while *m*, *b*, *p*, and *f* represent in their natural or dotted forms sixteen sounds. That is, there are thirty-six distinct articulations of the nine consonantal sounds. In this way

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the Irish with its nine consonants is richer than Sanscrit with its thirty seven.

"We find," says Max Müller, "that so perfect a language as the Sanscrit has no *f*, no soft sibilants, no short *e* and *o*; Greek has no *y*, no *w*, no *f*, no soft sibilants. English is deficient in guttural breathings like the German *ach* and *ich*. While Sanscrit has no *f*, Arabic has no *p*. *F* is absent, not only in those dialects which have no labial articulation, but we look for it in vain in Finnish (despite its name, which was given to it by its neighbors), in Lithuanian, in the Gipsy language, in Tamil, Mongolian, and some of the Tataric dialects, etc." (*Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. i. 162).

One of the most extraordinary, and indeed unaccountable, traditions we have ever met with is found in Keating's so-called *History of Ireland*. Keating says that in the early morning of time a remote ancestor of the Irish race, named Fenius Farsa, or Fenius the Persian, abandoned his native Scythia—which was possibly Tartary—and pitched his tent on the plain of Sennaar. Here he founded a school—of all things in the world!—for the instruction of youth, who flocked to him from all quarters, and at the same time sent out emissaries to every known region of the earth to study the respective languages of the inhabitants. On the return of these emissaries at the end of seven years, he is alleged to have compounded from their lingual treasures the Scythian and Gaelic languages.

Now, if it be true, as is often alleged, that tradition expands and embellishes, but rarely or never invents, there must be something in this tradition. One thing is certain: we find in Max Müller's *Lectures* (vol. i. p. 354) a curious coincidence which at first sight would seem to corroborate Keating:

"In the grammar of the Turkic languages we have before us a language of perfectly transparent structure, and a grammar the inner workings of which we can study, as if watching the building of cells in a crystal beehive. An eminent Orientalist remarked: 'We might imagine Turkish to be the result of the deliberations of some eminent society of learned men.' But no society could have devised what the mind of man produced, left to itself in the steppes of Tartary and guided only by its innate laws, or by an instinctive power as wonderful as any within the realm of nature."

In this quotation the last sentence is very remarkable. It seems to imply that in "a society of learned men" the human mind cannot exist, or cannot be as fertile in invention as when roaming in solitude over the desolate steppes of Tartary. But we cannot see why, if a solitary stroller possess the instinctive and creative power alluded to, a combination of men should not be equally gifted and equally capable of evolving a language.

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In one respect the Turkish and Irish languages perfectly agree. Both possess what Max Müller terms the "harmony of vowels," which is known to Irish grammarians as the *caol le caol.*

"There is in Turkish," says Max Müller, "what is called the law of harmony, according to which the vowels of each word may be changed and modulated so as to harmonize with the key-note struck by the chief vowel. The vowels in Turkish, for instance, are divided into two classes, *sharp* and *flat*. If a verb contains a sharp vowel in its radical portion the vowels of the terminations are all sharp, while the same terminations, if following a root with a flat vowel, modulate their own words into the flat key. Thus we have *sev-mek*, to love, but *bak-mak*, to regard, *mek* or *mak* being the termination of the infinitive. Thus we say *ev-ler*, the houses, but *at-lar*, the horses, *ler* or *lar* being the termination of the plural" (*Lectures*, vi. p. 340). "No Aryan or Semitic language," adds Max Müller, "has preserved a similar freedom in the harmonic arrangement of its vowels."

On this point Max Müller is mistaken, as every Irish scholar knows. The law of harmony exists in the Gaelic, which is unquestionably an Aryan language.

"The Irish vowels," says Canon Bourke, "are classified into *broad* and *slender*: *a*, *o*, *u* are called *broad*; *e*, *i*, slender. The orthography of all words in the language depends nearly entirely on the position which the slender and broad vowels hold with regard to the consonants. There is an old Gaelic rule which directs that a consonant should, in every written word, lie between either two slender or two broad vowels, and consequently that a broad vowel, such as *a*, *o*, or *u*, cannot correctly go before, while a slender vowel, *e* or *i*, comes after, a consonant; but that if a broad vowel preceded, so should a broad one follow; if a slender vowel preceded, so should a slender vowel follow. This rule is called *caol le caol agus leathan le leathan*. . . . The natural tone of the language requires the collation of 'slender with slender, and broad with broad.' '*Regulam*,' says O'Molloy, '*Hibernis tritam, tum in scriptura, tum in sono*'" (p. 50).

Latham, in his work *On the English Language* (p. 158), says:

"The Irish Gaelic, above most other languages, illustrates a euphonic principle that modifies the vowels of a word. The vowels *a*, *o*, *u* are full, whilst *i*, *e* are small. Now, if to a syllable containing a small vowel, as *buail*, there be added a syllable containing a broad one, as *am*, a change takes place. Either the first syllable is accommodated to the second, or the second to the first, so that the vowels respectively contained in them are either both full or both small. Hence arises, in respect to the word quoted, either the form *bualam* or else the form *buailim*."

Here we have the "harmony of vowels" precisely as in the Turkish or other Turanian languages of Asia. It seems to involve a musical principle which requires that each successive note in the musical octave shall be sounded with a volume of

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voice deeper than that of the note preceding, and, conversely, the preceding shall be sounded with a higher—that is, a more *slender* or acute—volume of voice than its succeeding note.

Now, will any one venture to assert that the Irish are indebted to the Latins for this "law of harmony," which is observed by Irish-speaking people without the slightest consciousness on their part of the principle from which it springs? This harmonic law is, however, inseparably connected with the Gaelic alphabet, and it is perfectly certain that it was imparted by the same people to whom they are indebted for their *beith*, *luis*, *nuin*—their symbols of sound.

But it will be naturally asked, If the Irish did not get their alphabet from the Latins, to whom are they indebted for this invaluable gift? The answer is very simple: If they did not invent it themselves they are unquestionably indebted to some Semitic people for their literary ciphers. If there be one historic fact more evident than another it is that the Hebrew is the parent of all the alphabets on earth. It was from a people akin to the Jews—it was from Phœnician traffickers—that the Irish obtained their alphabet. We find something like presumptive proof of this in the following fact which we find in Taylor's work on *The Alphabet* (vol. i. p. 232), viz.:

"Scattered over the museums of Europe are about a score of engraved gems bearing names, etc. The most interesting of these seals is one said to have been found in Ireland. The alphabet employed shows that it cannot be later than the eighth century before Christ, and we may conjecture that the seal is a relic of an early adventure of Phœnician mariners. The legend reads, 'Belonging to Abdallah, son of Shebat, the slave of Metita, son of Tsadog.' A fac-simile will be found in the *Journal* of the Royal Academy of Sciences, vol. i. p. 232."

In addition to this we find in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* for 1850 a paper by Dr. Petrie on the astonishing number of Carthaginian coins that have been found in Ireland, particularly in Rathfarnham, in the vicinity of Dublin.

It seems evident from such discoveries, as well as from the bronze articles—brooches, swords, bracelets, torques, and spearheads, so beautiful in their forms and so perfect in their workmanship—found in Ireland and hoarded in Irish museums, that some highly civilized people, vying with the ancient Etrurians in artistic excellence, were in the habit, in prehistoric times, of visiting Irish harbors and exchanging their manufactures for native produce. These are very possibly the people to whom the Irish are indebted for their vernacular alphabet.

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In conclusion, the reader will be pleased to observe that the Irish symbols are invested with two features. Every letter has at once a *name* and a *sound*, which are entirely distinct things. Nor is this all: the Irish have not only names for their symbols, they know the meaning of these epithets. In this respect they differ from the Greeks, who, having borrowed their letters from a Semitic people, have recourse to that people to learn the meaning of their alphabetic nomenclature. For instance, *alpha* is the first letter of the Greek alphabet. But to know the meaning of *alpha* they have recourse to the Hebrew, where they learn that *aleph* (of which *alpha* is a modification) signifies an ox. To return.

During ages the letter *b* held the first place in the Irish alphabet. The Gaelic name of that letter is *beith*, which signifies the beech-tree. In German this tree is termed *buche*, from which comes the English term *book*, because the rind of the *beech* served as the first writing material. Hence in Latin *liber* is "a book," and *liber* is likewise the inner bark or rind of a tree. This is likewise the case in Irish. *Leabhar* signifies at once a book and the cortex of a tree. As a consequence, the Druids, ages before St. Patrick, assigned the first place to the letter *beith*. Being a substance without which writing would be impossible, its name appropriately held the first place. It was in the very nature of things that it should obtain this prerogative. The Hebrew letter *beth*, which corresponds with this, signifies "a house." But what connection can exist between a house and literary materials? As to the Greek *beta*, that people are wholly ignorant of the *primary* meaning of the name.

It may not be unworthy of observation that, owing to its connection with letters, the name given to the *beech* in pagan times in Ireland was *faidh-bile*, "the prophet-tree." The word *faidh* is equivalent to the Latin *fatum*—a word which meant, according to Max Müller, "what had been spoken; and, before Fate became a power greater than Jupiter, what had been spoken by Jupiter, and could never be changed—not even by Jupiter himself."

The Latin word *fatum* and the Irish word *faidh* come equally from *faidhim*, "I speak." With this is intimately connected the word *fath*, "a poem," because oracles were originally rhythmical. The Destinies employed poetic numbers in expressing the futurities of men.

The second place in the ancient alphabet of Ireland was assigned to *l* (*luis*), because the quicken-tree, or fairy-ash—which

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the Irish term *luis*—was a plant invested with mystery. The Druids seem to have regarded its beautiful foliage, graceful boughs, and crimson berries as of supreme efficacy in their dealings with the Sighs, or genii of the Celts! The corresponding Hebrew character *lamed* signifies "an ox-goad," which seems a most inappropriate object, remote from the sphere of literature as well as the forests in which in archaic times the human race resided.

The third letter is *nuin* (*n*), which signifies *fraxinus*, the ash. It was a tree of great importance, inasmuch as the laws of the land were engraved on boards of this tree. The early benefactors of the human race, according to Horace, who taught mankind to distinguish sacred from profane objects, private from public interests, and deterred them from sensual indulgences and cannibal habits, likewise instructed *sylvestres homines*—the tenants of the forests—*leges incidere ligno*—"to carve laws on wooden boards." The ash appears to be selected for this important purpose, and hence its name was applied to the third letter of the ancient Irish alphabet.

But we should extend this article to an unpardonable length were we to explain all the names of the Gaelic letters. We shall conclude with a short quotation which furnishes conclusive proof that "the old Irish writing is *not* a peculiar form of the Roman character":

"In all words begun or ended with *x*, instead of writing that simple character they (the Irish) never chose to represent it otherwise than by employing two of the Roman characters—viz., *gs* or *cs*—a trouble they certainly might have saved themselves, at least in writing Latin, had they not rejected it as an exotic character and not existing in their ancient alphabet. If this was not the true motive I candidly acknowledge the case seems to me a paradox. For if the Irish had no letters before the introduction of the Latin alphabet, what could be their motive constantly to reject some simple characters and substitute two different letters in lieu of one, especially in writing a foreign tongue to which all such characters were equally proper and fitting? And if all letters were equally new and exotic to them, certainly all had an equal right to be preserved and used by them."

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RICHARD HONEYWOOD'S BEQUEST.

I SUPPOSE there is a certain amount of business done in the little town of Wiggonhurst, but on this particular July afternoon there was not much outward sign of activity. All-down the long, irregular street which forms the main thoroughfare shop-doors stood invitingly open, but customers there were none. It looked as though the inhabitants had gone to sleep. A small boy staring in a fascinated manner at the tarts in the baker's window, and the flies which ceaselessly tried to get at those delicacies under their yellow gauze covering, were the only living things visible. By and by the small boy's soul became surfeited with contemplation, and his eyes roamed round in search of fresh amusement. What should he do this hot afternoon? The red brick "board" school where his young ideas were taught to shoot had closed its doors against him for a whole month. He was free to do as it seemed to him good. Happy thought—the cricket-field!

The way thither lies past the town-hall and down the broad road known as the "Causeway"—a road that always looks cool; the flags on either side are shadowed by a row of branching elm-trees; flush to the pavement come the houses, of every shape and size, but all eminently respectable. This is where the "rank and fashion" of Wiggonhurst live; there are positively people here who visit with the "county" and hold their heads very high indeed. Here is the old "Dower House," with its projecting upper stories supported by griffins and other allegorical beasts; here is the doctor's neat red brick abode, out of whose barred nursery window little flaxen heads are always peeping; and so on till we come to the vicarage, lying back in its shady gardens, the "chantry-house" opposite, and then the great gates that open on to the church-yard. The small boy's feet patter down the paved walk, paved with the tomb-stones of dead-and-gone generations. He pays no heed to the half-obliterated inscriptions, the "Hic jacets" and sculptured death's-heads; he wants to get to the cricket-field. There it is beyond the narrow river, that is crossed by a quaint wooden bridge.

Wiggonhurstites are all mad on the subject of cricket; it is the end, the aim, and the object of half the men in the place, and they are deservedly proud of their field. It is a large, flat mea-

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dow, kept as carefully as a lawn, rolled and watered and clipped to the highest state of perfection. Beyond the range of the business part there are several large trees with seats beneath them, generally filled with the "sisters, the cousins, and the aunts" of the players; on the railings that run up one side there is always an admiring audience clustered, composed of all the idlers and loafers in the town, and away to the left is the long pavilion, sacred to "subscribers only."

On this particular afternoon an exciting match is on: the Pelbury Eleven have come to play "a return" with the Wiggonhurst men, who at the beginning of the season went over to Pelbury and got badly beaten, and now it looks uncommonly as though they were to be beaten again. The board outside the umpire's tent shows the figures 103–42, which means that Pelbury is sixty-one ahead. This is their first inning, and their best man, their champion, has only just gone in; he is sure to run the score up to an impassable reach. He can slog the ball to the furthest limit; he is most hard to bowl out; he—bravo! a ringing cheer goes up from the ranks of Wiggonhurst: he has been caught out—caught out most cleverly—and he marches off, discomfited, with a "duck's egg" to his name.

There is an interval of a quarter of an hour or so before the other men go in again, and in the pavilion there is much joy and congratulation over the stroke of skill that has turned the luck and may now give the Wiggonhurst men a chance of the game. They are all clustered round the hero, a middle-aged man with gray hair and a wiry, athletic figure. It is the priest, Father Kirton, who came to the town about a year ago to replace the old missioner, Father Powell, and who has taken up his abode in a little tumble-down house next to his church. Father Powell was a man of private means, who lived in a pretty place outside the town; but his successor is different—he is poor and the mission is poor, the congregation being made up chiefly of laborers and their families. People were much amused when the "new man" announced his intention of living in that little dwelling. Some forty years before, when the mission was first started, a piece of ground with an old house on it was bought; the situation was a good one, in the centre of the town, and there was a field opposite for the schools. The house was pulled down, all but four or five rooms, which were patched on to the north wall of the new building. The first priest made these habitable, but afterwards, when Father Powell came, they were shut up. Father Kirton had them cleaned, and moved his household goods into them;

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he only laughed when people told him they were not fit for him to occupy. "When we grow rich I will have a smart presbytery built," he said. "Until then I shall live there and nowhere else. It only requires a little knowledge and 'circumspection' to avoid the holes in the floor; and as for the rats, my dog Johnnie will be more than a match for them."

Before he had been in the town many weeks Philip Challen, the captain of the cricket club, called to ask if he would like to subscribe to it and become an honorary member. Certainly, he said, he would subscribe; but as to being "an honorary member," he did not seem to care about it. After a little Mr. Challen discovered that the priest knew as much about cricket as he did, and he was glad to enroll him as a playing member. When the frost came and all the world disported on New Place mill-pond, it was found that Father Kirton could skate as well as he could bat and bowl, and the young men in the place felt an increased respect for one who could hold his own in their sports. This was the first match he had played in, for he frankly told them that his time was not at his own disposal, and that they must not count on him. This once, however, he had been pressed into the service to fill a vacancy, and had covered himself with glory; for, besides the wonderful catch, he had made twenty-one off his own bat, and the Wiggonhurstites, taking fresh courage, drove their adversaries out of the field.

There were eight or ten men in Wiggonhurst who were undoubtedly fast. I don't mean to say that they were the only ones who were so, but they in particular formed a set in which "the pace" was certainly disproportionate to the miles. Philip Challen, Walter Dendy, Charlie Sadler, and Arthur à Court were the ringleaders. But lately Phil Challen had dropped off. He had become engaged to a girl in London, and, being honestly in love with her, it gave him a distaste for his old mode of life. For the last six months he had been regular in his attendance at the parish church, and when a coffee-tavern and workman's club was started he came forward and volunteered to go on the committee. He was a good hand at conjuring, and got up one or two little entertainments for the benefit of the club which were very successful. He had been an exceedingly rackety man, past the age even when youths are supposed "to sow their wild oats," and he was over thirty when he began to draw in rein a little. Many people professed to be much amused, and talked of "Satan rebuking sin," when he interested himself in this temperance work. There had been no sudden conversion, no excess of religious fer-

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vor in the matter; it simply arose from the man wanting to be different somehow. As the coffee-tavern was entirely a Protestant scheme, Father Kirton could not give it any personal assistance; but he knew a great deal of Challen's past life and that it was good for him to be interested in a work of that sort, so he determined to help him if he could.

Meeting him one day in the street, he brought up the subject of sleight-of-hand.

"I used to be rather good at that kind of thing," he said, and, taking a shilling from his pocket, he went through a few tricks of palming. They were simple enough, but were done with a neatness and dexterity that showed he was no novice. He asked Challen to go round to his house that night, as he could show him a few tricks not generally known. Phil went, and found the priest to be, as he afterwards said, "the best amateur conjurer he had ever seen." From that time a sort of friendship sprang up between these two men, so unlike in all their ideas, ways, and ambitions.

One day towards the end of November Challen, who had been away for some weeks, met Father Kirton just outside the gunsmith's.

"I'm glad to see you back, Challen," he said; "I have been rather bothered lately about one thing and another. I wish you would come and see me this evening."

"Well, to-night I have promised to play billiards with some fellows at the club; but to-morrow I can come, if that will suit you."

"Well, then, I shall expect you about eight."

"I say, Challen," said Walter Dendy an hour or two later, as they were all in the billiard-room, "have you seen Father Kirton since you came back?"

"Yes; once. Why do you ask?"

"Oh! I only wanted to know if he had told you about his ghost."

"What ghost?"

"Why, his own private one, that comes and knocks at his door at night."

"What *do* you mean, Dendy?"

"I say, Challen," put in another man, "we know he's rather a chum of yours, but you'll have to drop him, old chappie—you will, indeed. We can't stand this humbugging nonsense."

Richard à Court, elder brother to Arthur, commonly known

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as Dick the Doctor, and a man universally liked and esteemed, now spoke:

"I don't quite know what to make of it. I like Kirton very much, the little I know of him; certainly, I never thought he was the kind of man to go in for 'humbugging,' as Sadler says."

"I've always found him very straightforward," said Challen. "But what is it all about?"

"Oh! there are the most ridiculous stories going round about his house being haunted. But here comes Conyers; he'll tell you."

Fred Conyers and his brother James owned a brewery, a rambling, old-fashioned place, whose out-buildings ran up to the bit of ground surrounding Father Kirton's house. Mrs. Conyers, the mother, was an old lady of a rather awe-inspiring type. Her husband had meekly submitted to her rule for forty years before he laid him down for his last sleep. She had brought up a large family well and successfully, and every one told her her sons did her credit. Her house was the pink of perfection; her maids were the envy and admiration of every one. She had a comfortable income, which she lived well within, so as to lay by a portion yearly. She had two pews in the parish church. She was president of the Blanket Club, and on the committee of the soup-kitchen, the Maternity Society, and the Dorcas meetings. She knew everybody's business, their private means, and how long their accounts ran at the butcher's and the baker's. She was the bluest of Tories, and only dealt with tradespeople whose politics were of the right shade, and considered it wrong to support Radicals, Dissenters, or Catholics.

"Conyers, come here; we want you to tell Challen about the ghost."

"Oh! my version of the story isn't half so interesting as several that are going about town. Why, I heard this afternoon that Kirton had invoked the devil, and was now unable to get rid of him, and that it was his satanic majesty that was the cause of the disturbances. 'And,' added my informant (it was Porter, our big drayman), 'you know, sir, I always thought there was more in that conjuring business than meets the eye; if a man can hocus-pocus eggs and live rabbits out of a innocent child's hair, like I see Father Kirton do, why he can do more, says I.'"

"You'd better look out, Challen; *you'll* be accused of the black art next."

"I heard," said Walter Dendy, "a better story still, about a

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poor little boy who used to live with Kirton before he came here, and who mysteriously disappeared one night—"

"Yes; he was a secret but earnest convert to Protestantism whom Kirton found reading the Bible—"

"And promptly hit him over the head with it—"

"No; he buried him under his parlor floor, having previously roasted him at a slow fire. This interesting youth has haunted him ever since."

"Why, my story is flat and tame compared to these, Challen. There is an assorted number, you see; take your choice."

"No; look here, Conyers, I really want to know what is it all about?"

"Well, let me see. You know my *mater?*"

"Slightly."

"She isn't what you would call a *liberal-minded* person, is she?"

"Not exactly."

"No. I am afraid, instead of holding her tongue on the subject, she has spread this story abroad a good deal, though it was not all her doing. About three weeks ago, as she was sitting in the dining-room one night, she heard unwonted conversation in the kitchen. Suspecting 'followers,' she went to see. Instead, however, of cook's young man, she found Mrs. Coates, Father Kirton's housekeeper. The poor woman was trembling and crying, and seemed altogether upset; and she kept on saying that she couldn't bear it any longer. Under ordinary circumstances the mater would probably have ordered her out of the house; as it was, she thought she was about to hear some interesting revelations. So she had the woman into the dining-room, and gave her a glass of wine. When she was a little soothed and quieted, she told the mater that there were the most extraordinary sounds in the house—knockings and tappings on the walls and floors. Father Kirton was away, and she was alone in the house. At first she thought it was rats, and, taking the dog with her, she went all over the house. But 'Johnnie,' instead of barking and scratching, stood still and shook all over. She says she then heard a knocking at the front door, but, on going to it, no one was there. At last she lost all command of herself and rushed out of the house and into our kitchen, we being her nearest neighbors."

"Well, what was the end of the story?"

"She stayed at our house till Father Kirton came home. I

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walked across with her, for she was not in a fit state to go alone."

"What did Father Kirton say?"

"Why, he laughed at the ghostly part; but I think he was annoyed about the matter."

"I don't wonder. It will give rise to a hundred stupid stories; indeed, it has done so already."

"I met him the other day and asked him how the ghost was getting on. He looked rather angry, and, I thought, eyed me in a suspicious kind of way, as though he thought I knew something about it."

"What did he say?"

"Merely that he intended to have the matter investigated."

"He thinks, then, that there is something behind it? I am going to his house to-morrow; perhaps he will tell me more about it."

"Yes, very likely he will be more communicative with you than he is with us. I believe he has talked a little to Arthur à Court, but he seems to look on the rest of us as mere frivolous young men of the world."

"What do you say about it, Arthur?"

"I say it's a beastly shame from beginning to end. The man is a good man enough, and never did any one any harm. I wish I could find the cads who are annoying him."

The following night Challen went to the priest's house. He found Father Kirton looking graver than usual, and there was a set expression about his mouth. The front and only door opened into a little hall, which was merely a bit of the sitting-room boarded off; the latter was a long, narrow apartment, and was dining-room, drawing-room, and study all in one. A big screen, covered with scraps and pictures, bits from *Punch*, and cuttings from newspapers, was drawn round the hearth, on which some wood was burning.

"I'm obliged to keep a big fire," said Father Kirton, "this place is so full of draughts. And now, Challen, as you have been back forty-eight hours, I suppose you have heard something of this supposed ghost-story of my housekeeper's?"

"Yes, I've heard two or three versions, all more or less incongruous, and I want you to give me the true one. Is it loose boards, or wind, or rats, or all three?"

"I don't think it is any one of them. I have examined the house pretty closely, and though, of course, there are all the

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three things that you mention in the house, they are not the cause of the noises."

"Perhaps they have their source in Mrs. Coates' heated imagination?"

"Hardly. I don't think you would accuse me of having a 'heated imagination,' and I have heard the noises as distinctly as she has."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes; for the past three weeks my house has been disturbed by these knockings and ringings."

"Ringings! This is the first I've heard of *them*."

"You thought the sounds were of one description only? I can tell you there is a charming variety about them."

"What do you really think they proceed from?"

"I can't tell, unless it is some one who has a spite against me and is taking these means to show it. Perhaps it is some one who wants to drive me out of the place; or it may be only a so-called 'practical joke.'"

"By Jove! if we can catch the perpetrators. I say we, for I want to stand by you in this, if you will let me."

"That is good of you, Challen. When I told you yesterday I was glad to see you I honestly meant it. You are the only man in the town, I believe, who really looks on me as a friend. Of course in my congregation I have some good fellows; but—well, you know what I mean, don't you? It is sometimes a little bit lonely here. There is no one I have quite cared to talk to about this matter. I said a little to Arthur à Court, but he didn't seem to understand my position. He treats the thing as a joke, but it is not a joke to me. If it is only mischief, and I get hold of the ringleaders, I shall make a lot of enemies in the town; if I acknowledge it beyond my comprehension I shall be accused of cowardly superstition—people are so apt to misinterpret everything a priest does."

Challen was rather surprised to hear Father Kirton speak so seriously on the subject.

"Don't you think," he said, "you are making too much of this affair altogether?"

"Possibly; it is for that reason I want you—hush! listen!"

At that moment the door opened and the housekeeper came in. "O sir!" she said, "they've begun again."

The two men had risen and were standing, each in a listening attitude. Mrs. Coates was on the threshold, the open door in her hand.

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Two short, sharp blows sounded distinctly through the house, followed by a perfect shower of little raps, as though some one were striking a piece of hard timber with a hammer; then followed silence.

"Those came from up-stairs," said Challen.

Father Kirton was bending over the fire lighting a candle. "Come," said he.

Challen followed him up-stairs.

There were two small rooms, which they went into first. One was perfectly bare; the other was the priest's bed-room. It was not a hard matter to examine the furniture there, consisting, as it did, of an iron bedstead, a washstand, a chest of drawers, and a chair. Challen, who had a stick in his hand, probed and prodded at the wainscoting and floor. They then went to Mrs. Coates' room, but were equally unsuccessful. There was a fourth room, a long attic, filled with boxes and old lumber.

"This is the place!" cried Phil, as, certain of finding some trace of rats, he dived wildly behind an old chest.

Just then the bell down-stairs rang violently. They ran to the door, which, as I have said, was the only entrance. There was no one there, and they stood gazing out into the cold, clear night, when once more it echoed through the house in short, jerky strokes. It continued to ring for some minutes, and at intervals the knockings came, varied by bumps and bangs seemingly against the panels of the door. They tried to make the dog bark, but he simply raised his head from the hearth, listened, and then composed himself to sleep again.

For the first few nights, Father Kirton said, the animal had been terribly frightened, but now he treated it as a matter of course. "I am glad you have heard them, Challen; people will believe you. They have no reason for doubting me, only I am a priest, and so they naturally think I am telling lies."

"Do you hear them every night?"

"No; sometimes for two or three evenings in succession, then there will be a calm. Sometimes they begin in the middle of the night."

When the two parted it was with the understanding that Father Kirton was to send for Challen the next time the noises began, and that he might bring any one with him he chose.

The summons came to Phil a night or two after as he was smoking over the *Times* at the club. He and Arthur à Court went down. and they listened to the queer sounds until past midnight.

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One night Father Kirton, Phil, and the two à Courts stationed themselves at different points of the house. They balanced a tiny bit of paper on the bell-handle, and Challen stood immediately under the bell itself. Father Kirton watched on the stairs, and Arthur à Court stood behind the door, ready to bounce out on any one who might approach. Soon it began; peal after peal re-echoed through the passages, but no one came near the door. The bit of paper was unmoved, and Challen declared that the wire never vibrated in the least. After several experiments of a like nature the police were instructed to watch the house; but their efforts were fruitless. At last Father Kirton began to regard the affair as part of his daily, or rather nightly, round. After all, the raps and bumps did not hurt him in any way. He was not going to be driven from his house by a few uncanny noises. He had heard of people being rung and knocked out of their homes by cleverly-managed contrivances prompted by private malice; so the bumpings and bangings sank into the position of rather disagreeable adjuncts to a house otherwise well suited to his requirements.

About the same time that "Father Kirton's ghost" formed a topic of interest for the people of Wiggonhurst there was another matter which agitated their minds. It was the remodelling of the grammar-school, or, as it was sometimes called, "Honeywood's Charity."

There were several large houses in and around the town standing empty; the owners found it impossible to get tenants. Men came from London, looked at them, shook their heads, and went away, saying that, though the houses were in themselves desirable, no one with a family could take them, as they would be obliged to send their boys away to be educated. A few years ago people had been content to live there and send their boys to a private school in the town; but the school had deteriorated, as private schools will. Besides, times have changed, boys get on better at public schools, and so now private tuition is nowhere. Thus it was that Wiggonhurst, with all the elements of a fine town, remained the dull little place it was fifty years ago. Then some one spoke of "Honeywood's Charity." Could nothing be made of that? Behind the parish church, between the glebe fields and the river, lay the quaintest, oldest bit of the town. It was called, for some inexplicable reason, "Normandy," and was composed of ten or a dozen half-timber cottages, a square of ground surrounded on three sides by prim little almshouses, and the grammar-school. The latter had been founded about 1400

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by Richard Honeywood; the former nearly two centuries later by Dame Agatha Hurst, to shelter twelve old men and as many women, born in the parish and communicants of the "Reformed Church."

To people familiar with the endowed educational institutions of England the phrase "grammar-school" calls up visions of Dulwich, Richmond, Bedford, and a host of other towns and villages where one finds a splendid school, with two or three hundred boys, a fine school-house, a clever, cultivated head-master, and a staff of university men. But the Wiggonhurst school was not of this description. It was a low, shabby house, with a master (*one* only) of an inferior type, a few struggling pupils, sons of the smaller tradesmen, who paid £4 a year for their education, and were not as well taught as the children of their poorer neighbors who went to the board or church schools. No one remembered the time when it had been any different, no one seemed to think it could be any different: six scholars, by election, got their teaching for nothing, hence the name "Honeywood's Charity." Then the subject came up in connection with the unlet houses; several of the leading men took it up, meetings were held, and it began to be whispered that there was a good deal of property belonging to the old grammar-school which had been allowed to slip into other hands.

To one of these meetings Father Kirton went one night. The vicar was in the chair. Mr. West, from the Park, was there, the two à Courts, Conyers and his brother, several other men of position, and all the leading tradesmen. In fact, all through this matter the latter class had been prominently to the front; for some reason they had got it firmly into their heads that their rights were going to be infringed. The school had, within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," been given up entirely to them, the committee had always been chosen from amongst them, and they had appointed the master. Now the gentry were going to wrest all this from them.

There was Ross, the linen-draper—he was a church-warden, and would, of course, back the vicar; so would Driver, the butcher, and a few others. But there was a strong party on the opposite side, led by Allman, who kept a large grocer's shop and called himself "a provision merchant"; he was a pompous, overbearing man, who professed to be a "Free-thinker," but, like many who call themselves so, he was in reality most illiberal.

The vicar, in opening the meeting, explained its *raison d'être* as briefly as possible.

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"We want," he said, "to see if something cannot be done for this dear old town of ours; we want a good school in our midst, and if we can succeed in raising one on the old foundation we already possess people will come to live here, money will circulate more freely, and we shall all share in the prosperity."

He said a good deal more to the same end, and then up rose the great Mr. Allman.

"What the vicar has just said I wish most strongly to oppose, and I call upon you all, brother tradesmen, to uphold me. Some of his remarks may be true. We should, perhaps, see a large and prosperous school grow out of the old one, but it would do us no good. The policy of the church has always been acquisitive; if the vicar and his party carry the day, do you know what the result will be? Instead of the little, unpretending place where our sons get a good, plain education, we shall see a great building presided over by a parson and filled with the sons of the clergy to the exclusion of our boys. It will be a hot-bed of Toryism and High-Church teaching. From Ritualism to Rome, as you know, is but one step: that step will be taken by many, and we shall live to see our sons and daughters practising the degrading superstitions of Catholicism. If it is true that there is money belonging to the school that has accumulated and not been claimed—well, the town wants repaving and relighting; let it pay for that, but leave the school alone."

An appeal to Protestant enthusiasm is always more or less successful, and he sat down amid a storm of applause, although he had said nothing to the point. Many speeches followed his, some exceedingly bitter—for party feeling ran high—and the meeting was a stormy one. It was arranged that it should break up at ten, and when it yet wanted a quarter to that hour young Clarkson, the jeweller, rose. He was a thin man, with a pale, eager face; people called him a fanatic, and perhaps he was one. He was a Dissenter—that is, he attended the services of a small sect of mild, harmless people who called themselves "Bible Christians." He was very enthusiastic on the temperance question; his button-hole was adorned with a bit of blue ribbon, and any one wishing to sign the pledge had but to walk into his shop, where it lay always on his desk ready for fresh converts. I believe he was a sincere, upright man, who did a deal of good in his own peculiar way. He was used to preaching and speaking at meetings, and he began at once with his subject.

"It seems to me," he said, "that there has been a great deal

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of cry and very little wool about this matter. You, Mr. Chairman, or you, Mr. Allman, didn't found this school. And we didn't all join together and say we would have it, and have it just so. It was Richard Honeywood did it; and if any one has a right to a voice in the matter, it is Honeywood himself. If he said he was going to have a church-school, a church-school it has got to be. If he said it was to be of no particular religion, well, there must be no particular religion. To rob a dead man, who can't speak for himself, seems to me the meanest form of thieving. We should all of us try to fulfil a dying friend's last wishes, and we are bound to fulfil this man's last wishes. If we take his money and go against his directions we can't expect a blessing on the work. A man was a man just as much in the fifteenth century as in the nineteenth; and because a few years lie between him and us, that's no reason why justice should not be done him. That he loved our town as dearly as any one of us here does is evident by his actions. Who left the cloth which gives coats and cloaks to our old people every winter but this same Honeywood? It was not a hard matter to arrange for a certain number of warm garments to be given to the old folks, but he wanted to do something for the young ones as well. He wanted to have them trained and taught to grow up good men and women and honest citizens, as he doubtless was himself. Who knows how much he thought and dreamed over that scheme? how with his own poor brain he tried to make it perfect—tried to arrange it so that it should go on always, doing good to generation after generation? We don't know how he pinched and denied himself to leave the land and money for that school; for he was no rich lord who gave a bit off the corner of his estate and never missed it. He was, the county history says, a burgess of the town of Wiggonhurst, which means, I take it, he was a shopkeeper of some kind. Perhaps he lay awake at night thinking and worrying over his plans; and he laid them all as carefully as he could, and he trusted to the honesty of those that were to come after him to carry them out. Do you think he was a fool? Do you think he didn't know as well as we do that property increases in value as time goes on? Perhaps he had bright visions of some far-distant day when his little school would have grown into a magnificent college where every branch of knowledge could be studied by the boys of his dear native town. And how do you think he likes it now, if from his place in heaven he can look down and see what his work has come to? He wanted it to do good, be sure, or he wouldn't have

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started it; and how much good has it done? Perhaps some in the remote past, but it has fallen away from its purpose and been misused and neglected. Who amongst us can remember one bright lad or one good citizen who has been turned out by that grammar-school, as it has been managed for the last hundred years? What we have got to do is this: find out what Richard Honeywood wanted, and follow his wishes as nearly as we can. He is the man who has got to be consulted, and no one else."

Father Kirton thought a great deal of young Clarkson's speech. There was a pathos in the idea of that poor soul helpless to prevent its riches being misappropriated which struck him forcibly. He went to the club library the following morning to search the county history for a record of Honeywood. He found Arthur à Court deep in the volume.

"You've come to look up Honeywood, I suppose," he said. "There have been so many here already that the book opens naturally at that place."

The entry merely stated that moneys and land had been left for the maintenance of a school-house and master, to provide free education for twelve boys of Wiggonhurst, and for as many more as could be accommodated, on the payment of a small fee. In return the children were to say certain prayers before beginning school for the repose of Honeywood's soul, and a Mass was to be offered weekly for the same object. "Of course," the book said, "as there has been no Catholic church in Wiggonhurst since the Reformation, the latter conditions have been abandoned." The book was published about 1837, before the mission was started.

All day the priest was thinking of poor Honeywood. The charity, as it stood now, was such a miserable, worthless thing no man would care to be the founder of it. "He was a Catholic," he thought, "and if Allman and his party gain the day it will be turned into a free-thinking establishment, a school for scoffing and unbelief, or the money that he left for the spread of knowledge will be spent in paving-stones!"

That night the knockings on his floor and door were louder and more persistent than ever. As he listened to them an idea shot through his brain.

"Suppose it is some poor soul trying to make known a wish—something that they have earnestly desired in life." Then, by a quick transition of thought: "If I could help Honeywood! Perhaps I am the only man who can help him. I will."

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The next morning the Mass was "for the intention of Richard Honeywood, of this parish, deceased." And every week on Thursdays the Mass was said for him and a decade of the Rosary after Benediction. And—the knockings stopped! From the first time the Holy Sacrifice was offered they were heard no more.

A copy of the will of Richard Honeywood was found. Besides the few acres on which the school-house stood, and from which only the revenues for its support had been drawn, there was some valuable land in the centre of the town. By some curious muddle the rents of the houses standing on this land had never been claimed by the school committee, and the lay rector and the lord of the manor had quietly pocketed them for years.

There was a great fuss and a great disturbance, but the right prevailed at last. A fine school was built, and there was no lack of scholars. The tradesmen found that their sons were as well taught there as the sons of their customers.

There is a splendid building now standing in place of the tumble-down affair of by-gone days; and there is a chapel attached, with a statue in it of Richard Honeywood, and every morning the boys repeat an "Our Father" and a "Miserere" "in accordance with the wish of the pious founder."

The vicar and the committee got a great deal of praise for their laudable exertions; but I think the men who helped most were young Clarkson and, through him, Father Kirton.

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EUSTOCHIUM, OR SAINT JEROME'S LETTER.

Saint Jerome, after his earlier sojourn in the desert of Chalcis and the Holy Land, made abode at Rome, where before long many enemies waged war against him by reason of the vehement zeal with which he denounced abuses. Notwithstanding, Pope Damasus loved and honored him, and made him the spiritual director of certain noble Roman ladies, such as Marcella, who had changed her palace into a convent, Paula, a young widow, her daughters Eustochium and Blesilla, and others who ennobled yet more the greatest families of ancient Rome, from which they were descended, by their heroic exercise of the highest Christian virtues. The Saint had written to Eustochium, then a young girl, his celebrated letter concerning Christian perfection. In return the girl sent to him three presents.

A MAN so great to one so slight, so small!
Mother! this letter 'twixt my hands high held—
I dreamed of it all night; I dreamed a star
Shone ever on the scroll—this precious letter
Is full of wisdom as the spring of flowers;
Full as your eyes are full of beams and tears
At times, upon me gazing; as your lips
Are full of sweetness closing upon mine.
How gently bends this seer to teach a child!
I grow to something better. Once I wept
When from the Catacombs they fetched triumphant
Some new-found vial red with Martyr's blood:
This day I fain would share such death! What wonder?
Ere speech was mine you vowed for me a vow
That never sin should stain that chrisom-robe
Which pledged your babe to Christ. Maidens each night
Wear garb as white!—you see how glitters mine
Touched by the rising sun. The vow you made
Each morning I renew. That anchoret grave
Was bound by sterner rule.
His hair is gray;
His forehead seamed and weather-worn; his hand
Rough as that desert's tawniest tract; and yet
How tenderly it writes! "She sold her gems,
And gave the poor their price. Her festal robes
She changed for cloak of penitential brown:
One narrow cell to her was paradise:
At night she glided to the Martyrs' tombs;
There knelt in prayer till morning. In that mien
Severity was blithesome, blithesomeness

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A thing severe. Where else save in that face
Was sweetness e'er so sad, so beauteous grief?
Its paleness meant detachment from this world,
Converse with heaven. Her speech was soft as silence;
Her silence sweet as music." Thus he ends:
"Let her not see this letter: praise disturbs her!
Show it to Pagans."
Sternly he writes of these:
"Shun thou those Pagan maids who, serpent-like,
Shoot out from creviced chinks of rock a crest
That shines but to betray; and shun not less
Those worldlings that usurp the Christian name,
Yet, Pagans still at heart, stretch fearless forth
A full-fed, gem-lit, sacrilegious hand
Even to the sacred chalice! Shun those widows
Shrill-voiced because some Consul of their kin
Rode up triumphant to the Capitol,
Dragged by the snow-white steeds. Predestinate race!
That golden-gated Capitol is void!
Trembles the seven-hilled city! Suppliant throngs
Rush on by vacant temples of the gods,
Rush to the Martyrs' graves."
Forgive me, mother!
Back blew the casement, and rose-scented airs
Ruffled the pages. Thus once more he writes:
"Forget thy kinsfolk and thy father's house,
And live in Christ reborn! The bridal Rite
Is venerable, holy the marriage bed;
But high above the level of things good
Things better rise—things best. In olden time
Command went forth, 'Behold, a man shall leave
Father and mother, cleaving to his wife';
But lo! a lordlier challenge greets us now:
'Soul by God's Hand created unto God,
For His sake count as dross all lesser things,
So shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty.'
Unworthy art thou? Such unworthiness
Is worth with God. He, choosing from all lands,
Elects the Ethiopian, bids her sing,
'Dark am I, dark yet fair.'"
Mother, methinks
I scarce had liked that praise of convent life
Save that he speaks with reverence too of marriage:

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The life of nuns must be a kind of marriage,
Marriage to One unseen.
He writes once more:
"In the old time blest was he whose field was rich,
Whose flocks were large; the poor are blest this day:
Blessed of old who laughed; to-day who weep:
Blessed of old the man whom all men praised;
Blessed this day who walks despised by all:
Blessed of old the man who stood secure
Palm-like beside still waters; blessed now
The Runner in God's race. In ancient time
Blessed that Hebrew maiden changed to wife;
Her babe might prove the Christ. Now Christ is come.
In sorrow Eve brought forth: Mary in joy:
Virginity brought forth not death but life,
The Lord of Life, and won thenceforth for Woman
The restful hymeneals of the skies.
Our loves are loftier than of old, our wars
Sublimer; not with flesh and blood we strive,
But princes of the darkness of this world:
God calls thee, not to heights, but to the highest:
Preserve God's sanctuary. The Ark of old
Held in it these, the tables of the Law;
Held these and naught besides."
Mother, my Mother!
How dear to this high Teacher she had been,
That girl, the glory of Rome's earlier day,
Virginia! Ofttimes I have seen her face
Clearly as now yon apple-tree dew-bright!
O chaste as all the Vestals, with what joy
She met her father's knife! Unstained, untouched,
She reached the mansions of the holy Dead
That flocked to her as doves to haunts well known.
Christians methinks there lived that knew not Christ,
Baptized in death by Powers unseen! Our Master
Writes sternly: "Touch not thou a Pagan book:
Stand not anear it, lest a demon leap
From the closed page, and light upon thy heart:
For their sake penance nigh to death was mine."
Mother, where sweetness is must needs be goodness:
All other Pagan legends may be false;
That tale I know is true.
Our Master spurned
Not Pagan books alone; he left, he fled

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The lands they boast. "Hail, holy Waste," he writes,
"Bare, yet enamelled with the flowers of Christ!
Hail, Solitude immeasurable! to thee
We fly, not shunning aught, but seeking all:
Thy Face we seek, thou conqueror who o'ercam'st
The Tempter in the desert! Worldly toys
Here rise not 'twixt our spirits, Lord, and thee:
We see thee tread thy loved Judean fields
Helping the sick, the blind; and hear thy voice,
These words, 'Her sins, though many, are forgiven,'
Or those of kindred tone, 'Lazarus, arise!'
Far off we ken the City of thy Saints
And gates of sunset gold." Yet through that waste
Portents there roamed which shook that kingly soul,
Temptations we can guess not, spared, no doubt,
To ill-resisting weakness. Burning sands
Drank up those flaming suns, and sent their glow
On through his body and soul. Whole days, whole nights
He beat his breast at some cold cavern's mouth,
Fled thence to deserts lonelier. Lion and pard,
Or demon-foes imaged in dreadful shapes,
I trembled here too much to understand,
Passed him fire-eyed. Benigner visions soon
Healed his tired being with assuaging light,
Memories, it may be, of yon Alban hills
Or choirs dance-woven of Rome's young, fair maids;
And when that storm had left him angels sang,
"We follow where thou goest."
Mother beloved!
I should not read you more. You kept, last night,
Long vigil: leaning now 'gainst yonder stone
A wearied head, your eyes now flash, now close;
And sometimes ere the smile has left your lips
A momentary sleep sits on your lids.
Hear but one passage more: "Humility
Learn from humiliations; these are sent
To spare us degradation ours through pride:
Be humble thou; yet boast not humbleness:
Be ignorant rather than of knowledge vain.
Then when the trial finds thee, as a seal
Let Christ be on thy heart and on thine arm;
Walk on; fear naught: pure foot shall tread secure
Adder and serpent's crest." Again he writes:
"What! Wouldst thou tread the lilies only? Nay,

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But paths empurpled by the Feet divine,
And daily ways of death."
I think—I doubt not—
Our stern, rough Teacher had a sister once!
He knows that praise, though undeserved, alas!
Helps girls to merit praise. Later he adds:
"Give thyself wholly to the Lord of all:
Wholly for thee He died. What wife would couch
On silks while bleeding lies her warrior lord
On snows far distant? Shun the festal haunts:
The Spouse of Souls is near thee: seek Him not
In crowded ways. The watchers of the night
Will meet thee there, and rend from thee thy veil:
Pray thou within: He stands without and knocks:
Then when thou hear'st 'My sister and my spouse,'
Fling wide thy door, or soon thy song shall be,
'I opened: He had passed! Yea, lightning-like
He passeth; and His footsteps are not known.'"
Thus he concludes: "The Mother of thy God
Be still thy pattern; in thy heart of hearts
Thus shall her Babe be born. She, she alone,
The Inviolate One, was fruitful in herself,
Parent—sole parent—of Incarnate God,
In this an image of the Eternal Sire
Parent, sole Parent of the Eternal Son.
The stem is she from Jesse; He the flower
That, burgeoning from that stem, satiates with sweet
Both heaven and earth. The soul that loves her well
Should be God's night-bird, singing all night long
With bleeding beak the Passion of her Son.
What are the voices of the earth beside?
Wouldst hear His Voice? Be wise in sacred lore:
Read well God's Book, to noble hearts how dear!
It is God's Eden: yea, He walks therein
In the coolness of the day. What find we there?
The record of the Making of all worlds;
The record of Deliverance for His own;
The record of the giving of His Law
On Sinai amid thunders: after these
Soarings of regal or of priestly psalm,
Next, warnings of sad seers from Carmel's steeps,
Or moanings of that far, prophetic sea
Wide as man's heart, that, heaved by breath divine,

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Yearns round the bases of the Mount of God
With groans unutterable. Later came
That second Tome—the Four Evangelists:
There lives, fire-breathing like the stars of God,
There lives that vision of the Creatures Four
Seen by Ezechiel! Full of wings and eyes,
Man-faced, yet lion-faced and eagle-faced,
Forward they move, yoked to a fiery car;
Forward they move where'er the Spirit wills;
Yea, for the self-same Spirit is in those wheels:
Throned in that car, above God's hills for ever
On sweeps the Son of Man."
O mother mine!
I read, unweeting how the moments passed,
And louder read as yonder garden choir
That first but piped, each bird a note, then slept,
Rewakening shook the blossoming boughs, as though
God loved no praise but theirs! The ascended sun
Shoots o'er the pavement now a longer beam,
A warmth how grateful; for the unsandalled foot
Chills soon upon these marbles. Hark a sound!
Swift feet in street and courtway. Why, O why
Hate men our Master? Fierce in fights they call him:
Methinks there might be wars with mildness blent;
They say that turtles fight, and yet, one dead,
Its little mate, heart-stricken, dies of grief.
What know I? Mother, you have heard his letter:
Needs must I write my thanks upon my knees.
And yet not thus: my tears might blot the page;
And "keep," he said, "in youth thy tears for God:
Drop them in age for man—less dangerous then."
I must write gaily, lest my scroll prove irksome:
I must write briefly, for he ends, "Few words!
Mine hours with tasks are laden."
Hark that chime
Rolled from St. Peter's! 'Tis Saint Peter's Day!
Listen! Again that rush of countless feet!
All Rome makes speed to greet her great Apostle!
Hasten we, too: my letter first: 'tis writ!
Irené, take these tablets to my Master:
These lines—there are but three—may win his smile:
Likewise these presents three; the *Armill* first,
War-bracelets clasping none but conquering arms:

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Doubtless some warrior of our house, long dead,
Won them by merit. Heavier blows by far
This athlete of God's church hath dealt her foes,
Too fiercely dealt them, Roman priests aver;
But then they fear his haughty strength, and looks
Still heated from the desert. Give him next
These two young doves, so loving and so mild;
And, last, this basket heaped with early cherries.
The hour he sat here first I gave him such!
Three years have passed since then. Smiling he spake:
"The gift is meet: cherries, like little maids,
Are fresh and pure; a blushful gleam without;
Hard heart within." I think he will remember!

HARBORING DAY-SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.*

To France is due the honor of having devised the *salles d'asile* and the *crèches*, of having brought them very near to perfection, and of having established the former, not only as important charitable institutions, but as an integral part of the national educational system. The *salles d'asile* are day-nurseries for the harboring and care, during certain hours of the day, of children of both sexes between the ages of two and six years. The *crèches* are in like manner for the use of children under two years, including nurslings. In both cases the children are brought during stated hours in the morning and taken home in the evening after work-hours. The mothers of nurslings come to nurse them twice at appointed times during the day. Parents belonging to the laboring classes, to whom the care of their young children is some hindrance to their earning a livelihood, and particularly widows or widowers burdened with families, find in the facilities thus afforded great assistance and relief.

The first humble beginnings of the *asiles* date back to the last century. In 1770 Oberlin, the charitable pastor of the small commune of Ban-de-la-Roche, in the department of the Vosges, founded in five communes day-schools for very young children. They were called *écoles à tricotter* (knitting-schools), because the

* The facts and information contained in this article have been derived from a work entitled *Manuel des Salles d'Asile*, par J. D. M. Cochin, fondateur de la première salle d'asile modèle à Paris. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française et autorisé par le Conseil de l'Instruction Publique. 5me édition . . . approuvée par Mgr. le Cardinal Archevêque de Paris, President du Comité Central de Patronage des Salles d'Asile. Paris, 1857.

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children who attended were taught, besides prayer and singing, manual labor suited to their intelligence and strength. They were overlooked and taught by pious women called *conductrices*, of whom Sara Bauzet was the first to undertake the duties of this work, and another, very well known as Louise Scheppler, continued in it for fifty-five years.

In 1801 Mme. la Marquise de Pastoret, a kind-hearted and very worthy lady, was much moved by the sight of two poor children, one of whom had been killed and the other deformed for life in consequence of having been left with no one to take care of them while their mothers were away at work. She resolved to devise some way to look after and protect poor children destitute in this respect, and shortly afterwards she hired a room in the Rue Miromesnil, equipping it with twelve cradles and other needed furniture, and placing a Sister of Charity in charge of the undertaking. The mothers of the children admitted there brought them in the morning, came twice a day to nurse them, and took them home in the evening. Mme. Pastoret's work was in fact rather a *crèche* than a *salle d'asile*. But it met with no successful development; Mme. de Pastoret reared, with the kindness and charity of a mother, all the little girls she had taken into her day-nursery, but this *salle d'hospitalité*, as it was called, had to be given up, and was afterwards turned into an ordinary day-school.

Mr. Owen, a well-known manufacturer of New Lanark, in the north of Scotland, was more successful in the attempts which he made in 1817. He gathered together one hundred and fifty poor children, from two to seven years old, and placed them under the care of James Buchanan, a mere weaver, but a man gifted by God with a love for children and a genius for educating them. Under the encouragement of Lord Brougham and a few other illustrious friends of humanity Buchanan devised a regular method for the "infants' school," which he was the first to successfully establish.

Public opinion in Paris as well as in London had been attentive to the work in which Buchanan was engaged and to its results. In 1826 a committee of ladies, led by Mme. de Pastoret and presided over by the venerable Abbé Desgenettes, was formed for the purpose of founding in Paris schools for very young children. About eighty children between the ages of two and six were assembled in rooms on the premises of the Hospice des Ménages (a home for worthy aged married couples); the needed expenses of installation were provided for by an appropriation of three

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thousand francs from the Conseil Général des Hospices and by private subscriptions. The establishment was placed in charge of the Sisters of la Providence, of Portieux (Vosges).

This undertaking also resulted in a failure. It seems that although two English manuals had been translated for the purpose, the proper method to follow had not been thoroughly understood. It became necessary to study the subject anew. But the devoted ladies engaged in the work were neither wearied nor discouraged by their lack of success, and at this point they had the good fortune to be directed to M. Jean Denys Marie Cochin, an eminent lawyer, who, unaware of what these ladies had been trying to do, had begun a like work himself. M. Cochin, who was born on the 14th of July, 1789, belonged to an old Parisian family of high standing, the members of which have always been distinguished for their devotedness to civic duties and to their religious convictions, and for industry, charity, noble sentiments, and venerable traditions always acted up to in honorable lives. One ancestor, Charles Cochin, as far back as 1560, under the reign of Francis II., was a member of the municipal government of the city of Paris. Another, Claude Denys Cochin, attained during a long life several eminent municipal dignities, not the least of which was to be head man of the forty bearers of the shrine of Ste. Geneviève on public solemnities. This honor was accorded only to men belonging to Parisian families of spotless reputation. Jacques Denys Cochin, *curé* of the parish of St. Jacques-du-Haut-Pas, who died in 1784, founded with his own moneys a hospital which bears his name at the present day. Henry Cochin was the pride of the French bar during the reign of Louis XV.

J. D. M. Cochin, having been educated during the French Revolution and the troublous times which followed, had to make up by an energetic will, great industry and application, for the many educational facilities of which he was deprived. At first he took up the study of medicine, with a view in that career to be useful to his fellow-men and to satisfy his religious and charitable feelings. But, the fortune of his family having been entirely sunk by the *assignats*, or fiat-money, issued during the Revolution, he found it expedient to give up the study of medicine, after having spent two years at it, and take up that of the law, in which he displayed so much ability and industry that, after having graduated with great honors, in 1815, when only twenty-five years old, he had become a barrister in successful practice at the Cour de Cassation and the Conseil d'État, and had charge of the business of the most important institutions of the city of Paris. In 1825 he

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succeeded to his father, Baron Cochin, in the mayoralty of the twelfth *arrondissement*, and devoted himself to his public duties with great ability, fidelity, and intelligent zeal, following in this respect the brilliant example set him by his father. In 1826 he had planned the establishment of a complete free primary school for the use of the Faubourg St. Marceau, and he had conceived the idea of annexing to it an entirely new institution for educating children between the ages of two and six years, and which was to be the first *salle d'asile*. In order to test his theory by personal experience he hired two rooms in the Rue des Gobelins, got together there a number of small children, whom he took pains to direct himself, and he devised with great sagacity a method adapted to the capacities of his pupils, which he imparted to his teachers.

While engaged in this charitable work he met with a great misfortune which prostrated his soul and his energies, and put an end to all incentives in his professional career. His wife died at the age of twenty-seven years, leaving two sons, of whom the elder was only five years old. It seemed then as if all the taste and energy which God left him was for charitable works; he could take interest in no other. He gave up his successful practice and brilliant prospects in the Cour de Cassation, but not his charitable project of founding the *salles d'asile*. Their origin and scope are accurately, clearly, and perfectly defined in the following sentence taken from the *Manuel des Salles d'Asile*, No. 7:

"C'est pour supplier aux soins, aux impressions, aux enseignements que chaque enfant devrait recevoir de la présence, de l'exemple et des paroles de sa mère, qu'il a para nécessaire d'ouvrir des salles d'hospitalité et d'éducation en faveur du premier âge." *

So that the primary idea of the *salles d'asile* was that charity should try to fill a mother's place and to pattern its efforts upon maternal care.

Christianity has taught mankind the importance of the training and education of childhood and of early youth, to be accomplished through the family and be, in it, specially the mother's work. One of the means which God has provided for the preservation of virtue and truth in this world is the love which mothers have for their children. Do we not place on our altars the image of a Mother and Child? Can our hearts conceive of anything more sacred than the one or more lovable than the other?

But in France, as elsewhere, there are many obstacles in the

* It is in order to supply the care, impressions, and teachings that every child should receive from the presence, example, and words of its mother that it has been deemed necessary to open rooms for the hospitable care and education of early childhood.

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way of realizing this much-desired ideal. Besides unfortunate orphans, how many children are there, not alone in manufacturing towns but also in the country, who from the exigencies of toil have to be separated from their mothers? And how many mothers are there who lack the moderate amount of virtue and knowledge needed to properly discharge their duty to their children?

M. Cochin, having thus been led in 1827 to unite his efforts with those of the charitable ladies of whom mention has been made, introduced to them Mme. Millet, a person of great activity and perseverance, who was sent to England to study in its particulars the work which they proposed to copy and improve upon. M. Cochin also went there himself.

While there he made himself complete master of the entire organization of the infants' schools, and Mme. Millet learnt all the details of their management. On their return to Paris she, guided by M. Cochin's counsels and with the assistance of the ladies' committee, undertook the direction of a *salle d'asile* in the Rue des Martyrs, which turned out a perfect success. About this time M. Cochin founded a free school large enough to suitably provide for one thousand pupils of both sexes, and to which, by royal decree of March 22, 1831, the name of Maison Cochin was given. He annexed to it the first model *salle d'asile*, which has served as such ever since and never been surpassed.

From that time the work grew and multiplied. The ladies' committee, with the assistance of the Conseil des Hospices, of the government, and of public charity, opened three more *salles*. Through the influence of M. Cochin and other men of note the Conseil des Hospices was induced to adopt the *asiles* as part of its own work, thereby procuring their legal recognition as institutions of public utility. Under this protection twenty-four more were founded in the course of eleven years. The king's sister, Mme. Adelaide, took them under her patronage. At the outset they had been viewed rather as charitable than educational establishments, but the Minister of Public Instruction, in providing by a general law of the 28th of June, 1833, for everything appertaining to the instruction of the laboring classes, was led to view the *asiles* as belonging to it, and they were legally ranked by him as schools for children. About this time M. Cochin, at the instigation of M. Guizot, published his valuable book entitled *A Manual for Founders and Superintendents of Salles d'Asile*, which was crowned by the French Academy as a work of great merit. It treats exhaustively of the advantages to be derived

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from these institutions, the course to follow in founding them, gives the then existing legal enactments in their regard and the most minute directions about their management, and, in fine, all needed information about them; all this accompanied with explanatory diagrams and plates. In 1835 M. Cochin was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and remained an active, influential, and laborious member of it up to the time of his death. Shortly after his first election the queen said one day to him: "Vous, deputé, Monsieur Cochin! La politique n'est pas le pays des bonnes actions," * which shows what was the public estimation of his personal worth. But he managed to discharge well and disinterestedly his political duties without neglecting the cause of good works and of charity. He said once to a friend: "My life will never be long enough to realize all the good my heart wants to do." While he lived he was, of the public men of his time, one of the most prominent for his activity, his intelligence, and his valuable, painstaking efforts in behalf of the public good and of the cause of charity. He died on the 18th of August, 1841, after a rapid and violent illness, aged fifty-two years, and having received all the assistance and consolations of the Catholic faith, according to the teachings of which he had all his life endeavored to live. In his will he expressed the following wish:

"I desire that my funeral be attended by the teachers and scholars of the Maison Cochin, and, if possible, by deputations from the other schools of Paris, as my heart all my life has been, and will be up to my last moments, animated with a constant devotion to the bettering of the instruction of the people in France, and especially in Paris, the birth-place of my fathers and the home of my children."

This desire was gratefully carried out. His funeral was followed in procession by the one thousand pupils of the Maison Cochin, by deputations from all the schools, by the poor inmates of Bicêtre, by the blind inmates of Quinze-Vingts, by the twelve mayors of Paris, by the members of the Conseil Général, and a great number of deputies and distinguished men. While the funeral passed through the district of St. Jacques all the stores were closed, and the funeral orations pronounced in behalf of the Chamber of Deputies and other bodies to which the deceased had belonged were wound up by eloquent and sympathetic words delivered by a young workman who stepped out of the crowd and whom no one seemed to know.

How good a son and father M. Cochin was may be inferred

* "What, you a deputy, Monsieur Cochin! The arena of politics is not a field for good works."

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from these two facts: that his aged mother, in desiring to be remembered to him, would invariably say: "Présentez mes respects à mon fils"*; and he once declined an invitation from the king in these words: "Sire, je ne puis accepter pour aujourdhui; c'est le jour de mes enfans." †

During his life-time he had estimated that twenty-eight *asiles* would suffice for the wants of the city of Paris; in 1857 there were over forty in operation and there was a demand for many more; there were three thousand distributed throughout France, and the number must have gone on greatly increasing since, for I am informed that even quite small towns are at present well provided with them. They have been established in Switzerland, in Italy, in Spain, and in Germany, where the institution is known under the name of *Kinder bewahr anstalt.*

Let us now get some insight from M. Cochin's book into the purpose, plan, and management of the *salles d'asile*, considered by Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Tours, as destined to prove of the greatest service in our day to families and to society.

Their purpose is to harbor in well-ventilated and suitable rooms children of both sexes, from two to seven years of age, and thereby relieve their parents of the care of them during the hours which are usually devoted to earning a livelihood; to attend to their moral and physical development; to teach them, besides first religious teachings, such beginning of elementary knowledge as children of that tender age can be made safely to acquire, and to train them to habits of cleanliness, order, silence, attention, politeness, and good manners, and return them to their homes after having taken good care of them all day. The superintendents are women exclusively, not under the age of twenty-four, who each have a female servant to do the drudgery, and an assistant if there are more than eighty children to be taken care of. The children may come in any time from 6 to 10 A.M., during which interval the superintendent satisfies herself that they are healthy, free from any contagious disease, that their hands and faces are clean, their hair cut and combed, and their general appearance as tidy as it can reasonably be expected to be; also that they have brought proper and sufficient food for their lunch in a basket for the purpose. Any dereliction in these regards is made the subject of complaint to parents, who must see to remedying it and that it does not occur again.

* "Present my respects to my son."

† "Sire, I cannot accept for to-day, because it is devoted to my children."

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The first class is from 10 A.M. to noon. Recess for recreation and lunch from noon to 2 P.M. The second class is from 2 to 4 P.M., after which hour the pupils are to be taken home as soon as their parents can call for them, and good, comfortable care is taken of them while they are waiting. The day's exercises are opened at ten by all saying the Lord's Prayer, which is followed by a short instruction on our dependence on God and the gratitude due him for his benefits. These thoughts are also embodied in songs which the children are taught to sing together. The lessons in morality are short oral ones taken from the Old and New Testament, tending to inspire the children with a love for God, a sense of the duty they owe to their parents and their superiors, and to train them to be gentle, polite, and kind to one another. Due regard is had in this matter to the religious rights of the denominations recognized by the French law, and in particular of the Jews. But there is ground to fear that under the *régime* of the Republic the teaching, in so far as religion is concerned, may have been greatly abridged from what it was in 1857, and in that respect have much deteriorated. The teaching is confined to the alphabet, small and capital letters, vowels and consonants, the several accents, syllables of two or three letters, and words of two syllables; to copying letters on a slate, numeration up to one hundred, the Arabic numerals, addition and subtraction taught with balls strung and sliding on wires in a frame, the multiplication-table learnt orally by song, and a little insight into weights and measures, shown by object-teaching. Linear drawing is taught by forming on the board and on slates the most simple geometrical figures and a few outline designs. The children use no books whatever. The general knowledge taught —orally, of course—relates to the division of time, the seasons, colors, the senses, the shape, material, and use of objects with which children are familiar, and other elementary notions about which it is not necessary to give further particulars, but which are adapted to help in forming the mind of childhood. The manual occupations consist in sewing, knitting, unravelling, and like occupations suited to the locality. The first principles of vocal music are taught; the calisthenic exercises consist of marches, evolutions, and hygienic movements executed by all the pupils together, in time and by word of command, in the school and recreation rooms. The school-room is thoroughly equipped with black-boards, slates, and such school furniture as is needed; at times the pupils sit on benches on the sides, at others on seats

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raised over one another at the end of the room. There is also a camp-bed for the use of young ones who become drowsy or do not feel well.

The above regulations were in force in 1857, when all the *asiles* were under the patronage of the then Empress of France, and the supervision of them was exercised by the first ladies of the land. So deeply had they grown into public favor that they had become the object of the most careful and minute legislation and of the most thorough study of their wants, as is shown by the number of books published treating of them.*

How far the public schools in New York, as at present organized, bring partially, or at all, relief and assistance to the laboring poor like to that afforded by the *asiles* in Paris, I have no means of determining. I have been reliably informed that children at the age of five years are admitted into them, and even below it in those schools which have kindergartens attached to them. But how many are there that are thus provided, and are they situated in districts where the poor are most numerous? The *asiles* carry out the French idea of *salles d'hospitalité et d'éducation préparatoire*,† and the purpose of harboring is the first in order and considered as the greater of the two.

At present, in this city, widows or widowers who, on the ground of destitution or otherwise, allege their inability to give their children a home and to take suitable care of them, can apply to a court to have them committed to an approved charitable institution, the applicants, if their circumstances justify it, being made by order of the court to assume the obligation of contributing a weekly sum towards the cost of supporting their children so committed.

But this method of relief is open to very grave objections. The first and greatest is that it tends, by relieving the parent from all personal care of the child, to deaden natural affection, to weaken the sense of parental responsibility, to destroy the growth of home ties, and indirectly to promote socialism. It facilitates in many cases second marriages which are neither prudent nor just. And it not unfrequently happens that the payment of the weekly obligatory contributions are wholly evaded and the burden of the support of the children left to be borne by the city.

* Among which may be cited the following: *La Médecin des Salles d'Asile*, par le Dr. L. Cerise, Paris, 1857; *Guide des Salles d'Asile*, par C. Jubé de la Perrelle, Paris, 1853; *Conseils sur la Direction des Salles d'Asile*, par Mme. Marie Pape-Carpantier; *Enseignement pratique dans les Salles d'Asile*, by the same authoress; *L'Ami de l'Enfance Journal des Salles d'Asile.*

† Rooms for harboring and for preparatory education.

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Moreover, children in charitable institutions are exposed from their agglomeration to certain diseases, greatest of which is ophthalmia. There can be no doubt that if harboring day-schools were established in New York, as the *asiles* have been in Paris, the willing industrious poor would derive great benefit and assistance from them.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

IN one of his terse poetical works Boileau, the celebrated French satirist of the seventeenth century, gives vent to the following sentiment:

"Le temps, qui change tout, change aussi nos humeurs"

—that is to say: "Time, which alters everything, alters also the turn of our minds." This is undoubtedly true, but would it not be equally appropriate to say the same thing of these powerful modifiers of the human temper—luck, honors, and prosperity?

Ask the former friends and associates of a freshly-made Metropolitan roundsman if the blue galloon suddenly stitched on his arms by Dame Fortune does not considerably alter his manners, his very gait on what was once his own beat, his daily intercourse with his ex-comrades, and his views of old about clandestine calls upon the corner-saloon's much-abused hospitalities.

Ask the fierce demagogue of a few years ago, who all of a sudden passed into the hitherto "odious ranks of the millionaires," what he now thinks of the once "sacred sweat of the people," and observe how he will smile. Speak to him of the undeniable right of the masses to rise in their might—as he thunderingly used to preach it—to smother hated monopoly as they would the suffocating fumes of an ill-burning petroleum-lamp, and see how he will jump in his wrath and swear that all the national and State guns should be pointed at once against such despicable vermin, a mere gang of insatiable villains and contemners of the holy rights of property and genius.

Ask the most radical of politicians, whom luck or talent has carried up to the Himalayas of power, why he has so wonderfully turned out a conservative of the most approved pattern. To such a question the once unmanageable Gambetta answered to his formerly "admirable Bellevillois"—who so many times

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had made him a deputy and helped him to become a prime minister—that "they were nothing but noose-deserving rogues and unmitigated wretches, whom it was his solemn duty now to chase with mitrailleuses down to their abominable dens." Enthrone to-day in the palace of the Élysée the nun-and-priest-eater Rochefort, and to-morrow the whole world shall hear him telling his beads.

I read in a late number of the Paris *Figaro* that the delegates of ninety-eight groups of French Socialists, having met to consider what should be done in case the Monarchists should, one day or another, attempt a *coup-d'état*, came, as one man, to this interesting conclusion: "In any event let us beware of Clémenceau [their leader and bosom friend of to-day], *for*, should he crush down the reaction, he would take no gloves to then tell us our own, and to order the army to fire upon us, after having used our influence to reach the dictature." How pre-eminently human!

Well, it is exactly the same thing in the realm of art and literature. And it seems to me that I hear to-day another celebrated satirist, the Falernian-wine-loving Horatius of old Rome, whispering to M. Coppée:

> ". . . Mutato nomine, de te
> Fabula narratur."

Let us see why.

Twenty years ago, when Victor Hugo was wearing on his then resplendent brow the double diadem of an exile and a poet, François Coppée was comparatively an obscure young man struggling against that peculiar Bohemian poverty so cleverly sung by Murger. But great were already the changes wrought out in the literary tastes and aspirations of the French masses under the imperial government, which, while it favored extreme licentiousness of thought among its devoted courtiers, waged an unrelenting, unmerciful war with all writers who did not bow to the ground before the second-hand Jupiter then worshipped in the Tuileries.

It was plain to all candid observers that the palmy days of Romanticism—Hugo's still decent and somewhat refined progeny—were already a thing of the past. Naturalism was looming up on the French horizon, and Coppée, who felt himself a poet and a man of business, resolved to become the high-priest of the new idol. The only means to force poetry on a materialized people,

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impatient of all yoke, was, indeed, to obey the watchword of modern iconoclasts and to upset everything in the poetical kingdom; and that he did with a will, breaking up from the start with all the rules and traditions set up by the immortal founders of French poetry.

Malherbe, Corneille, Boileau, Racine had formulated and scrupulously followed a code of poetics. Guided by that secret instinct which perceives, as if by inspiration, what is proper and what is not, they had adopted a learned, elegant, impressive, though very simple mould, in which, judging by the admiration of the enlightened world, French poetry had to be cast for ever. That almost sacred mould, already much deteriorated by the literary school of 1830, Coppée broke up at once into pieces. The once revered hemistich, the father of millions of melodious verses which, even read *sotto voce*, sing a delicious song to the entranced ear, was pronounced a nuisance and sentenced to an ignominious banishment. Farewell to that poetry of old, much clearer and far more eloquent than the most limpid and lofty prose, which flowed as a majestic river between the safe and flowery banks of a wise, beneficent prosody! Farewell also to thousands of illustrious heroes, to the delicate or sublime sentiments which were in such plenty in the works of the old masters; farewell to all ideal, to the marvellous, soothing, God-inspired conceptions of Faith, Hope, and Charity! Poetry, whose essence it is to dwell on heavenly heights or soar far above the miseries of the vale of tears, was forced to cringe and crouch among the horrors or vulgarities of daily life. Coppée and his followers deliberately cut off its seraph's wings. And, to have it more thoroughly maimed, verses became lame and dislocated, now too short and now too long, and were made to rush one upon the other as the panic-stricken soldiers of a routed army. And not only were the subjects democratized, as it were, but also the metaphors and vocabulary, and the uncrowned Queen of Parnassus was heard speaking the unrhythmical brogue of the Parisian of the decadence.

Great indeed was the exultation of the masses at seeing such a radical transformation of what had been called so long the language of the gods. Coppée became at once as famous as Hugo himself, simply by choosing horrible or decidedly coarse subjects and treating them with an uncontested talent and vigor, but without the slightest regard for poetical laws, morals, religion, or even pagan philosophy.

Every well-read citizen of the literary world has heard of his celebrated *Grève des Forgerons*. Would a poet of the old school

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have shrunk from such a subject? By no means. There is nothing in the most dramatic situations which could have frightened Shakspere or Corneille. But while they strove to strongly impress the minds of their readers, these truly great men took a fatherly, Christian care not to overstep certain limits beyond which there is nothing but horror and despair. And this is precisely what the school of Coppée is, like its master, industriously looking for.

Everything in the *Grève des Forgerons* combines to make that frightful lucubration a most deplorable production. It is the distressing story of a gray-bearded blacksmith who, having no notion of God or future life, bends and breaks under the weight of misfortune, kills an enemy of his, and coolly declares that "he couldn't help it"! A pagan poet would at least have found in his conscience strength enough to condemn that murder; a Christian poet would have shown supernatural consolation gently softening the gnawing misery of the unfortunate blacksmith. But Coppée has not a word to blame the crime, not a syllable to soothe the ulcerated heart. Not the faintest ray of hope falls from Heaven on those lugubrious, suicide-inviting pictures!

Still more horrible is the *Bénédiction*, which soon followed, and was considered in its time as a masterpiece of realistic conception and naturalistic execution. There a Spanish priest is shot at the very altar as he is blessing his foes; and the piece must be stamped as a most sacrilegious one in aim and expression. The *Justicier* is still more shocking, and was, nevertheless, received with outbursts of fanatical enthusiasm by the unthinking part of the French population, which revels in the hideous and scoffs at the idea that there may be something in store for us beyond the grave.

Later on François Coppée, tired, we may suppose, of brushing such weird and unwholesome pictures, ran into the opposite chasm and devoted his best talent to the composition of strange verses on so small and vulgar subjects that we are at a loss to understand how there can be found readers for such unpalatable nonsense. *Exempli gratia*, I beg to submit the following to the appreciation of those of my readers who understand the tongue of Racine and Lamartine:

". . . Dans la rue,
Les deux petites sont en deuil:
Et la plus grande—c'est la mère—
A conduit l'autre jusqu'au seuil
Qui mène à l'école primaire.

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"Elle inspecte dans le panier
Les tartines de confiture,
Et jette un coup d'œil au dernier
Devoir du cahier d'écriture.

"Puis, comme c'est un matin froid,
Où l'eau gêle dans la rigole,
Et comme il faut que l'enfant soit
En état d'entrer à l'école,

"Ecartant le vieux châle noir
Dont la petite s'emmitouffle,
L'aînée, alors, tire un mouchoir,
Lui prend le nez et lui dit: 'Souffle!'"

Thirty years ago the French people would have thought it to be a very poor use of poetry to write sixteen verses about blowing the nose of a school-urchin. To-day thousands of them sink into such transports of rapture when reading such indecorous trash that M. Coppée, sure at last of his grasp on popular favor, boldly sought, in spite of his relative youth, for a seat in the French Academy.

Since the creation, in 1635, of this scholarly society by Cardinal Richelieu, it has been the supreme aim of literary men of mark to become one of the "Immortal Forty"—an appellation, by the way, most inappropriate and delusive. The writer of these few pages still remembers what a burst of laughter rose from merry France in 1865 when Monseigneur Dupanloup, then Bishop of Orleans, and himself an Academician, sprucely chided the Freemasons for their very name, on the evident ground that they are neither free nor masons. Had the darkness-loving knights of the trowel and mystic triangle been cooler and more ready of wit, they could have very pertinently retorted that the so-called "Immortals" die every year like flies in dreary winter, and, therefore, are never—or hardly ever—"forty" at a time. Nor is their self-assumed immortality even of the metaphoric order, for living Academicians themselves do not know, nor care to know, the names of any but their immediate predecessors.

But in the kingdom of sentiment words have always been and will continue to be more powerful than facts. So, when, in 1884, Coppée knocked at the Immortals' door, morose critics were not wanting who thought, and openly said, that so high a distinction should not be prematurely bestowed upon a man whom they considered as an irreconcilable rebel and miscreant. But such was not the opinion of French Academicians. They knew their Coppée by heart. His verses were, indeed, prosaic and his sub-

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jects vulgar, but he was by no means a vulgar or a prosaic man. When he wished to, he knew how to write harmoniously and on respectable things. But his public wanted him to speak the language of the sidewalk, and he simply obeyed his public. Moreover, that same public was, or affected to be, of an irreligious turn of mind, and on this point also M. Coppée yielded to his master. Not that he was himself an immoral or impious man, but in his actual camp it was the fashion to appear to be so, and in his *Angelus*—a work far from being devoid of exquisite feeling—he had thought proper to grossly attack and misrepresent the heavenly conception of religious celibacy, and to scoff at what he knew his peculiar range of readers would be delighted to hear him call

> ". . . Les niaises pratiques
> Et les dévotions d'autel,
> Et le chant de fades cantiques,
> Et la lecture du missel."

In a word, it had been with him, as our vernacular goes, a mere question of dollars and cents.

It may seem that such a Janus-like character was not worthy of the highest reward at the hands of a cardinal's literary heirs; but they knew that more flies are caught with honey than with vinegar. The highly respectable floor of the Academy would surely be the Damascus road on which that Saul of naturalism would be knocked down by the entwined hands of reason and common sense. And the sooner the better. In his admirable act, *Le Passant*, Coppée had given the true keynote of his genius. He had shown of what delicate and distinguished material he was made as a poet, and his weekly "Revue Dramatique" in so highly conservative a paper as *La Patrie* proved that in him the man of taste and the man of means would soon combine to throw into oblivion the exuberant youth of less comfortable, and consequently more outspoken and temerous, years. Once his nest securely fastened under the venerable cupola of the Mazarine Institute, the light-headed sparrow was sure to turn as grave as the American eagle.

And the doors of the French Academy were swung wide open before François Coppée.

Hardly had he taken his seat among the demi-gods but he blushed at the plebeian dress of his muse, and began to clothe her as befitted her new station in life. What would his Parisian

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admirers say when she would first appear in public in her new garb, which was nothing but a decent and old-fashioned attire? Well, he really did not care now. The worst they could do would be to hiss her; but in France, as Boileau prettily says,

"C'est un droit qu'à la porte on achète en entrant."

Imagine what was his surprise when he saw her, in *Severo Torelli*, a magnificent and high-sounding drama, welcomed by the so-called ignorant masses with an enthusiasm which knew no bounds, and sent through the veins of the poet one of those sharp, thrilling sensations of pride which are never forgotten in a man's life. Surely his public had been changed! But no; on the 25th of November, 1885, Coppée renewed at the Odéon, the rival of the Théâtre Français, the experiment of his new sentiments and prosody, and lo! the same frenzy of admiration and applause shook the old hall from the boxes and pit to the remotest altitudes of the *paradis* (top gallery). The new play, however —*Les Jacobites*—was crowded with ample, generous, truly classical strokes that Corneille himself seemed to have sent from his grave. Numerous and pathetic were the appeals made to the noblest, nay, to the most religious, feelings of the human heart; still, verse after verse, as they rolled in the purest Alexandrine style, provoked the wildest recognition from Academicians and merchants, from workingmen and artists alike. Could it really be true that the same crowd who had applauded his most sacrilegious productions were now rapt in ecstasy at the mere mention of God and the greatness and immortality of the soul? Why, the least allusion to Christian virtues, to the glory attached to the fulfilment of duty, to the consolation derived from faith in an eternal reward, called forth from the "family circle" the same thundering acclamations as from the costly seats of the rich! Coppée could not believe his own ears, and tears, it is said, rolled slowly down his face.

We hope these were tears of deep regret at having so long misunderstood the true mission of true poetry. A severe lesson it was, indeed, to the poet who, for so many years, had forgotten that masses are what we men of thought and culture take the trouble to make them; that the most outwardly uncultured people thirst as much, and perhaps more, than we do after whatever is grand and ennobling, so that, whenever the occasion is offered them, they hail noble thoughts and fine sentiments as they would long-absent friends suddenly brought back home, and wonder why they had so forgotten their once cherished and familiar faces.

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My intention is not to give here a long synopsis of *Les Jacobites.* Suffice it to say that the drama is a powerful one and deals with one of the thousand fascinating incidents which signalized the supreme but futile effort made by Charles Edward —familiarly known as "Bonnie Prince Charlie," or the "Young Pretender"—the last of the Stuarts, to regain in 1745–46, with the help of a handful of gallant French noblemen, the throne of Great Britain lost by his ancestors.

The first act especially abounds in magnificent verses, cast in the old mould and worthy of the pen of the most classical masters of the seventeenth century. The conversion of Coppée is decidedly complete.

On the rising of the curtain men and women are seen discussing excitedly the recent landing of Prince Charles near the Fingal clan, which old Lord Fingal has just vainly tried to rouse against England, "whose scarlet soldiers have been so often seen in Scotland's fields as so many wild red-poppies eating up the peasants' wheat."

In vain also did the young patriot Duncan appeal to Scottish energy by reminding Lord Fingal's vassals that they were the descendants of those proud, blue-capped hunters who, days and nights, were on the mountains, the haughty neighbors of eagles, living on raw deer salted with a little powder. To kindle again the slumbering patriotism of the brawny mountaineers there was needed the rude and Biblical eloquence of Angus, an old blind man, whose manly form and character are seen all through the drama as the striking impersonation of wisdom and devotion to God and his country.

All of a sudden he appears among the broken-hearted Scotchmen, with his long beard and tattered clothes, and accompanied by a chaste and beautiful maiden—his granddaughter—upon whose shoulder lies his left hand :

"Stand back!" he exclaims to the awe-struck debaters—"stand back and make room for death!
All—"For death?
Angus—"Yes; to work, grave-digger! . . . Poor old Scotland, I come to bury thy flag!
Old Enoch—"What do you mean, venerable beggar?
Angus—"Hush! . . . "

And giving vent to his patriotic indignation, the old man, who is revered by all as a kind of prophet and has sacrificed his four sons in the service of dear Scotland, bursts into these sublime

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verses, which are worth more for Coppée's glory than all his preceding works put together:

"Mon Dieu! que c'était beau,
L'Ecosse d'autrefois, pauvre, fière et fidèle!
Le grand aigle qui la traversait d'un coup d'aile
Sentait qu'un air plus libre emplissait ses poumons;
Et l'azur de nos lacs, la neige de nos monts,
Et l'écume d'argent que le torrent charrie,
Et l'herbe fraîche, et les fleurs d'or de la prairie,
Et le soleil levant, rose dans le brouillard,
Etaient moins purs qu'un cœur de pauvre montagnard!
Là, palpitait, auprès des vertus domestiques,
L'amour de nos vieux chefs et de nos lois antiques;
Le vent de la montagne y faisait circuler
Un sang pour le pays toujours prêt à couler;
Là résidait, ainsi qu'en une tour murée,
Le respect du serment et de la foi jurée.
Quand on l'avait promis, sur un clignement d'yeux
On aiguisait l'épée au tombeau des aïeux
Et l'on courait chercher la mort qui glorifie;
Et, n'ayant qu'un dédain superbe pour sa vie,
Le montagnard bien plus aisément la donnait
Que l'aile de faisan piquée à son bonnet.
Mais cette Ecosse-là, l'Ecosse de vos pères,
Elle n'existe plus, ô gens des Hautes-Terres!
Il est mort, l'étendard autrefois triomphant,
Que pleurent seuls ici l'aveugle et son enfant!
Sa tombe n'est pas prête, a-t-on dit? Je m'en charge:
Je la ferai profonde, et je la ferai large;
Car il convient aussi de jeter au fossé
Toute la gloire et tous les malheurs du passé.
Disparais, reliquaire aimé de la patrie!
Lourdes clefs des prisons de la reine Marie,
Hache qui la frappas, à la tombe, au fumier!
Spectre pâle et sanglant du roi Charles premier,
Donne-nous, pour la fosse et pour la pourriture,
Les instruments sacrés de ta longue torture,
Le drap de l'échafaud sur lequel tu marchas,
Et ton gant, essuyant sur ton front les crachats!
Faites un trou profond, profond, pour qu'on y jette
Les armes du vaincu, la lyre du poète,
Tous nos espoirs chéris, tous nos grands souvenirs,
Les pleurs des exilés et le sang des martyrs!
Puis, lorsque tout aura disparu sous l'argile,
Piétinez bien le sol pour qu'il soit infertile
Et que, derniers témoins venant vous accuser,
Les chardons écossais n'y puissent plus pousser!"

"O Lord, how beautiful was the poor, proud, and faithful Scotland of

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old! The large eagle, who, with one stroke of his wings, spanned her mountains, felt his lungs swollen with the air of freedom. Then a mountaineer's heart was purer than the azure of her lakes, the snow of her mounts, the silvery foam carried along by her torrents, her verdant grass, the golden flowers of her meadows, nay, than the sun itself rising as a rose amidst the morning fog. There, jointly with domestic virtues, blossomed the love for our old chiefs and our old laws. The wind of her mountains darted through the Scotchmen's veins a blood always ready to be shed for their country. There, as in an immured tower, dwelled the worship of sworn faith. The oath of allegiance once taken, a wink was enough to send towards a glorious death thousands of your fathers armed with swords previously sharpened on the stones of their ancestors' graves; and, in their superb disdain for life, more readily would they have given up their own than the pheasant's wing which adorned their cap. But that Scotland, the Scotland of your fathers, is dead, O men of the Highlands! Dead is the once triumphant flag, wept over by a solitary blind man and his daughter! The grave is not ready, say you? I will dig it myself, and a large and deep one it shall be, for in it it is proper to bury all the glories and all the misfortunes of the past. To the grave, to the dunghole, all the beloved relics of our fatherland, the heavy keys of Queen Mary's dungeon, and the axe which struck her lovely neck! Pale and blood-sweating ghost of Charles I., hand me the hallowed instruments of thy long torture, the cloth of the scaffold which was trod upon by thy royal feet, and that glove of thine which swept off thy forehead the spits of thy foes! Let all this go to the pit of corruption! And deep, deep it must be, for in it also must be thrown together the arms of the vanquished, the lyre of the poets, all our caressed hopes, all our great remembrances, the tears of our exiles, and the blood of our martyrs! And when all this shall have disappeared from your eyes there will remain for you, Scotchmen, to so trample the ground under your feet that Scotch thistles be not able to grow, the last witnesses, as it were, springing forth as your accusers!"

This, indeed, is poetry, and French poetry of the highest order and perfection. And when Prince Charles appears on the scene, and, being told by Lord Fingal that to Angus' eloquence he owes a new army of brave Scotchmen, asks the old bard what he wishes for his reward, Angus puts forth this noble answer:

"Nothing! . . . except that you be a good king. Yes, you owe me these bands of heroes who now crowd around you. My hand sowed the swords; it is for you now to reap the harvest, prince. But when this is done, remember the sons of those who are going to die. When on the throne be kind to poor people; be good and just for all, O young man, to whom a nation gives itself to-day. And when the crown is placed on your head and the sceptre in your hand, simply remember that you hold them by a beggar's free alms!"

The French Academy was right and happy in its foresight. The prodigal son is back, and, let us hope, for ever!

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PIA DE' TOLOMMEI.

IT has frequently been remarked that one of the most obvious proofs of Dante's genius is the manner in which, with a few verses, he has conferred immortality on so many of his characters. Of such creations Francesca di Rimini and Ugolino are favorite examples. They are known to those who know nothing more of Dante, and have furnished subjects for more than one writer and artist. Among foreigners the story of Pia cannot claim to be so well known, but in itself it is as pathetic as the fate of Francesca and Paolo, and in Italy is almost as familiar as that of Romeo and Juliet. The lines in Dante devoted to Pia are very few—less than those which tell the story of the lovers of Rimini—but from them has grown, one might almost say, a literature which shows the hold her legend has gained upon the imagination of the Italian people. The interest attaching to Pia is purely personal: she is not a distinct type of anything, except in so far as all Dantean characters are typical, and does not represent any passion or virtue; nor is she, like Francesca, an example of love unlawful. It is as one of the inmates of Purgatory who has undergone wrong, or at least suffering, and whose death has been in some way unnatural, that she bids the Florentine on his return to earth remember her, a Sienese. The poet meets her in the second circle of the Purgatorio, and her address to him makes an impressive ending to the fifth canto:

"Deh quando tu sarai tornato al mondo,
E riposato della lunga via,"
Seguitò il terzo spirito al secondo,
"Ricorditi di me che son la Pia.
Siena mi fe'; disfecemi Maremma;
Salsi colui che, inanellata pria,
Disposato m'avea con la sua gemma."

"Ah! when thou once again to earth shalt come,
And from thy weary way refreshed shalt be,"
So spake the third, soon as the last had done,
"Remember Pia and her sad words to thee:
Siena made, Maremma me unmade.
Well does he know who on my hand, then free,
Did place the ring that once another gave."

In these verses Dante tells very briefly the story of "la Pia,"

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on which fuller details may be gleaned from certain ancient sources. She was of the Tolommei family of Siena, and after the death of her first husband married Nello, or Paganello de' Panocchieschi, Lord of Castello della Pietra. Some time after their marriage Nello suspected her fidelity, and as a punishment resolved to send her to a castle in the Maremma: there she died, either of the poisonous air or by violence, and he himself married a second time. A very old note on a MS. of Dante in the Chigi Library explains, as we know, that "la Pia was a noble lady of the Tolommei of Siena and wife of Nello di Pietra," etc.

"While she was standing at the window in the summer," the note continues, "her husband sent a servant, who seized her by the knees and threw her down headlong, because of the suspicion which he had of her, and from this arose great hatred between those two houses."

Tommasi, an old historian of Siena quoted by Girolamo Gigli, says, under the date of 1296:

"This year fresh food for grave comment was furnished by the audacity of Nello della Pietra, who, without more ado, having killed his wife, Pia de' Tolommei, proposed to wed the Countess Margherita de' Palatini, now for the second time left a widow; but failing in his high hopes, and giving himself over to despair, tried to assail her reputation."

This would be a more dramatic ending to the story, and more in accordance with poetical justice; but there is no doubt that the husband of the ill-treated Pia did succeed in marrying the Countess Margherita, "so rich and so fair," for one of the old commentators on Dante found in a church at Masse the tomb of a son of Nello di Pietra and the Lady Margherita de' Palatini.

This is the substance of what is known of Nello and "la Pia," although her fate in the time of Dante was very possibly a *cause célèbre;* for it is as reasonable to suppose that his brief allusion refers to a well-known event that did not require to be further dwelt upon, as to assume, as has been done, that even in the poet's generation the true fate and the real guilt or innocence of Pia were involved in obscurity, and that he was therefore compelled to limit himself to a more general intimation of her supposed end. Be this as it may, it is in the fate of Pia that the picturesqueness of the legend consists—the innocent wife who, by the order of her deluded or cruel husband, goes down from the heights of Siena, with its clear mountain breezes, to die in the malaria of the Maremma. There is a gloomy fascination attached to the Maremma itself, that long, low line of sea-coast be-

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tween Rome and Cecina. On the score of scenery it has little to commend it, and for tourists who are hurried along in the railway it is the least picturesque of the various routes leading to Rome. The interest lies in the mournful contrast between what it has been and what it is. It may be due to the action of the south-west winds from Africa, which the neighboring mountains throw back on the coast, or the chemical matter contained in the soil, or the poisonous "chara" plant that grows in salt and fresh water, or to the irregular invasion of the sea, or to all these causes combined. What is certain is that this tract of country, which centuries ago was covered with flourishing cities and thickly populated, is now a feverish plain, intersected with stagnant lakes and pestilential marshes—a monstrosity in nature which is heightened by the beauty of the surrounding provinces. For several months every year the worst districts are deserted by the peasantry, and when, at the risk of their lives, they gather in the grain under the June sun, Death also reaps his harvest. The mountaineers, presuming on their strength, which has been developed in a more vigorous air, are often tempted to descend into the plains at this season; but the higher wages are often dearly won. They receive better pay, while many of them return home with the malarial fever in their system.

Nature seems to frown upon any attempt at cultivation, and the very produce of the soil is, as it were, tainted; the fruit, though fine enough in appearance, lacks flavor, and the bread, made with unwholesome water, is heavy and almost unleavened. In Dante's time the coast had become so unhealthy in some parts that the Sienese, who had begun a port at Telamone, and perhaps dreamed of rivalling Pisa and Genoa, were obliged to abandon the attempt to become a naval power, thus incurring the contemptuous remark applied to them by Dante ("was ever race so light as Siena's?")

It was to some castle in this doomed country that Pia Tolommei was taken by her husband to die. Tradition has rejected the story of her violent end, and has rather pictured her wasting away amid the hot, poisonous air that rose day after day from the surrounding swamps. Outside of Italy the mournful beauty of the story has attracted attention in at least two instances. A modern English poet in his eloquent poem on Siena has glanced at the legend of Pia and identified her captivity in the "Red Maremma" with the long death-sleep of her native land. "Ricorditi di me!" becomes in his hands not the cry merely of the lady of Siena nor of her own city, but of all Italy. A modern

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French painter has also represented Pia during her captivity. She is standing on the top of the castle tower, leaning over the parapet, while around are burning the fires kindled by the peasantry to counteract the evening miasma. But it is more especially in Italy, among her own countrymen, as is fitting, that the memory of Pia has been kept alive, both by representations on the stage and by popular songs. Early in this century Carlo Marenco, a contemporary of Manzoni, wrote a regular tragedy on the subject, which still maintains its popularity. It is frequently given at the people's theatre or circus, while society listens at the Polikama or open-air opera-house to "Montjoie l'Egoista, capolavoro di Ottavo Feuillet," or the last new piece of Offenbach. Though perhaps not the best specimen of Marenco's tragedies, it has the merits and defects of most of his work. Strongly influenced by Alfieri and afterwards by Manzoni, he did not attain the force and conciseness of the one nor the unconscious grace of the other, but was able to treat, happily enough, subjects where he could depend for effect on the complication of material events and on the picturesqueness and contrast which writers of the Romantic school found in mediævalism.

He has created his plot by conveniently introducing the perfidious friend, half-dependant, half-adviser, who wins the blind confidence of the husband, and who, on failing to corrupt the wife, fabricates a story of her unfaithfulness which at once finds credence. Nello, or Rinaldo, as Marenco calls him, the podestà of the city, about to join the chivalry of Siena to take part in the battle of Monte-Aperto, summons the seneschals of his seven castles of the Maremma, and tells them that during his absence he has appointed his faithful Ugo to act as his lieutenant and administrator: "To this great pattern of fidelity, truest of all my true friends, be your obedience paid as to my other self." No sooner has he gone than Ugo declares his passion to Pia, and, on being repulsed, threatens that he will be revenged. He meets Rinaldo, who returns to Siena dejected and sick at heart after the defeat at Monte-Aperto, and fills his mind with suspicions against his wife. These are confirmed by the spectacle of a midnight interview between Pia and an accomplice of Ugo's, who represents himself to Pia in the dim light as her brother, long an exile from Siena, and whom Rinaldo, as is intended, supposes to be her lover. With his mind poisoned against her he refuses to give or receive any explanation, but sternly bids her prepare to follow him to the Maremma. When they reach the castle he has selected Rinaldo upbraids Pia with her deception, tears off her

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wedding-ring, and announces that while she lives the castle is to be her prison; in a few moments she hears him dash across the drawbridge and the sound of his horse's footsteps dies away in the distance.

While Rinaldo returns to Siena to mourn over the ruin of his life, Ugo hastens to the Maremma in the hope that the success of his plot may have rendered Pia desperate and reckless. But when he finds her as immovable as before, and that he has gained nothing by the misery he has wrought, remorse seizes him; he flies from the castle and wanders through Tuscany like a penitent pilgrim till he meets a detachment of the Guelfs who are ravaging the Val d'Arbia. Among them is Tolommei, the father of Pia. Vague rumors have led him to imagine that Rinaldo's friend must be the author of the plot against his daughter, and when Ugo seeks to avoid him his suspicions are confirmed; he pursues and forces him to a duel, in which Ugo is mortally wounded. He has strength enough left to acknowledge his crimes towards Pia and to repeat the confession in Rinaldo's presence. The husband and father order their horses and speed to the castle to deliver the injured Pia. The malignant air of the Maremma has done its work: Pia dies at the moment when she learns that her husband is at last aware of the fatal deception practised upon him, and the play ends as her father seizes Rinaldo's sword, with which he is about to pierce himself, and bids him not add another death to that which they have just witnessed.

The interest attaching to the tragedy is not so much in its own merits as in its relation to those before whom it is periodically represented. When the writer saw it it had already been given twelve times, and was probably continued longer. The audience was tolerably large, and made up of the usual frequenters of Italian popular theatres—small tradespeople, soldiers, servants, and peasantry who had come in from the country. The acting, though not at all above the average, was by no means bad or vulgar. The actress who filled the part of Pia was evidently an old favorite, and received great applause when she came upon the stage carrying the sword which Rinaldo was to wear at the battle of Monte-Aperto, and in the scene where she spurned the addresses of Ugo. The play gives no great opportunity for scenic display, nor is it realistic or peculiarly melodramatic; the attraction for the audience seemed to lie in the sentiment of the legend.

The popular songs on Pia are very various; some are mere fly-sheets, while there is also a long poem in Ottava Rima. On

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fête-days when the peasantry flock in from the country, and the itinerant seller sets up his lines of songs and prints, there will be at least one copy in the collection. Some of these songs differ considerably from Marenco's tragedy in their representation of the story, and are probably modern versions of much older poems. In themselves they are not very remarkable beyond the familiarity displayed with Italian popular life; but the cheap paper on which they are printed and the abundance of rough wood-cuts show they have a ready sale. The fly-sheet version is sometimes purely sentimental, sometimes slightly coarse with what appears to be at least a touch of burlesque—a wood-cut at the top of the page of Pia, Nello, and Ghino (Ugo) in complete modern dress. The poem in Ottava Rima is a long narrative in fifty stanzas, which tells the story in plain language, with no particular straining at pathos beyond what lies in the bare account of the event. At the same time it has some of the quaintness of an old ballad; it plunges at once *in medias res:*

"It was in the time when the Cortonese fought with the Aretines, when the Pisans fought with Florence, when Siena and the Maremma were at odds, and Chiusi also with Volterra: a lord of Siena, if I err not, Nello della Pietra, married the noble Tolommei; Siena is the home of Pia, Pietro is her brother, and the other one is Ghino (Ugo), whom, I must tell you, Nello always loved and trusted."

The story then proceeds telling what has been told in the tragedy, though with certain variations in the plot and in more popular language: Ghino's plot, Nello's delusion, the journey to the Maremma, and Pia's captivity. The food is furnished to her with economy, as is the way with prison fare: many a time she regrets the house of the Tolommei, which was a paradise. At night she is often frightened by the rats gnawing at the beams, and witches too, they say, haunt the castle. Seven months she spends here; all her freshness and beauty are gone, and she becomes like a piece of parchment. At last one day she begs the seneschal to let her ascend the tower and breathe a little fresher air. Three times she besought him; he thought her almost dead and granted what she prayed for. When they reach the top they see a hermit coming, at whose hut Nello and Pia had halted on their way for refreshment; Pia begs him to turn back and convey a message to her husband: "Give him this ring of holy matrimony, and say I am dying, but was ever innocent." The hermit promises to fulfil her wish and sets out on his return, "trudging along the road" (*va pian piano*), his slow step contrasting with the feverish impatience of the dying wife. Meanwhile Ghino, "who never goes

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to church," goes one day to hear a celebrated preacher who has come to Siena (perhaps a reminiscence of the religious revivals which were so frequent among the impulsive, passionate Sienese); he is converted, or at least conscience-stricken enough to leave the city, the scene of his former wickedness, on pretext of hunting. At the same time Nello and Pia's father resolve to pay her one final visit, and set out for the Maremma; on their way they meet the hermit bringing the message from the dying woman. While conversing with him they hear cries of some one in distress, and close by discover Ghino, mortally wounded by a wild beast; he confesses that he has basely calumniated Nello's wife: "Set her free, for she is innocent." Nello and Tolommei hasten on, but when they come to a stretch of sand half a mile from the castle they hear the tolling of a passing bell. Nello turns and sees twelve lights and twelve women winding their way along; in their midst is a bier: all is over, and he arrives too late. "So I close the song and end my verses of the doleful Pia de Tolommei."

Such is the history of the legend of this Sienese lady. The few lines in Dante in which her story is enshrined have been enough to preserve her memory. "Ricorditi di me," she seems to have said to her countrymen, and in their manner they have remembered her. They still throng to the theatre, year after year, and witness the representation of her history; the story of her sorrows, sentimental or realistic, is still constantly purchased. The legend of Pia has thus been handed down for centuries; it is less pleasant to think that the Maremma, which "unmade her," remains almost what it was in her day, the home of malaria, a hateful blot in this garden of the world, "the real Italia irridenta," to use the words which an Italian minister recently applied to some parts of the southern provinces. The last century saw the draining of the pestilential Val di Chiana; the predecessor of the last Grand Duke of Tuscany did much for the improvement of certain districts, but much still remains to be done before the Maremma will cease to be what it is. At some time more or less distant this will no doubt be effected. Modern science will send forth its knight to the combat with this terrible yet vulnerable enemy, to deliver, not one distressed princess, but a whole population of fever-stricken peasants. This desolate country may then become what it once was, as rich and fertile as any province of Italy, and where such a story as that of Pia would never seem to have been possible. The scene will be transformed and the legend only will remain, to move by its pathos, and to throw a warning light upon what was in many ways an evil time.

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THE "CIRCUIT OF IRELAND" AND THE FORTRESS OF AILEACH.

IN the year 939 A.D. a prince named Muircheartach McNeill reigned over Ulster. It does not appear that he exercised complete sway over all that province; he seems to have had only a sort of nominal jurisdiction over the eastern part of it, which was at least partially independent of him, and which had been known from the time of the celebrated King Connor McNessa as the "province of Connor." Muircheartach belonged to the royal stock of the Ui Neill, in whose family the chief kingship of Ireland had been for nearly five centuries before his time. He was son of Flann, one of the best head-kings that Ireland ever had. Muircheartach was an aspirant for the chief kingship, and during the reign of the monarch Donacha, and in the year 939, he made his celebrated "Circuit of Ireland" with a chosen band of a thousand men. The circuit, or visitation, was made in order to induce the provincial kings to throw no obstacles in his way to the chief kingship when the reigning monarch, Donacha, would be dead, and that his, Muircheartach's, election should not be opposed by any other member of the O'Neill family. It is evident that Muircheartach did not want to resort to force, if by any means it could be avoided; what he desired was to impress the provincial kings with his bravery and prowess, and to prove to them that he was in every way fit to be chief king of Ireland.

The poetic account of the "Circuit," which has come down to us just as it was written, was composed by a friend and follower of Muircheartach's, who was known as Cormacan Eigeas—that is to say, Cormacan the poet or learned man. It is probably the most beautiful, romantic, and unique of all the wrecks of early Celtic literature that have been preserved. It would seem that it is only a Celt who can be sublime, pathetic, droll, and even satirical at the same time. Cormacan's composition has more matter in it than perhaps any other piece of metrical composition of the same length that ever was written. It was translated by John O'Donovan, and may be seen amongst the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. It is an antique literary gem of which any nation should feel justly proud, and one such as no European nation, outside of Ireland, possesses.

Muircheartach set out from the fortress of Aileach, in Done-

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gal, in the depth of one of the most severe winters that had ever been known in Ireland. His thousand men seem to have been all heroes. He chose them for their courage more than for their prowess, for he managed to test their courage in such an extraordinary manner as would never enter the head of any one but an imaginative Celt. He caused all his army to pass through a dark passage one by one in the night-time; from one side of the passage each soldier was assailed by a ferocious dog, and from the other side by an armed man. If the assailed party did not flinch, but showed fight both to the dog and the man, he was considered competent to form one of his prince's guard on the famous Circuit. Out of his whole army Muircheartach could only find a thousand men who stood the terrible test to which he had subjected them, and with that chosen thousand he determined to make the memorable Circuit.

Irrespective of his desire to exhibit his valor and prowess to the provincials, Muircheartach had a grudge against the Munstermen for having, a short time previously, made a wanton war on his friends and allies the men of Ossory, and he wanted to show Callachan, King of Munster, that he was not afraid to enter his territories with so small a force, and, if necessary, to chastise him for having warred on the Ossoronians. The temerity of going on such an expedition with such a puny army no doubt contributed to make the Circuit so celebrated amongst the historians and poets of ancient Ireland.

Muircheartach took an easterly course from Aileach, the ruins of which may still be seen on a high hill four miles west of Londonderry, and, keeping his left hand ever towards the sea, he made a complete circuit of the island in less than three months, and, strange to say, seems to have met hardly any opposition, and does not appear to have shed a drop of blood, either of friend or foe. His first captive was Loingseach, King of East Ulster. He then marched to Dublin, which was then held by the Danes. He carried its king, Sitric, captive, with an "eight ounce" fetter on his leg. The "Irish Hector," as the old chroniclers call Muircheartach, then marched on Leinster and carried away Lorcan, its king. There was near being a row with the Munstermen; they did not like the idea of letting even the heir-apparent march through their territories with an armed force, and prepared to give him battle. The trouble was, however, averted by the good sense of Callachan, King of Munster, for he quietly allowed himself to be taken captive, and, in recognition of his peaceable disposition, he was manacled with a chain of gold. There now re-

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mained but the king of Connacht to be disposed of; he does not appear to have given any trouble, but surrendered himself to Muircheartach, and the army and its noble captives hastened northward to make merry at the palace of Aileach.

One of the most interesting features connected with the Circuit and the poem that celebrates it is its intense *Irishness*. The Circuit would have been an impossibility in any country but Ireland, and the poem that tells of it could only have been written by an Irishman. Muircheartach Mac Neill, with all his really great qualities, was nothing more or less than a Rory O'More of the tenth century, and the poem of Cormacan has all the versatility, pathos, drollery, and sublimity which the Celt alone seems capable of blending together without making incongruous. After risking so much to take the provincial captives, once Muircheartach had them safely at Aileach he determined that they and himself should have a good time; he feasted them for five months, and then brought them to the reigning monarch, Donacha, into whose hands he surrendered them, and who set them free at once.

It is almost enough to make one dyspeptic to read of all the food that was prepared at Aileach to feast the noble captives and their victors. Amongst other things in the edible line Cormacan mentions ten-score hogs, two hundred oxen, and ten-score cows as having been slaughtered, as he says, "to banish the hungry look of the army"; and in a sort of incidental way he says that there were three-score vats of curds, "a sufficiency of cheering mead," and "twelve vats of choice mead." The curds may have been intended as a sort of dessert, and the mead no doubt filled the place that wine or whiskey would at a modern feast. It must be admitted that Muircheartach treated his prisoners in a princely manner; and even nowadays there are many to be found who would not object very much to spend a five months' captivity with such a *flahoolach* foe as Muircheartach.

The hero of the Circuit did not live long after his successful raid on the provincial kings, and was never king of Ireland. The Danes were his most implacable enemies. After having defeated them in many bloody battles they seem at last to have got the better of him. The Four Masters record his death at Ardee in the year 941, when he was killed by Blacar, lord of the Danes of Dublin. All the Irish historians, both ancient and modern, agree in praising Muircheartach, and say he was one of the greatest men ever born in Ireland. If he had lived he would probably have not only completely crushed the Danes,

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but would have consolidated Ireland into one kingdom. The Saxon Heptarchy had been destroyed the century before his death, and he very probably had determined to act the part of the Saxon Alfred, and out of the chaos of half a dozen warring kingdoms establish one monarchy. Had such an event occurred the whole future of Ireland would have been very different, and Irish, or Celtic, influence and speech might have been as great to-day as those of England, or might have overshadowed them completely. The consolidation of Ireland under one king, and the destruction of the provincial differences which were ever her greatest bane, would perhaps, through the possession of a common language by the Irish and Scotch, and their dislike of the English, have led to the establishment of a Hiberno-Scotic monarchy which would probably have overshadowed Saxon England and have altered the entire future history of the world.

While the poem of Cormacan is the chief source from which our knowledge of the Circuit is derived, all the Irish historians and annalists mention it; so that we are quite sure it is no bardic invention. The language of the poem is extremely ancient, and bears internal evidence of being a *bona fide* composition of the period to which it refers. O'Donovan, who translated it, had no doubt whatever as to its authenticity, and says so in the most emphatic manner. The opening of the poem is very fine. Here are a few verses:

"O Muircheartach, son of the valiant Niall,
Thou hast taken the hostages of Inis Fail,
Thou hast brought them all into Aileach,
Into the stone-built palace of steeds.

"Thou didst go forth from us with a thousand heroes
Of the race of Eoghan of red weapons,
To make the great circuit of Erin,
O Muircheartach of the yellow hair!

"The day thou didst set out from us eastwards
Into the fair province of Connor,
Many were the tears down beauteous cheeks
Among the fair-haired women of Aileach!"

But Cormacan could be droll as well as sublime. His master, in spite of his warlike character, was probably something of a Lothario, for when the Ultonian hosts were encamped outside of the then Danish city of Dublin he seems to have won the heart of a Scandinavian maiden.

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The close of the poem is simply superb. There is probably nothing more intensely dramatic in all Shakspere, and there is certainly nothing more poetic. It is a dialogue between Dubhdara, the wife of Muircheartach, and the page that was sent forward to announce the coming of the goodly company that were to enjoy the hospitality of Aileach for nearly half a year. In the quatrain immediately before the dialogue between Dubhdara and the page, it is said that

"From the green of Lochán na n-each
A page was despatched to Aileach
To tell Dubhdara of the black hair
To send women to cut rushes.

"*Page.* 'Rise up, O Dubhdara,
Here is a company coming to thy house;
Attend each man of them
As a monarch should be attended.'

"*Dubhdara.* 'Tell me what company comes hither
To the lordly Aileach-Rigrean.'

"*Page.* 'The Kings of Eirin in fetters
With Muircheartach, son of the warlike Niall,
And ten hundred heroes of distinguished valor
Of the race of the fierce, fair Eoghan.'"

Dubhdara was a daughter of the king of Ossory. History relates much that is creditable to her. She certainly was a favorite with Cormacan, the author of the poem, for he says of her:

"I have not seen in south or north,
Throughout all Eirin of red weapons,
I have not seen in east or west,
A woman like thy wife, O Muircheartach!"

At the expiration of five months the captive provincial kings were brought before Donacha, the chief king, who at once set them at liberty. He pays some very neat compliments to his heroic kinsman of Aileach; they are couched in language as quaint as beautiful. Donacha says, commending Muircheartach for his valor:

"Receive my blessing nobly,
O son of Niall Glundubh, bright, pure;
May Tara be possessed by thee,
O prince of the bright Loch Foyle!

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"May thy race possess Moy Breagh,
May they possess the white-sided Tara,
May the hostages of the Gael be in thy house,
O good son, O Muircheartach!"

The poem contains sixty-five verses of four lines each. It is to be hoped that whoever reads the few extracts we have given from it will never say that there is nothing worth reading in ancient Celtic literature.

As the fortress of Aileach is one of the most ancient and historic in Ireland, it can hardly be out of place to say something about it, as it is so closely connected with the famous "Circuit of Ireland."

Aileach is about four miles west of the city of Londonderry. It crowns the summit of a round, heath-clad mountain of about eight hundred feet above the sea-level. The fortress of Aileach was built entirely of stone; its walls were nine feet in thickness, and were built without cement or mortar of any kind. It was a hundred feet in diameter inside. Whether it was ever roofed or not, or what the height of the walls was, it is impossible to say. It was razed to the ground by O'Brien, King of Munster, in the year 1101. The following extract from the *Annals of the Four Masters* for that year gives a very graphic and humorous description of the destruction of Aileach:

"A great army was led by Muircheartach O'Brien, King of Munster, across Eas Ruaidh [now Ballyshannon] into Inis Eoghan. He demolished Grianan Aileach in revenge for Kincora, which had been razed and demolished by Domhnall O'Lochlainn some time before, and O'Brien commanded his army to carry with them from Aileach to Limerick a stone of the demolished building for every sack of provisions they had; in commemoration of which it was said:

"I never heard of the billeting of grit stones—
Though I heard of the billeting of companies—
Until the stones of Aileach were billeted
On the horses of the King of the West."

It would be very hard to put the extraordinary vindictiveness of O'Brien in wishing not only to blot out Aileach, but to *remove* it, in more striking or quaint language than that in which the bard quoted by the Four Masters puts it; it has a dry humor that would do credit to Mark Twain or Artemus Ward.

The truth of the above narrated and most extraordinary action of an army in carrying away the very stones of the fortress they had taken has been fully proved; for certain learned

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but incredulous antiquarians got samples of the stones remaining in the ruined fortress of Aileach, and compared them with the stones of a building that was erected near Limerick by this same Munster king, O'Brien, and they found absolute verification of the statement made by the Four Masters. The stones that remain at Aileach are very peculiar; they are just what the poet describes them in the *rann* above quoted—that is, "grit stones." They are all flat; there is the strongest possible "family likeness" between them, and they must all have been taken from the same quarry. Although bearing no mark of hammer or chisel, the stones of Aileach are all of nearly the same size and shape, and their geological construction is entirely different from any stones found in Limerick or its vicinity; consequently the archæologists who doubted the statement made by the Four Masters found, on examining the stones of the building erected by O'Brien near Limerick, that it was built in a great part of the very same kind of stones that still remain of the "lordly Aileach," which fully proves the truth of Irish history on that point. It is very probable that whoever wrote the quatrain quoted by the Four Masters never "heard of the billeting of grit stones" until he heard of the destruction of the great fortress of the O'Neills; he might, however, have not been so satirical if he had waited to see what O'Brien would do with the stones, which was to build a wall to protect himself.

But O'Brien, the Munster king and destroyer of Aileach, did not carry away all its stones; that would have been too heavy an undertaking, unless his army had been much more numerous than can easily be supposed; there were many scores of tons of them remaining in 1873 when the writer of this article examined the ruins. It was even then evident that extreme violence had been used in the destruction of the fortress, for the walls were razed to their very foundations, and the stones that remained were cast down the hill-side, some of them being at a distance of a hundred feet from the wall of which they had once formed a part.

The ruins of Aileach present one of the most curious and interesting sights that can well be imagined. The awful desolation and nakedness of the wild, heathy mountain on the summit of which they stand, the hoary antiquity of the ruins themselves, and the magnificent prospect that extends south and west over the rugged hills of Donegal, remain fixed for ever in the memories of those who have seen them. There is not, perhaps, in the whole province of Ulster another spot so well suited for

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a watch-tower or a stronghold as the wild mountain that is crowned by the ruins of Aileach. It commands both Loch Foyle and Loch Swilly, the two chief harbors of the north and north-western coasts of Ireland. Having chosen such a site for a fortress and watch-tower—for Aileach was evidently intended for both—shows that the ancient Irish must have had a good knowledge of military matters, and knew how to utilize the natural defences of their country.

Aileach is so old that none of the Celtic manuscripts say when it was built. It is mentioned in many of them, especially in the *Dinseanchus*, which treats almost entirely of the forts and strongholds of ancient Ireland. It is said to have been built by a foreign mason called "Rigrean," and that is why it was called the "lordly Aileach-Rigrean." It belongs to the style of building called cyclopean, and was built before mortar or cement was known. It was circular, and the walls were probably about twenty or twenty-five feet high; but of this we have no means of judging, for we do not know how many of the stones of Aileach O'Brien carried away to Limerick when he destroyed what was probably, next to the Egyptian Pyramids, one of the oldest buildings in the world.

Aileach was surrounded by two circular fosses of earth, one inside the other, about two hundred feet apart, the first one about that distance from the fortress. The remains of these outer works are now only barely traceable, for O'Brien levelled them also. It is difficult to imagine how such a stronghold could have been captured before the invention of gunpowder, if properly garrisoned, unless by being surprised or by its defenders being starved into capitulation.

During the last eight or nine centuries Aileach has been generally called "Grianán Aileach." "Grianán" means a summer-house or summer residence, and it is very probable that the fortress in question was never inhabited except in summer or in war-time. To live in such an exposed position in winter would have been well-nigh impossible. That it was not usually inhabited in winter seems partially proved by the fact that there is a ruin at the foot of the same mountain on which the cyclopean fortress is situated which is also called Aileach; this was evidently the winter residence of the Ulster kings. It is not easy to imagine how any one could have lived in the mountain fortress during the winter, even with all the modern appliances for keeping houses warm. No one that has not felt it can conceive the force of the wind on a mountain-top on the northwest coast

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of Ireland. The weather is an almost eternal storm of wind and rain, and if the kings of Ulster could have lived the year round in the mountain fortress of Aileach without catching cold they must have had constitutions of iron and lungs of brass.

A real patriotic act has, it appears, been recently performed with regard to Aileach, for it has been restored, as far as it was possible to restore it, out of the remnant of the stones left by the ruthless O'Brien. About six or seven years ago a Mr. Bernard, of Derry, a learned man and an ardent antiquarian, conceived the idea of restoring the demolished fortress of Aileach without either asking government aid or collecting money from private sources. He spent some weeks in visiting the farmers in the vicinity, and worked so well on their patriotism that they all agreed to place a certain number of laborers at his disposal during certain months when they were not very busy with farming operations. In less than a year the old fortress was restored under Mr. Bernard's supervision, and it now crowns the mountain-top as in days of yore.

Although not much spoken about in Irish papers, this act of the restoration of Aileach is one of the most hopeful "signs of the times." It shows that a spirit of nationality is springing up in Ireland amongst a class that heretofore were almost entire strangers to it. Most of the farmers in the vicinity of Aileach are Protestants: Mr. Bernard, who undertook the work of restoration, is also a Protestant; but these farmers, for the first time in their lives probably, became interested in the historic monuments of their country, and willingly helped to restore the one which, of all others in Ireland, is the most intensely Irish and the least connected with English political or religious domination.

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MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.*

"If thou wouldst have all about thee like the colors of some fresh picture in a clear light, be temperate in thy religious motions, in love, in wine, in all things, and of a peaceful heart with thy fellows."

THE words whispered at midnight to a sick lad by the young priest of Æsculapius are taken as the key-note of a book which sums up in its noblest and purest form the old Cyrenaic philosophy, now once more appealing passionately to the empty hearts of men. "Life as the end of life"; to be "made perfect by the love of physical beauty"; to walk chastely and soberly through the world, not dreaming, indeed, of an unknown future, but that the eye and the heart, unvitiated by excess, may respond to fresh sensations and be open to new delights—this is the doctrine which Mr. Pater has urged upon us in his earlier writings, and which he now presents once more in its most finished and perfect aspect. The *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* scandalized many by the insignificant place accorded either to religion or to the moral law in the author's scheme of life. While far from advocating license, he yet definitely opposed any form of restraint which might unwarrantably curtail the free development of our pleasurable emotions.

"We have an interval," he says composedly, "and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest in art and song. For our one chance is in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time."

But in *Marius the Epicurean* a different key has been struck, and, while the philosophy remains unchanged, the confident asperity of the younger book has been greatly softened by the corrective hand of time. In this strange spiritual autobiography, of which the single purport seems to be the laying bare of the writer's inmost soul, we see his hopes and beliefs growing to their completion, nourished and chastened by the outward circumstances of life. The thin thread of fictitious narrative hardly suffices to hold together the fabric of the book; the characters, with the exception of Marcus Aurelius, are sketched in with so

* *Marius the Epicurean: His Sensations and Ideas.* By Walter Pater, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford.

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light a touch as to be little more than shadows; and it is only through Mr. Pater's rare scholarship and intense love for the picturesque that we catch here and there sudden and vivid pictures of the dying splendor, the beauty, the sadness, and the wickedness of Rome.

The opening chapters are purely idyllic. The boy Marius, dwelling in his lonely villa amid a simple and devout peasantry, to whom the old "religion of Numa" means something more than a mere hereditary tradition, bends all the serious earnestness of his nature into the only channel where it can find an outlet, and worships his long array of household gods with a gentle reverence not unmixed with love. Walking in procession through the dewy fields, he pities the innocent victims led garlanded to the altar, and in decorous silence attunes his youthful mind to the mysterious meaning of these ancient rites.

"It was a religion for the most part of fear, of multitudinous scruples, of a year-long burden of forms; yet rarely (on clear summer mornings, for instance) the thought of those heavenly powers afforded a welcome channel for the almost stifling sense of health and delight in him, and relieved it as gratitude to the gods."

This mere joy of living thrills every fibre of the lad's being, and by its wholesome vigor restrains him from the coarse excesses common to pagan youth. His purity from the very first is not the unconscious purity of a child, but a jealously-guarded pearl, whose earthly value he keenly understands, and for whose loss no grosser pleasures could make him compensation. When the innocent country life is exchanged for the school at Pisa, and his early veneration for the gods crumbles to dust beneath the caustic finger of philosophy, there is left to him at least, under the growing sadness of life, a great love for all things beautiful, and the chasteness of soul which enables him to know and feel the truest types of beauty.

With wistful affection he contemplates Fabian, his chosen friend, stirred indeed to a generous enthusiasm by the rare talents and the great personal charms of the freedman's son, yet wholly untouched by the evil of his ways. To Marius, Fabian seemed "an epitome of the whole pagan world itself, in the depth of his corruption under that perfection of form"; and the short history of their boyish friendship is one of the most pathetic episodes in the book. Nestled together in the golden corn, the two lads read from one volume the quaint conceits and flawless imagery of Apuleius; now lingering in witch-bound Thessaly,

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and now transported smiling to the dizzy heights of Olympus. Together they watch the ship of Isis launched on its mysterious voyage, and hear the torch-bearers singing the "Pervigilium Veneris," that ancient African hymn whose author has been forgotten for centuries, and whose English translation by Thomas Stanley in 1649 is familiar only to a few lovers of rare old books. Its beautiful, recurrent refrain, which Mr. Gosse pronounces the most modern touch that classical literature has bequeathed to us, now swells loudly up from the crowded streets of Pisa.

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit,
Quique amavit cras amet,"

sing the white-robed youths; and the words falter on Fabian's dying lips, as he lies stricken by that strange pestilence brought by Lucius Verus from the East, where tradition whispered it had lain hidden for years in a golden box within the plundered temple of Apollo. To the pagan boy death has come as a merciless enemy, thrusting him out from the sunlight while his life's work is yet undone, robbing him of his hopes of fame, and yielding him nothing in return save the horrible blankness of annihilation. There is a short, unavailing struggle, and then the sullen bitterness of defeat. "Is it a comfort," whispers Marius, "that I shall often go to weep over you?" and like a heart-break comes the hopeless answer: "Not unless I am aware of you there, and hear you weeping."

From the grave of his lost companion Marius turns for help and comfort to his books. Fabian's death has come to him "like a final revelation of nothing else than the soul's extinction. He had gone out as utterly as the fire among those still beloved ashes," and his lonely friend would fain, like Pliny, seek an escape from mortality in literature. Lucretius and Epicurus are the teachers to whom his youthful mind most readily inclines itself. Heraclitus of Ionia warns him that the present moment is alone of any value, the one tangible point in the ebb and flow of existence; Aristippus of Cyrene bids him enjoy all things with the self-respecting moderation which alone can preserve him from satiety. And leaving behind all conflicting schools of philosophy, Marius is content to turn back to the past and follow these old, genial guides; to accept life as the end of life, and, "being perfect in regard to what is here and now," to snatch amid the perpetual flux some moments of exquisite delight, to enjoy the beauty and the dignity of living as they are distilled to him drop by drop. In Rome, amid the fantastic piety which turned every

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third day into a festival, amid the deep corruption which eat out the heart of civil and domestic virtue, amid the cynical philosophy which taught that nothing was worth fretting about, and little worth gaining, the young Epicurean is content to walk his chaste and simple path, yielding neither to the seductions of the great city nor to the melancholy arguments of its great emperor, whose tolerance of evil was founded on his fixed conviction of the brevity and the insignificance of life.

"Think of infinite matter," says Marcus Aurelius, "and thy portion—how small a particle of it! of infinite time, and thine own brief point there; of destiny, and the jot thou art in it; and yield thyself readily to the wheel of Clotho, to spin thee into what web she will. . . . Consider how quickly all things vanish away—their bodily structure into the general substance of things, the very memory of them into that great gulf and abysm of past thoughts. Ah! 'tis on a tiny space of earth thou art creeping through life—a pigmy soul carrying a dead body to its grave. Consider all this with thyself, and let nothing seem great to thee."

But Marius, for whom each moment of existence is of supreme value, looks out upon the evils and the sorrows of life with an exquisite pain that no philosophy can alleviate. He would fain be happy, but cannot with sadness and cruelty and sin staring him resolutely in the face. With a great loathing and abhorrence he lingers in the crowded Amphitheatre while the hundred lions provided by Aurelius are slain with golden arrows; and when, sick of the prolonged and brutal slaughter, he glances at the unmoved emperor, who without interest, yet without disgust, sits calmly reading amid this feast of suffering, he realizes with bitterness of heart the mediocrity of pagan virtue, even in this its purest representative. Of all the noble youth about him, Cornelius, the young Christian soldier, alone has absented himself from the sports; and Marius, to whom the secret of his friend's religion is unknown, ponders over his chaste rectitude, and finds in it

"The clear, cold corrective which the fever of his present life demanded. Without that he would have felt alternately suffocated and exhausted by an existence at once so gaudy and overdone, and yet so intolerably empty, in which people at their best seemed only to be brooding like the wise emperor himself over a world's disillusion."

In his eager search after some practical principle which might give unity of motive to an actual integrity of life, Marius studies lovingly the mysterious influence which to Cornelius brings both hopefulness and restraint. He cannot find the same controlling power either in his own gentle Cyrenaicism or in the Stoic philosophy then fashionable at court under the teaching of Fronto, most venerable and lovable of guides. In the disturbed medita-

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tions of the young Epicurean we have the writer's heart bared for inspection, and see the doctrines of his early manhood growing at once broader and hazier, embracing all things with a more generous touch, yet confusing us with misty outlines that threaten always to dissolve into mere nothingness. A new sympathy for religion is apparent everywhere; but it is for religion only as a graceful addendum to the fulness and the charm of existence, never as a dominant motive in life. He is not prepared to yield an intellectual consent to Christianity, though she is dear to him for the sake of the beauty she has nurtured, the cheerfulness she has taught, and the decorous restraint she has so successfully enforced. Aurelius the Stoic despises his body and all that pertains to its gratification; Marius the Epicurean loves his, though chastely, as the channel through which physical beauty makes itself felt by his soul; Cornelius the Christian reverences his as the pure temple of the living God.

All that was brightest and best in pagan Rome Mr. Pater is glad to paint for us in glowing colors; but lurking everywhere is the shadow of corruption darkening the hearts of men. At the supper given to Apuleius there is much subtle philosophy and much delicate thought, while rare manuscripts are brought forth freely for the entertainment of the learned guest. But at the other end of the glittering table the boy Commodus impatiently tosses his olives in the air, and in the kitchen oven lies the snow-white cat, shut up in a moment of petulance and forgotten by the master of the feast. The cruelty of all Rome rings in the amused laugh with which the young noble opens the iron door and catches sight of his unlucky favorite stretched, scorched and blackened, on the red-hot bars. And from this pagan revelry, with its flushed guests and painted courtesans, we are carried straight to the Christian villa, where the martyred dead lie shrouded in their tombs, where the orphan children sing in shrill, sweet tones the "hymn of the kindling of the lamp," and where Cecilia walks through the evening mist—a gracious type of Christian womanhood—with a baby nestled in her bosom and a little child clinging to the girdle of her gray robe.

It has grown to be so much the fashion for modern writers to find copious fault with the early church that the love and tenderness with which Mr. Pater lingers over this portion of his book calls for grateful recognition from the Catholic critic, while it is precisely what is least pleasing to his ordinary admirers. Indeed, a very able writer in Macmillan pronounces it "unfair to Marcus Aurelius and the pagan world," and marvels a little at the one-sidedness with which a non-Christian author

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vindicates our common mother from the charges of narrowness and iconoclasm which men like Ebers have been so prompt to urge against her name. Mr. Pater maintains, on the contrary, that only in the villages and among a rural population more enthusiastic than discreet was Christianity really iconoclastic; in the larger towns the revolution under Constantine was accomplished with gentleness and moderation:

"The faithful were bent less on the destruction of the pagan temples than on the conversion of them to better uses; and the temples became Christian sanctuaries with much beautiful furniture ready to hand."

As a fact, the innocent gayety of the early church and the beauty of her ritual appeal more profoundly to his mind than do her spirit of heroic fortitude or the perfection of her internal organism. Marius, standing among the Christian worshippers, seeing the joy on every face, and dimly feeling the love that burns in every heart, doubts

"Whether, after all, that famed Greek gayety or blitheness in the handling of life had been so great a success. In contrast with the incurable insipidity even of what was most exquisite in the higher Roman life, and still truest to the old primitive soul of goodness amid its evil, this new creation he saw (a fair picture beyond the skill of any master of old pagan beauty) had indeed the appropriate freshness of 'the bride adorned for her husband.' . . . Chastity, he seemed to understand—the chastity of men and women, with all the conditions and results proper to that chastity—is the most beautiful thing in the world, and the truest conservation of the creative energy by which men and women were first brought into it."

The image of the Good Shepherd, "serene, blithe, and debonair, the daily food of whose spirit is the beatific vision of the kingdom of peace among men," wins his soul by the mere beauty of its conception; the æsthetic charm of the church, her outward comeliness as the reflection of her inward grace, draws him, wistful and eager, to her portals; her mysterious service thrills him with a half-unconscious joy.

"The Mass," says Mr. Pater, "would seem to have been said continuously from the time of the apostles. Its details, as one by one they become visible in later history, have already the character of what is ancient and venerable. 'We are very old and ye are young,' they seem to protest to those who fail to understand them. Ritual, indeed, like other elements of religion, must grow, and cannot be made—grow by the same law of development which has prevailed in the rest of the moral world. But in this particular phase of the religious life that development seems to have been an unusually rapid one in the subterranean age which preceded Constantine; doubtless there also, more especially in such time of partial reconciliation as that minor 'Peace'; and in the very first days of the final triumph of the church the Mass emerges to general view, already substantially complete. Thus did the liturgy of the church grow up, full

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of consolations for the human soul, and destined surely one day, under the sanction of so many ages of human experience, to take exclusive possession of the religious consciousness."

When we turn to other non-Catholic writers—Bulwer, for instance, in *The Last Days of Pompeii*—and note the empty coldness with which the early Christian service is described, we are all the more impressed by the eloquence and accuracy of Mr. Pater's narrative. The beauty and the sacredness of the Mass are safe in his reverent hands—the children, with upturned faces, singing "Kyrie eleison"; the venerable bishop, whose hands are endowed with such strange, hidden powers; the white altar-stone, beneath which lie the relics of a youthful witness of the faith; the hushed silence of the worshippers, as the words of consecration pass the priestly lips; and, above all, the dimly-descried vision of Him towards whom the intention of the sacrifice is directed—

"A figure which seemed to have absorbed like a tincture of dyes into his vesture all that was deep-felt and impassioned in the experiences of the past. *Adoramus te Christi, quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum!* So great was the emotion that at moments it seemed to Marius as if some, at least, there present perceived the very Object of all this pathetic crying himself drawing near. Throughout the rite there had been a growing sense and assurance of one coming—yes! actually with them now, according to the oft-repeated prayer or affirmation, *Dominus vobiscum*. And it seemed as if the very dead were aware; to be stirring beneath the slabs of the sepulchres which lay so near, that they might associate themselves to that enthusiasm, to that exalted worship of Jesus. . . . Was this what made the way of Cornelius so pleasant through the world? As for himself, the natural soul of worship in him had at last been satisfied as never before. He felt as he left that place that he must often hereafter experience a longing memory, a kind of thirst, for all that over again. Moreover, it seemed to define what he must require of the powers, whatsoever they might be, that had brought him into the world at all, to make him not unhappy in it."

This last sentence is the "open sesame" to the whole workings of a troubled soul. Marius, who would fain look only upon what is fair to the eye and restful to the mind, is forced to admit the cruelty of life and the evil dominant in man. With helpless bitterness he confesses that into his heart has come

"That capacity for sorrow which grows with all growth, alike of the individual and of the race, in intellectual delicacy and power, and which will find its aliment."

When the sacred "peace of the church" is broken by Aurelius, and the faithful of Lyons and Vienna send to Rome that most pathetic message telling of their great suffering and their great

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endurance, he is stung with shame in every fibre of his being, and turns sorrowfully away from the master whom he has loved. With angry scorn he stands apart while through the streets of the imperial city winds the glittering procession that does honor to the emperor's German victories. The cowed and fettered captives are nobler to his eyes than their insolent conquerors; great Rome has grown to be but one vast charnel-house, and

"Aurelius himself seemed to have undergone the world's coinage, and have fallen to the level of his reward, in a mediocrity no longer golden."

Sick at heart, Marius returns to his old home, to that secluded villa, nestled among the hills, whose dreamy name, "White Nights," carries with it tranquil visions of rest. And now at last the end is very near. Lingering in the country, with Cornelius for a companion, the two young men are arrested in one of the popular outbreaks against the Christians, and taken to Rome for trial. On the way Marius by a heavy bribe secures the liberation of his unconscious friend; and, not without many wistful desires to share his freedom, remains behind to die for a faith he does not hold. Unbuoyed by any sense of human heroism, unstirred by the promptings of Divine Love, his life goes out like the flame of a candle, leaving no dying glory to light another's path. Amid the hardships of the forced marches which are killing him there is ever present the despairing consciousness that for him death brings no radiant crown:

"In his case, at least, the Martyrdom, as it was called—the overpowering act of testimony that Heaven had come down among men—would be but a common execution; from the drops of his blood there would spring no miraculous poetic flowers; no eternal aroma would indicate the place of his burial; no plenary grace overflowing for ever upon those who might stand around it. Had there been one to listen just then, there would have come from the very depth of his desolation an eloquent utterance at last on the irony of men's fates, on the singular accidents of life and death."

When too ill to travel further the soldiers abandon him in a little mountain hut; and here, tended by kindly Christian peasants, the young Roman's life ebbs slowly away, while the love of earth still burns hotly in his heart. He does not grudge the sacrifice he has made, yet takes no pleasure in its contemplation. Cornelius has departed in his youthful strength and beauty, perhaps to wed with Cecilia and see children of his own clinging to their mother's hand; while he, Marius, lies far away from all whom he has loved, with the vision of his past life flitting ever before his dying eyes.

"And how goodly had the vision been!—one long unfolding of beauty

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and energy in things, upon the closing of which he might gratefully utter his 'vixi.' Even then, just ere his eyes were to be shut for ever, the things they had seen seemed a veritable possession in hand: the persons, the places, above all the touching image of Jesus, apprehended dimly through the expressive faces, the crying of the children in that mysterious drama, with a sudden sense of peace and satisfaction now, which he could not explain to himself. Surely he had prospered in life! And again, as of old, the sense of gratitude seemed to bring with it the sense also of a living person at his side."

And so, true to the shadowy philosophy of his life, yet clinging unconsciously to that mysterious love he has not wholly understood, Marius the Epicurean prepares himself for the unknown, while by his couch the watchers are praying fervently, "Abi! abi! anima Christiani." And when he is dead the same simple people bury him secretly in the gray, austere evening of the day, with their accustomed prayers:

"But with joy also, holding his death, according to their generous view in this matter, to have been of the nature of a martyrdom; and martyrdom as the church had always said, a kind of sacrament with plenary grace."

Such is the harsh outline of a book which Mr. Pater has enriched with all the rare charm of scholarship, with luminous descriptions of a dead past, and with touches of a subtle philosophy interwoven deftly and gracefully among its pages. Like Hecate sitting in her cave, he "thinks delicate thoughts," and presents them through the medium of a style, involved indeed and occasionally obscure, but always sympathetic, happy in its choice of words, and strong in its self-imposed restraint. Of the profound sadness that haunts every page the author is apparently unconscious. Marius, like Mr. Pater himself, assumes the enjoyment of life to be one of its most sacred duties; only neither of them can tell us exactly how to insure our share of happiness. Of what use is the whole wealth of Epicurean philosophy, when the stern realities of life give us no single chance to handle it? Marius loves Fabian, and Fabian dies; he loves Cornelius, and the barrier between them is never overthrown; he would fain love Cecilia, but knows that such affection would be hopeless; he loves passionately all that is beautiful in the moral and physical world, and is wounded on every side by the ugliness of evil and pain; he loves life, and dies early; he loves the dawning of a new religion, and its light never pierces his soul. Leopardi or Schopenhauer would say this is the irony of fate, but Mr. Pater aspires to teach a different lesson. From the first he has promised—not to make us happy, which is impossible—but to help

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us to be as happy as we can, by increasing and refining our sensations, by identifying ourselves with every form of beauty, and by opening our hearts freely to all higher emotions. And when we have done this, and the world pricks us with points that we have helped to sharpen; when the would-be joy escapes and leaves a sting behind; when the unquenchable hope within our souls demands a future which will compensate us for the present —the new Cyrenaicism can but repeat its old formula, bidding us snatch at a pleasure which we cannot find, narrowing us down to the one sad moment in which we suffer, and in its blindness

"striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday."

THE POPPY-FLOWER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

WHEN round our path life's evening glooms,
The very spring is sad to see,
For ah! its wealth of verdurous blooms
Seems but a wanton mockery;
Of all the flowers we then behold
Whose petals at Love's touch unfold,
In radiant loveliness outspread,
'Tis meet we pluck but one alone
To shed its perfumed sweetness on
The pillow of a dying bed.

Pluck me that poppy-flower that glows
Amid the shadows of the wheat;
'Tis said the balm that from it flows
Can trance the soul in slumber sweet—
Life-weary, worn with age and pain,
A dream, pursuing dreams in vain.
Ah! not for me, who can but weep
The glory of those vernal skies—
What best comports with drooping eyes?—
The flower that seals their lids in sleep.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CIVIL LIBERTY.

WHEN Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of John, died, a controversy arose as to the appointment of his successor.

The political power of the head of that see was so great at that time that the designation of an incumbent was often made as much for his statesmanship as his religious fitness. The king claimed the right to appoint, or rather to control the appointment, and accordingly ordered the bishops suffragan to elect John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich. But the chapter of Christ Church, Canterbury, disputed the king's authority and insisted that the right of election resided in them, and they chose their sub-prior. This conflict necessarily brought the matter before the pope, who disregarded the action of both and nominated Stephen de Langton, who was an Englishman of learning and piety, and, as events proved, a statesman and patriot as well.

This action of the pope, brought about by an accident, was attended with results which have extended to the present day, been of inestimable benefit to the world, and firmly established the doctrines and practices of civil liberty and the principles of representative government.

Protestant writers, historians, public men, and the Protestant world at large claim that these two things—civil liberty and the principle of representation—are the outgrowth of the so-called Reformation, and that Catholics are hostile to both. How correct this is the following brief historical summary will show.

There is no occasion to advert at any length to the character of King John. How depraved he was in his tastes and base in his pursuits, how little he cared for his people, for law, for the constitution, is well known to all readers of history. Some of the men who had ruled in England before him had sought to define and observe their own powers, and respected the rights of their subjects. But John did not; what happened was nothing to him so long as he could be indulged in wringing money, by any means, both from the people at large and individuals.

So far as any national council or body of men, charged with the interests of the country, existed at all, they were not elected by the people, but appointed by the king or were members by virtue of their position as barons or prelates. They represented

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nothing but themselves or the order to which they belonged. How they proceeded was well illustrated in the reign of William the Conqueror. His celebrated Gemôt, held on Salisbury Plain in 1086, was enacted by an assembly said to have consisted of sixty thousand people. In its deliberations, if they may be so called, the king himself, the Witan, and the land-owners of England in general participated. Their proceedings were embodied in a statute and put into immediate operation.

The aggressions of John were so great, and the threat to the liberties of the people so ominous, that a movement was made by the barons, headed and directed by Langton, to resist the king, secure the constitution, and protect the people. This movement, though it had been fermenting in the minds and hearts of the people for a long time, first took definite form in a council of the bishops and barons held at St. Paul's, in London, on August 25, 1213. This council was called with the nominal object of regulating certain questions pertaining to the church, but Langton had at bottom another end in view. His real purpose was to get together a formidable and influential body of men—men to whom even the king was bound to listen, and who had the power to compel his attention—and engage them in an organized effort to formulate and execute measures to curb the king and define the rights of the people.

Long before that time the good King Edward the Confessor had administered the government wisely and well, and had laid down certain principles on which to base it. But his successors abandoned or failed to practise them till the time of the Conqueror, who revived some of them in the Gemôt already referred to. Henry I. had embodied most of them in a charter, which, however, was almost forgotten. Langton produced this charter in the council and made it the basis of the demands of the bishops, barons, and people upon the king. It was the framework of the Magna Charta.

But it was not in this aspect alone that this council had importance and inaugurated a great work; it was the first occasion in all history of the appearance of representatives in a legislative body. All previous assemblages of the sort were composed, like that brought together by William, of men owing their presence and the right to participate in the proceedings to the favor of the king or the accident of position. But the people—not in the full sense that we understand the term at this day, but still the people—did, for the first time and at the instance and through the instrumentality of Langton, elect many of the persons who

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had seats in the body which met on August 25 and took part in the great work of that day. The bishops and barons were there, of course, by virtue of the places they held, but in addition there were men who were neither bishops nor barons, only private citizens, and who were elected by vote—four men representing each township in the royal demesne.

The Charter of Liberties promulgated by this council was presented to King John with the petition that he would accept, ratify, and make it the law of the land. He asked for time to consider, and went to the Continent, where he remained nearly a year. In his absence the barons, impatient at his delay, met and constituted an association by which they obliged themselves, if the king refused to grant their claims, to throw off their vows of fealty and to make war upon him, and force him to secure, in some binding and permanent form, the laws and liberties of the people.

The next time the barons presented themselves to the king it was with arms in their hands. This was early in 1215. John, as usual, hesitated, procrastinated, and begged for further time, which the barons again allowed, agreeing to indulge him until after Easter.

But John, with the treachery and entire want of good faith which were his characteristics, employed the intervening time in a systematic effort to separate and disorganize the forces that were jointly operating against him. He reasoned correctly when he thought that if he could detach the bishops from the barons the latter would be rendered comparatively harmless; and, to effect this, he accorded to the church the right, free from the control of the crown, of electing bishops and abbots. And, to still further recommend himself to the church, he took the cross as a Crusader. But the scheme did not succeed. The allies adhered faithfully and firmly to each other and to the good cause they had jointly espoused. The barons had received many important accessions after the council, and when the time arrived at which John was to give his answer, and none came, they put themselves under the leadership of Robert Fitzwalter, bestowed upon him the title of "Marshal of the Army of God and of the Holy Church in England," and marched into Northamptonshire. The king, now thoroughly alarmed at the magnitude of the movement and the firmness of its adherents, sent a message to know what they wanted, and when this was made known to him he gave a positive refusal.

The barons then moved on London, and when they arrived

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there were received by the citizens with the most favorable demonstrations. John had apparently been relying on the support of that city, but when it joined the other party he at once surrendered. During these events a portion of the barons had taken sides with the king, but, as the demonstration in London had subdued the king, they joined themselves with their brethren. John then requested that a time and place of meeting be fixed, at which he would attend, and the barons named Runnymede and June 15. When that day arrived the barons and bishops were there and so was the king. The deliberations lasted four days, and on the 19th of the month the paper was completed, was sealed by the king, and promulgated as the great charter of the liberties of the English people.

And that instrument contains the germ of every principle now considered essential to good government and civil liberty. Nearly seven centuries have elapsed since that day, and how great the progress of the world has been during that period all know. Yet wisdom, experience, enlightenment, and book-knowledge have added little or nothing to the structure raised by Catholic prelates and Catholic barons, many of whom could neither read nor write.

John died soon afterwards, leaving as his successor his son Henry, who was only nine years old. The Earl of Pembroke was made regent, and in a short time after the death of the king a meeting of barons and prelates was held, at which the regent renewed the Great Charter, making, however, many changes in it. Some of these consisted in the omission of articles of a merely temporary character, the occasion for which no longer existed. But a backward step was taken, and the new instrument was shorn of some of its valuable provisions. And before another year had passed it was reissued for the second time, with still further changes, some of omission, some of addition, and some of alteration. This remained until Henry became of age and assumed the crown, and he again re-enacted it, still making changes. Edward I. confirmed it as framed by Henry, and in that form it stands at the present day on the English statute-book.

Nothing more would seem to be necessary to make the Charter solid and binding; yet the people were not satisfied to let it stand so, but renewed, re-enacted, and confirmed it thirty-seven times—six times by Henry III., three by Edward I., fourteen by Edward III., six by Richard II., six by Henry IV., once by Henry V., and once by Henry VI. From that day to this it

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is kept conspicuously in the beginning of the statute-books, and has never undergone any change, no matter how trifling.

I have said that it contains the germ of every principle at this day considered vital to the liberties of a free people, and an examination of its provisions will demonstrate this. The first provision declares that "the Church of England shall be free with all her rights and liberties inviolate," and confers the freedom of elections, which the king had previously granted to the church in a separate charter. The Church of England was then wholly Catholic; and now compare the freedom it enjoyed in the Charter, with the right to elect its own bishops, with the position of the Church of England towards the government in this nineteenth century. Note the dependence of the latter upon the government; and note, too, that it is not only dependent upon the government, but upon individual lay citizens who have control of benefices, and then let the reader say which was the freer—the Catholic Church of that day or the Church of England of this. And let it be further remembered that while the church was laboring to secure its own freedom, it labored as hard and to as much purpose to secure the freedom of the people.

The third clause declares that "guardians shall take only reasonable fruits and profits, without destruction or waste, and shall keep up the estate in proper condition during the wardship."

Clause 15 was a restraint which the barons voluntarily imposed upon themselves, and a relinquishment by them of a power, long exercised, which had given them, through forced exactions, the means to gratify their pleasures or ambitions. It was:

"The king shall not empower the mesne lords to exact other than three ordinary aids—to ransom the lord's person, to knight his eldest son, and once to marry his eldest daughter—and these of reasonable amount."

Clauses 20 and 21 virtually established trial by jury and provided for grading the punishment according to the offence:

"20. A freeman shall only be amerced, for a small offence, after the manner of the offence, for a great crime according to the heinousness of it, saving to him his contenement. . . . The amercement in all cases to be assessed by the oaths of honest men of the neighborhood.

"21. Earls and barons shall not be amerced but by their peers and according to the degree of the offence."

"36. The writ of inquest of life and limb shall be given gratis and not denied."

"38. No bailiff for the future shall put any one to his law upon his own bare saying, without credible witnesses."

This was intended to prevent what had been so common and

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was so much abused—the arrest of persons by officers of the law on their own mere motion and without process of law.

"42. In future any one may leave the kingdom and return at will, unless in time of war, when he may be restrained for some short space for the common good of the kingdom."

"45. Justices, constables, sheriffs, and bailiffs shall only be appointed of such as know the law and mean duly to observe it."

This was undoubtedly a good provision, but rather hard to comply with.

Clauses 12 and 14 established the great principle—the principle upon which the American Revolution was fought—that there shall be no taxation without representation:

"12. No scutage or aid shall be imposed unless by the common counsel of the nation, except in the three cases of ransoming the king's person, making his eldest son a knight, and once marrying his eldest daughter; and for these the aids shall be reasonable."

"14. In order to take the common counsel of the nation in the imposition of aids (other than the three regular feudal aids) and of scutage, the king shall cause to be summoned the archbishops, bishops, earls, and greater barons, by writ directed to each separately, and all other tenants in capite by a general writ addressed to the sheriff of each shire; a certain day and place shall be named for their meeting, of which forty days' notice shall be given; in all letters of summons the cause of summons shall be specified, and the consent of those present on the appointed day shall bind those who, though summoned, shall not have attended."

Clauses 28 and 30 are the originals of that feature of the Constitution of the United States considered such a safeguard—that property shall not be taken by the government without compensation:

"28. No constable or other royal bailiff shall take any man's corn or other chattels without immediate payment, unless the seller voluntarily gives credit."

"30. Nor shall the king, his sheriffs or bailiffs, take any horses or carriages of freemen for carriage, or any man's timber for castles or other uses, unless by consent of the owner."

These two provisions extinguished the prerogative, so long enjoyed by English kings, of seizing provisions for the use of the royal household, and of impressing both the property and labor of citizens without payment.

Clause 9 was for the protection of sureties, and established the equitable doctrine of subrogation, now one of the most cherished principles of equitable jurisdiction:

"9. Land or rent shall not be seized for any debt due to the crown so long as chattels of the debtor will suffice. Sureties shall not be distrained

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while the principal debtor is capable of payment, and if they have to pay they shall be indemnified out of the lands and rents of the principal."

But the crowning glory of the Charter is found in these clauses:

"39. *No free man shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseized, or outlawed, or exiled, or anyways destroyed; nor will we go upon him, nor send upon him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land.*"

"40. *To none will we sell, to none will we deny or delay, right or justice.*"

From the beginning of the world to the present day no man or assemblage of men have been able to devise any better protection for the citizen than these two provisions afford. The right of trial by a jury and the writ of *habeas corpus* are both the offspring of these two clauses. From that time forward every man imprisoned on a criminal charge was entitled to a speedy and fair trial, and to require the courts either to give him that or discharge him from custody.

The Charter concludes with these words:

"Wherefore we will and firmly enjoin that the Church of England be free, and that all men in our kingdom have and hold the aforesaid liberties, rights, and concessions well and in peace, freely and quietly, fully and wholly, to them and their heirs, by us and our heirs, in all things and places for ever as aforesaid."

The work done, king and barons all swore to keep it sacred and observe its provisions with absolute good faith.

But one difficulty still remained. The prelates and barons knew how little reliance was to be placed upon the words and promises of John, and that he would not hesitate to disregard his oath if the opportunity offered. Some means had to be devised to compel his observance and some security for the future provided. The plan finally agreed upon, to which John gave his assent on oath, was very remarkable, and certainly presents one of the most curious pages in all history, for it gives the subject the right to rebel against the king, and even to seize his castles and other property, and exempted nothing but the person of the king and of his wife and children. But the scope of this agreement will be best understood by quoting it entire:

"The barons shall elect a council of twenty-five barons, who shall take care, with all their might, that the provisions of the Charter are carried into effect. If the king or any of his officers shall violate the Charter in the smallest particular, these barons or four of their number shall complain to the king, or in his absence to the justiciar, and demand instant redress. If no redress be given in forty days the said five-and-twenty barons, together with the commonalty of the whole land, shall distrain and distress us in all

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possible ways by seizing our castles, lands, possessions, and in every other manner they can, till the grievance is redressed according to their pleasure; saving harmless our person and the persons of our queen and children; and when it is redressed they shall obey us as before. And any person whatsoever in the land may swear that he will obey the orders of the five-and-twenty barons aforesaid, in the execution of the premises, and will distress us jointly with them to the utmost of his power; and we publicly and freely give liberty to any one that shall please to swear this, and never will hinder any person from taking the same oath. And as to all those in the land who will not of their own accord swear to join the five-and-twenty barons in distraining and distressing us, we will issue orders to make them take the same oath as aforesaid."

All will agree that this was a singular compact to be made between sovereign and subject, the sovereign himself swearing to force his subjects to make him do right. Its simplicity, in comparison with the wisdom of the attendant circumstances, is not the least curious part of the whole affair; the parties apparently not reflecting that if the king really proposed to redress the grievances complained of, it would be much easier to do so directly and of his own accord than to compel his subjects to force him to do it. The king did not reserve any right to contest the complaint of the barons and show that there was no real grievance, but he obliged himself to do whatever they demanded, grievance or no grievance.

But this contrivance, as might have been expected, proved worthless. John did not submit to have his castles and property seized and distressed, but he hired a body of trained mercenaries and fought the barons with them. Their discipline and familiarity with warlike operations gave them an advantage over the valiant but raw soldiers of the barons; and but for the death of John the work of forming and promulgating the Charter might have gone for naught or the result been postponed for years.

From the reign of Edward the Confessor to that of Henry VI. was a period of about four centuries, during which time the structure of civil liberty was being surely but slowly built by Catholic kings, churchmen, barons, and people. The Confessor gave it the first impulse, and Henry the final confirmation. Four more centuries have elapsed since Henry's day, and Protestant England finds nothing to alter in, nothing to add to, nothing to take away from, the work of Catholic England.

No greater step in human progress was ever made than in the council of August 25, 1213, nor has there yet appeared a greater apostle of human liberty than Stephen Langton, the Catholic bishop.

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THE SOLITARY BARON.

HALF-WAY between the monastery of Berg-Andechs and Ammersee Lake was a ruined castle. In its one remaining tower dwelt a man who had once been a favorite at the court of Bavaria—Baron Ulrich von Rothenbourg. But having got it into his head that all that the fair damsels of Munich cared about was his wealth, the baron in his fortieth year, to the surprise of everybody, had withdrawn from the world and taken up his abode in this lonesome place. "Here the frivolous butterflies will let me alone; here they will not tease me any more," he would murmur to himself. And perforce of brooding over the subject he had come to hate womankind with his whole heart.

The tower was situated upon his own estate, which consisted of more than a thousand acres. The peasants who tilled his land seldom laid eyes on their eccentric landlord, who kept entirely to himself in a dark, narrow chamber, meanly furnished, and where his sole companions were bats and spiders. The hill on which the ruin stood commanded a broad view of fields and woodlands. The lake lay a mile to the north; on the south was the Benedictine monastery, and its Angelus bell was now the only music that the baron ever heard. It was likewise the only spot he visited. But he never failed to go thither of a Sunday morning to attend Mass—the earliest Mass—with his cloak wrapped about his ears, and so well muffled up that the pious old women and their bright-eyed daughters could not tell that he was the lord of the manor.

But if by day the baron was seldom seen, on moonlight nights he was fond of wandering around the crumbling pile where his forefathers had lived in splendor. Connected with the castle was a roofless chapel. Before its altar the taper had long been extinguished; no choir sang in it God's praises. Yet beneath its pavement lay the dust of some of Bavaria's greatest warriors and statesmen; while on the left of the altar was the monument of Ulrich the One-Eyed, who had been killed in the third Crusade, and whose bones had been sent home to repose in this house of prayer, which he had founded. But time and vandal hands had left their mark upon this interesting piece of sculpture: the nose was chipped off, many an owl had roosted on the marble helmet. Yet it did not occur to the present baron—who was as fond of

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his florins as he was of solitude—to restore the ancient chapel and to give a new nose to Ulrich the One-Eyed.

One summer's night our hermit sallied forth from his retreat. But he had scarcely got into the open air when he paused and held his breath, for what should he hear but the strains of a violin. They appeared to come from within the chapel. Now, the baron was passionately devoted to music, and as he stood listening, with fluttering heart, he wondered who could be the inspired musician that was awakening at this hour, and in such a place, melodies the like of which he had never heard. In another moment, while his heart was throbbing faster and as he felt a cold stream through his veins, a female voice, a rich contralto, struck in with the violin, and Baron Ulrich presently recognized the solemn, inimitable chant of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. Despite the fact that it was a woman who was singing, he could not restrain himself, and, stealing nearer, what should he discover but an aged man and a maiden standing one on either side of the tomb of the Crusader. The maiden's face, lit up by the full moon, shone with a beauty that was scarce earthly. Baron Ulrich was spell-bound; for well-nigh a minute he could not take his eyes off her, and it would hardly have surprised him had the marble hands of Ulrich the One-Eyed clapped together in rapturous delight. But in a little while the baron came to himself again. Then, thrusting his fingers into his ears, he turned and went back to his hiding-place, murmuring: "Woman, woman, who art the cause of all our woe, I hate thee!" He did not fall asleep, however; all night he lay awake. A mouse was gnawing at his boot, a bat was flying around his pillow; but it was neither bat nor mouse that drove sleep away. "Alas!" he sighed, as he tossed about on his pallet, "'tis easy for me to hide from the fair sex; 'tis hard for me to stop thinking about them." And when morning came he was still wide awake.

The following night Baron Ulrich could not resist the temptation to revisit the chapel. But when he entered it all was silent; he heard nothing but the moaning of the wind through its shattered walls; and as he listened to this melancholy sound he wondered what had become of the venerable musician and his companion. The latter had wrought a profound impression on him, and yet he had seen the girl only once, and by the light of the moon. Did the dead ever return to sing in this abandoned house of prayer? As he put to himself this question his eyes turned toward the tomb of Ulrich the One-Eyed, and he was surprised to find lying upon it a wreath of water-lilies. "Who

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has done this?" he asked himself; and while he gazed on the flowers, which almost covered the breast-plate, he could not but think how neglectful he had been of this burial-place of his forefathers. "Not a florin have I ever spent upon it," he said. "This wreath rebukes me. Whom must my ancestor thank for thus adorning his monument?"

A week later Theresa Ringseis and her blind grandfather came again from Ober-Ammergau, where their home was. They intended to sleep at a peasant's cot, and, at an hour when the moon would be shining, wend their way to the ruin on the hill, where Theresa would practise her voice for the Passion Play, in the chorus of which she was to sing two years later. Nowhere else did she feel so inspired as in this old chapel, and her grandfather was sometimes awed by her words—as, for instance, when she declared that here the ghosts of many generations were listening to her.

It was past midnight when they got through their musical exercise, and Theresa was glad to descend to the peasant's hut, for she had trudged many miles since morning. They had nearly reached it when they were overtaken by a stranger, who accosted the old man, but averted his eyes from Theresa, who was holding her grandfather's hand—for, as we have said, he was blind.

"I must not lose sight of you," spoke Baron Ulrich, "without expressing my thanks—my very great thanks—for the pleasure which your music has given me." "So you have been forming one of our audience, have you—you and the ghosts?" exclaimed the grandfather, who recognized by his language that he was a person of culture.

"Yes; and on another night, too, a week ago, your magical violin thrilled me at the same spot. Would you be willing to part with the instrument?" "'Tis my only means of support," answered the other.

"Say, rather, it is our only heirloom," interposed Theresa. "It has come down to us through more than a century and a half. We love it too dearly for money to buy."

"Well, I know that Baron Ulrich von Rothenbourg wants a violin," pursued the baron, stealing a furtive glance at the speaker. "He would pay a good price for this one."

"Surely that nobleman cannot want it," rejoined Theresa. "He cannot love music. What poetry, what chivalry, what soul can there be in a man who, with all his riches, allows the home and last resting-place of his ancestors to become the haunt of owls and foxes?" And in her tone was a ring of indignation

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which caused the baron to quail and hang his head. But presently, looking up full at Theresa, "Maiden," said he, "I am the penitent Baron von Rothenbourg." "Alas! my child, what have you done? You must beg the nobleman's pardon," cried her grandfather.

"What! for speaking the truth?" said Theresa. "Oh! that would be wrong."

"Hush! hush! Do not make matters worse," whispered the old man.

"Chide her not. I am guilty," said the baron, whose eyes were still fixed upon the young woman. He seemed to be devouring her with his eyes. But presently, folding his cloak about his head, and as if something had scared him, Baron Ulrich withdrew up the hill at a rapid pace, leaving the bewildered musician exclaiming: "Where is the baron? What is the matter?" Whereupon Theresa answered: "I cannot imagine what is the matter. After staring at me ever so hard the baron suddenly ran away."

"Well, you are a very bold girl to tell him what you did," pursued her grandfather.

"Nowadays folks mince their words; truth seems to frighten them," said Theresa. "But I love truth everywhere and at all times. And it is a shame that a man like him, rich and with the best blood of Bavaria in his veins, should have so little spirit, so little veneration for the glorious past. Alas! how our noble families have degenerated."

One evening, at a much earlier hour than he commonly ventured abroad, Baron Ulrich quitted his tower, and, avoiding the high-road, walked to the shore of the Ammersee. As he went along he thought of Theresa Ringseis, and little doubted but it was she who had placed the beautiful lilies on his ancestor's tomb. "There is a great deal of romance in that maiden," he said to himself. "And she told me what nobody else ever presumed to tell me. I admire her thorough frankness."

When he got to the lake, just opposite the pretty village of Utting, whom should the baron perceive reclining on a bed of moss, tuning his violin, but Theresa's grandfather, while near by was Theresa herself. She had taken off her shoes and was about to wade into the water when she saw him and paused. The baron likewise halted. He knew not what to do, whether to advance and address Theresa or to beat a retreat. His heart was in a terrible flutter. But he could not turn away; there was something in her expression, in her deep-set, mysterious eyes,

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which held him fast. While he stood confused and muttering, "I hate all women except this one," the sweetest of smiles bloomed on Theresa's lips, and she called to him and said: "I am going to gather fresh lilies for Ulrich the One-Eyed. Come and see me make the wreath."

Immediately Baron Ulrich's hesitation disappeared; a few quick steps brought him to her side, while the musician, letting his instrument drop on the moss, exclaimed: "Who is that? Whom are you speaking to, Theresa?" "It is Baron Ulrich von Rothenbourg," answered the latter.

"Indeed! Well, ask the baron to come hither. If we must not let him have our violin, he is one who can appreciate its wonderful merits; it fairly speaks, you know. Let him approach and I will play for him."

"I would just as lief stay here and watch you gathering lilies," said Baron Ulrich in slightly tremulous accents.

"I shall bring him to you in a little while, grandfather," answered Theresa—"in a very little while." So saying, she waded into the water, and, holding out her apron, was not long in filling it with flowers. Then, returning to the shore, "Now let us go," she said, "and join grandfather. He cannot see. He is unhappy when I am even ten feet from him."

"Surely he will not miss you if you remain away a few minutes longer," spoke Baron Ulrich. "At this spot we have a much finer view of the lake." "Yes, true; but here we are further from grandfather. No, no; come to him," said Theresa, drawing on her shoes. Baron Ulrich, who scarcely knew himself, obediently accompanied her to the shadowy nook under the pine-trees, and as soon as they were seated the grandfather began to play, while Theresa, opening her apron, set to work weaving the garland.

"It is really very good of you to take so much trouble for my ancestor," began the baron, as he watched her deft fingers twining the lilies in and out. "For Ulrich the One-Eyed is dead; he cannot thank you for what you are doing."

"True," replied Theresa. "But you and I cannot thank *him* for what he did for us in leaving his happy home to fight the infidel." Then, after a pause, she added: "But perhaps he *will* thank me one of these days—if I am good enough to be among the blessed. For he died in the Holy Land, and his soul, no doubt, went to Paradise."

"Well, I am sure you are very, very good," went on Baron

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Ulrich. "Not many at your joyous age would be so faithful to a poor, blind man as you are."

"Do not say that; grandfather is everything to me," returned Theresa. "And when it pleases God to call him away, I—I want to depart with him."

"No, no; you are young; you will enjoy a long life, I hope. Dream not of dying for many, many years."

Theresa shook her head and murmured something to herself. But her fingers paused not at their work; and, sunburnt and ringless as they were, they pleased Baron Ulrich a thousand times more than if they had been sparkling with precious stones.

In about half an hour the wreath was finished. Then, softly placing her hand on her grandfather's shoulder, "Shall we go now?" she said. At once the music ceased, and in another moment they were all three walking toward the ruin.

"I should love to be buried in yonder chapel," spoke Theresa after a brief silence, during which the nobleman was waging a terrible battle with himself.

"Would you—would you?" ejaculated the latter, suddenly looking at her; but the darkness prevented her from seeing the flush upon his brow. "Well, you shall be. I vow it. But, I repeat, dream not of dying for a long, long time."

"How much you think of this world!" exclaimed Theresa. "Oh! think how much grander must be the other world toward which we are all journeying, where you will be able to soar infinitely further than the furthest star, among millions of angels and all your blessed ancestors; where there will be no horrid death's head to frighten you, for it will be everlasting life." Baron Ulrich made no response. There was something in Theresa's voice which awed him into silence.

"Well, if you will kindly allow my perishable body to lie underneath your chapel," she went on presently, "I beg that you will place over me a stone with these words carved on it: 'If this world were our fixed abode we might grumble at our bed. But 'tis only the traveller's night-quarter; therefore seek no home-comforts here.'"

"What a quaint epitaph! Did you compose it?" inquired the baron. "No; those are the words written above the entrance to our cemetery in Ober-Ammergau."

"And is that village your home?" "Yes; and I am to take part in the Passion Play there year after next."

"Indeed! Then I will certainly be present." "My family

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has appeared in the Passion Play for more than two hundred years," continued Theresa; and she was proud to tell this, nor can we wonder at it.

Not in a long time had Baron Ulrich spent so enjoyable a night as this summer's night, not even when in the heyday of youth at the court of Bavaria. Theresa sang for him, and the violin played its very best. And when the concert was over she made him tell her the history of the chapel and the castle. Baron Ulrich, who had taken care to seat himself between the maiden and her grandparent, wrought a graphic story out of it; and as he went on Theresa several times glanced over her shoulder, as though she expected to see a ghost emerging out of the shadows behind them, while once she interrupted him and said: "Do you not believe that Ulrich the One-Eyed is listening?" To which the baron answered: "Were the founder of my house to come back to earth he would have more kind words for you than for me. I have never so much as dropped one flower on his tomb." "Well, you have a large fortune," said Theresa. "Promise to restore this dilapidated chapel. You tell me that St. Elizabeth of Hungary once visited it. Restore it for her sake. Then grandfather and I will often come here to Mass and pray for you."

It was more than a minute before Baron Ulrich answered, and during this silent interval a great many things passed through his mind. "Yes, I promise it," he spoke at length, "provided you will give me the violin." "Oh, fie! Make no conditions. Do the good work for love of dear St. Elizabeth." "Well, I must first have a talk with your grandfather," said the baron. "With grandfather! Why, what could he do to assist you?"

"Come with me a moment," continued Baron Ulrich, taking the blind man's hand and leading him to the other side of the ruin.

What passed between them was never made known to Theresa, for her grandfather gave a solemn promise not to divulge a secret—a great secret. But she observed when they were descending to the peasant's cot at the foot of the hill that he was uncommonly cheerful. Nor did his happy mood soon pass away; it went with him back to Ober-Ammergau, where others observed it besides herself. But whenever Theresa was asked the cause of it she could only shake her head and truly say: "I do not know."

For some good reason, which he kept to himself, the aged fid-

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dler, during the six months that followed his brief conversation with Baron Ulrich, was unwilling to revisit the chapel which his granddaughter loved so well.

But had Theresa gone thither she would have been carried away with surprise and delight. The baron had gotten over his moodiness and fondness for solitude, and was building anew his ancestral home.

When this became known in Munich it caused not a little excitement among the high-born ladies who were single and not yet too old to get married.

Among them gossip was rife, and not a few of these gentlewomen went and viewed from a distance the army of masons and carpenters who were at work on the magnificent edifice. And their eyes darted flashes of anger at one another; for it was impossible, without a miracle, to divide one nobleman between them.

Happy indeed were these six months to Baron Ulrich; and well it was that everything looked so bright and sunny, for grief was not long in coming.

One morning toward the end of March Theresa's grandfather was rejoiced by a messenger, who whispered something in his ear. Immediately he bade Theresa put on her holiday garments. "We are going to Rothenbourg Castle," he said, "where my violin is to play at somebody's wedding-feast."

"What! has Baron Ulrich abandoned his hermit-life? Is he about to marry?" ejaculated Theresa. Then presently she added: "But the ruin will be a very odd place for a wedding. Why has he not built up its walls and made it like it used to be in the days when men did not clutch their money-bags so tightly as they do now?"

At these words her grandfather smiled and rubbed his withered hands, but refused to tell what made him so gleeful; and Theresa was too innocent to guess the truth.

And now, carrying the violin in a leathern bag under his arm, and with Theresa to guide his steps, the happy old fiddler departed from Ober-Ammergau. The baron had sent a comfortable vehicle for him to travel in. But he preferred to go afoot. "Theresa's surprise will be all the greater," he thought to himself, "if we arrive at the castle-gate like poor people." And when she said that it was very kind of Baron Ulrich to wish to spare him the long walk, he laughed, and asked how she would like to be a fine lady and drive about in a coach. "I would rather be living with you; I could not be happier than I am with

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you; stay with me as long as possible," replied Theresa, pressing his hand. "But suppose that you were a baron's wife," continued her grandfather. "Cannot you take pleasure in imagining yourself a baron's wife?" "Better to be content with my lot," said Theresa. "I care not to indulge in dreams."

At this he laughed; and never was an unfortunate mortal without eyesight happier than he.

The wayfarers did not always keep in the king's high-road, but shortened their journey now and again by crossing long meadows spangled with dandelions and buttercups, and where skylarks sent down to them sweet music from the heavens. While Theresa held her grandfather's arm with one hand, in the other she held her rosary, each bead of which was as big as a hazelnut. This rosary was ever so old; her great-grandmother had got it from her mother, and the string of beads, worn out by pious fingers, had been mended a number of times. But Theresa loved them for their age, and many a Hail Mary did she repeat today, and the prayers made her forget the weary miles she was trudging.

The sky had been perfectly clear when they left the valley of Ober-Ammergau at sunrise, but it was covered with angry clouds when they reached the Ammersee Lake at nightfall. "Had we not better tarry where we are until morning? A storm is brewing; the water is very rough," spoke Theresa. "No, no," replied her grandfather impatiently. "If the ferryman is not afraid to row us over, let us not tarry here. Baron Ulrich is doubtless awaiting us on the other side of the lake; let us sleep in his castle to-night." "In his ruin," murmured Theresa. Then aloud she said: "But tell me, grandfather, whom is the baron going to marry?" "I must not reveal the fortunate bride's name," answered the other. "Come now, I hear the bold ferryman calling us: he fears not the tempest; guide me into his boat."

They left the fatal shore, and from across the water Baron Ulrich was watching them through a glass, and with anxious heart he watched until the driving rain and the darkness hid them from view. He longed to greet Theresa, whom he intended to make his bride, yet he would willingly have put off meeting her until the morrow. It was most rash to venture out on the Ammersee in such a storm. The baron had alighted from his carriage, and was standing on the very spot where Theresa had once waded into the water in quest of lilies. And, heedless of the howling blast and the rain, here he remained, listening and

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hoping every moment to see them appear. This was the ferryman's landing-place, and all night long he watched and prayed. At one time he thought that he heard voices—voices crying for help. He heard them only once, and fondly hoped it was imagination.

But no, it was not imagination; and when morning broke and the storm passed away he saw floating toward him, half-supported by an oar, Theresa Ringseis. It took him only a moment to rescue her from the water. But it was too late. Exhausted by her struggles for life, she could breathe but a few last words in his ear. "Here," murmured Theresa, unbending her rigid fingers from the violin—"here is what you wanted so much to possess; I have saved it for you." Then gazing about her, "Grandfather, dear grandfather, where are you?" she said. But the old man was not there to answer. At the bottom of the Ammersee he lay, locked in the arms of the ferryman.

Not in years had there been such a funeral as Theresa's. It was attended by many people of rank, and peasants flocked from far and near to see her laid in the burial-vault under the chapel to which she had been so devoted. Among high-born dames and valiant men Theresa reposed, but nearest of all to Ulrich the One-Eyed.

What was meant by conferring so great an honor on this humble maiden, only Baron Ulrich could tell. But his lips were sealed. The chapel was now more beautiful than it had ever been, while Rothenbourg Castle in its palmiest days had not looked so grand as now.

From its hospitable gate never a beggar was turned away. The owner of Rothenbourg spent his large income in works of charity. The monks of Berg-Andechs had good reason to bless him. From an eccentric, selfish being he had changed to a patron of the arts and a friend of the poor. But on himself he spent very little; he never married; he remained to the end a solitary baron.

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A FEW MISTAKES OF REV. DR. NEWTON.

In the magazine called the *Forum*, for March, there is an article by Rev. R. H. Newton, D.D., with the catching title, "Is Romanism a Baptized Paganism"? The reverend doctor, whose views on Biblical inspiration, as published in the daily press, give grave reasons for suspecting his orthodoxy even to members of his own sect, probably thinks to preserve a reputation for Protestantism by the use of its slang term to express the Catholic Church, and by a series of startling assertions calculated to please the prejudice of the ordinary Protestant groundling, while he makes the judicious Episcopalian grieve. With the usual style of the writers in most of our non-Catholic periodicals, he boldly asserts and never gives the reader a reference or a foot-note by which to test his veracity. It is useless to tell him, as it would be to tell men like Froude or Macaulay, that "quod gratis asseritur gratis negatur"; that historical statements not substantiated by documentary or other proofs are romance and not history.

That, in a small way, Dr. Newton belongs to the class of historical defamers of the church, or rather of Christianity, is an easy matter to show.

To prove that she—or "Romanism," as the polite Episcopalian clergyman calls her—is "a baptized paganism," he begins by stating that Sunday "was set apart by the edict of Constantine as a period of rest on the venerable day of the sun." Now, Dr. Newton ought to know that this does not give the origin of the Christian observance of the Sunday. He ought to know, for he is supposed to be a Christian teacher, that from the very beginning the Christians kept the first day of the week holy in honor of our Redeemer's resurrection, and that long before the decree of Constantine it was observed. The decree simply confirmed the Christian usage, of which traces are found in the Acts of the Apostles and in the earliest Christian Fathers. The Theodosian Code prescribed its observance because it is properly "designated by our ancestors as the Lord's day." * In honor of Christ, therefore, and not in honor of the sun, do Christians sanc-

* Eusebius, *Life of Constantine*, ch. xviii., Migne's edition, distinctly states that Constantine ordered the state observance of the day which the church had been for centuries keeping as a holy day—*i.e.*, the Lord's Day: "τῆς Κυριακῆς τὴν ἡμέραν . . . τιμᾶν."

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tify the Sunday. The name is only an accident. It is not called Sunday in other languages.

But what does this Christian clergyman mean when he inferentially assumes that Christmas-time is but the pagan "Saturnalia"; that Easter-time is the pagan festival of spring; that "Candlemas Day" is copied from a feast in honor of the goddess Neith; that "Lady Day" is the old-time day of the mother of the gods—"also on the same date as our ancient (pagan) festival; the festival of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, our (pagan) Roman festival of the miraculous Conception of the Blessed Virgin Juno, again upon the same date which the ancient world observed"? These statements are false.

What authorities justify him in putting them into the mouth of his pagan representative in the *Forum?* We have consulted Preller's *Römische Mythologie*, probably the most learned work extant on pagan hagiology, and find nothing in it to justify the doctor's inferences.

According to them the Christians borrowed from the pagan Egyptians as well as from the pagan Greeks and Romans. Is it likely that the twelve Jews who constituted the Apostolic College, with all their national prejudices, would have borrowed from any such source, even if they knew it? Does the doctor forget that the feast of the Immaculate Conception is only about seven hundred years old; and would he have us believe that the Christians instituted it twelve centuries after the death of Christ, just to have it fall on the feast of "the Blessed Virgin Juno"? What does he mean by "Lady Day"? There is one in August, and one in March, and one in September, and one in February. Which does he mean? Or did he really know what he was writing about when he penned "Lady Day"? A coincidence is no proof. Because two things happen on the same day it does not follow that the one is a copy or imitation of the other. Because the "Saturnalia" and Christmas coincide in time it does not follow that Christmas is but a baptismal name of "Saturnalia." The doctor's pagan should know that "Christmas," "Easter," and the other Christian feasts have their origin in facts, historical facts well authenticated, and that the mere accident of pagan coincidences proves nothing against these facts.

Not only is Doctor Newton wrong in his statements and inferences, but wrong even in his translation of simple Latin texts. He renders the epithet *divus*, so often applied to the saints, as a noun, and calls it the divinity. Thus, "*Divo Georgio*," for him, is "To the divinity of St. George," whereas *divus* is simply an

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adjective, of which *sanctus* is a mild synonym, used to express the divine gifts of some holy person, as when we say *divus* Thomas or *divus* Augustinus—St. Thomas or St. Augustine.

To Christianity this Christian minister will concede no originality. He intimates that the very cruciform character of many Christian churches is stolen from paganism, when nothing is more contrary to the fact. Nor even if a cross was found under the temple of Serapis in Alexandria does it prove that the cruciform style of architecture was copied by Christians from pagan models. That pagan temples faced the east, as did many of the early Christian churches; that lustral water was used by pagans as holy water is by Christians, does not prove that Christians took their customs from the pagans. Why not say that the Christians took some of their ceremonies from the Jews, whose religion is older than the paganism to which Dr. Newton gives such honor? Has our learned divine forgotten that in the Book of Numbers the priest is ordered to "take holy water in an earthen vessel," etc. (chap. v., v. 17); and that incense, altars, vestments, bells, etc., were in use in the religious ceremonies of the people of God long before Rome or Greece became civilized? Why trace the use of salt to pagan ceremonies when the learned doctor must know that in Leviticus ii. 13 it is written: "In all thy oblations thou shalt offer salt"; and that its symbolism is illustrated in himself, for is he not a part of the "salt of the earth"? Does he forget that the divine Founder of Christianity has set an example of the use of material things for holy purposes by employing saliva and clay in restoring sight to the blind man? Why ask paganism for a custom the origin of which our learned critic of "Romanism" could find in his New Testament (John ix. 6): "When he had said these things, he spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and spread the clay upon his eyes"?

We may tell the doctor also that "I. H. S." means *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, and is not the monogram of Bacchus; and that what he calls the picture of the Sacred Heart in Egyptian mythology is in reality the picture of an Egyptian guitar, and in some cases merely a printer's mark! He will find the proof of this in Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians* (Birch's edition); and surely the doctor will have humility enough to bow to an authority better than his own mere statement.

But, *proh pudor!*

"The *vesica piscis*, . . . the curious oval frames in which I observe pic-

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tures of some divine woman, . . . is drawn from that most ancient and most curious form of religion known as Phallicism."

Here are ignorance and indecency combined in a statement of the doctor's pagan, with whom he evidently agrees. Parker's *Glossary of Architecture* * says:

"*Vesica piscis:* a name applied by Albert Dürer to a pointed oval figure formed by two equal circles cutting each other in their centres, which is a very common form given to the aureole. It has been conjectured that it was adopted from the idea that this figure is symbolical and significant of the Greek word *Ιχθύς*. This form, however, is by no means always given to the aureole."

The aureole of the saints, or the crown of light which art represents as surrounding their heads or their whole persons, is said by the doctor's pagan to be a Phallic symbol. The fish-shaped frame, instead of suggesting to his Christian imagination the old symbol of the Catacombs, *Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Τιὸς Σωτήρ*, the first letters of which form *ΙΧΘΥΣ*, a fish, excites in him only prurient fancies; yet he is a learned Episcopalian divine and a great authority on Biblical inspiration. Didron, in his *Christian Iconography*, translated by E. J. Millington, † says:

"This kind of nimbus" (surrounding the whole body of the saint) "has by some antiquaries been termed the *vesica piscis*, but a term so gross deserves to be expunged from every refined system of terminology." This "aureole," he continues, "is either a vestment of light or a radiation of light from the body."

There is not the most remote relation between it and the disgusting symbols of Phallicism except in impure imaginations.

It were long to follow the doctor in all his wanderings in the effort to show the derivation of Christian practices and symbols from paganism. He actually intimates that the Litany of Loretto, which was perfectly formed only in the thirteenth century after the foundation of the Christian Church, and at a time when Christians knew nothing of Buddhism and little of the religion of the ancient Egyptians, is an imitation of both. The Hindoo symbol *Svastika*, two sticks crossed to symbolize fire, which was produced by rubbing them together, he considers the germ of the Christian crucifix! Does this Christian clergyman believe in the fact of the crucifixion of the Redeemer, the true origin of the cross in Christian churches, that he thus tries to make Christianity a mere Darwinian evolution of paganism? The Mass he makes a mere theatrical show. The master of ceremonies in it

* Vol. I. fourth edition, 1845. † Vol. I., London, 1851.

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he calls "the floor-manager." Considering that the public services in his own sect are not devoid of ceremonial, he inferentially attacks them in assailing the ceremonies of the Mass; for Episcopalianism, to borrow the expression of an Episcopalian, is only "bob-tailed popery"! To use the term "floor-manager" in caricaturing the master of ceremonies of the Mass is as much out of taste as it would be to call Dr. Newton's church a circus and its officiating clergyman the "ring-master." Does the doctor forget that he has five senses and only one intellect; and that as the senses are the channels of corruption, so they may be made the vehicles of holy sensations and pious thoughts evoked by ceremonial and ritual? Does he forget how rich and gorgeous was the ritual of the people of God, with their ark, tabernacle, temple, sacrifices, priests, Levites, holy water, incense, processions, fasts, and jubilees? Was that ritual given to Moses by God, or taken from paganism? And if Romanism be baptized paganism, must we say that Judaism was only a circumcised paganism?

Even the doctor's classics are out of joint. There is no line of Juvenal that can be properly rendered by "escorted by the tonsured, surpliced train." This is a very free translation—just as free as the doctor's logic and history. The travesty of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, which the doctor says can be found among the Parsees, in Mithraism, proves nothing against the Catholic Church.* Even if the facts were as he states they would prove as much against nearly all the Protestant sects as against the church—for they generally admit the Lord's Supper as a religious observance. Indeed, throughout the article the doctor's gun is kicking hard against his own shoulder. His sect has baptism and the Eucharist; its clergy are surpliced; the steeples of its churches have crosses; some of its temples have confessionals, counterfeit "Masses," incense, and holy water. Now, if the fact of finding some of these things in paganism justifies him in asking "Is Romanism a baptized paganism?" would it not justify us in asking the question, "Is Episcopalianism a baptized paganism?"† Where did the doctor learn that Abbé Huc's *Travels in Thibet* was "put on the Index"? This is a small matter; but an error in such things shows the character

* Many pagan practices are travesties of Hebrew or Christian ceremonies. "Mithraism" has stolen much from Christianity, instead of Christianity borrowing from it.

† The surest sign that Episcopalian "orthodoxy" has been reduced to a condition like that of a shrivelled kernel in an old nut is the notorious fact that a prominent member of its clergy can thus attack the inspiration of the Bible and the historical character of Christianity with impunity. Dr. Newton should exchange pulpits with "Bob" Ingersoll at once, for it would be hard to find in what they disagree.

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of the writer. Now, we ask him for the proof of this unauthenticated statement. We call attention to this mistake of the doctor by way of parenthesis and because it occurs near the end of his article. He may learn to be more careful in other matters, finding himself in error in this.

In conclusion, we do not deny that many practices, ceremonies, and doctrines of the Catholic Church find echoes or imitations in the pagan and the Protestant world. The pagans had not lost all knowledge of the supernatural. Vestiges of revelation were left among them. Besides—and here we are glad to agree for once with the learned doctor—"the strongest claim for Christianity is that it is more than Christian, that it is human." The Catholic Church, unlike the first Protestant sects, always defended nature and its rights, and tolerated natural and reasonable symbols as well as revealed ones in public worship. The church has made most of her own ceremonial, and in doing so has followed the voice of reason and nature, as well as the example of the people of God and the teaching of subsequent revelation. There is a sense, then, in which she is "a baptized paganism." In fact, what is every Christian child but a baptized pagan—a pagan before and a Christian after baptism? What is Dr. Newton but a baptized pagan?—or rather, a *probably* baptized pagan; for we doubt whether the sacrament has been properly administered to him. We are not sure of Episcopalian baptism.

We would find no fault with him, therefore, if he had contented himself with pointing out the similarity between many things in ancient paganism and in Christianity; and in doing this he could have included the Eastern, so rich in ceremonial, as well as the Western Church. But his language is offensive, his statements, to say the least, inexact, and his logic absurd. To say that because certain things in pagan creeds are similar to certain things in the Christian faith, therefore the latter derive from the former, is to argue like Captain Fluellen:

"I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld I warrant you shall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth."

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WE CATHOLICS.

THERE is a great difference between us Catholics and our fellow-citizens who do not belong to the church. Of course there ought to be; our religious principles and practices are so different from theirs. "That man has a Catholic face," we remarked once in the hearing of a Protestant gentleman. "What do you mean by that?" he said. "I've often heard that expression, but don't know how it applies." "Well," we answered, "it is beyond question that there is such a thing as a Catholic face—a countenance in which you can read the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary almost as plainly as in a book. So there are not only Protestant faces but Calvinistic faces. Who will deny that the stern Supralapsarian has his principles of belief chiselled in the hard lines of his cheek? Should you ask me, however, in particular what is it that distinguishes the Catholic face from that of the Episcopalian, who affects more or less the same belief and practice, I would say that the former is the face of one who has in detail acknowledged himself to his fellow-man to be a sinner—who has gone to confession, in short; while the latter is that of one who declares in a loud tone to his select circle, and in common with them, that 'he has done those things which he ought not to have done, and has left undone those things which he ought to have done'—something that they all knew already, and which costs far less self-humiliation than the admission that we are all subject to the calls of nature." So there are Jewish faces (even independent of the aquiline feature); and there are pagan faces—bold, proud, self-conscious, or calm, proud, self-conscious; and there are the faces of those who have no religion at all, and these, if possessed of natural virtue, show their benevolence, honesty, and frankness with their pride and self-consciousness on their brows, or, if of a vicious and depraved character, betray this also with self-consciousness and pride.

A certain "modest stillness and humility" may then be taken, other things being equal, as the distinguishing mark of a Catholic. We say "other things being equal," for we object to comparing one class of Catholics with quite another social class of non-Catholics. A Catholic fishwoman must not be placed alongside the refined and cultured wife of a Protestant teacher, and

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the superiority of the latter then inferred. No. Put laborer beside laborer, mechanic with mechanic, merchant with merchant, and then see if the criterion be not a correct one. Nay, more: make allowance, too, for national characteristics. Compare Irishman with Irishman, German with German, and so on. Any attempt to reach a conclusion not based on this principle must originate in sheer ignorance or dishonesty, and come to no result. The same must be borne in mind when reckoning up the relative education of persons. Reading and writing are one thing; education is quite another. They may or may not be found united in the same individual. Some of our public men who have had least book-learning have shown intelligence and executive ability that raised them over thousands. "Of course your people are so deficient in education—" said a well-meaning gentleman to a priest one day. "That depends on what you mean by education," was the reply. "One ounce of experience is worth a whole ton of theory. Seeing is believing. It is true many of my people can't read and write, because their parents were so poor that they could never afford to send them to school, or because tyranny would not allow them to do so. But what is the fledgling youth of this inland town, who has only passed through the high-school, and never, perhaps, went further from his cradle than the distance from here to the metropolis (if he ever reached that far), compared with the Irishman, for instance, who, like them 'that go down to the sea in ships,' has 'seen the wonders of the Lord'? He knows what the mighty ocean is in calm and storm, for he has been there. He can tell you about the wonderful works of God, and comprehend how a fish could swallow Jonas. He knows some of the greatest cities and harbors in the world, and their magnificent docks and splendid steamships, and soldiers and sailors of every nation assembled in them. He has an idea of the vast commerce of the globe. He knows how one country differs from another in climate, productions, men, and institutions. He knows whether monarchy be preferable for the poor man to a republican form of government, and his devotion to the land that gave him a refuge in distress is founded on a conviction that is the result of full trial of other systems and of free choice of this. Why, he is a shining light of knowledge compared with the one who has merely book-learning. Then take the religious side. Your native of the same class, unless he be a Catholic, is completely in the dark when contrasted with this foreigner. The former belongs to a church (if by God's grace he belong to any) which is either purely congregational and has

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no communion with other churches, or, if it belong to a large organization, extends at most to people of the same creed in the United States, or perhaps includes the English speaking races. But what is that to the world-wide fraternity which this Irish Catholic claims and by which he is claimed, united as he is to men of every clime and color and tongue through the pope, who is the active governing centre of all? One of his principal articles of belief is the supremacy of the pope. Now, this very fact implies a knowledge that carries even the humblest Catholic back through nineteen hundred years, and makes him realize the mightiest fact of history—that is, the unbroken succession of two hundred and fifty-eight pontiffs ruling the church built by the Son of God on the believing fisherman; whereas the one with whom you would compare him hardly knows that the recently-started Luther was a Catholic priest in rebellion against the church of his ancestors. Not a matter occurs in any country that does not interest the Catholic, for his brethren are there; and a fellow-feeling makes him sympathize with them, whose triumphs and trials his pastor and his merely religious items of news, as well as the announcements and other official documents of the pope, make him constantly conversant with. Experience teaches. Now, there is not a thing of public importance, from the tenure of property down to the license of liquor-selling, from the school question to the laws regulating divorce, that this stranger has not had brought home to him in at least two countries. Hence he knows at least twice as much as the untravelled native, and the untravelled natives are nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the population." "I did not look at it in that light," said the gentleman; "are you going up-town, doctor?"

Regarding this assumed inferiority of foreign-born citizens, we can vouch for the following: A worthy German named Schnitzelhoffer was conversing with a group of politicians, city officials, and hangers-on of the sheriff's office in a certain inland town. They were led by his national peculiarities to banter him about various matters—dress, food, language, and so on; but his name especially was a subject for much alleged wit. The laugh was, of course, all on one side. However, our cousin German stood it very well until his patronymic came up for ridicule. "Where did you raise that name, anyhow?" said one of his tormentors. "I got it from my father," replied Schnitzelhoffer, "and he had it direct from his. In Chermany ve Catolics know who vas our grandfathers." "What!" exclaimed Judge N., "do you mean to

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insinuate—?" "I don't mean noting," said the other, "but if any chentleman finds dot cap fits him, he can put it on." It is needless to say that he went off victorious. The sting of his innuendo was in its truth, for the marriage bond was lax in that section.

This brief pursuit of the subject of comparisons is not without its usefulness for our purpose, although it seem here a digression. What we set out with is, that we Catholics are noted for a greater degree of quietness, submission, modesty, and humility than others of our race and social condition. We may except the Jews, for reasons to be referred to.

Now, what we want to show is that this quality may be held in excess, so as to be not a virtue but a vice, and to warn our brethren from a too low conceit of themselves.

"In medio stat virtus"—Virtue lies in the golden mean. Self-respect is a duty we owe to God, in whose image we are made; to Christ, whose members we are; to the church, whose children we are. And we may not allow the honor of God, of Christ, and of the church to be outraged in our persons. The sin of pride does not consist in due self-esteem, but in excessive self-esteem. Self-esteem is the rating of ourselves at our true value, all our relations being considered, and is the result of self-knowledge. Now, if the Catholic know himself, he knows that he is the elect of the Lord, one of the chosen stones for the edifice of God's kingdom on earth, and he must look upon himself as therefore more worthy of consideration than those whose lot is not so favored. A prominent Catholic layman, with whom we conversed on the matter of the backwardness of so many Catholics in worldly importance, business, and wealth, attributed it to the weekly exhortations they receive to be "meek and humble of heart," to "return good for evil," to imitate Christ, who said, "When a man buffeteth you on the one cheek, turn him the other," and so forth.

It is true that such has been and is the letter of our preaching, and such also, to an essential degree, its spirit. But if any one imagines the idea to be that we are to speak and act as if we had no rights at all in this world, as if we deserved reprobation and punishment at the hand of every one we met, as if a Catholic is to be "a spittoon," as Father Lambert puts it, for every impolite, blasphemous fellow, who would insult the Son of God himself as quickly, then such a one has not caught the idea. The words of the Gospel have not this meaning. Let us see:

"You have heard that it hath been said: An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on

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thy right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if a man will contend with thee in judgment, and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him" (St. Matthew v. 38–40).

Here our Lord speaks of revenge, which is forbidden in these figurative, rhetorical expressions; but supineness under injury is not inculcated, as the license of the wicked would be increased thereby, and society could not endure. When charity, however, as in the conversion of infidels by a marked example of self-control; or God's glory, for whose cause the martyrs show their constancy; or prudence, as in times of general persecution, when to resist would bring ruin on the fold—when such motives combine to render the literal observance of this counsel of the Sermon on the Mount advisable, then it is to be carried out. But it is in the main a counsel, not a precept, unless in the sense that private revenge is forbidden. Our Saviour himself did not practise this manner, for when he was buffeted during his Passion we do not read that he turned the other cheek, but he rather justified himself, saying:

"If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil; but if well, why strikest thou me?" (St. John xviii. 23).

Consider, moreover, how he bore himself uniformly toward the Scribes and Pharisees. Did he ever humble himself before them? Did he not always speak up for the equal rights of his lowly companions? (St. Luke v. 30, vi. 1; St. John viii. 46, etc.):

"Which of you shall convince me of sin? If I say the truth to you, why do you not believe me?

"And the Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying to his disciples: Why do you eat and drink with publicans and sinners? And Jesus answering said to them: They that are whole need not the physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the just, but sinners to penance.... And it came to pass on the second first Sabbath, that as he went through the corn-fields his disciples plucked the ears, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands. And some of the Pharisees said to them: Why do you that which is not lawful on the Sabbath days? And Jesus answering them said: Have you not read so much as this, what David did when himself was hungry, and they that were with him: how he went into the house of God, and took and ate the bread of proposition, and gave to them that were with him, which is not lawful to eat but only for the priests? And he said to them: The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

Likewise, in the first epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians we read that which many misapprehend; it is in the sixth chapter and seventh verse:

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"Already there is plainly a fault among you, that you have lawsuits one with another. Why do you not rather take wrong? Why do you not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?"

Are lawsuits, therefore, forbidden by the apostle? Not so. For in the very beginning of this chapter he implies that they must sometimes take place, because he says (first verse): "Dare any of you, having a matter against another, go to be judged before the unjust, and not before the saints? Know you not that the saints shall judge this world?"—and if the world, why not the smallest matters? etc. He had learned that the new converts were prone to litigation, and this not always for the defence or recovery of right, but for revenge or gain's sake, and that they went to law thus not only with outsiders, but with one another, and even before pagans, thus interfering with the favorable impression which the mutual affection and peace of the Christians was producing, and which it was so important to continue in order that the world might be converted. If they would go to law, however, let them choose arbitrators of their own household. Why wash their dirty linen in public? In fact, this settlement of domestic disputes by ecclesiastical authority was carried on until the number of the faithful became so great that the bishops were compelled to remit all cases, except those concerning clerics, to the secular courts, which also by this time contained many a Christian judge and pleader. Even if, however, St. Paul dissuaded people from going to law as a general principle, does not every honest lawyer do the same? Let no one imagine that the great apostle was a mean-spirited man, or that he could not draw the line between what concerned himself individually and the respect due to the "ambassador of God." Do we not all read of his appeal to Cæsar, and of his assertion of his dignity as a Roman citizen? Hear his own words when the magistrates wanted him to leave the prison secretly:

"They have beaten us publicly, uncondemned, men that are Romans, and have cast us into prison, and now do they thrust us out privately? Not so; but let them come and let us out themselves! . . . And they were afraid, hearing that they were Romans, and coming they besought them, and bringing them out they desired them to depart out of the city."

Can you picture to yourself any American or "free-born Briton" acting more manfully than that? Let us bear in mind that manliness does not conflict with Christianity. God forbid the thought! It is a libel of the false infidel scoffer. If you ever read that remarkable book, *The Manliness of Christ*, you may

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judge where the great apostle found the model for his dignified assertion of his official position. The Gospel makes soldiers and martyrs, never cowards. The doctor of the Gentiles was all the former, nothing of the latter. Nevertheless, all the while that he insisted on his rights for the sake of justice and order, the heart of St. Paul burned for the salvation of all men, to whom he sacrificed his own convenience, and even his most innocent prerogatives, in order that he might gain them to Christ. Who has preached more eloquently of love than St. Paul? And what one of the apostles showed more of it in his sufferings, dangers, and solicitude than he? And the church has caught his spirit, as he that of Christ. She makes all sacrifices for men's souls, but, when needs be, she asserts her right and protests ever and again in the most solemn manner when justice or truth are violated in her regard. Every one knows how the popes have resisted, even unto blood, in defence of their temporal possessions; and the Propaganda hires its lawyers and maintains its title to its own before the Italian courts to-day, just as any other corporation would do. And the religious orders—have we any reason to think that they could not or would not repel the invaders and despoilers who deprived them of their own hard-earned houses and effects? Yet do they cherish anger and resentment against the robbers? Not they. They rejoice as individuals, as the apostles did, at being "made worthy to suffer for Christ's name," but they object, resist, and protest against the outrage on justice and truth committed in their persons. Charity may, and does sometimes, inspire the saints with deeds that seem rather mysteries, transcending common rules of action, and the result proves that it was the Spirit of God that led them. For example, we read in the life of St. John Cantius, that illustrious professor of theology, that, being on a pilgrimage to Rome, he was overtaken by some robbers, who, taking his property, inquired if that were all. "All," he simply answered; but when they had departed he discovered that a piece of money still remained in the lining of his garment, and calling he ran after them to inform them of the fact. Astonished, they turned back, and, confused and ashamed at the spotless candor of the saint, they gave him back all they had taken; and, no doubt, if they died happy deaths it was owing to this extraordinary conduct of St. John, whose story will be told until the end of time, and never without exciting in the breasts of the hearers a love and admiration for the truth. But if St. John had knocked down those robbers he would not have done wrong, and if he did it through zeal for justice and honesty, would have

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performed a meritorious action; but would he have done any good to their souls, or given as much glory to God as through his shining example he has done? Many things, therefore, are praised, but not necessarily to be imitated; and, indeed, they are sometimes, perhaps, neither to be praised nor imitated, but silently to be wondered at—"Non imitanda, sed admiranda."

And here we are reminded that many of the teachers of our youth, being members of religious orders, expatiate to perhaps an excessive extent on the virtues of obedience (as it applies to themselves) and on humility (as an evangelical counsel). Now, the first virtue of the good citizen is obedience to the laws. To be "law-abiding" is his greatest praise. But who will say that the ordinary citizen is to practise this necessary virtue in the same manner or degree as a soldier? The religious orders are a kind of military bodies, as are, to a less degree, the secular clergy. But instruction should be suited to the sphere in life which the hearer fills or is to fill. As an instance of faultiness in this matter we may mention that exhortation to be, as a great master of spiritual life puts it, like a corpse in the hands of our superior. What kind of voting citizens would corpses make? Do we not all complain that so many of our people vote like sheep? We once heard a member of one of our admirable regular bodies preaching to an ordinary country congregation on humility, and holding up (for their admiration or imitation, it matters little which) the third degree of this lofty virtue. "For example," he said, "if a man owed you a hundred dollars, and you preferred that he should defraud you of that debt rather than get back what was of right your own—that would be on your part exercising humility in the third degree." "Possibly true, my dear father," one of the rustics might reply. "But mustn't that man pay his debts? And wouldn't I be guilty of something like compounding a felony, and sinning against justice, if I allowed such conduct to pass?" This kind of preaching or training places virtue in an odious and a false light, and makes our young men suspect, if not convince themselves, that "priests and sisters are not suited to educate citizens of the republic." Hence we think that great care should be exercised in breaking the evangelical bread, and in bestowing the rations of "meat" and of "milk" respectively; and we are of opinion that the lapse into carelessness, indifference, or infidelity among our graduates is in direct proportion to the lack of common sense, manliness, and adaptation exhibited by their teachers. When they discover the impracticability of their ethical code

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they are very likely to stick in the slough of scrupulous, chicken-hearted Despond, or cast off as idle or impossible what they have been taught to hold most sacred; in either case they are lost to their mother the church.

It is true that the greatest men are the gentlest—instance Moses, Brutus, Themistocles, Socrates, Bayard le Chevalier, and so many others, Christian and pagan—and that the bravest are generally the most noted for "modest stillness and humility." It is also true that, as a general thing, the gentle, quiet way is the best way; that the generous man conquers where the pushing, jealous individual fails; that they who give have it given back to them with interest. The successful men in the world as a rule are the kind, considerate, and unresisting, who, while they appear to place every one's interest above their own, are yet by this very conduct making friends and capital out of everybody. Witness the successful politicians!

A remarkable example of the power of passivity and strength of non-resistance is to be found in the Jewish people, who, weak and strangers in every land, know by long and sad experience the utter hopelessness of an aggressive policy. We have seen them open a store in the very midst of the lowest rabble of professing Christians—men who, claiming to serve Christ, obeyed the impulse of the devil in making a football of the co-nationalists of our Saviour. The Jew bears it all, nay, is ever ready to smile, when possible, on his hated and sometimes contemptible foes. The result is that they forbear, at first through shame for striking one who won't strike back; then through despair of picking a quarrel with such a decided non-combatant; finally they presume on their apparently admitted superiority, enter into business relations with him (when he always wins), tolerate him as a neighbor, even respect him as an always law-abiding citizen, and he and his gradually increase, until at last they win a peaceful victory and behold the retirement from the neighborhood of the last of their enemies.

But the Jew was not always so peaceful. And those quiet men can be active and positive when honor and duty require this. Who so terrible as Moses in vindicating God's broken law? And Brutus dared to strike, and the greatest saints have at times been strong with a holy indignation.

In the early centuries of Christianity this passive resistance was the dictate of prudence and became a duty, because anything else meant annihilation; and it is sinful as well as useless to "butt

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one's head against a stone wall." But there came a time when society woke up and recognized itself to be Christian. Then passive resistance were a betrayal of the trust laid by God upon the ruler who "beareth not the sword in vain," and the Christian church and state was obliged as well as empowered to protect the faith and social order against its enemies. It is true Christianity introduced gradually milder measures, and, like our Lord himself, overcame men by love rather than by fear; but this did not prevent the solemn execution of just sentences when reason dictated the necessity. As with Christian society, so with the individual. He, like it, should be known by his gentleness. "Let your modest demeanor be known of all men," said St. Paul to the Philippians. "A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a barrel of vinegar," said St. Francis of Sales. But there are other things to be done in the world besides catching flies, and when rocks are to be rent the scorching fire and the biting vinegar come in of necessity. What we would inculcate, then, is that there are times and occasions when Catholics should remember, what, indeed, they should never forget, that while there are no bounds to our lowliness relatively to God, we are and ought to be not only as good but better than other men. Is it because you are poor that you must consider yourself inferior? Pray, was Cincinnatus rich? Did not numbers of the greatest men on earth rise from poverty? Surely we need name no names. Is it because you have no fine clothes that you are diffident? Nature shows what she thinks of glittering apparel by bestowing it on the least valuable animals. Contrast the bee with the butterfly, the ant with the grasshopper! "A man 's a man for a' that." Our Saviour had probably only one robe, the seamless garment woven for him by Virgin hands. In Heaven's name, are these sufficient motives for shame or self-disparagement? "But we Catholics are looked down upon and the others combine against us!" Let this be but a new motive for exerting courage. Disraeli, the despised Jew, hewed his way to the supreme power of the strongest and widest empire on the globe; and O'Connell, the despised Irish Catholic, cut his way through greater difficulties, and became, like Moses, the liberator of his people. Let us, then, think of the great work that, for all we know, God may have marked out for us, and hold up our heads and "go in and win." Nothing is accomplished except by faith. This is a scientific fact. Believe that you can do a thing, and you are bound to succeed. Heaven helps those who help them-

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selves. Be not afraid of dangers or difficulties. If God has appointed you for this position—be it high or low according to a human standard, it matters not—he will carry you through in spite of difficulties. And as to dangers, think of all the perils some men escape, because their work is not yet done. Witness Napoleon, Washington, who never got a wound, and Grant. If you are not as highly placed it makes no difference. "Aren't you afraid of catching the disease?" asked a gentleman of a Sister of Charity in a cholera hospital. "Sir," she replied, "until my work is done I am immortal."

What reason can you give me why a member of Christ's mystic body, a brother of the Son of God, should consider himself inferior to a misbeliever or an infidel? Or why should he allow them to lay their coarse hands on the church, the Spouse of Christ, or permit them to touch the souls, or even the bodies, of his baptized children? Yet that is what so many Catholics are doing, as if they were now, in countries discovered, settled, and saved by their ancestors, only what St. Paul says of the poor faithful in the mighty Roman Empire, "the offscourings of this world." No wonder that we are surprised when we see Catholic majorities in Italy, France, and Belgium, as well as elsewhere, allowing a corporal's guard of worthless infidels to rule and ruin as they please. Is it possible that they allow this because they think it their duty as Catholics? Then it were time that they learned the spirit of the Gospel rather than follow the dead and killing letter. Let them rise in their might like Phinees or Mathathias, and cast out the abomination of desolation from the holy places of their saintly and heroic fathers! We are glad to think that in those countries they are awakening to this right and duty, but we confess it takes a long time and much kicking to rouse them.

This revived energy will win them respect from their very enemies, for there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue and becomes poltroonery, which is contemptible with all men.

An amusing example of this occurred in Rome about five years ago during our visit there. A party of Italian young men, intoxicated with the new ideas of the revolution, were seated at tables on the street in front of a café, drinking and smoking, and criticising the passers-by, when two Irish monks came quietly along in their graceful flowing garments. They withheld, of course, any expression of contempt, or rather pity, which the

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sight of these young loafers naturally would excite, and endeavored to go peacefully by; but one of the disciples of Garibaldi twitched the sleeve of one of the brethren, using some insulting term. Like a flash the strong Irish arm was swung and the slim Roman was dashed by a blow on the side of his curled head, with his chair and table, out into the gutter. Astonishment and terror seized the group at once; but the avenger passing quietly on, their admiration of courage found vent, and cries of *Bravo, frate!* (Well done, monk!) greeted his indignant ears. This was a case in which the office of judge and executioner fell by right into the hands of a private individual, and he certainly did more good to society and to those youths by accepting the task imposed than he would have done by giving another lesson in that humility (so called) which, in its excess, they, perhaps justly, look upon as the cause of Italy's weakness and shame; and probably young men would be far more likely to go to confession to this warlike friar, for that they recognized in him full manliness.

We heard from our late cardinal another anecdote, again of an Irishman, who exercised the ministry in one of our principal cities. He was remarkable for simplicity, honesty, directness, and a rich brogue, so that his homilies were very entertaining specimens of pulpit oratory, and many of the young Protestant men of the town used to go to his church to hear Father Mac——. He noticed their irreverent behavior, and, although it seemed to disturb him, let it pass once or twice. At length one night he stopped suddenly in his sermon, and addressed himself directly to the chief of the scoffers: "Mr. B——, you think because your father is the wealthiest and most influential citizen in the metropolis that you can come here with your empty-headed associates and disturb our worship and abuse the church of God. I tell you, sir, that you are doing wrong, and you must stop it. We will not put up with it." The faces of the young men lengthened out straightway, and they did not repeat their unseemly conduct. But the manly independence of the priest produced a novel and profound effect on the individual selected for reprehension. He declared that not a minister in his native city would have dared to address such language to his father's son. He called on Father Mac——, who received him with open arms. "O my dear young friend!" he said, "you're welcome—a thousand times welcome! And sure I know ye don't mean all the harm ye do, but of course I had to correct ye for misbehaving in the church of God. May God bless you, Mr. B——! I'm sure

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you're the gentleman every inch, that comes and apologizes when he knows he has done wrong." The result was that the young man begged to be instructed in the truths of religion, and was the first of his family to enter the fold of Christ. Such is the effect of manliness on young men.

What would we wish, then? That the priests and laymen should go about offering violence? This is not the part of a good citizen, and force must be generally the last resort. What we counsel is more self-assertion and confidence in our exalted mission. Let us remember that while we are "worms of the earth," if you wish (and by hyperbole), before God, *so are all other men;* but we belong to Christ's church, and in this are above all other men. Why, then, should we lower our countenance or make way for others, unless where politeness demands it, and "noblesse oblige"? The soldiers of an army are like so many puppets in the hands of their officers, and, as it were, part of a machine; but this does not prevent them being noted for an honorable pride in their profession, nor interfere with their self-respect and bravery. So we are and should be full of obedience to constituted authority, civil as well as ecclesiastical; but this very obedience should train us, as it does the soldier, to courage, assurance, and great deeds.

Though modest as to our own merits, let us lift up our heads for the glorious deeds of our forefathers. Catholics discovered our country, Catholics first settled it. Catholics set up the first printing-press a full century ahead in Mexico, and founded the first university (Quebec) on this North American continent. Catholics first established religious freedom in these United States; they gave essential aid in bringing about the independence of the colonies, and shed their blood on every battle-field for the integrity of the republic. Perhaps we have been naturally more attentive to the fact as members of the same church; but we do not know any clergyman who distinguished himself in the Revolution except our own Jesuit, Father Carroll, who actually "bore a yoke" with the infidel Franklin for the sake of liberty. So, in God's name, let us lift up our heads, and never let the thought of our faith abash us, but rather confirm us in an honorable pride and confidence. We have the true principles of faith and morals; hence we will last, and those who follow a false creed will die out. Proudly, then, as heirs of this glorious land, let us march through its length and breadth with dignity and calm assurance.

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Now, all this need not, does not, conflict with the Gospel injunctions about meekness and lowliness of heart, because our confidence is not so much in ourselves, though we should hold ourselves in due respect, but rather in God, whose army we form, in whom we trust, and by whose aid we conquer. We once heard a gentleman addressing the graduates at Fordham, and endeavoring to inspire them with a proper and necessary and useful self-respect. He told them this story:

"The United States troops in Arizona were engaged in battle with a lot of wild Indians, and owing to their steadiness and discipline, as well as superior weapons, were gradually getting the better of the savages. The latter seemed to be losing heart, when one among them urged his horse forward with the greatest intrepidity, and, slashing right and left among the astonished soldiers, killed no less than a dozen of them before he was brought low. What was the secret of his prowess and consequent success? His tribe had preserved in tradition the account of the wonderful achievements of the steel-clad warriors of Cortez, and the thought struck him that if he could only get such armor he too would be invulnerable. As luck would have it, he picked up in some hole or other a mouldy old piece of a cuirass, more than half eaten away by rust. Delighted, he tied it with buffalo-thongs across his breast, and, convinced of security, rushed upon his enemies, with the result stated. Was he proud or self-confident? No. But he trusted in the magical coat of mail, and this talisman served him as well as if he were indeed enclosed in a shirt of hardest metal. So let us Catholics forget our own natural weakness (which, after all, is no greater than that of our fellow-citizens), and keep always before our minds that we are soldiers of Christ, whose faith still has the victory, who says to us all: 'Hold up your heads, for your salvation is nigh. Fear not, little flock, because it hath pleased your Father in heaven to give you a kingdom.' . . . 'Have confidence. I have overcome the world' (St. John xvi. 33)."

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

IT would be easy to follow the prevailing fashion and to make a list of a hundred books that have appeared since the last Chat was put down in these pages, but it would be hard to name ten out of the hundred that ought to be read and re-read; for no book is worth reading that is not worth re-reading. The poets have been strangely silent. *Sylvian: A Tragedy* (New York: Brentano) made a slight flutter in those small circles where a new sonnet is an event. It is by an anonymous author, who writes well, but whose writing is to real poetry what rhythm and rhyme are to ideas—the mask and surface. *Sylvian* is an evident reflection of Shakspere, disfigured by much of the quality delicately called "animalism." The author of *Sylvian* takes the view of his vocation that he is a reed through which God blows, and that if evil come out of him God is responsible for it, not he. And therefore his utterances are capricious, unrestrained, sensual, since no moral responsibility restrains them. His God seems to be at times the Allah of the Mohammedans, or the Pan under whose breathings the reeds by the river grow shrill or low in their sounds. This kind of verse—delightful to mere literary taste as much of it is—is not good for the young people of our time who mostly read poetry. It is corroborative of the tone of the nineteenth century, which has replaced the sneer of the eighteenth with a smile which is none the less scoffing and pessimistic. Poetry that enervates, sensuous "tales of languishment," and modulated assertions that man's passions are only sails set to catch the winds of desire, are more dangerous than the open brutality of *Don Juan* or of the novels of Smollett and Fielding, against which literary mentors are constantly uttering warnings. It seems to be forgotten that the old-fashioned books are not nearly so attractive to the young reader as those that have the flavor of our time. Who of the present generation reads *Tristram Shandy* without a yawn? But who with the usual pretty taste of literature has not read to the end Mallock's *Romance of the Nineteenth Century?* The prudent parent, therefore, locks up Sterne and Swift in the "classic" shelves of his book-case, and permits a score of insidious modern novels to lie on his table with the poems of Swinburne.

The impression that much modern literature gives is that it

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would be esteemed by its authors an impertinence if the existence of God were mentioned in their presence. It is a relief to turn to Balzac—a translation of whose *César Birotteau* has been just issued by Roberts Brothers, of Boston—to find, in spite of the recurrent presence of "the goddess Lubricity" in many of his scenes, that we are never allowed to forget that right is right and wrong wrong; that sin is a reality, and that Christianity has a profound effect on the consciences of human beings, however low they may fall from its standard. In *César Birotteau* there is much more plain-speaking than in *Pendennis*, although Thackeray tells us that many estimable ladies ceased to read that novel because he admitted into his pages suggestions of the daily conversations of their husbands and sons. These ladies belonged to that class of scrupulous Protestant readers who have been moved to declaim more than once against the immorality of the Catholic Church because they had come across the Table of Sins for use in examination of conscience in the prayer-books. "Protestants," one of these rigorous ladies told the present writer, "never admit the existence of such things." In *César Birotteau* there are many words and suggestions which point to the effect of motives that our horrified Protestant friend found in the Table of Sins. But there is none of that half-veiled apology for licentiousness and that nasty pruriency which is a plague on English literature of fiction—especially on that written by women. As to modern French literature, nothing can be more depressing than the view it offers of the French life of to-day. M. Daudet tells us that religion is formalism, and M. Zola that it has no vital being in the hearts, much less the minds, of his countrymen, and that it disappears from the imaginations of his countrywomen at the sight of a lover. M. Balzac's *César Birotteau* restores our belief in the possibility that the French people are not, as Matthew Arnold would have us believe, devoted to the worship of Priapus. A *bourgeoisie* blessed with so much purity and honesty as that of which César Birotteau is a type cannot have lost its faith and principles. The simple and fervent *Pater Noster* of César Birotteau, when all the plans of his life have failed, is truer to life than all the pages of analysis which a modern pen would have given us. Twenty years ago Balzac was called immoral. To-day fiction has advanced so greatly that we turn to his pages to find an antidote for the flippant assumption that the God of the Christian and his Commandments are figments of the middle ages. It is refreshing to read of a villain who is afraid to die and of an honest man whose honesty is the result of his fear of God and his

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attention to his religious duties—not of a combination of accidents.

A novel which has appeared in French, and which is about to appear in English, has excited much attention, because it is supposed to be an apology for religion in education. It is *La Morte*, by M. Octave Feuillet. It has been running as a serial in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Feuillet, whose very pure novel *Sybille* is, like M. Halévy's *Abbé Constantin*, one of the few modern French novels that recording angels do not want to blot out altogether, has undertaken to solve a problem. In France men are educated in infidelity, while women are brought up strict Catholics, he tells, speaking of polite society. He goes on to show that materialistic education may be sufficient to keep a man honorable, but that it must help to plunge a woman into crime. According to his theory, a man may be an infidel and yet possess every virtue, but a woman without religion becomes at once a fiend. His heroine is a devout young girl who marries an atheist in order to save his soul. Her character is represented to be of the highest type; but, notwithstanding her virtues and self-sacrifice, she does not succeed in making him accept the teachings of the church. She is poisoned by her rival—a daughter of nature educated godlessly. He marries this woman, who believes that the soul dies with the body. He finds out her baseness, the result of her education. To repair the wrong to his wife, and to clear himself in her eyes of the suspicion that he had murdered her, he becomes religious. And thus M. Feuillet answers the question, Can women be safely educated without religion? His answer is, No. They are weaker than men, emotional, impulsive. While civilized society may exist and progress, if all the men were to carry out the theories of Voltaire to their modern conclusion, it would suffer if women were to be trusted to make their own code of morals from Comte and Darwin: Women need a deposit of faith, M. Feuillet teaches, but men can get along without it. This is M. Feuillet's apology for religion in education. It has been received very seriously by a large part of French society, which discusses questions answered eighteen hundred years ago as if they were new. It touches an evil spot —inadequately, it is true, but with at least a leaning towards the side of faith.

Mr. Frank Stockton's novel, *The Late Mrs. Null* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), will not disappoint the admirers of that most genuine and quietest of American humorists. The readers of *Rudder Grange* will not find a Pomona in *The Late Mrs. Null*,

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but they will find three or four excellent substitutes for that serious personage. Mrs. Null herself—a strange and paradoxical creation of the author's—is so absurdly real and yet so entirely impossible that one cannot think of her without laughing. Mr. Stockton's sketches of Virginian life and scenery are faithful and artistic. Bits of description as true as this are scattered through his pages:

"Beyond the large garden, at the back of this arbor, stretched a wide field with a fringe of woods at its distant edge, gay with the colors of autumn. The sky was bright and blue, and fair white clouds moved slowly over its surface; the air was sunny and warm, with humblebees humming about some late-flowering shrubs; and high in the air floated two great turkey-buzzards with a beauty of motion surpassed by no other living thing, with never a movement of their wide-spread wings, except to give them the necessary inclination as they rose with the wind, and then turned and descended in a long sweep, only to rise again and complete the circle; sailing thus for hours, around and around, their shadows moving over the fields below them."

Speculation is rife in the country hamlet concerning Mrs. Null's husband, who is a non-existent person. One of the loungers in the store shows his deep knowledge of the springs of feminine action. "I reckon his wife must be 'spectin' him," said the man on the brogan case, "from her comin' after fancy vittles."

Aunt Patsy and her mistress, the awful Mrs. Keswick of the purple sunbonnet, are unique personalities:

"'Aunt Patsy,' said Miss Annie, 'would there be any objection to our going to your church to-morrow?'

"The old woman gave her head a little shake. 'Dunno,' she said. 'As a gin'ral rule we don't like white folks at our preachin's. Dey's got dar chu'ches an' dar ways, an' we's got our chu'ches an' our ways. But den it's dif'rent wid you all. An' you all's not like white folks in gin'ral, 'an 'specially strawngers. You all isn't strawngers now. I don't reckon dar'll be no 'jections to your comin', ef you set sollum; an' I know you do dat, Miss Annie, 'coz you did it when you was a little girl. Dar is white folks wot comes to a culled chu'ch fur nothin' else but to larf. *De debbil gets dem folks, but dat don' do us no good, Miss Annie, an' we'd rudder dey stay away.*'"

The rude and boisterous religious exercises of the negroes—a mixture of Methodism and African paganism, culminating in the barbaric "Jerusalem jump"—are described with power. The death of Aunt Patsy is a fine piece of reticent word-painting. Mr. Stockton seizes his hearer by the button-hole and pours into his ears a tale of absurdities that seem more than probable. He smiles a little to intensify his gravity, but he never laughs until

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the end of his story, and then it is only with his eyes. It is hard to tell whether he is smiling with his hearer or at him, but the effect is delightful all the same.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new book is *A Tale of a Lonely Parish* (New York: Macmillan & Co.) The grandiloquent writer of *Mr. Isaacs* and *Zoroaster* is here unrecognizable. The quaintness of *A Roman Singer* is absent. The style is, however, limpid and good, but the story is hardly worth the telling in the number of pages Mr. Crawford has devoted to it. The personages of the story are very quiet and commonplace. It turns out that Mrs. Goddard, the amiable widow who has come to live with her little daughter in the lonely parish, is the wife of a convict. She is a cold-hearted woman, and the scene in which her husband returns, having escaped from jail, brings out her indifference and selfishness—qualities which the author does not seem to see. The desire of Mr. Crawford to kill the poor wretch, so that his wife can marry the squire, shows interest in the happiness of Mrs. Goddard, but it is somewhat brutal. Why Mr. Crawford should have laid the scene of his story in England is a question hard to answer at a time when this country is deluged with cheap and nasty English reprints. Why he should have taken the trouble to write the story at all is a still harder question.

Hurrish: A Study, by the Hon. Emily Lawless (Harper & Bros.), is an exceedingly disagreeable book. It pretends to be a study of life in North Clare. It is written with some cleverness and it is not without signs of talent, which facts make all the more unpardonable the deliberate attempt of the author to give the impression that the Irish peasant, on his native heath, is a bloodthirsty pagan in principle and a Thug in practice. It is true that Gerald Griffin painted Danny Mann hideously, but he did not create for us a colony of Danny Manns and ask us to believe that they were natural products of Irish soil. If Miss Lawless' view of the rural population of Ireland is largely shared by ladies of her class, it is not strange that the landlord is regarded by his tenants as without sympathy or even common humanity. *Hurrish* is a libel on Irish life—the more necessary to be denounced that it has an appearance of truth. Edna Lyall's *In the Golden Days* (Harper & Bros.) is a story of English history of the time of the Restoration. The days, according to Miss Lyall's account, were anything but "golden," and therefore her title may be looked on as ironical. It is a pure, well-told story, in which the interest is most artfully kept up to the end. The historical element is used with skill and precision.

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Count Tolstoï, the Russian rival of Turgueneff, has occupied much attention of late. *My Religion* (New York: Crowell) shows the revolt of a mind, shocked by the formalism of a state-enslaved church and the corruption of an artificial yet barbarous society, from the form of Christianity he knew best. Count Tolstoï's religion, newly adopted with intense fervor, is "Christianity without immortality." He would have men find happiness in a life of work, of simplicity, of brotherhood, but happiness only in this life. The nearest approach to this ideal life, supposed to be drawn literally from the Scriptures, is that of the monks of La Trappe or those of St. Benedict. All that he longs for is found in the Catholic Church, but he does not see it. He constructs a religion of his own, obeys the mandate to give all he has to the poor, and goes forth, no longer a Russian nobleman, but, so far as he can make himself one, a Russian peasant. He sums up his scheme of life in these words:

"Everything that once seemed to me important, such as honors, glory, civilization, wealth, the complications and refinements of existence, luxury, rich food, fine clothing, etiquette, have become for me wrong and despicable. Everything that once seemed to me wrong and despicable, such as rusticity, obscurity, poverty, simplicity of surroundings, of food, of clothes, of manners, all have now become right and important to me. I cannot, as I once did, recognize in myself or others titles or ranks or qualities aside from the quality of manhood. I cannot seek for fame or glory; I can no longer cultivate a system of instruction which separates me from men; I can no longer pursue amusements which are oil to the fire of amorous sensuality—the reading of romances and the most of poetry, listening to music, attendance at balls and theatres."

But at the end of all this he sees only that strange contradiction, eternal non-existence. He believes that Christ's mission was divine, but deprives that Life of its crown—the Resurrection. It is a sad book, like all Russian books. The wind of the steppes blows moaningly through them all. *Anna Karénina* (New York: Crowell) is the latest of Tolstoï. It appears before the end of *War and Peace*, which we noticed last month, has been given to the public. *Anna Karénina* is a panorama of Russian life shown to us in a melancholy light. It is a story of sinful love and the gradual degradation of a guilty woman. It is hopeless, sad, true evidently to Russian life; but not to be read, except by those who want to get nearer to that mysterious and semi-barbaric people who will yet be the Greeks or the Goths of Europe. *Anna Karénina* is the work of a close student of human nature and of a literary artist, more robust in method but less sure and exquisite than Turgueneff. It is a book that one drops with deep sadness, for it

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bears on every page the traces of masterly talent uninspired by one hope that can give real or permanent joy to life. It leaves us to wonder that this whole empty, sad Russian society does not commit suicide.

Trajan appeared anonymously in a defunct New York magazine. It was followed by *The Money-Makers*, written as a kind of counter-irritant to *The Bread-Winners*. Neither of these novels was of a high rank as a literary work. *The Money-Makers* was characterized by bad taste, and worn French words and phrases quarrelled with the author's English on nearly every page. *The Aliens* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is announced to be by the hitherto anonymous author of *Trajan*. It is stronger than *Trajan*, and it has few of the faults of bad taste that made the first half of *The Money-Makers* unendurable. Mr. Keenan has been struck with the opportunities for a good work of fiction in the lives of Irish immigrants. The aliens of his book are an Irish and a German family. The Irish father has what the French call the faults of his qualities, while the German has the virtues of his. The German qualities—as depicted by Mr. Keenan—are lower than those of the Irish, but much more capable of furthering success in life. Hugh Boyne comes to America with his wife and children. His wife is a beautiful woman, a Catholic, who has brought her husband, a Protestant, into the church. Hugh has brought several hundred pounds sterling from Belfast. But the temptation of meeting old and convivial friends is too much for him; he falls lower and lower, becomes utterly brutalized, until his wife—Mr. Keenan makes a natural and pathetic picture of her agony when her children are torn from her to be "raised" by strangers—dies at last insane.

Mr. Keenan has shown keen insight into the possibilities of American life by choosing such a subject; he has made a good deal of it. *The Aliens* has the force of sincerity and truth. But there are some strange inequalities in the book. Lady Molly, for instance, is the wife of an ex-Tory lord left over in New York after the Revolution; she is an Irish lady, but she habitually uses the vulgarest brogue:

"'Sure, you ought to loike the juke [Wellington], Denny, me lad; he was Irish like ourselves, God bless him!' Lady Molly cried out as Lord Poultney gathered breath for a fresh flight.

"'Yes, Denis, Lord Wellington's family was Irish, and some of his majesty's best troops came from Ireland.'

"'Ye can't make th' Americans believe that, then,' cries Lady Molly, laughing wickedly. 'They think we're all bog-trotters and Rapparees, be-

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dad!'" "She was fond," adds the author, in artless admiration, "of her most piquant Hibernicisms when talking at her own table, and my lord encouraged her with roars of laughter, for it was one of the merry dame's charms to mimic her rural countrymen."

Mr. Keenan's regard for this terrible and impossible female amounts to positive infatuation. A bog-trotter or a Rapparee would be more pleasant company than the example of Irish refinement he has given us. Mr. Keenan's idea of the Irish character is expressed in this paragraph:

"The Celt has the vanity of the Gaul: he loves to love, he loves to be loved; he loves to admire, and he loves to be admired. He loves to be praised, first for his wit, if he have any—if not, for his strength; if he have neither of these, then for his fidelity, piety, or any of the more admirable traits that come from the heart. But if he have none of these, no mental or moral pre-eminence, he is apt to abandon himself with imbecile improvidence to any dullard temptation. He riots in the excess of weakness. Refused the lead in admirable traits, he must be the intrepid law-breaker. He must shame the Ashantee in moral squalor when there is no play in his wit that extracts praise. Tiger and monkey, Voltaire called his countrymen the Gaul. Abdiel and Hecate, the Celt might be summed up. None so faithful when trust is given, none so rancorous when doubt is instilled."

Generalizations are not always so elastic. There are usually a great many spots over which they cannot stretch. All this seems to mean that if a Celt—an Irishman, Mr. Keenan might just as well have said—has neither mental nor moral good qualities, he sinks as low as he can. In fact, Mr. Keenan might have referred to mankind in general and not to the Celt in particular. Hugh Boyne and his children are scattered. The children lose the mother's faith. Norah, the eldest girl, falls a victim to her attachment to a libertine, and the book closes sadly and sorrowfully. The only consolation we are given is that the German aliens are prominent American citizens and are happy because they are not Celts.

Helen; or, Can She Save Him? by Mrs. Perkins (New York: Funk & Wagnalls), is a stupid tract disguised as a story, which endeavors to prove that the sects in America can never fully help humanity until they banish wine from the communion-table.

Aurora, Miss Tincker's new novel (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.), is not up to the high mark of her early work. There are descriptive passages in it that remind one, in their delicacy of treatment and poetical flavor, of the exquisite opening of *The House of Yorke;* but the present novel might be by another hand, so little has it of the freshness and elevation of that incomparable story.

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On Both Sides (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.) is a novel by Frances Courtenay Baylor. It is good-humored and clever. Miss Baylor looks with humorous but tolerant eyes alternately at Brother Jonathan and John Bull. Her description of a Western belle who dazzles the eyes of a staid English girl is vivacious:

"She had a large album, which she called her 'him-book,' because it contained nothing but the photographs of her admirers. She had hats, and bats, and caps, and whips, and cravats, and oars, and canes disposed about tastefully—souvenirs of various persons, times, and places—and talked of the original owners in a way that made Ethel's blue eyes open their widest when she came to be admitted to this den, that decorous young person not being used, as she frankly said, to hearing 'a person of the opposite sex' called 'a perfectly lovely fellow,' and his nose pronounced 'a dream,' though not in the sense of its being broken or disjointed. She read Ethel choice passages from her various adorers' letters with great glee, and gave spirited sketches of her correspondents; how she had met them at Saratoga, Mount Desert, and 'pretty much every place'; how she had danced, flirted, walked, driven, sailed, 'crabbed,' read, sung, and talked with them without either fear or reproach; and of their appearance, dress, character, position, prospects."

She is "the freest thing in the world—an American girl." She corresponds with twelve men at once. However, Miss Baylor looks on her charitably, although she insists on calling her father "popper": "her worst deviations from rigidly conventional standards were better than the best behavior of some very nice people." These "nice people" must be a queer lot.

A delightful and suggestive book is Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) It tells the story of the life that a man of letters ought to lead in order to produce his best work—a life which circumstances make almost impossible in the United States. Longfellow's life was as he wished it to be, calm and serene. There was one terrible event in it—the death of his wife, of which his biographer tells in words whose simplicity renders it all the more touching. She was sealing some locks of hair in little packets for her two little girls when her light summer gown caught fire from a lighted match on the floor. She died of the shock. Only after months had passed could Longfellow speak of his affliction. To a brother far distant he wrote: "And now of what we both are thinking I can write no word. God's will be done." "To a visitor, who expressed the hope that he might be enabled to 'bear his cross' with patience, he replied: '*Bear* the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it?'"

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In 1851 Longfellow wrote of a dinner at a friend's: "I sat between Mrs. B—— and H—— D——. The latter, being a recent convert to Roman Catholicism, expressed a hope that I might die in that faith." This hope, that he might at least die in the faith which colored much of his best work, was not confined to his acquaintance, H—— D——. What Catholic knowing the fulness of joy that his soul, so open to sublime and beautiful impressions, would have received, and loving his poems, has not prayed for him? Longfellow will be always very near to Catholics. He owed so much to the church, and we find no evidence that he was ever ashamed of his obligation. It is plain from several passages in this biography that he saw the fallacies of Emerson's presentments of conclusions without premises and the haziness of a philosophy without system. Had he come but a little closer to the theology of the great Florentine whose poetry he interpreted so enthusiastically, his genial and tender heart would have known the peace that comes through perfect faith.

Life in New England had many pleasures for Longfellow, but he felt its sadness. Over and over again he exclaims, "How sad are holidays!" He talks of "a bright, warm May-day":

"The children have a May-pole in the garden and a feast in the summer-house—half a dozen little girls with wreaths on their heads enjoying themselves demurely. After all, holidays are hard things to manage in New England. People cry for more of them; but when they get them they don't know what to do with them. It is not in their hearts to be merry. In the midst of it out came Lieber. He said it made him sad to see the little girls going about the streets (in Boston) with wreaths of artificial flowers in their hair. But at this season we have no others, save in the greenhouses."

If Americans will insist in celebrating chill May as a month of flowers—when there are no flowers—instead of flowery June, we must take the penalty of blind acceptance of English poetical traditions. Politics, as politics, had little interest for Longfellow. He records in one place that it was impossible to hear anything interesting; the men would talk politics. In an entry made in 1860, succeeding one in which he regrets the danger of secession, the exasperation of one who had trodden Plymouth Rock bursts out amusingly:

"South Carolina thinks too much of herself. 'Old Huguenot families' and the rest of it! It sounds very grand, but it is only sound. To be a Huguenot is no title of nobility. The Huguenots were only the Puritans of France. The Puritans of England were quite as grand as they!"

"I read one of Calderon's *Autos Sacramentales*. It has a far-off, dreamy sound, like the ringing of church-bells in a little Spanish village."

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Again he returns to the joylessness of New England holidays. He writes on a second May-day:

"The word *May* is a perfumed word. It is an illuminated initial. It means love, youth, song, and all that is beautiful in life. But what a May-day is this! Bleak and cheerless. And the little girls with bare necks, and rose-wreaths on their heads, remind me less of dancing than of death. They look like little victims. A sad thought for May-day!"

The poet did not know the joyful spiritual significance that May has for Catholics, whether the flowers bloom or not. It is the month of the Mystical Rose, and its fragrance is not dependent on the bloom of earthly flowers.

In the first volume there are many charming and genial bits of travel. Longfellow, even in his every-day prose, had the gift of idealizing common things. Every now and then a beautiful and picturesque picture is presented. Fresh from the hot-bed of Puritanism, he was in 1827 not impressed with the real spirituality of the Spaniards. But he was struck by some of the religious practices of the people, particularly the constant reverence shown in the streets when the Blessed Sacrament was carried to a sick person:

"But the other night I witnessed a spectacle far more imposing. I was at the opera; and in the midst of the scene the tap of a drum at the door and the sound of the friar's bell announced the approach of the Host. In an instant the music ceased; a hush ran through the house; the actors on the stage in their brilliant dresses kneeled and bowed their heads; and the whole audience turned towards the street and threw themselves on their knees. It was a most singular spectacle; the sudden silence, the immense kneeling crowd, the group upon the stage, and the decorations of the scene, produced the most peculiar sensations in my mind."

The notes in which the poet gives glimpses of his second visit to Europe, in 1869, are not so full of color as the early impression, but they are lit up by his genial humor, if tinged at times with sadness.

"Yesterday," he writes at Rome on February 7, "I dined with the Dominican friars at their convent of San Clemente. Archbishop Manning was there, and the chief of the Sant' Offizio, whose name I do not remember. We had a jovial dinner and good wine, and every dish Italian, not to say *Italianissimo*. After dinner we went into a small coffee-room, where the inquisitor tried to light a fire, with small success. Some one cried out: 'Ah! padre, the days have gone by when fires can be lighted by inquisitors!' There was a great roar of laughter, in which the padre aforesaid joined heartily."

The last verse Longfellow wrote was on March 15, 1882. It was the closing stanza of the "Bells of San Blas." These jour-

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nals and letters are the records of a sympathetic and beautiful life which needed only the vivifying touch of faith to have made it as perfect as that of Dante, whom our poet loved. "His art he valued," says Samuel Longfellow in his preface, "not for its own sake, but as a vehicle for noble, gentle, beautiful thought and sentiment." These are true words, and make a noble epitaph for the great American man of letters, who wished to be nothing more, and who was proud to be nothing less. The whole world has profited by the passage of this sweet and tender poet through it.

Frederick Harrison is a positivist—in fact, a leader in the school of Comte. He is also a very keen writer on literary subjects, and in his *Choice of Books, and Other Literary Pieces* (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.) there are many thoughtful things well said. He has more force than Matthew Arnold—whose affectation of Gallic polish wearies after a time—but more coarseness. He is sometimes even brutal, and his suggestions are more suited to the atmosphere of a clinic than to the polite audience which, as we see by his elaborate assumption of courtesy, he intends to address. For instance, speaking of the miracles of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, he says: "In one day thirty-seven were recorded; though, even in this age, *so copious a discharge* of thaumaturgic force was looked on as a spiritual excess." But this is only a mild example of Mr. Harrison's disagreeable way of putting things. His literary *dicta* are generally sound and sensible. It is curious to note how, when he touches on morals, the truth of the saying that the system of Comte is Catholicity without its spirituality is brought out. Nothing could be more sympathetic and at the same time more discriminating than his view of George Eliot's work. "The canvas of laborious culture is too often visible through the coloring of the picture," he writes, and he abstains from extravagant eulogy. But when he approaches the moral question of George Eliot's relations with George Lewes, he loses his grasp and becomes confused. He insists that she experienced a gradual religious evolution from the rigid Protestant formalism of her girlhood—which was as lacking in joy as her later agnosticism was lacking in hope—to the "cardinal ideas of positivism." Being a follower of Comte, Mr. Harrison wants to appropriate what is best in Christian society without acknowledging the power by which this best is kept permanent. He says that "whilst religion (Protestantism) and opinion still sanction divorce, the unsettlement of ideas will still be profound. But we trust the

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future will recognize that responsibility in marriage and happiness in marriage alike depend on its irrevocable nature." He cannot reconcile George Eliot's principles to her practice. He makes himself as vague as possible; for it is hard to admit that the woman who has preached the most exalted and purposeless altruism should have given the lie to the possibility of keeping her precepts without the safeguards of Christianity by deliberately, and in the face of the world, breaking that moral law which is the foundation of society. "The moral law," Mr. Harrison admits, "is infinitely more precious than the personal happiness of any; and the sufferings of exceptional cases must be borne with resignation, lest harm befall the sanctity of every home and the 'moral currency' be debased." Mr. Harrison views St. Bernard as the saviour of Europe, but only the material saviour; of the highest spiritual meanings of the saint's mission he has no conception. Parts of *On the Choice of Books* will bear reading and re-reading; the *dicta* are very sound, so far as what to avoid is concerned.

Andrew Lang's *Letters to Dead Authors* (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a gem of light and keen criticism, as well as an example of exquisite literary style. It is *ciselé*, clear-cut, cameo-like. These *Letters* are sound guides to the formation of good taste in literature. Mr. Lang tells Dickens that "one still laughs as heartily as ever at Dick Swiveller, but who can cry over Little Nell? To draw tears by gloating over a child's death—was it worthy of you?" He gives Poe a high place as a writer of prose, but says of his poetry:

"'Music is the perfection of the soul or the idea of poetry,' so you wrote; 'the vagueness of exaltation aroused by a sweet air (which should be indefinite and never too strongly suggestive) is precisely what we should aim at in poetry.' You aimed at that mark, and struck it again and again. But, by some Nemesis which might, perhaps, have been foreseen, you are, to the world, the poet of one poem—'The Raven': a poem in which the music is highly artificial, and the 'exaltation' (what there is of it) by no means particularly vague."

The letter to Miss Austen, whose popularity increases year by year, is finely ironical. "But you timidly decline to tackle Passion," he says to the author of *Mansfield Park*.

"'Let other pens,' you write, 'dwell on guilt and misery. I quit such odious subjects as soon as I can.' Ah! *there* is the secret of your failure! Need I add that the vulgarity and narrowness of the social circles you describe impair your popularity? I scarce remember more than one lady of title, and but very few lords (and these unessential), in all your tales. Now, when we all wish to be in society, we demand plenty of titles in our novels,

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at any rate, and we get lords (and very queer lords) even from republican authors, born in a country which in your time was not renowned for its literature."

It is time for this Chat to close, and here is Bret Harte's *Snow-Bound at Eagle's*, a crisply-told story of two thieves, for whom the author demands our sympathy; and here are two books not to be touched here—important enough not to come in at the end, but not important enough to be read if anything better—*The Following of Christ*, for example—is at hand. These are Rev. Dr. McWhinney's *Reason and Revelation*, and Mr. Gladstone's, Professor Huxley's, Professor Max Müller's, and Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's wrangle over Genesis, out of which there breaks no light.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN PRIESTHOOD. A sermon delivered in the church of St. Dominic's Priory, Woodchester, on December 8, 1885, at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. George Vincent King, O.P., Bishop of Juliopolis. By the Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Bishop Hedley has given to the public in the above a most opportune and important sermon, especially so for the non-Catholic public of England and America, a population so prejudiced and—dare we venture to say it?—so ignorant as to what the Catholic Church teaches. The bishop begins by informing us that the "Incarnation changed many things." But he is too sound a philosopher and theologian to tell us, as the *Independent* did in its issue of March 25, that "we should know nothing of God but for Christ." The Incarnation perfected much, but men are not indebted to the Incarnation of Christ for all they know of God. We could wish that Bishop Hedley had enlarged much more on this point, for it is one little understood among the English-speaking and German non-Catholic peoples. Too many are going astray on account of exaggerated notions as to the truth of the Divine Immanence of God in nature.

But the natural presence of the Creator in creation was not the purport of this sermon. Bishop Hedley passes on to show how the Catholic Church has in all her sacraments and worship ever in view the divine presence of Jesus Christ as a teaching authority and as the divine influence of a sacramental religion. He shows clearly that the promise of Christ to be with men until the end of time finds its realization in the Catholic Church. "In our own time," he says, "the prevalent reproach to the priesthood is grounded on the injury which it is alleged they offer to the Precious Blood itself. The priest, it is said by men who profess to be jealous for the name of Jesus, is one who would come between the soul and God. There never was an accusation at once so misleading and false. No one can come

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between God and the spirit of man. When the soul receives grace—grace sanctifying or grace of operation—it is the hand of the Lord which alone and completely pours it out. No priest pretends to dictate to God, or to limit God's infinite mercy, or to fix upon the times and the moments of God's visitation. The heart may come within the flow of the Precious Blood without preaching, without sacraments, without the Eucharistic presence, without priest or church or ritual. And were all the hierarchy at once gathered around some least little child or most unregarded sinner, under the roof of the greatest cathedrals or before the holiest of altars, all their prayers and all their rites would be powerless and ineffectual to touch with divine grace the hidden spirit, unless the hand of Jesus was lifted up and the will of Jesus gave the gift" (pp. 19, 20).

More of such sermons are needed for the information of non-Catholics, that the time foretold by the prophet may come true for the church, when "the children of them that afflict thee shall come bowing down to thee, and all that slandered thee shall worship the steps of thy feet and shall call thee the city of the Lord and the Sion of the Holy One of Israel" (Isaias lx. 14).

EASTER CAROLS. Being Part II. of *Carols for a Merry Christmas and a Joyous Easter*. The music by the Rev. Alfred Young, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle; the words selected and original. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

We find in this little volume a number of pleasing church carols composed in a style similar to the Christmas Carols already issued by the same author, these being designed to emphasize the doctrine of the Resurrection, as the former ones that of the Incarnation and Birth of our Lord. We think that some of them merit the careful study of the church musician in view of their felicitous expression of what may be not improperly designated as the "tone" of the Paschal festival; being not simply tunes entitled "carols," to which words relating to any season of the ecclesiastical year might be equally well sung, but breathing the spirit, or, as we term it, the *tone*, of Easter, as the Christmas Carols were melodies markedly characteristic of that happy festival and season.

We are sorry that the author could not have afforded us a better frontispiece than a repetition of the same old borrowed engraving which was used for illustrating the former volume.

THE BLESSED EASTER-TIDE. Compiled by the Editor of *Christmas-Tide, in Song and Story*. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

This beautiful work in its contents follows the plan of the volume published by the same house last Christmas, except that it is altogether sacred in its character. It consists, besides the Gospel narrative, of sacred poems and hymns for Good Friday, Easter Even, and Easter Day. A large number of these poems are by Catholic writers, ancient and modern—in fact, more than a quarter of the whole; and those which are not by Catholic writers are not in any way uncatholic in tone. The get-up of the book realizes everything that could be wished for in a gift-book. The paper and printing are excellent and in the best possible taste. We may be allowed, however, to point out one or two slips. Bernard of Clairvaux should be St.

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Bernard of Clairvaux; and Dr. Newman is now a cardinal. We hope this new work of the Messrs. Randolph will meet with such success as to encourage them in their efforts to render what is good and holy beautiful and attractive as well.

IRISH AND OTHER POEMS. By James Clarence Mangan. With a selection from his translations. Dublin: The O'Connell Press, M. H. Gill & Son; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

We are glad to welcome this small and cheap edition of Mangan's poems, and hope it will aid much in popularizing the works of one who is not yet sufficiently known and appreciated even among his own countrymen. Mangan was a true poet, full of fire, and of pathos, and of the many emotions that fill a poet's soul until it overflows. A curious man he was, too, hiding much of his light under a bushel; for many of his *translations*, as he calls them, are not translations at all, but thoughts of his own which he for the first time clothed in the beauty of his verse.

The present edition opens with that stirring ode, the "Irish National Hymn." How well its spirited and prophetic lines call to mind the Ireland of to-day! Instance the opening stanza:

"O Ireland! Ancient Ireland!
Ancient! yet for ever young!
Thou our mother, home, and sire land—
Thou at length hast found a tongue—
Proudly thou, at length,
Resistest in triumphant strength.
Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled;
And as that mighty God existeth
Who giveth victory when and where he listeth,
Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations of the world."

SERVER'S MISSAL: A Practical Guide for Serving-Boys at Mass. Compiled by a Sacristan. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This little book is designed to assist boys and others in serving Mass. It is made up chiefly of the Ordinary and the Canon of the Mass, with brief notes in regard to the duties which fall upon the server. It is very neat and convenient to carry, and will be a valuable help, we think, to all who assist at Mass, especially if used in connection with a more complete manual.

THE SPIRITS OF DARKNESS, AND THEIR MANIFESTATIONS ON EARTH; or, Ancient and Modern Spiritualism. By Rev. John Gmeiner, Professor in the Theological Seminary at St. Francis, Milwaukee Co., Wis. Milwaukee: Hoffman Brothers.

When one has become penetrated with the conviction that between this life and the other there is an impassable gulf, he is subjected to a delusion of peculiar peril. Sooner or later he comes across evidence of spirit-manifestations—evidence which first annoys him, then wins upon his belief, finally makes him a disciple of a dangerous superstition. An average Protestant or Agnostic denying the existence of miraculous occurrences is in no condition to discriminate between good and evil in the domain of the preternatural. Once he has been forced to admit the contact of spirits with men, he is very apt to believe all they say, and follow after them as beings able to teach him the truth and to bring him into immediate relation with his

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loved ones departed this life. Spiritism is a tumble from infidelity into diabolism.

Father Gmeiner's book instructs one how to test spirits. It first shows how indubitably true are many of the claims of spiritists as to actual manifestations. It then compares good and evil spirits together, proving plain as day the evil character of the beings who have revealed themselves by mediums and by other such methods. This book tells what tests are to be applied to discover what kind of a messenger asks our credence. It shows how all right reason and all experience must insist on credentials being presented by ambassadors from the realms beyond the grave.

Protestantism puts an impassable gulf between this world and the next; spiritism ferries the chasm over with goblins of the pit. The fatal results of these two delusions are avoided by such books as Father Gmeiner's.

We are glad to see that the price is quite moderate, placing this useful little volume within reach of all.

MOMENTS ON THE MOUNT: A Series of Devotional Meditations. By Rev. George Matheson, M.A., D.D., Minister of the parish of Inellan. Second edition. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

This is a book which shows the best form of Protestantism: the activity of a devout soul under the influence of fragmentary Catholic truth. These meditations are not deep, but they are nearly all true views of the spiritual life, and are full of poetical imagery. They do not provoke the mind to mighty acts, like the *Imitation* and many other Catholic books. But they are prayer, true mental prayer, spontaneous and fervent. The soul is not driven forward to an increase of its own activity; it rather floats onward, borne along by the stream of the writer's thoughts. Yet the direction is the true one, though the author knows not whither he is going and leading. A commonplace book to a Catholic, who has a store of much better ascetical literature at his command; but to Protestants it may be a book of great value. There are, of course, some errors of doctrine apparent, but we have not met with any of very great importance.

ACTA ET DECRETA CONCILII PLENARII BALTIMORENSIS TERTII, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIV. Præside Illmo et Revmo Jacobo Gibbons. Baltimoræ: Typis Joannis Murphy et sociorum. 1886.

Just as these notices were being sent to the press we have received from the Catholic Publication Society Co. a copy of these long-looked-for decrees. It is impossible for us to do more at present than announce their publication, and state the fact that, according to a decree of the Archbishop of Baltimore of the 6th of January last, this publication is a full and sufficient legal promulgation of the decrees of the council. The volume contains, in addition to the decrees themselves, a number of interesting and important documents, especially the "Excerpta e Congregationibus Privatis" and a decision as to the extent of the decree "Tametsi" in this country. There is an excellent index.

MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL, AND OTHER WRITINGS, IN PROSE AND VERSE. By Charles Lamb. With introduction and notes by Alfred Ainger. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1886.

Of course we have nothing new to say about Charles Lamb, but we could say many words in praise of Mr. Ainger's careful and judicious edit-

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ing, and of the value of his notes. The present book supplements Mr. Ainger's edition of *Lamb's Essays of Elia* and *Charles Lamb's Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays*. The three books form the most satisfactory edition of Lamb's works extant. This last volume is to be followed by a uniform edition of Lamb's correspondence.

LORENZ ALMA TADEMA. His Life and Works. By George Ebers, author of *Uarda*, etc. From the German by Mary J. Safford. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1886.

This little book bears about it the grace and charm of Ebers' style, and is a very appreciative, though not a critical, study of Tadema's work. It deals principally with the work of the great artist, and is remarkably free from those little impertinent personalities which only too often creep into modern biographies. This, of course, is just as it should be; it is the work of a great man, and his life as expressed in that work, which is of real and lasting interest, not the manner in which he ties his cravat or eats his breakfast. The book appears to be well translated. Not much praise can be bestowed upon the illustrations, which convey no more idea of the beauty of Tadema's pictures than maps of Switzerland convey an idea of the Alpine scenery.

ARMSTRONG'S PRIMER OF ENGLISH HISTORY. For Schools and Family Use. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1885.

This makes a convenient little hand-book of easy reference for looking up the dates of reigns and wars, and all the important events in English history. It was written, the author explains, "to save time and labor; to relieve the teacher from the drudgery of note-giving, so that more attention can be given to the actual work of instruction." It is also intended to give the student an outline, which he, of course, is expected to fill in by more extended study.

THE STORY OF CHALDEA. By Zénaide A. Ragozin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This belongs to the "Story of the Nations" series, and is one of the best, if not the best, of the series so far. It is free from that very apparent stooping down to the minds of young people which characterized some of the preceding volumes of this series. Boys and girls always resent a too evident patronage of manner. *The Story of Chaldea* may be read by old and young with profit and pleasure. The illustrations are excellent, and are of real benefit in illustrating the text.

HOFFMAN'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND CLERGY LIST. Milwaukee: Hoffman Brothers.

The March issue of this periodical has just come to hand. It contains a corrected alphabetical list of all the clergy in the United States. It denotes the changes, additions, and deaths since last issue. It is to be issued every three months and is given free to those who purchased the regular directory. It is a good idea, and if properly edited will be of great benefit to business men, as well as all others. From the list given there are nearly eight thousand priests in the United States.

CHEMISTRY: A Manual for Beginners. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

This little manual seems to accomplish the object for which it is intended in a very satisfactory manner. It is clear and easily understood,

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and is not overloaded with those numberless technical terms which render many a text-book very hard of understanding to the ordinary intelligence of school-children. A glossary of the principal and necessary chemical terms is given, and a list of chemical apparatus—of the things necessary to furnish a laboratory for young students—is added.

THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS. Prepared expressly for pulpit use. By a Priest of the diocese of Fort Wayne. New York: Greil & Wildermann. 1885.

This little volume contains the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and holydays, according to Archbishop Kenrick's version of the Holy Scripture. It is convenient in form, is nicely printed, and has an index.

ECHOES FROM THE PINES. By Margaret E. Jordan. Portland, Me.: McGovern & Young.

A volume of pleasing poems in varied forms, which are the results of reflection by a religious mind, and the speakings from out a devout heart.

OUR ORANGE OPPONENTS. By E. P. S. Counsel. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

This is a well-written pamphlet of thirty-four pages by a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. It is a true but not pleasant retrospect of different sections of "auld Ireland" in regard to the present agitation of its "Home Rule."

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

PRAKTISCHE WINKE. Ueber P. Maximilian Schaefer, O.S.F. Cincinnati: Rosenthal & Co. 1886.

THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. By the Rev. O. L. Jenkins, A.M., S.S. Edited by a member of the Society of St. Sulpice. Third edition, revised and brought to date. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1885.

A COURSE OF LENTEN SERMONS on the Sacred Passion and Death of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By the Rev. P. Sabela. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

THE CONSOLING THOUGHTS OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Edited by Rev. Père Huguet. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

WHERE ARE WE AND WHITHER TENDING? By the Rev. M. Harvey. Boston: Doyle & Whittle. 1886.

THE AGONIZING HEART: Salvation of the Dying, Consolation of the Afflicted. By the Rev. Father Blot, author of the *Agony of Jesus*. With approbation of the Bishop of Mans. New Edition. Part I. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

M. DUPONT AND THE WORK OF THE HOLY FACE. With an Appendix, containing his prayers and practices of piety. Translated from the French of Very Rev. P. Janvier, Director of the Priests of the Holy Face, by Christian Reid. With a preface by the Rev. Mgr. Preston, V.G., LL.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE? or, A Divine Certainty of Faith. By a Layman. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

LITTLE MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH. St. Joseph according to the Gospel. By the Rev. Father Marin de Boylesve, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

MEDITATIONS AND ANECDOTES for each day of the Month of St. Joseph. With prayers and devotions. Translated by Mrs. Edward Hazeland. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

COMMENTARIUM IN FACULTATES APOSTOLICAS. Auctore A. Konings, C.SS.R. Benziger Bros.; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

PRAXIS SYNODALIS. Benziger Bros. 1886.

JUBILÆUM ANNI 1886. Sanctissimi Domini Nostri Leonis Divina Providentia Papæ XIII. Litteræ Apostolicæ, quibus Extraordinarium Jubilæum indicitur, in usum Cleri. Practicis Notis Illustratæ. Cura A. Konings, C.SS.R. Benziger Bros. 1886.

EASY COMPLETE VESPERS in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, with "O Salutaris" and 'Tantum Ergo." By John Singenberger. New York: Benziger Bros.

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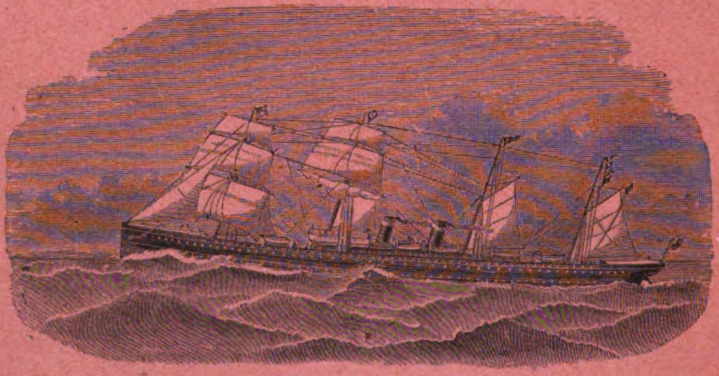

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THE PASSION PLAY OF VORDERTHIERSEE.

IT was by the merest chance that, during a short stay in the pleasant town of Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol, we heard of the Passion Play of Vorderthiersee. With us, as with most foreigners, the Passion Play had, in a manner easily accounted for, become inextricably confounded with Ober-Ammergau, so much so that the two seemed convertible terms. As we knew, much to our regret, that the time for the celebration of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau was far distant, we had given up all hope of being included in the number of those whose good fortune it has been to see this unique representation. With delight, then, we heard of this little village (unknown alike to guide-book and tourist) where the Passion Play had been performed on every Sunday and holyday since Easter (April 5, 1885). Kufstein, famous in the history of Tyrol, was the nearest railway-station for Thiersee; and so, on a perfect autumnal day, we found ourselves speeding swiftly through the lovely valley of the Inn, delighted with its views of well-cultivated farms and fields white with the ripening grain, leading gently up to the magnificent, pine-clad chain of Mittel Gebirge, behind and above which towered the arid cliffs of the White Alps, whiter and more blinding in the glare of the noonday sun.

As the train sped on, passing by quiet, picturesquely-situated Tyrolese towns, we caught glimpses of distant glaciers shining in the brilliant sunlight like seas of molten silver. The beautiful

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Zillerthal was quickly reached, and scarcely had we begun to realize its magnificent prospect of distant snow-covered peaks when the Alps again closed in around us, on either side an unbroken wall, and we were soon at Kufstein, the entrance-gate of Tyrol. Looking across the river Inn, which here widens into a respectable stream, we saw a rugged peak rising behind a magnificently-wooded height and threatening, seemingly, to topple over into the valley. Nestling at its base we were told we would find the village of Vorderthiersee.

Walking is the usual mode of travelling on leaving the Inn valley, where the railway itself is an innovation. With light hearts and whole being quickened by the soft, sweet, exhilarating air that crept down the pine-covered mountain-sides, we turned our faces westward and soon lost sight of Kufstein, the last thing visible being its formidable citadel perched upon a rocky height, at whose feet, in tranquil security, sleeps the little town.

Beautiful as is the valley of the Inn, in order to truly appreciate the charm of Tyrolese scenery one must tramp through its mountains. For two hours over steep hills and through quiet dales we walked, delighted by the ever-changing and varied scenes of loveliness and grandeur that met us on every side. Deep hidden in the silent forest were lakes of wonderful beauty, their placid waters gleaming in the sunlight that stole over the high mountain-tops and through the tangle of interwoven boughs. It needed but a slight effort to transfer the scene to our own land, and picture the canoe of wild Indian or cunning trapper stealing swiftly out from the dark shadows of the shore and gliding across the surface of the lake, breaking into sparkling ripples the golden light resting so quietly upon it. But now and again a wayside shrine, with its image of the Crucified or of the Blessed Mother, or one of those quaint, antique pictures showing St. John, or the Virgin, or our Lord and St. John, according to the direction of approach, would recall the wandering fancy, and the "May God keep you" of a passing Tyrolese would soon remind us that we were far indeed from the dear land of the Leatherstocking. Here and there, attached to the trunk of some huge tree, were weather-stained pictures of the Blessed Mother, or a little statue placed in a niche carved in some old trunk, telling of narrow escapes from a dreadful death through the intervention of Mary, and telling also of the gratitude of these pious, trusting souls to their Good Mother. One of these forest shrines is quite well known to the Thierseens under the appellation of St. Mary of the Pines.

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It is placed in a majestic pine that overshadows a dangerous part of the road, and, judging from the number of votive offerings, the Blessed Virgin had had frequent opportunities of extending her protection to her faithful children.

At length, after mounting a steep hill, a sudden turn in the road brought into view the charming, fertile valley of Thiersee, surrounded by high, picturesque mountains, with a little lake almost in the centre, set prettily among rich green fields and orchards laden with a wealth of golden fruit. From the opposite hill the white-walled village church watched over the peaceful scene; and as we proceeded along the road, the sole bond of communication with the outer world, the straggling houses became visible on either side, their walls more or less adorned with paintings of a religious nature. Many houses, presumably those of the wealthier peasants, had such paintings on every wall, generally in every hue of the rainbow. Tyrolese houses are quite as picturesque as their Swiss cousins, and the gaily-painted walls look none the worse for the sacred nature of their subjects. Opposite the church we found a cleanly *wirthschaft*, where, for a sum which to an American seems paltry, we secured very comfortable lodgings.

The play was to begin the next morning (Sunday, September 5, 1885) at half-past eight o'clock. From half-past four Masses were going on in the church; and, judging from the persistency with which the church-bells were rung, it was not considered *en règle* to sleep beyond that hour. Crowds of peasants assisted at these Masses, the women plainly and neatly dressed, wearing peculiar low-crowned, black straw hats with long ribbons; the men clad in homespun, their short, natty jackets bristling with huge buttons fantastically carved from the horns of the chamois, and their slouch-hats decorated with feathers, trophies of their skill and prowess in some exciting conflict with the king birds that frequent their mountain fastnesses. Knots of Bavarian peasants were distinguishable by the becoming head-dress of their women—a black veil coiled neatly around the head and falling in simple, graceful folds over the shoulders.

At High Mass we had an opportunity of observing the earnest devotion of these simple Catholic peasants. They exhibited the greatest reverence towards the Blessed Sacrament, which, as seems to be customary in nearly all churches in Tyrol, was exposed during Mass.* An interesting feature of the ceremony

* The priest, on coming to the altar, goes up, and, taking the pyx from the tabernacle, places it above the same, says Mass *coram Sanctissimo*, and at the close blesses the people with the pyx before reposing it.

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was the Offertory, when the men of the congregation, passing into the sanctuary, laid offerings of money on the altar-table, the women making their offering later on after the Communion, outside the railing.* Another curious feature was the promptness with which the choir stopped singing the *Gloria* and *Credo* as soon as the celebrant had finished reciting them.† By an amusing coincidence Judas Iscariot took up the collection. Some of the principal characters in the play were pointed out to us among the crowd that swarmed into the open square in front of the church to hear the parish announcements read by the old sexton in a solemn, guttural voice, his rostrum being the stoop of the *wirth*. The inn itself was crowded by peasants taking their *wurstl* and coffee or beer before going to the theatre.

Thiersee (lake of animals), or rather Vorderthiersee as distinguished from Hinterthiersee and Oberthiersee (in Tyrol every few houses that are less than half a mile apart form distinct parts of a village), is one of four places which boast of a Passion Play. The Ober-Ammergau Play has become famous through the descriptions of tourists, but those of Brixlegg, Erl, and Thiersee are scarcely heard of outside the valley of the Inn, because the places are neither well known nor much frequented by travellers. In these four places there exists a Society of the Passion Play, composed of nearly all the adult villagers and peasants for miles around, they being very fond of scenic representations. This society produces the Passion Play once every ten years, and meanwhile keeps its members in practice by playing little dramas, often the composition of the farmers themselves, thus helping to pass pleasantly the long and dreary winter months. When the year of the Passion Play draws near excitement runs high, and the village talks of nothing but the candidates for the different *rôles* and their chances of success. This is especially the case with regard to the character of Christus; for the young man who aspires to fill this most important part must be of exemplary character, and altogether an unexceptionable person. It must be understood that the Passion Play is regarded with deep respect. There were four candidates, we were told, for the principal *rôle*

* This we find to be a remnant of what was, until the tenth century, a general practice in the church. For up to that time the faithful made their own offerings of bread and wine. In ancient missals, therefore, we find in the prayer *Memento, Domine* the words *qui tibi offerunt*, instead of those now used, *pro quibus tibi offerimus, vel qui tibi offerunt*. In the Ambrosian rite, still carried out at Milan cathedral, the offerings of the people are made by certain old men and old women, clothed in a peculiar manner, and who belong to what is called "St. Ambrose's School." A similar custom exists in many churches of France.

† We thought to account for this by reason of the lateness of the hour, but on the next morning we observed a similar feature in the singing of a *Missa de Requiem*.

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at Thiersee. The choice fell upon Joseph Iüffinger, a fair-haired young man, of medium height, with light blue eyes, broad, open forehead, and a pleasant mouth, though rather large, shaded by a slight, tawny moustache. We saw him at the *wirthschaft* after the play, and upon invitation he came to our table. He proved to be very intelligent, frank, and unassuming. One action of his convinced us of his piety. While the conversation all around was at its highest pitch, English and German struggling for the mastery, the Angelus bell sounded and he quietly bent his head, blessed himself, remained a few minutes in prayer, and then resumed the conversation from which he had politely excused himself. Needless to say his example was imitated.

Each of these four villages mentioned above has its own text of the Passion Play, handed down from generation to generation for centuries. That of Vorderthiersee dates back as far as the second half of the seventeenth century. The text originally was in five acts, written in verse, rhymed Alexandrine and lyric measures. It was preceded by a "Prelude of the Good Shepherd." The action of the play embraced the events narrated in the Gospel narrative from the Last Supper to the burial of our Lord inclusively. Certain leading characters in the Ober-Ammergau play are not found in it, these being the Herald of Honor, the Argumentator, the Messenger of the Devil, and the Good Angels. The chorus had quite an insignificant *rôle*, and the Prologist appeared only before the acts. Among the characters which have been omitted in the modern play are the Grace of God, Lucifer, two other "big" devils, and a "little" devil (*sic*). We are told that the last, "the little devil," a type of the diabolical spirit was an extremely comical figure. He suppresses, stifles all feelings of repentance in the soul of Judas, who at last dismisses the Grace of God with a short "*geht hin*," takes the rope brought him by the devil, and forthwith hangs himself. It is not hard to believe a further statement made with regard to the old text—viz., that in some places it approached the burlesque, and that both language and verse were often harsh and stiff.

The play has undergone various alterations within the last fifty years. The present revision—or, better, rewriting, for the motives only have been retained—is the work of a Benedictine monk, Robert Weissenhofer, professor in the Royal Imperial Gymnasium at Vienna, and bearer of the Golden Cross of Merit with the Crown. It is written in prose, interspersed with lyrics and passages in blank verse. The new play is entitled *The Bitter Passion and Death, Glorious Resurrection and Ascension*

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of Our Lord Jesus Christ. It is divided into two parts, the first beginning with the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem and concluding with his condemnation by Pilate, the second continuing the Passion and ending with the ascension and glory of Christ. Each part is divided into three acts, these again being subdivided into several scenes. Interspersed throughout the play are interludes and *tableaux vivants*, which, as will be seen, serve quite effectively to convey exact and useful knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures. The chorus is one of the most pleasing features of the play. The choral parts are written in verse, the remainder of the new version being in prose. Some of the lyrics are quite touching, and as sung were very affecting. The voices in the chorus were exceptionally good and very well harmonized. The Tyrolese are very fond of music, and it is a most enjoyable treat to hear them, after the day's labors, *jodling* or singing glees to the accompaniment of the zither. During the play the effects of that love were visible in the strength and flexibility of the voices and the perfect unison preserved throughout.

Thiersee owes its Passion Play to the misfortune of its Bavarian neighbors. The play belonged originally to the village of Oberandorf, in Bavaria, and was frequently performed there until the year 1762, when its performance was prohibited by the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical. The prohibition, although several times relaxed to permit of special representations, was renewed, and has remained in force uninterruptedly since the beginning of this century, despite the efforts of the Bavarians to obtain permission to perform once more their beloved play. The ecclesiastical authorities are, however, very strict and watchful in this respect, and do not allow the Passion Play to be produced in any place where it is likely to be subject to irreverence. It was after this prohibition that Thiersee became the possessor of the Bavarian play, attributed, by the way, to a Bavarian peasant, Georg Eichler. It has been performed at Thiersee about a dozen times during the present century—viz., in 1802-3-4-5-11-15-21-33-55—and thereafter only every ten years, as in Ammergau and Brixlegg.

The theatre, to which the firing of a signal-gun brought crowds of peasants, was situated upon a steep hill high above the church. It was a plain, barn-like structure, erected by the farmers themselves. The stage and dressing-rooms were at one end, the orchestra pit * being in front of the stage. The auditorium

* The music was under the direction of the old parish priest. The organist was a blacksmith trained for the occasion.

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stretched back to the other end. Long wooden benches rose one above the other, running parallel to the stage, and leaving narrow aisles along the sides of the building. The prices of the seats were graded according to the class occupied, there being five classes, with prices ranging from forty kreutzers to two gulden fifty kreutzers.* The theatre is capable of seating fourteen hundred people. Admission is by doors at the sides, closed during the performance. As there are no windows, the entire auditorium is in a darkness that would be gloomy were it not for the dim light that steals down from the stage.

By the bright sunlight streaming in at the open doors as the audience assembled we could examine the curtain that concealed the stage. It contained a view (painted by a Munich artist and fairly well executed) of the beautiful valley of Thiersee, with its placid little lake and the encircling mountains. No painting, however, could reproduce that charming scene.

As the curtain rose the chorus came forth, the Prologist in the centre, and the choristers to right and left, clad very becomingly in light-blue robes, with crimson mantles thrown over the shoulder in the fashion of a toga. Very beautiful they looked in the glare of the footlights, their drapery glittering as the light fell upon ornamental bands of gold-lace, and their pose forming a lovely study of color as they stood, each with hand lightly laid upon the breast, the solemn voice of the Prologist breaking the intense silence, and the sweet, strong voices rising and falling in harmonious cadence as they sang the sad, touching lyrics of the play. We subjoin the opening prologue, explaining the nature of the play:

PROLOGUE.

"Give ear, O sinful people, to the call of grace
From Golgotha!
And, filled with holy dread,
In deepest adoration stand
And praise the wisdom of the eternal One
Who, by the Saviour's blood, redeems you from
The curse of wrath
Incurred by Adam's sin.

"Cleansed from the lust of sinful earth,
Collect yourself in veneration holy
To see the miracle sublime

* The receipts go to the treasury of the society to defray the expenses. The actors do not receive any money for their services.

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Which, on the Passion-way, the merciful
God-man performed for you.

"Oh see! the Lord does not revenge for ever,
But pardon, salvation, freedom, peace, for *you*
Brings death to the Paschal Lamb.
O Christian soul! confess the power of grace,
And look with confidence to Him
Who meekly beareth all.
With tears of sweet contrition follow
The Mediator on the Passion-way
Which he has walked on thy account,
And speak with deep affliction the words of gratitude.

"O wounds of Christ! O holy blood!
How can I venerate you best?
O sign of grace! O martyr's wood!
Be deeply fixed within my breast.

"Look, Saviour, see me at your feet;
Pour down your consolation sweet;
Oh! take away the curse of men,
Enfold me in your arms again."

Three *tableaux vivants* followed: The Fall of Adam and Eve, the Immaculate Conception, and the Adoration of the Cross. While throughout the play the tableaux were remarkably perfect with regard both to pose and suitable blending of colors, that of the Immaculate Conception was especially noticeable, partly because of the difficulty of maintaining the necessary position, and partly because of the beautiful nature of the subject. The young girl who took the part of Mary, Mother of God, had a modest, pleasing face, shaded by an abundance of light-brown hair; and as, perfectly motionless, she stood upon the globe, her foot crushing the serpent's head, her hands meekly folded upon her breast, her eyes fixed upon the heavens, the soft light mellowing the fair brown hair, tinting with gold the clinging folds of her white robe, and deepening the blue of her mantle, she seemed a living copy of Murillo's heavenly picture. With eyes fixed on that brilliant spot of glory framed in surrounding darkness, out of which came the soft, sweet voices of the chorus announcing the great sign that appeared in heaven: "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars," who could restrain the happy tears that dimmed the sight, and who could refuse to join in the chorus' greeting?

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"O sei gegrüst, Du Gnadenmutter;
Du heilige Gottesbraut, sei uns gegrüst!"

How forcibly like unto our real life it seemed when to that glorious scene succeeded the vision of the Saviour's Cross, around which white-clad children knelt in adoration, while the chorus bent the knee and the fresh young voices of the children sang a hymn of thanks!

The scene changed rapidly. It is surprising how perfect are the mechanical details of the play—the scenery, lights, changes, and in general the whole stage business. Far away are heard the sound of tumultuous voices and the accompanying evidences of the presence of a crowd; nearer and nearer they approach, and the play proper begins with the triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem. The stage is crowded (there are in all one hundred and three players) with men, women, and children in Jewish costume, crying out their hosannas and strewing the stage with garments and palms; finally the Master enters, seated on a veritable foal of an ass. All eyes are fixed upon him. It is difficult to describe one's feelings at this first sight. So realistic are the scene and the personages that involuntarily the spectator thrills with awe, and the mind cannot at once separate the fictitious from the real. So dignified, so vivid is the protrayal of Christus that at times during the progress of the play the mind unconsciously dismisses the intervening ages, and overwrought feelings find relief in compassionate tears.

Too high praise cannot be bestowed on the acting, the dignified, graceful carriage, the forgetfulness of self in their assumed characters, of these simple, earnest peasants.* The conception of their parts entertained by the principal characters, notably Christus, Mary the Mother of God, Mary Magdalen, Peter, and Judas, was strikingly true, and showed intimate knowledge of the history of the Passion. The costumes throughout were in very good taste, and, what is more, of considerable historic truthfulness. To an inquiry made as to the designer of them, a very kind informant (one of the players), at the meeting of the actors held at the *wirthschaft* after the play, called out to an old woman sitting quietly listening to the busy conversation going on around her. She immediately stood up, while the informant proceeded to explain who she was, of what family, etc., and how she had cut and made the costumes after the designs in her old

* A venerable old artist whom we met afterwards gave it as his opinion that the Thiersee text was superior to any other, and that the acting equalled in many respects that of the Ammergau play.

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Bible, her only models. Then she sat down. The *naïveté* of the proceeding was touching.

To instruct the people in the knowledge of the sacred Passion is, of course, the main object of the play. In order that this knowledge may be complete, tableaux representing scenes from the Old Testament which are symbolical of the events in our Lord's Passion are interspersed throughout the play. Thus, before the scene in which our Lord parts from his Mother in order to begin his public life, the tableau of Tobias parting from his parents is introduced; that of Joseph sold by his brothers precedes the bargain made by Judas for the betrayal of his Master. Melchisedech offering bread and wine while Abraham and his followers are prostrated in adoration is followed by the scene of the Last Supper. A slight anachronism in the tableau of Melchisedech, the soldiers of Abraham being armed in the approved style of men-at-arms of the middle age, spoiled to some extent what was otherwise a beautiful scene. Then came at appropriate intervals the tableaux of Samson ridiculed by the Philistines, Naboth accused by false witnesses and condemned to death, Cain's despair, Daniel in the lions' den, patient Job, Joseph's bloody coat, the sacrifice of Isaac, the brazen serpent, the crossing of the Red Sea, Joseph making himself known to his brethren, Joseph's glorification—each a figure of some phase of our Lord's Passion, Death, and Resurrection; all vividly represented, all clearly explained, in their literal and figurative sense, in the sad, earnest tones of the Schutzgeist, and all concluding with a touching prayer sung by the chorus. The immense value and possibilities of such a mode of communicating Biblical knowledge, combining the resources of all the arts, imitative and descriptive, must be at once apparent. And certainly we can testify, for our own part, to the deep impression made not alone by the knowledge conveyed, but above all by the intensely realistic presentation, which brought home to us with great force truths too often, alas! clothed in misty, far-away, almost meaningless words—things in which our lives are, or ought to be, wrapped up, but which too often, by their very sublimity, seem unreal and far removed from one's every-day life. These we saw here so vividly portrayed as to bring us out of ourselves, and make us, for the time at least, participators in the heartrending scenes of that sublimest tragedy.

A description of the entire course of the play is unnecessary. We were particularly impressed by the touching scene in which Christ parts from Mary. On all sides of us, as the scene pro-

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gressed, we could hear the sobs wrung from tender hearts at sight of the grief so eloquently and naturally expressed—the overwhelming anguish that crushed the heart of the Mother as in grave, pathetic tones "her Child, her Jesus, her all" revealed to her the path of suffering he must henceforth tread, and as her sorrowing "mother-heart" pleaded to be allowed to die, if so she could save him from his awful fate. Dry eyes were few as Christus turned to look once more on his weeping mother and bade her a last farewell: "Mutter, meine liebe Mutter, lebe wohl!" Throughout the scene the bearing of Christus was simple yet majestic, and his acting was not without a natural pathos that was very affecting. The intense earnestness of the players may be gathered from the admission made by the young woman who took the part of the Mother of God—viz., that the tears she shed during that scene were real tears, and that she felt in her heart what she was saying.

The Institution of the Blessed Eucharist was likewise notably impressive. Though the manner of holding the bread and wine seemed somewhat awkward, yet the solemnity with which the action was performed, the feeling with which the words of consecration (very startling, indeed, under the circumstances) were uttered, joined to the vivid recollection of the nature of the scene represented, produced a profound impression and by contrast increased our sense of the dread power possessed by the priest of God. One could not avoid shuddering as the traitor received the morsel from the hands of the Master, even whilst realizing that it was a representation.

Judas acted his distasteful part in a masterly manner, displaying throughout a shrewdness and avariciousness that were, no doubt, distinguishing traits of the original. He furnished the only amusing features in the play, and then so naturally that the most delicate susceptibility could not take offence. The business-like air with which he took to task the scribe who was paying him only twenty-eight pieces of silver instead of thirty provoked a ripple of merriment. Peter, likewise, displayed excellent qualities as an actor, particularly in the difficult scenes of his denial and repentance, and forgiveness by Mary.

Naturally our interest centred in the Crucifixion. Surprised as we had been by the perfect stage mechanism in the preceding parts of the play, we were not, however, prepared for the wonderful presentation of this difficult scene. No more expressive criticism of it can be given than to say that it was harrowing. The brutality of the executioners was maddening from its very fidelity;

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the muffled strokes of the hammers, the apprehensions, almost unbearable, excited thereby, and, above all, the dull, sickening thud as the cross, with the figure apparently nailed to it, sank into the socket, completed what might be called, if it did not seem out of place in connection with this subject, a triumph of realism. Agony was stamped on every feature of the acting Christus. The head moved from side to side as if trying to find rest; the face was pallid; the eyes barely opened; the lower jaw relaxed; the breath came in gasps. Not a muscle moved as he hung there, the large-headed nails showing in his hands and feet. No appearance of any support could be detected, even with the aid of a strong pair of glasses. At the foot of the cross stood the sorrowing group; a little in front the brutal soldiers were casting lots and disputing for the possession of the garments with an earnestness so real as to be startling. The "seven words" came faintly but distinctly, and, as the last and saddest broke from the dying lips, the darkness which had been gradually enveloping the stage was brightened by lurid flashes of lightning and the oppressive silence broken by peals of thunder.

The strain on the nerves of the audience was removed by a change of scene which brought into view Pilate's house, with soldiers, priests, and people rushing pell-mell across the darkened stage, and Pilate himself from a window upbraiding them and inquiring the cause of their fright. The scene changed again to Calvary, now wrapped in almost total darkness. The figure of the dead Christ was distinct and ghastly in the surrounding gloom. The remaining figures were in shadow. My blood involuntarily thrilled as a Roman soldier, coming forward, thrust his spear into the side of the limp figure hanging motionless on the cross. I was watching every movement closely through the glasses, but as I saw, or thought I saw, the skin and flesh shrivel up around the point of the spear as it apparently forced its way through, and heard the spurting of the blood as it gushed from what seemed to be a gaping wound, an exclamation of horror broke from my lips. I could not be convinced that the wound was not real until the *modus operandi* was explained to me afterwards. The point of the spear moved on a spring, which, on being pushed back, gave an outlet to a quantity of sheep's blood concealed in the hollow head of the spear, so that when the dull point encountered the resistance of the body the spring, yielding to the pressure, uncovered the aperture and released the blood, which was discharged with a noise resembling that made by blood spurting from a large wound. The shrivelling of the skin was accounted for by the

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fleshings on the dead Christus. The Crucifixion lasted for fifteen minutes, the latter part occupying only five minutes. And yet Josef Iüfinger, who took the part of Christus, assured our friends afterwards that he would not have been able to endure the agony of his position for three minutes longer.

There were three more tableaux of special excellence—the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Glory of Christ. The first was pre-eminently successful. The Roman soldiers were gathered around the tomb, talking and keeping a lookout, when suddenly, with a loud noise, the stone rolled away, and in a blaze of red light Christus appears, his stigmata shining brilliantly. A mantle of deep red was thrown over his shoulders, and in one hand he bore a cross and banner, the other being raised in benediction. A group of little children surrounded him in adoration, and the soldiers were prostrated, stunned by the apparition.

The play began, as we have said, at half-past eight in the morning, and was over at half-past four in the afternoon. There was an intermission of an hour, from one o'clock till two, for dinner. There were also several short intermissions between the acts, during which many in the audience drank beer and munched *wurstl*, procured at the stand outside the building, or drawn from baskets that the good folk had carried with them from their homes, some of them many, many miles away. Strolling around among players and people during these intermissions, our notions of the congruous were often amusingly violated by seeing some burly Roman soldier remove a huge pipe from his mouth to quaff a foaming mug of beer proffered by an admiring friend, or some saintly Apostle remove his Jewish-looking whiskers to join with Scribe or High-Priest in drinking the health of an enthusiastic Tyrolese in the same frothy beverage. These incongruities, however, prepared us for the startling announcement made to us later in the evening by the *kellnerin* of the *wirthschaft*, when, in reply to our clamorous call for an *omelette gefüllte* that we had ordered for supper, she told us that Mary Magdalen was making it as fast as she could!

I do not think that I shall ever forget the impression left upon me by the beautiful scene that stretched out at our feet as we turned after the play to descend the hill on which stands the theatre—the quaint cottages almost buried in the thick foliage of surrounding trees; the placid lake, its face upturned to the heavens that it so loved to mirror in its tranquil depths; the environment of lofty mountains, up whose thickly-covered sides the deep shadows were creeping, wrapping forest and field and

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mountain in weird indistinctness, while two noble peaks, Bendeling and Kaiserspitz, towered aloft on either side, giant sentinels that watched over the peace of this quiet valley of enchanting beauty, their shaggy crests pushed far up into the clear blue of heaven, crowned as with a crown of glory by the silver stars that were just beginning to twinkle faintly in the soft, dim twilight that threw the spell of silence over the charming scene. The invigorating air came to us from the opposite mountains laden with indescribably refreshing odors of pine and fir and wild-wood flowers. Irresistibly we yielded to the heavenly influence of the place and the hour—"the still hour, God's hour"—and felt the presence of Him with the scenes of whose earthly life our mind and thoughts were filled. Amid such scenes and under such influences how tender, how heartfelt, how deeply reverent the salutation of the Tyrolese peasants, "Praised be Jesus Christ," and how sacred their play of the "Bitter Passion and Death, Glorious Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ"!

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

O'ER the wan, brown, barren heath,
Where the wind wails sad as death;
Where no sweet life dares to stay
After night hath strangled day,
Phantoms flit like shadows by,
Sped by baleful wizardry;

While the silence of the hills,
Grown far off, with yearning fills
My lost soul, so calm and high
Rise their heads against the sky,
Hiding from my straining eyes
The Betrayed One's Paradise.

But a moment, and they pass,
And the clutching darkness has
Wrapt me in its awful veil,
Pierced by corpse-lights wan and pale,
For my live feet needs must tread
This dire pathway with the dead.

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Lo! what gleameth ghastly white
Through the blackness of the night?
What thing riseth threateningly,
Wrought by fiendish sorcery?
Ah, my God! the cross whereon
Mine hands nailed thy Blessed Son.

'Mid the horror of this place
Sudden light gleams on his face;
And mine anguished eyes must see,
Through their closed lids bitterly,
The world's Saviour wan and dead,
Sword-pierced, scorned, thorn-garlanded.

What wild sound is in mine ears?
Broken sobbings, strangled tears,
And low moans as though the sky
Smote the blind earth suddenly;
All the murdered dead arise
Strong to mock my agonies.

All the murdered dead, since Cain
Wrought his cursèd deed in vain,
Throng around me, weep and wail,
Worn and weary, stern and pale;
Their dead eyes like sharpest sword
Pierce the murderer of the Lord.

Ah, 'tis gone! No more I see
That wan face that maddens me;
Once again the night's black shroud
Hides the cross and wailing crowd;
Once again my feet are set
Towards some pain I know not yet.

Riseth swift before my face
Some fair carven praying-place;
Might my blood pay entrance-fee,
I would yield it rapturously.
Ah, my God! . . . The sepulchre:
Well I know who lieth there;

Well I know the set white brow,
And the sweet lips, silent now,

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That were wont with musical
Words of love to welcome all;
Well I know the hidden eyes,
And the lost smile, calm and wise;

And those blessing tender hands
Bound by clinging cerement bands;
And those feet so wont to be
Set towards sorrow pityingly—
Though the night were dark as hell,
Mine eyes see too well—too well!

TRADE-BROTHERHOODS, PAST AND PRESENT.

IT was in England that guilds had their origin, and we may justly consider them as the predecessors of our modern brotherhoods and trades-unions. In old laws—older than King Alfred—we find them spoken of. Their history reads like a romance, and whoever wishes to go below the surface, below the glitter of court life, and to study the ways and doings of the plain people of England, should examine the records of their ancient guilds.

When a craft-guild was formed it commonly took the name of some saint, but sometimes it was called after the town where it held its grand meetings, as the Guild of the Holy Cross of Birmingham. Married and single women might belong to one. Every guild had its chaplain, and the root idea of these brotherhoods of workingmen was not only the regulation of their craft, but the giving aid to sick and unfortunate members, and to see that none of them died without the sacraments.

On joining a guild an oath was taken not to disclose its affairs, and if the new member had not money wherewith to pay his entrance-fee he might pay it in kind. Thus in one case we read that the entrance-fee was paid with two pounds of wax and a bushel of barley. On their feast-days, after hearing Mass, the brothers and sisters met together at the guild-house, or at the house of some member—"in uno certo loco ad aliquem domum fratrum vel sororum"—where they made merry.

In some of the craft-guilds any well-behaved young woman who was a member, but whose father was poor, was given a dowry when she married. Nor were the good deeds of these

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old-time brotherhoods confined to helping the poor. The Guild of St. Nicholas, at Worcester, repaired the walls and bridge of that city. Churches, too, were kept in good condition, new vestments and books were got for the clergy, and not seldom free schools were supported by guild money. The members of the craft-guilds were law-abiding folk; they were always ready to aid the municipal authorities, and in most of the guild constitutions we read these words: "The liberties of the town shall be upheld"; "Rebels against the laws shall be put out of the guild." It is not surprising, when we consider the intercourse which existed in the middle ages between the trading towns of England and the Continent, that the spirit of the English craftsmen should have inspired their fellow-workers beyond the Channel to unite in similar fraternities. The weavers were the first to do so, and their brotherhood is mentioned at Mayence, Germany, as early as 1099.

It is interesting to observe that although craft-guilds at first, being voluntary associations, had no need of any confirmation by the authorities, yet in time the guilds themselves sought and obtained a legal recognition; for with it came the exclusive right to make the laws which should govern the different trades, and one of the first laws which they passed was that no one should work at a craft within the town unless he belonged to a craft-guild. Nor were the crafts willing that a man should devote too much time to work; his wife and children had claims upon him, and hence we find it ordained by guild statute that "no one shall work longer than from the beginning of the day until curfew," "nor at night by candle-light." It was likewise forbidden to work on Sunday, and "on Saturday after noon has been rung." May we not here see the origin of our Saturday half-holiday movement?

An apprentice was obliged to serve from two to seven years, according to the country he was in; and if, after he had become a member of a craft-guild, he did not pay his dues, the guild had the right to take his tools away and to sell them.

The means adopted to break the stubbornness of any one who owed a craftsman money and refused to pay him, or who had otherwise become obnoxious to the guild, was to revile him; that is, to declare such a person to be infamous. His name was put upon a black-list, and the travelling journeymen soon carried it through the whole country. Strikes, too, were not unknown. In 1600 the journeymen smiths of Magdebourg had a dispute with the chapter of the cathedral, and, despite the heavy odds against

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them, the journeymen triumphed in the end by threatening "to stop the master's hammer."

The trade-brotherhoods of different countries sometimes amalgamated. The most renowned of these unions was the one brought about in 1452 by Dolzinger, the head stone-workman on the Strassburg cathedral. His union of stone guilds embraced Strassburg, Cologne, Vienna, Zurich, and other important cities.

The middle of the fourteenth century marks a turning-point in the history of the guilds. The advance in trade, the opening up of new markets, brought to them increased wealth and prosperity; and now, for the first time, we perceive the spirit of capital taking the place of the noble idea of brotherhood. Rich craftsmen began to hold aloof from those not so rich and to form separate guilds. In some towns the shoemakers withdrew from the cobblers, the tanners from the shoemakers; while on the Continent, to make life still harder for those who were not rich, laws were passed forbidding any one to work with borrowed money. Hence there sprang up a real working-class, with views and interests of their own. The struggle between capital and labor had begun. Finally, in the last century, the wealthiest craftsmen withdrew from the guilds and set up as manufacturers. In vain did those who had plied their trades at home, assisted by their wives and children, protest. The introduction of steam-power was against them and in favor of capital; factory-work triumphed over house-work, and with this triumph craft-guilds—at least for a time and under the old name—disappeared.

But the poorer members of the shattered brotherhoods, to save themselves from being turned into mere pieces of machinery—into so many piston-rods and cog-wheels—founded in England, about eighty years ago, new fraternities; and as the government of George III. forbade workingmen to combine, the first trades-union—that of the shipwrights of Liverpool—appeared under the guise of a friendly society.

Barring a few minor differences, the trades-unions of the present day are the ancient craft-guilds under another name. We should not, therefore, view them with mistrust, for they are nothing new. Catholics especially ought to have a fellow-feeling for the successors of those fraternities which began a thousand years ago.

Nor do we believe it was ever so natural as it is in these days for wage-laborers to unite, when everything around them is combining and uniting; big stores are swallowing up little stores, and gigantic works are undertaken which require the union of many capitalists in order to carry out. Factories, railroads, and mines

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are calling for armies of workmen, and such is the selfishness of human nature that justice might not always be done to the individual toiler, were it not for the union or the brotherhood which may espouse his cause and demand that he be not used altogether as a bit of machinery.

As far back as 1280 the cloth-workers of Bruges were given a real share of their masters' profits. May we not hope that in profit-sharing will be found the solution of modern labor troubles? Give the worker an interest in what he is doing, let him share ever so little of the profits, and at once he will be filled with a greater zeal. Moreover, allowing the worker to participate in the profits in proportion to the wages he earns will eliminate the class spirit which is apt to array the employed against the employer. And should it be necessary to dismiss a lazy or dissolute workman, there will be found in the workshop a public opinion to support the employer in what he does, for the presence of a dissolute or lazy man would prove a positive loss to his fellow-workers by lessening their share of the profits.

The first person in modern times to imitate the example set by the cloth manufacturers of Bruges in the thirteenth century was a French house-painter named Leclaire. In 1842 Leclaire was an humble workman; but he had a heart full of sympathy for the toilers round about him, and, being gifted with genius, he boldly and with little means laid the foundations of a business which was to be conducted on the system of profit-sharing. After forty years—in 1882—the number of wage-laborers who were participating in the profits of his business was 998. Others trod in Leclaire's footsteps, until now there are more than a hundred successful business establishments in Europe conducted on this system.

How industrial partnership may be applied to the management of railways is shown in Sedley Taylor's admirable work on profit-sharing, in which we are given the history of the Paris and Orleans Railway from 1844 to the present time. The late Professor W. Stanley Jevons, an ardent supporter of co-operation and profit-sharing, wrote not long before his death:

"The present doctrine is that the workman's interests are linked to those of other workmen, and the employer's interests to those of other employers. Eventually it will be seen that industrial divisions should be vertical, not horizontal. The workman's interests should be bound up with those of his employer, and should be pitted in fair competition against those of other workmen and employers. Then there would be no arbitrary rates of wages, no organized strikes, no long disputes, rendering business uncertain and

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hazardous. The best workman would seek the best master, and the best master the best workman. Zeal to produce the best and cheapest and most abundant goods would take the place of zeal in obstructive organizations."

But while we hope and believe that in time every business will be conducted on the profit-sharing method, and while we do not view with mistrust trades-unions any more than we do the union of any number of capitalists, it seems to us there never was so much need as to-day of a moral force which will make itself felt in the brown-stone front as well as in the tenement-house, in the business man's office as well as in the cab of the locomotive-driver. And where shall we find this conscience-quickening force except in the Catholic Church? Other religious beliefs are fast losing their hold upon the people. Thousands are growing up around us who do not believe in a God. This is shocking but true. Happily, however, the old church—the church of the craft-guilds—is in our midst, and she waxes stronger year by year. At her altar the poor and the rich kneel side by side. She tells the one to bear his hard lot with patience; she tells the other that God will call him to an account of how he has spent his riches.

Leclaire, who may be called the father of modern industrial partnerships, wrote on his dying bed these words:

"I believe in God, who has written in our hearts the law of duty, the law of progress, the law of sacrifice of one's self for another. I submit to his will; I bow before the mysteries of his power and of our destiny. I am the humble disciple of Him who has told us to do unto others as we ourselves would be done by, and to love our neighbor as ourself. It is thus I wish to live a Christian to my last breath."

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THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

As, by the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's bill, the Royal Irish Constabulary is excepted from Home Rule, and is to remain, for a time at least, under English rule, some observations upon that body from an ex-member may be of timely interest. The Royal Irish Constabulary is constituted as follows:

At the head of the force is an inspector general, who has his office in Dublin Castle. He is daily in personal communication with the under-secretary, the chief secretary, and the lord-lieutenant, and is the immediate channel through which all police reports relative to the state of the country or the designs, movements, and operations of all sections and classes of the community are conveyed to the government.

Up to quite a recent period the post was always bestowed either upon an English or Scotch military man, but last year a sort of compromise was effected: the appointment was conferred upon one who is an Irishman only by the adventitious circumstance of birth. In every other respect he is more English than the English themselves. A graduate of one of the hated Queen's Colleges, he succeeded in getting into the Constabulary upon the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel. Developing an aptitude for clerical work, he was brought up to Dublin Castle, where he became private secretary to Sir John Wood, inspector-general, and in this capacity he degenerated into the most vicious, contemptible, and unscrupulous species of Castle hack. His bosom friend, his confidant, his inseparable companion, the partner of his backstairs intrigues and triumphs, was the infamous James Ellis French, who is at present undergoing a sentence of two years' imprisonment for unnatural practices. If a man is to be judged by the company he keeps, a less reputable and less conspicuous position than that which he now holds would have been better adapted to the requirements and capabilities of Mr. Andrew Reid.

The inspector-general draws a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, and, after four or five years' service in the rank, retires on a pension of seven, or perhaps eight, thousand dollars a year. Is it to be wondered at that the English government should insist on retaining control of the Constabulary and the customs? What mines of wealth lie concealed in these privileged depart-

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ments! What glorious pickings for impecunious younger sons and trusted favorites! A deputy inspector-general and two assistant inspectors-general (whose offices are also located in the Castle), the former with a salary of eight thousand and the two latter with six thousand dollars each a year, assist him in performing his multifarious duties. A staff of twenty-five trained and well-paid clerks make out all the formal returns and write the necessary minutes, so that the labors of these fortunate officials are by no means of an exacting or harassing description, and, as a rule, are restricted to the simple operation of signing their names to certain documents—a proceeding to which some of them obviously object, as they employ a rubber stamp as being more conducive to ease and legibility.

Until about twelve months ago the inspector-general had the assistance of a detective director, who had absolute control of the criminal machinery of the country. Although he only ranked as a first-class county inspector, he was in reality a more important personage than the inspector-general himself, and *a fortiori* than either his deputy or assistants. He was the repository of all state secrets. He was quite a recognized force in the administration of Irish affairs. On one day he would swagger into the office of the attorney or solicitor-general and ventilate his views as to the particular manner in which a prosecution was to be conducted; on another he would saunter into the office of the chief secretary and discuss with him the political situation; whilst on a third he would be found seated with Lord Spencer canvassing the characters of prominent Nationalists. His myrmidons, like a vast net, spread themselves out in every direction for the purpose of entrapping the unwary and of carefully noting down and treasuring up for future use every chance word and unguarded expression. They were ubiquitous; ingeniously adapting themselves to the surroundings in which their object moved, they generally carried on their stealthy game without disclosing their identity.

At one time, in the garb of a man about town, with stovepipe hat, high collar, fashionable coat and irreproachably-cut breeches, eye-glass, and cane carried in dudish style, the detective lounged idly about, apparently indifferent to all sublunary matters; at another, the maddest, merriest, most roystering spirit at a swell bar, he stood drinks innumerable, and, whilst the liquor was eagerly swallowed by those who hilariously dubbed him no end of a good chap, he slyly sucked their brains, and soon retired to make a formal memorandum of things let drop in a too

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communicative mood. The sailor who rolled along with bronzed face, unkempt hair, and ears bedecked with rings was nothing more or less than a policeman in disguise. The pedlar who, with profuse protestations as to their excellence, forced his Brummagem wares on the attention of the passers-by, was one of his most trusted spies. The blacksmith, the carpenter, the mason, the shoemaker or tailor, who, under the mask of patriotism, ingratiates himself with the young men of some remote country town in which he obtains employment, who organizes a conspiracy, and then by bribes induces the members—poor deluded dupes!—to swear against each other, so as to provide occupation for judges, crown lawyers, magistrates, police officers, jailers, turnkeys, and hangmen, was one of his most useful and highly-appreciated instruments.

But, alas for the uncertainty and instability of all mundane things! The great detective director was himself found out; his crimes were discovered to be so foul and unnatural that they cannot with decency or propriety be referred to. Suffice it to say that when he was sent down by the government to investigate alleged cases of outrage, and when his reports resulted in an influx of extra police, and increased taxation which was wrenched at the point of the bayonet from a starving peasantry, or when he was commissioned to forge the last link in the chain of evidence necessary to drag another victim to the scaffold, he took advantage of these serious and solemn occasions to perpetrate deeds so abominable that, in the expressive language of ancient writers, they are not to be named among Christians.

In deference to the universal sentiment of horror which the calm recital of his unspeakable villanies by credible witnesses produced throughout Ireland, the government abolished the office of detective director; but it is not to be supposed that the common *mouchards* who from the chaste lips of James Ellis French learned the mysterious methods by which outrages were to be committed and their perpetration saddled upon political opponents, have all disappeared.

Every county in Ireland, for constabulary purposes, is presided over by an official styled a county inspector. His salary is about three thousand five hundred dollars a year. The counties of Mayo, Galway, Cork, and Tipperary have each two county inspectors. Each county is divided into a certain number of districts, each of which is in charge of a district inspector, whose salary is about two thousand dollars a year. Each district is subdivided into a certain number of sub-districts, each of which is in

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charge of a sergeant and four men, their salaries averaging from three hundred and sixty to three hundred dollars a year. Thus an ordinarily-sized county will have a force consisting of a county inspector, four district inspectors, and three hundred men.

It very frequently happens in Ireland that a town of three thousand inhabitants will be favored with the presence of a county inspector, a district inspector, a head constable, two sergeants, and twenty policemen. Quite recently I was in a town in Massachusetts containing a population of fifteen thousand, composed of almost equal proportions of American, Irish, and French settlers. I went about the town at all hours, both by day and night, and I never witnessed the slightest trace of tumult or disorder; yet during the whole time I was there I did not see a single policeman. Upon inquiry, however, I ascertained that there were actually three policemen, one of whom, in addition to his duties as a peace officer, contributed to the illumination of the town by lighting the lamps. It certainly is a very remarkable fact, and one which clearly shows the necessity of getting rid of English rule in Ireland, that in a prosperous manufacturing town in America one policeman is quite sufficient to protect the lives and properties of five thousand people, whereas in most Irish towns one policeman is considered barely sufficient to cope with the difficulties arising among every one hundred and twenty inhabitants.

In America the people appoint their own police and are the best judges of the numbers to be employed; but the Irish people have absolutely no voice in the appointment, control, or management of the Royal Irish Constabulary. They are appointed by the British government, equipped with the newest, most expensive and deadly arms of precision, in the use of which they are carefully drilled and instructed. When not engaged in protecting government officials of high rank they are generally to be found escorting the sheriff whilst his bailiffs ruthlessly demolish the home of some poor tenant-farmer or seize the miserable stock and scanty crop which would have merely sufficed for the maintenance of himself and family. Every drunken, unprincipled process-server is entitled to constabulary protection, and invariably insists upon it, whilst discharging his unpopular functions. Every agent, rent-warner, and landlord is to be seen speeding on his unwelcome mission followed by a force of the Royal Irish Constabulary proportionate to the supposed dangers to be encountered. As a result the police, so far from being looked upon as the friends and protectors of the people, are regarded as their

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bitterest enemies, as the too officious servants of the landlord and agent class—and not without full and sufficient cause.

Mr. Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary party are now the arbiters of the British Empire. They can make or unmake any ministry. No other political body in the world exercises such enormous influence. But though they can break up and smash a government, as matters now stand they cannot appoint a common policeman; and if they ventured to ask a nomination for a cadetship in the Royal Irish Constabulary they would be scornfully and indignantly refused. Surely this is an anomalous and unsatisfactory state of affairs. If the people of Ireland had the same amount of control in the management of their police which the people of England and Scotland, not to speak of this country, enjoy, their employment in the service of a particular class would be impossible, and instead of enforcing the arbitrary and unjust proceedings of landlords they would be attending to their legitimate duties, and as servants of the taxpayers of the country they would not aid the strong to crush the weak, but would be ever ready to extend to all alike their assistance and protection. Although fully five-sixths of the twelve thousand men composing the Irish Constabulary force are Catholics, it is well known that they are hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is notorious that every appointment in it worth holding is in the hands of a Protestant. The inspector-general, the two assistant inspectors-general, the commandant, the town inspector of Belfast, thirty out of the thirty-five county inspectors, and two hundred out of the two hundred and twenty-five district inspectors are Protestants. All the good things are monopolized by them, whilst the vast Catholic majority are left to look happy and be loyal on salaries varying from three to four hundred dollars a year.

The inspector-general in his sphere exercises a despotism which the Nihilists have rendered impossible in Russia. He can make or unmake, elevate or demote, at his discretion. Men have been dismissed, fined, or disrated for the most trivial causes. Officers have been ruined by reduction on the seniority list in direct violation of the Code, without ever having been called upon to plead to any breach of discipline. One would naturally think that this extraordinary and arbitrary power would only be entrusted to an officer of tried and conspicuous ability, who had given indisputable proofs of administrative talent; but in Ireland everything goes by contraries, and instead of a man of admitted capacity we had a personage who proved himself to be a noto-

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riously expensive failure in the only important duty upon which he was ever engaged.

Colonel Hillier was sent some years ago to the city of Londonderry to preserve the peace, but he could not keep his bellicose instincts within proper bounds. He distinguished himself by arresting a number of people whom he had no legal right to arrest; subsequently he added to his reputation by being convicted of sundry assaults, for which he had to pay—or rather the government for him—heavy damages. Such was the man who, during an unexampled crisis, was in command of the Royal Irish Constabulary, upon whom the government depends for the preservation of law and order. His eccentricity of dress was a subject of general comment. He was often mistaken for the agent of an itinerant circus, and sometimes even for the humble functionary who posts the bills. He might be seen sauntering over from the Kildare Street Club to his office in the Castle, one day wearing a broad-brimmed hat and coat of sable hue which would do credit to a bishop, on another dressed as a gentleman jockey, and again arrayed in the loud and striking costume so much affected by theatrical celebrities. This affectation of dress was but a reflex of his little mind. Vain, variable, conceited, and self-opinionated, he did not hesitate to act the rôle of the petty, vindictive tyrant whenever he could do so with impunity; whilst in the presence of those of superior station he could toady, crawl, and cringe with abject submissiveness. In no sense could he be regarded as a model inspector-general, and yet out of the taxes of an impoverished country he received a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. Associated with him in command was Colonel Bruce, the deputy inspector-general. He was indebted for his appointment solely to the fact that he was brother to Sir Harvey Bruce, a large landed proprietor, who sits in Parliament as the representative of a handful of rabid Orangemen. He, too, served originally in the army, where he was not a success; he left it and degenerated into an adjutant of volunteers. He soon grew tired of the volunteers, or, more probably, they grew weary of him, and he transferred himself and his small abilities to the Lancashire police, of which body he became chief constable. He did not remain long there when, through the influence of Lowther, who was then the under-secretary for Ireland, he was appointed deputy inspector-general of the Irish Constabulary. This is another instance of the manner in which the Irish are governed. When a man is so incapable that he is unfit to discharge the duties incidental to any post of difficulty or responsibility in England,

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he is sent over to Ireland, where an appreciative and discriminating executive rewards his incapacity with one of the best-paid appointments at the disposal of the crown. In any other pursuit or profession, whether it be law, medicine, or business, a person must have been employed in it for a number of years to become familiar with its forms before he attains eminence; but for the very highest post in the Irish Constabulary the only qualifications required are an undistinguished military career, undiluted Protestantism, and the possession of political influence. Thus an unknown man who rejoices in the foregoing may at one bound spring into a position which is constantly calling for the exercise of rare qualities of head and heart.

Last year Colonel Bruce was permitted to retire from the command of the Irish Constabulary by the Conservative government under the most disgraceful circumstances. As far back as August, 1883, he held a private investigation in Dublin Castle, and, as a result, obtained conclusive proof of the guilt of Detective Director James Ellis French, who is at present undergoing a sentence of two years' imprisonment for unnatural crime. Instead of acting upon the evidence thus obtained, and handing French over to the law to be prosecuted like any other criminal, he retained him on the force for a period of nine months afterwards, screened and protected him in every way he could, permitted him to use the detectives of the Irish Constabulary for the purpose of frustrating the exertions of the private detective of the member for Tyrone, Mr. William O'Brien, and encouraged and assisted him to ruin, if possible, a political adversary.

It was well known that Colonel Bruce compounded a felony, and the disgust and indignation of the Irish people can be easily imagined when they discovered that, instead of being dismissed and prosecuted, he was allowed to retire and carry with him a fine, fat pension of six thousand dollars a year; not only that, but the queen, in the exercise, or rather the abuse, of her prerogative, promoted him to be a member of the Order of the Bath.

One of the most pernicious failures, in the shape of an inspector-general, who ever found himself entrusted with the command of the Royal Irish Constabulary was Colonel Sir John Stuart Wood. He was a species of military rocket, who went fizzing about, casting an uncertain and lurid light upon everything. To the shame of the government it must be recorded that, at a time when he was *non compos mentis*, he was permitted to retain his command; and it was only when his mania became so developed as to necessitate his removal to a private lunatic asylum

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that his supercession was deemed necessary. This case clearly shows that the executive are so indifferent to the interests of the Irish that they do not make the possession of plain common sense an essential condition in those whom they appoint to govern a highly intelligent and representative body of them.

The amount of mischief which this half-demented creature succeeded in doing, and the ruin and misery that his unfeeling and arbitrary acts entailed upon deserving members of the force, are simply incalculable. One of his favorite boasts was that he had no heart, and with infinitely more truth he might have added that he had no head. His history and a few of his performances, to which I shall very briefly refer, abundantly prove the unfitness of the ordinary military man to command with efficiency a police force. He served for a number of years in the army, the greater portion as adjutant of his regiment. In this position he may have been a very useful officer. He was married, and his habits were penurious, sober, and systematic; he had a great many weak and contemptible failings, but not a single manly vice. His vanity was egregious, and he prided himself upon the possession of a sly, sneaking sort of cleverness, which he principally exhibited in seeing through the stupid and clumsy efforts of half-inebriated soldiers to palm themselves off as sober, or in detecting the absence of certain necessaries from a kit, which probably had been sold to purchase a pot of beer. With this stock in trade of mental endowments he found himself transferred from the scene of his duties at Aldershot to Dublin Castle, where, as a deputy inspector-general, he first made his acquaintance with Irish public life.* His position was still a subordinate one, and he had not an opportunity of exhibiting that unjust, cruel, and callous brutality of mind which eventually resulted in his enforced retirement. But the moment he was appointed inspector-general the badness, the meanness, and the unworthiness of the man all became apparent. Elated with his command, he soon showed how unfit he was to hold it. Real ability of any sort he never displayed, and in one respect only exhibited his favorite element—*cunning*. How fond he was of using the word cunning! And in his pompous yet silly lectures to the men, delivered with grotesque grimaces intended to be full of meaning, *cunning* was the theme upon which he constantly harped. He sought his instruments among those officers of questionable antecedents whose early training and education were not conducive to independence of character. Of the youth who, prior to his admission to the force as an officer and a gentleman, had been engaged in the mechanical and unintellectual oc-

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cupation of sweeping out an attorney's office, or assisting his father in some remote country town in the melancholy duty of laying the remains of the dead in their final resting-place, or discharging the commonplace task of measuring stones on a public road, he made a secretary, confidential agent, or detective director. The only other attribute upon which he insisted in connection with this lowliness of disposition was a fine Protestant spirit which rejoiced in Sunday-school teaching and raising insuperable barriers to the progress of popery. One of his most trusted favorites, who was rich in the possession of all those gifts and qualifications which he so much admired and found so useful, has quite recently acquired for himself a painful notoriety indeed. His notions regarding the detection of crime were of the most puerile and fantastic description. He looked upon criminals as so many outposts of the enemy, who were to be captured or driven to surrender by a series of fixed strategical movements; accordingly he issued Memorandum No. 5, the practical result of which was to stultify the minds of the rank and file of the force, and render them perfectly useless as a detective body.

In the farrago of nonsense composing this idiotic circular he proceeds to unfold a plan for the detection and capture of offenders, which was always to be strictly adhered to. He summarized his method under the following five heads: intelligence, description, information, suspects and speedy communication, tracks and marks. This jargon, when translated into intelligible English, amounts to this: That upon the notification of an outrage at a police-barrack the men were to assemble round the day-room table, armed with pencils and paper; that descriptions were to be taken, and then one policeman was to go to the left and another to the right, to look up suspects, whilst another would repair to the scene of the outrage; and that footmarks were to be sought for and impressions of them taken. This programme was invariably gone through with the most conscientious exactitude; but when the last detail was complied with, even if unsuccessful, the men rested quietly on their oars and did not seem to think that any further exertion on their part was necessary. Of the truth of this statement I saw a most remarkable instance in a case of murder which, owing to the high rank of the unfortunate victim, produced a profound sensation at the time. Two days after the occurrence I called at the local police-barrack, to which several extra men had been drafted. I was both surprised and shocked, but still, possessing some sense of the ludicrous, obliged to smile at the scene which met my view. Four stalwart constables were divested of their tunics and engaged in playing a

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match of handball against the gable-wall of the barrack; the others sat close by watching the game, smoking, chatting, and discussing the merits of the rival players. The head constable moved solemnly about, newspaper in hand, and occasionally surveyed the several actors with a serene, calm, and contented expression of face, upon which no trace of care or anxiety was visible. I naturally inquired what had been done in the way of searching for the perpetrators of the foul deed, and he at once replied confidently, and with an air of evident satisfaction: "Memorandum No. 5 has been complied with, and a full report made to headquarters." Such was the practical effect of Sir John Wood's system, which is still in force, that a head constable of over thirty years' service and his subordinates labored under the impression that, having literally complied with the terms of this absurd order and exhausted its frivolous mechanism, they were at liberty to indulge in any relaxation they thought proper, even although the criminals were still at large. I must confess that it then dawned upon me for the first time with tremendous force that Memorandum No. 5 was not only a blunder but a crime.

Another absurd hobby, and one which rendered the detection of crime well-nigh impossible, was the rigor with which he insisted that a full and detailed report of every outrage should be at once made to headquarters. The consequence was that an officer, the moment the perpetration of any serious offence was notified to him, repaired as quickly as possible to the locality, and, having collected sufficient materials, returned to his station with equal despatch and embodied them in an official communication to the Castle. Instead of remaining at the scene of the outrage or in the vicinity, directing and superintending the investigations of his men, his sole desire and anxiety was to get back to his station and write a long and elaborate report for the information of the inspector-general; for well he knew that if any newspaper or other report reached headquarters before his he would be exposed to serious censure.

The collapse of the Royal Irish Constabulary as a detective body is entirely attributable to the rules which were framed by this decayed old military martinet, and to the rigid observance of them exacted not only by himself but by his successors in office. Men were precluded from exercising their intelligence; they were obliged to go through a certain mechanical routine, which, as might naturally be expected, almost always ended in failure.

No matter what the object was which it was required to encompass, Sir John tapped his forehead significantly or slyly

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stroked his nose, and forthwith proceeded to evolve from his inner consciousness some plan ready cut and dry, and warranted to achieve wonders; but, unfortunately for his reputation, like the more pretentious one referred to it was discovered, upon being duly tested, utterly worthless for all practical purposes.

It was, however, in the maintenance of discipline, to which he always referred in a solemn, whispering, mysterious manner, as if it were some abstruse metaphysical science, the simplest elements of which could only be acquired in a lifetime, that his peculiar genius found an ample field for its exercise. He completely ignored and disregarded the Code—a volume which contains the rules and regulations which govern the force. Inasmuch as it receives the sanction of the lord-lieutenant of the day, it may safely be assumed that it is compiled with care and upon sound and rational principles; hence his contempt for it. Men were tried by some standard, existing only in whatever faculty which in his case supplied the place of mind, and consequently no one was safe. He never grew out of the adjutant's petty, though perhaps necessary, knack of punishing and restraining, and he treated the officers and men of the Royal Irish Constabulary (a few favorites excepted) as if they had been recruited from the slums of Whitechapel or the purlieus of some garrison town.

He went dancing about like a marionette, brandishing a physically invisible but morally substantial cat-o'-nine-tails, with which he indiscriminately belabored his luckless subordinates. His military instincts never abandoned him, and he never could divest himself of the idea that he was not still dealing with persons for whom "shot drill" and a course of "cells" would be an admirable application. If he dismissed a sub-inspector of thirty years' service—and in reality he did several of them—and cast him, with wife and children, homeless and penniless on the world, he coolly shrugged his shoulders when remonstrated with, and said that discipline required the sacrifice. If, in defiance of the regulations of the force, he reduced an officer on the seniority list without ever having called upon him to plead to any charge, he quietly observed that this was necessary for the maintenance of good order; and if the victims of his tyranny appealed against his decision to the government, they were curtly told that it was a matter for the discretion of the inspector-general. Discretion is the law of tyrants, and that law a beneficent government has allowed semi-insane inspectors-general to exercise and enforce against the mere Irish. *Fiet experimentum in corpore vile* seems to be their motto when dealing with the inhabitants of this coun-

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try or any portion of them; but the recent Constabulary strike, not to speak of more remarkable occurrences, some of them of a tragic nature, ought to convince these individually small and very fallible creatures, who in the aggregate constitute a government, that there is a limit to human endurance.

It was very well known that Sir John Wood dismissed a constable named Moloney without ever having called upon him to plead to any offence. After the lapse of some years Moloney was restored and Sir John obliged to retire. There is hardly a Catholic officer in the service who, upon some frivolous pretence or other, was not reduced on the seniority list by Sir John, the object being to degrade them in the eyes of their fellow-religionists. The questions which he asked upon his tours of inspection are worth drawing attention to, if only for the purpose of showing the utter inutility of these annual or triennial visitations, which seem to have been specially devised for the purpose of putting extra pay and travelling expenses into the pockets of officers from headquarters and giving them an opportunity of ventilating their pet hobbies. "What is the highest part of a man?" "What should every constable take with him when going on duty? Answer: Common sense." "Why do spoons run quicker than forks?" Such are a few samples of the crucial questions by the answers to which he judged the intelligence of the rural police.

A well-authenticated story is related of another inspector-general, who, finding himself alone in a small town in the west of Ireland, imbibed considerably more bad whiskey than was good for him. On the following morning he drove out to inspect a police-station. The irritability of his stomach extended itself to his temper, and he made a very damaging official entry in the inspection-book which would probably have resulted in the reduction of the constable in charge. Later on, when an appeal was made from Philip drunk to Philip sober, he changed his mind, and, a fresh leaf having been cut out of a new book, he wrote a very laudatory minute upon it. This was given to the constable, who pasted it over the original one, and thus all unpleasantness was obviated. Simple as this transaction looks, if a county inspector or sub-inspector, instead of the inspector-general, were the chief actor, his dismissal would follow as a matter of course.

The Royal Irish Constabulary since its establishment has been a magnificent preserve for the English garrison. It has been a species of huge church corporation, among whom none were admitted who did not zealously subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles.

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When I joined the force as a cadet some twenty years ago, out of the three hundred and twenty officers of the superior grade not more than twenty were Catholics, and well do I remember the covert terms of dislike, distrust, and suspicion in which they were referred to. Such was the force of prejudice that they were generally regarded as persons who, if opportunity offered, were capable of the minor offence of picking a pocket or the more aggravated atrocity of cutting a throat. As to the obvious injustice of bringing over English colonels to Ireland, men who outside the ranks of their profession were entirely unknown, and bestowing upon them high positions in the Constabulary, nothing need be said. Sir John Wood, Colonel Hillier, and Colonel Bruce were simply and solely types of the ruling or garrison class. The name of the last-mentioned shall be handed down to posterity as that of one who compounded the most hideous felonies on record, and who, notwithstanding this fact, was permitted to retire on an ample pension by the Conservative government.

SHELLEY AND THE SKYLARK.

I.

A LARK sang out from the free blue sky
  In the gladness of the morn,
High borne on wings of ecstasy,
  Up, up from its nest in the corn.

A poet passed 'neath the lark as it sang,
  And caught its rapturous cry,
And in his soul a sweet echo rang
  Till it broke in melody.

II.

Poet and bird are dead many a day,
  But that sweet-echoed lay will live long;
For Death may bear the singers away,
  But he cannot hush the song.

The lark's voice still rings in the morning air
  With a trill as clear and brave,
And the poet's echo lingers there
  'Mid the glories of his grave.

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CHARMS AND CHARM-MEDICINES.

IT is interesting to notice how curiously wide-spread and persistent the belief in charms has always been, and how difficult it is to eradicate from some minds a certain degree of faith in such things even at the present day. Yet when we come to consider that nothing, after all, is required of the intellect in this matter save passive credulity and a stupid acquiescence in inferences drawn by others, we need feel no further surprise at the ease with which ideas of the kind have been absorbed and assimilated by the populace since the world began.

To call up spirits from the vasty deep required courage and daring; to raise the dead from their graves at the dread hour of midnight, as the necromancer assumed himself able to do, demanded a strength of nerve and a contempt of the small terrors instinctive with humanity to which few were equal; while certain other branches of magic needed intelligence, perseverance, and, in a degree, a smattering of scientific knowledge to make them at all successful. But in the use of charms nothing was demanded of ignorant or learned save unlimited credulity and a greedy desire for the marvellous, which could transform the meanest pebble or the most insignificant flower into a wonderful and never-failing amulet.

Savages everywhere are makers of, and believers in, charms to an immense extent; yet we cannot afford to laugh at them too contemptuously when we remember the confidence which our forefathers put in remedies no more worthy of credit than the talismans of the most ignorant and deluded adherents of the fetich system of theology. The African priest and the medicine-man are one and the same individual; his charms do not only heal disease, but cause rain to fall, allay storms, and even give the power of prophecy. Thus Mungo Park tells us, in his quaint and earnest narrative, that the saphies or charms which the natives wear about them are merely sentences from the Koran, which the Mahometan priests write on scraps of paper and sell to the natives, who, both pagan and true believer, rely on them as preservatives against hunger, thirst, bodily illness, bites of snake and alligator, and the attacks of enemies. Again, he relates rather amusingly how on one occasion, having arrived half-famished at the door of a native habitation, the proprietor, understanding him

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to be a Christian, promises a good meal if the weary traveller will write him some saphies against the power of wicked men. It was evidently "no song, no supper," and, the necessity being great, scruples were to be overlooked. Therefore when the Valba, or writing-tablet, was produced,

> "I wrote the board full from top to bottom," says the explorer, "and my host, to be certain of having the whole force of the charm, washed the writing from the board with a little water into a calabash, and, having said a few prayers over it, drank this powerful draught, after which, lest a single word should escape, he licked the board until it was quite dry!"

We fear, from what we read in the narratives of more modern African travellers, that little progress has been made in the native religion of the country since the days when the intrepid Scotchman wandered through its inhospitable forests and fever-breeding swamps.

As a modern instance of the African belief in charms we noticed not long ago in a Maryland paper that a certain William White—colored—having been arrested for wife-beating, there was found on his person a spherical metal case about the size of a goose-egg, covered first with yellow, then with black leather. One end being open, the contents were seen to be composed, to all appearance, of hair, quicksilver, pins, and a greasy substance. He cheerfully explained that this was his "hoodoo," and that he had worn it for many years with great effect. For once it seemed to have failed him; but William was probably not wanting in the credulity of his countrymen, and doubtless continues to believe as firmly as ever in his wondrous charm. How difficult it is for civilization to eradicate such inherited tendencies, how much easier to wear a charm than to submit to the dictates of the most unexacting religious creed! In China a sprig of peach-blossoms is stuck over the door as a protection against the evil one. There are also charms made of yellow paper folded in a triangular shape, containing certain magical letters inscribed in red ink. These papers are obtained in the temples and are sewed on garments to ward off wicked spirits and sickness. A similar charm is in use in Turkey, there being made of leather and considered especially efficacious against the evil eye. The triangle, be it observed, either single or double, has always been a form of peculiar significance in magic; a double triangle, surrounded by a ring touching each of the points, has been gravely declared to denote hieroglyphically the spiritual signatures of both Solomon and David. It is said that long before the Christian era the

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cross was used as a symbol of mysterious meaning among many nations. It is found sculptured in Egyptian remains, in the ruins of Ninive, and the Hindoos regarded it as possessing magical powers. Among some South American tribes it was used as a protection against evil spirits, and new-born children were placed under the sign. The supposed possession of magical properties by natural objects is a widely-scattered belief. The Normandy swallows are said to have knowledge of a stone which on application cures human as well as bird sight. In Iceland a pebble is to be found which is of sufficient potency to render the owner invisible at will, raise the dead, and cure disease. In other countries it is a flower which is gifted with like magical properties. The horse-shoe has always been popular and has been tacitly patronized by people who would be exceedingly contemptuous of Mr. White's "hoodoo." Nelson had so firm a belief in its somewhat indefinite protective powers that he had one nailed to the mast of the *Victory*.

The number 5, according to ancient superstition, had a peculiar force. It was an antidote to poisons, and was unanimously disliked by malicious spirits. Among the Scotch the rowan-tree or mountain-ash was considered a powerful talisman against the spirits of darkness. On Beltane Eve—the Highland Walpurgis night—small crosses of rowan-twigs, tied together with red thread, were inserted over the door-lintels to protect the inmates of the house from invasions of the diabolical crew who, until daybreak, roved abroad in dangerous freedom.

> "Rowan-tree and red thread
> Make the witches tyne their speed."

In both Scotland and Ireland great was the anxiety to discover charms sufficiently powerful to ward off the malicious attacks of witches, wizards, and fairies. In regard to the last-named, however, there were certain spells or charms which were supposed to give the owner authority over these interesting though dangerous neighbors of the human race—creatures interesting from their knowledge, especially as relating to hidden treasures; dangerous by reason of their irritable and implacable disposition. For it must be remembered that the fairies of those days were not altogether the counterparts of the dainty, sprightly little beings of our modern imagination, who, at the worst, are only mischievous and teasing. The belief was tolerably wide-spread that fairies were descendants of the rebellious angels who, with their chief, Satan, were expelled from heaven to return no more. The con-

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sciousness of their evil deeds and their hopelessness of any forgiveness was a cause of the deepest affliction to them, and it was their desperate attempts to drown remorse by wild gayety which gained for them a reputation for light-hearted thoughtlessness. At least such was the opinion of many ancient writers on the subject, though doubtless fairies there were of a humorous and pleasure-loving disposition. They were supposed to envy deeply the Christian privileges of baptism, and this accounted for the high rank they bestowed on those mortals who fell in their power. Thus Tamlane in the old ballad :

> " For I ride on a milk-white steed,
> And aye nearest the town ;
> Because I was a christened knight
> They gave me that renown."

Notwithstanding their disastrous allegiance to Satan in the past, they were considered fairly independent of his authority, his power over them being merely nominal. They were wise in forbidden knowledge, however, and intercourse with them was eagerly sought after, especially, as we have already said, for the purpose of obtaining information in regard to hidden treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones. In an old MS. belonging to the Ashmolean collection in the British Museum is found the following charm, rather curious in its grave details, for binding a fairy to one's service :

"*An excellent way to gett a Fayrie.*—(For myself I call Margaret Barrance, but this will obtain any one not already bowned.)

" First, gett a broad, square christall or Venice glasse, in length and breadth three inches. Then lay that glasse in the bloud of a white henne, three Wednesdayes or three Fridayes. Then wash it with holy aq. and fumigate it. Then take three hazle sticks of a yeare's growth, pill them fayre and white, and make them soe longe as you write the Fayrie's name, which you call three times for every stick. Then bury them under some hill whereat you suppose fayries haunt, the Wednesday before you call her, and the Friday followinge take them uppe and call her at eight or three or ten of the clock, whiche be good houres and planettes for that turne: but when you call be in cleane life and turne thy face towards the east. And when you have her bind her to that glasse."

Not content with the services of Margaret Barrance only, the greedy conjurer in another place calls upon a certain Elaby Gathon " to appear to him in that christall glasse," which, by the way, was a very popular medium of communication between mortals and fairies.

In Scotland, Ireland, and some other countries mortals must

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have come into the possession, by accident or design, of certain charms before fairies can become visible to them. That such a charm may be a somewhat dangerous acquisition is shown by the story of the woman who, having obtained enough of the magic drug to anoint *one* eye, once accosted a Scotch fairy among a throng of people. Amazed at her discovery of him, and frowning terribly, he demanded the means by which she had been enabled to perceive him. Upon her acknowledging the theft of the charm "he spat in her eye and extinguished it for ever." It must be recollected in excuse for this severity that a fairy's incognito was his chief safeguard against the attacks of human foes, and, indeed, his whole existence depended upon his ability to come and go unseen, since, though cunning and nimble, his small size and comparative weakness would have rendered him an easy prey to the malice of mischievous people. Still, it was acknowledged that these "men of peace," as they were termed in Gaelic, were of a distinctly irascible disposition, and were by no means scrupulous in their methods of revenge when angered or insulted. Among some of the charms in use with the Scotch for protection against the malice of these little people, we find that a piece of torch fir carried about the person, and an iron knife which has never been used, were accounted sufficiently powerful.

The "Hand of Glory" was a most extraordinary invention in the way of a charm, and was adapted to the use of thieves and midnight marauders, conveniently taking the place of the expensive and elaborate tools now necessary for the higher ranks of the "profession." The "hand" must come from the body of a person who has been hung, and the description of its preparation as a charm has a touch of somewhat grim humor about it. For it must be pickled, salted, and dried in the most approved housewifely fashion—sun-dried, if possible; but if that is impracticable, carefully baked in a hot oven. It then served as candlestick to a taper composed of the following enticing ingredients: fat of a hanged man, the herb sesame, and virgin wax. The wonderful power of this ancient and peculiar dark-lantern was great enough to recompense the possessor for the trouble taken in its preparation. No lock or bolt could withstand its presence, and the inmates of a house were reduced to a condition of cataleptic unconsciousness by its potency, so that the robber need fear no interruption during his nocturnal rambles. The only known antidote for this most uncomfortable invention was to have the threshold of the house well anointed with an unguent composed

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of the gall of a black cat, the fat of a white hen, and the blood of a screech-owl. The Mexicans, it is said, had a superstition resembling this Old World one in most of the details, and which was thoroughly believed in by the lower classes. It has been gravely asserted that when Napoleon was in Egypt he was presented with a talisman which would be a certain safeguard against assassination and attacks from fire-arms. Great men—successful and unscrupulous men rather—have always been makers of charms, and the French emperor's many and hair-breadth escapes seemed so marvellous that nothing could be more natural than to refer his apparent invulnerability to a charm more potent than the mere luck of a soldier. The multitude easily confuses cause and effect, and thus the records of notable men become burdened with gossips, tales, and puerile, unsupported traditions. To descend from Bonaparte to cockroaches is, *perhaps*, a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; but the magic art is truly democratic—nothing is too high or too low for its manifestations. We find a charm, therefore, quite as well authenticated as the Napoleonic amulet, which obliges all serpents, venomous insects, and beetles to keep at a respectful distance. It is in the form of an iron ring, profanely inscribed with the words "consummatum est," together with certain cabalistic signs, of great efficacy doubtless. It is to be made when the sun and moon enter Scorpia, and when nailed to the floor no venomous reptile or troublesome insect can come within so many yards of it. Superstition has its practicalities, after all!

One of the most curious vagaries of superstition, it is worth while observing, is the tenacity with which the makers of charms and talismans, the writers of magical and necromantic incantations, clung to Holy Writ, and insisted on using sacred names in conjunction with odds and ends of a jargon older than the foundation-stones of the Pyramids themselves. The cabalistic charms are strong examples of this perverted faith. The names Jehovah and Messias, for instance, when inscribed on parchment and worn about the person, were considered highly protective against various evils, while the word Amen was almost equally powerful. Again, two verses from Job, repeated earnestly, serve as a charm against furious beasts; and "rapt Isaias' words of fire," devoutly uttered, become safeguards against enemies or their assaults. Generally speaking, the words were to be written on virgin parchment with the quill of a raven dipped in ink formed from the smoke of a consecrated taper, and inscribed either in Hebrew, Latin, or a peculiar writing which the theurgists claimed to be celestial,

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as they declared that its characters were figured in the stars. Much depended also on the fervor with which these sentences were repeated, and feebleness of belief was at all times seized upon as a reason for the failure of a charm in any given case. When employed, however, with sufficient credulity, they were supposed to be powerful not only in the ways mentioned, but served to invoke and bind tempests, plagues, floods, diseases, as well as spirits of high and low orders. It was thus fortunate indeed that faith was less general in such cases than the desire for supernatural powers, since these charms were easily transmitted, and were equally powerful in the hands of the vicious and ignorant as when employed by individuals more deserving of confidence.

The question of the right to meddle with such matters at all was a subject of deep moment from the earliest Christian era. The powers of darkness, of course, ranged themselves on the magician's side, and even the contests between Moses and the Egyptian priests were said, with the grave profanity of those arguing such things, to have shown the supremacy of *white* magic over black. Simon Magus, that great authority of the magician as well of modern as of ancient times, is reported to have placed himself in opposition to St. Paul; but his supernatural powers, wonderful as they appeared to the multitude, vanished like smoke in the competition.

Plenty of restless minds were to be found who declared that it was not sinful to invoke spirits, if no *compact* was made with them; but the church in the middle ages stoutly assailed this doctrine, and had the support not only of the pious, but of many who, though not sensitive to the religious view of the question, yet clearly perceived that even the most sincere seekers after the mysteries of magic made no better use of their power than to search after hidden treasures, revenge personal enmities, and gratify a morbid curiosity which could in no way advance knowledge or civilization. If the antidotes and safeguards employed even by the pious seem to us, in these days, full of credulity, and sometimes absurd and far-fetched, we must remember that they were fighting in the dark, as it were, with foes who appeared to them fearfully potential and distinct—not vague and distant as in these careless, practical times. People lived closer to the next world then; their thoughts turned with an eagerness that was almost passionate to the wonders and mysteries of the universe around them—a universe which their vivid imaginings saw filled with hundreds of good and evil spirits whose license

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was unrestrained within certain limits, and whose power to injure or benefit the human race was shown in ways which we have long since learned to recognize as manifestations of natural laws. But to these forefathers of ours everything was seen with different eyes. The soughing of the summer wind through the thick forests, the whistling of winter's icy blast across bleak moors or among the tall chimneys and pointed gables, sounded in their ears as the wail of lost spirits or the tempestuous threatenings of demons who hated mankind. The roll of the thunder, the blue flashes of lightning streaming for an instant across the sky and lost again, seemed to them the work of spirits who were warring against humanity, and against whom *they* must protect themselves by various charms. Portents were seen in the sky, destinies were read there; the commonest occurrences of life meant omens for good or evil. Months, days, even hours, were accounted lucky or unlucky—woe to him who disregarded such things! The multitude was harassed on all sides by puerile fears, indefinite anxieties, while a benumbing terror of the supernatural made them credulous to all that false prophets and pompous charlatans might tell them. Men who had risen above such ideas strove in vain against these gloomy delusions of their fellows; but coincidence was, as usual, at hand to assist superstition—prophecies were apparently fulfilled, omens accomplished, things happened which not the most incredulous could explain, and the people clung tenaciously to their foolish beliefs. Religion herself was almost powerless to help or protect men who, from a mixture of ignorance, love of the marvellous, and a real credulity, had entangled themselves inextricably in meshes of their own making. Who could free them from these toils, from which they had no *wish* to be liberated; who could knock off fetters to which the victims clung eagerly, hopelessly? They did not *dare* to free themselves, from a weak fear of consequences; they were like children who stand terror-struck in a dark and empty room because they are afraid to turn their backs on the *something* that is terrifying them.

In the struggle between an inherent tendency towards superstition and a vague, newly-awakened belief in the suggestions of reason and observation, the learned physicians of a few centuries ago involved themselves in the most vexatious self-contradictions and perplexities. In some cases the rare gift of common sense was superabundantly possessed, and the man grew restless beneath the load of absurdities which his brain had to carry under the guise of professional knowledge. Any one who glances over the medical works of the time, with their scrupulous de-

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tails, their credulous acceptance of marvellous "facts," their interminable and self-contradictory prescriptions, and the flashes of acute intelligence which occasionally brighten the pages, cannot help sympathizing with these careful doctors in their efforts to attain truth and exactness in their profession. The contest was rendered more difficult by the scores of charlatans who infested every branch of the art, and who were regarded by the populace as true magicians, whose charm-medicines were far more efficacious than the nauseous doses prescribed by regular practitioners. Then, as now, patent medicines cured every ill which flesh is heir to, the universality of their powers exciting no doubts. Then, as now, certificates were cheerfully given by supposed grateful patients and widely distributed by the industrious quack. After all, credulity in such matters only requires a more refined bait nowadays; it cannot be said that the gullible quality is by any means eradicated from more modern human nature.

These ancient physicians had also to struggle against the inventions of amateur chemists, such as the notable Sir Kenelm Digby, and the employment of domestic medicines which were annually concocted by housewives of any pretension. The sympathetic mode of cure had a wide reputation in its day—as well it might, when we remember that it was neither taken internally nor obliged to be placed in contact with the person. It was merely necessary that it should be applied to a drop of blood from the patient, and so could heal at any distance. In an old medical work—Blagrave's *Practice of Physic*—we find the following anecdote, illustrative of the wonderful efficacy of this magic medicine, which, by the way, was vouched for, it is said, by no less a personage than the celebrated Van Helmont:

"One day, being at dinner with Sir H. Forrester, of Aldermaston, Berks, the female who usually waited on his lady was extremely tormented with the toothache. We caused her to prick her tooth with a toothpick and to bleed it; immediately we put the toothpick into the ointment and she had present ease. After some time we put the toothpick into vinegar, whereupon she was presently in extreme pain; we then took it out and again applied it unto the unguent, and she was immediately well and so continued."

It is worth while to notice the severe test to which the unguent —*not* the servant-girl—is put!

Digby's Powder of Sympathy cured in the same way, and he always insisted upon having the wound or sore kept carefully clean and securely bandaged, so that, as has been suggested, they probably healed by "first intention" not infrequently.

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This same eccentric individual has been accused of causing the death of his wife, the fair Venetia, by administering to her a certain wondrous potion which would preserve her loveliness indefinitely and keep harsh old age at a respectful distance. Too literally did he accomplish his purpose, if the story is true; and after the fatal occurrence he retired into a close seclusion, where the appearance of this whilom dandy and man of the world is thus quaintly described: "He wore a long mourning-cloak and a high-crowned hat, his beard unshorn, looking like a hermit, all for sorrow for his beloved wife."

Lady Fanshawe, who had met Sir Kenelm, remarks that his infirmity was a decided inclination towards exaggeration—to put it mildly—but that otherwise he was "a person of excellent parts and a fine-bred gentleman." This same lady, by the way, earnestly recommends as a cure for quartan ague "sage posset, pancakes, and now and then a carrot or turnip." This was certainly not calculated to harm the patient in any respect, whatever good it might do! Among certain perfectly irrelevant cures we have seen it gravely stated that if a live pigeon be tied to the breast of a child who is suffering from whooping-cough, and afterwards let free, the bird will die, but the child will recover!

It is not improbable that physicians who knew better sometimes prescribed their absurd mixtures merely as *placebos* to allay the anxieties of relatives, who, perhaps, were ready to judge the abilities of the doctor by the length and intricacy of the prescription. In an old medical work we find the following quaint admission of the occasional necessity of humoring uneasy clients:

"If the Patient happen to be of the number of great Persons who will not be satisfy'd with the plain and ordinary words of the Physitian, then you may prescribe a small quantity of Besoat Stone with Magistry of Pearls and Essence of Corral, adding thereto some few grains of Saffron or some such thing that will not disturb Nature in her work, and satisfie the importunity of Friends."

What a happy inspiration bread-pills must have seemed to these puzzled doctors in place of mixtures like the foregoing, which look anything but soothing to modern eyes!

Coral and pearls figure largely in the medicines of those days, coral especially possessing a magical influence, besides its properties as a drug, against evil spirits and the evil eye. Paracelsus advised that it should be worn by infants as a protection, and it is curious to remember how long the custom has lasted independent of the superstition from which it took its rise.

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It is an odd reflection that men who were contemporary with Harvey could believe heartily in charms and amulets, and write prescriptions containing thirty-two ingredients, among which might be counted pearls, sapphires, jacinths, emeralds, coral, amber, gold, silver, and ivory shavings! One such redoubtable and presumably costly medicine was recommended for "cold diseases" of the brain. "Kings and noblemen," it is gravely affirmed, "used it for their comfort." It caused them to be "bold-spirited," which, indeed, was not a superfluous quality among the rulers of that era, any more than at the present day.

Everything has its day, and somewhat later we find precious stones and minerals giving way to herb medicines—"old-woman physic," as some termed it contemptuously, which at least could scarcely harm, and which owed any beneficial effect it might have to the faith it inspired in the mind as a general thing, though, as usual, temperance and cleanliness were insisted upon as adjuncts.

We have seen in an old family recipe-book a favorite prescription of Queen Elizabeth, the ingredients being boiled honey, hyssop, liquorice-root, aniseed, pepper, and ginger. This agreeable compound was taken for shortness of breath—an annoyance from which the royal maiden suffered greatly, it seems, and which probably was not benefited by her frequent attacks of ill-temper, wherein she spared nor lungs nor epithets.

"She lived till 73 yeares of age," concludes the author quaintly—by virtue, it is to be presumed, of this useful mixture.

In the same collection we find what is termed "an admirable prolonger of existence," invented by a certain Monsieur De Sainte Catherine, who, by its constant use, lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years. This medicine cures the ill and keeps the well in health, and is equally efficacious for infants and old people. It is composed of oats, carefully sifted, a handful of wild succory-roots, river-water six quarts. After boiling three-quarters of an hour, half an ounce of crystal mineral (whatever that may be) is added, together with three spoonfuls of the best honey. It is then boiled again for half an hour, strained, and left to cool in an open vessel. Two glasses before breakfast and three after dinner will guarantee the taker an immunity from all diseases, besides bestowing an indefinite degree of longevity. We have given this prescription in full detail as an example of the care with which domestic medicines were prepared and the

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recipe transmitted from one hand to another. It must not be forgotten that temperance in diet, avoidance of excitement, and early rising and retiring were always strongly advised during the taking of these antiquated doses; indeed, some of the most famous quacks of those days declined peremptorily to attempt the cure of any patient who would not follow such simple treatment, as well as swallow the magical boluses with which the credulous were willing to fill themselves from morning to night. Snails had their day of fashion in a medicinal way, and were highly esteemed. "Sodden in white wine with oyle and sugar," they were deemed powerful remedies for weakness of the throat and lungs. We even find Mrs. Delany recommending them for such complaints, though, indeed, all that sensible lady's prescriptions seem wonderfully antiquated when compared with her views on other subjects. "Does Mary cough in the night?" she writes to her sister. "Two or three snails, boiled in whatever she drinks, might be of great service to her. Taken in time they have done *wonderful* cures."

In another place she advises the wearing of a goose-quill in which a spider has been tightly sealed. This for the ague. Whether or not the unfortunate spider is to be entombed "all alive, oh!" we are not informed.

Again, a certain Mrs. Digby being afflicted with frequent bleedings at the nose, so that she was greatly debilitated, "a person" gave her "something" to wear around her neck, the "something" being in a bag which was attached to a ribbon. At night the bag was pinned to her night-dress. "She had one slight return" of the hemorrhage "on leaving it off too soon, but putting it on again, and wearing it four months beyond the usual time she expected the bleeding, has not had it since . . . now two years."

Van Helmont declared that a wound made by moonlight is excessively hard to heal, and it was long accepted as a fact that meat hung in the moonlight soon became putrid. During the reign of Charles II. it was averred of the ladies at court that they took a small teaspoonful of silver night and morning for the benefit of their complexion. One might have thought a "complexion" could have been more cheaply purchased.

For heaviness of mind the ancient Saxons recommended radish, salt, and vinegar eaten together; "then the mood would soon be gay." A more extraordinary recipe of a later date, for the same disease, was to rub the body all over with nettles. "It is no small remedy," the medical adviser observes tranquilly,

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which, indeed, can be readily admitted—a sort of kill-or-cure recipe! As late as this century bloodstones were used in England to stop hemorrhages, music was seriously employed as a cure for various diseases; and if any one is inclined to think the world at present entirely freed from such superstitions in regard to physical ailments, a little examination and experience will make the error clear. Nor in other branches can it be said that we have become altogether incredulous, or even indifferent, to the influence of old traditions. Sceptical as the present era is said to be, there is plenty of spare faith wasted on such subjects.

Within the present century the following superstitions were gravely and openly asserted and a transgression of them rarely attempted, while we will venture to say that many of them still affect certain individuals, who, though unwilling to confess their belief to the ears of a scoffing world, are not sufficiently incredulous to disregard such ideas altogether. Human hair must not be left to lie about or thrown carelessly away; it must be scrupulously burnt, for if a bird should make use of it in building a nest it is fatal to the quondam owner of the hair. The itching of the palms or the falling of a spider on one's clothes indicated that money would soon be received by the lucky individual. We have ourselves heard this in a slightly varied form—the itching of the right hand meaning approaching friendship; that of the left only, the receipt of money. If, on looking from the window before going out, a single crow is perceived, defer the expedition; but if one meets a squinting person, turn immediately back. Everybody knows the importance of seeing the new moon with money in one's pocket, but in some countries great weight is attached to the fact of seeing her on the right hand, and not the left. Bad luck will certainly attend the letter that falls on the ground or is held before a fire to dry before it is despatched.

Two persons of more than average intelligence gave us, independently, the following recipe for ridding a house of black beetles or roaches, both professing entire belief in its efficacy: Catch a roach or beetle, and enclose it in a paper bag together with a coin of some small denomination—the modest cent will do—then throw the bag in the street. Whoever, finding the bag, takes it *and* the penny must take the roaches too—there's no help for it. The undesirable inmates will leave your domicile and follow the swallower of the bait. This is scarcely a more enlightened idea than that of the iron ring which we mentioned awhile ago, and is less troublesome to prepare.

A somewhat similar process was undergone to rid a country-

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house of rats. Our informant had it at first hand—the date, only last summer. The said rats were of enormous size, of fearless and incursive habits, and their name was legion. Ordinary remedies proving entirely useless, a letter was written by a member of the family politely inviting these invaders of household peace to visit a dwelling in the immediate vicinity—scarcely a quarter of a mile away, and which hitherto had been sufficiently free from the presence of such vermin. The charm had instant effect: the rats began to disappear from their former home, and the owners of the habitation to which they had been invited soon commenced to complain bitterly of their unwished-for guests. They had had so few rats before, and now they were overrun by them.

Such was the "plain, unvarnished tale," told by persons of undoubted veracity, with no misguiding taste for practical joking. If, indeed, a full confession of individual weakness was made as regards small superstitions, we should find that Lord Byron was not the last intelligent person who has put him or herself to considerable inconvenience to avoid the beginning a journey or the commencement of any important business on a Friday. With him, too, will be found some sensible people who are reluctant to give or receive "memorials" possessing a point; though the presentation of a crooked pin at the same time and in conjunction seems to have obtained as a sort of antidote counteracting the dangerous effect of a gift which has point or edge.

The custom—we think a Scottish one—of accompanying any funeral procession, if only for a few steps, is easily traceable to the ancient reverence and fear of the dead. The danger of opening an umbrella in the house, for fear of shortly becoming shelterless, and the importance of throwing salt over the left shoulder of each individual between whom that useful condiment has been spilt, in order to avoid a quarrel, is not so clear.

But the list of small superstitions, observed nowadays by a greater number than would care to own to the "soft impeachment," could be tediously prolonged, and we conclude with the following description of a superstitious man from Theophrastus, translated into the quaint English of the seventeenth century, and which would be supremely ridiculous if we could declare this highly cultivated and somewhat affectedly sceptical generation entirely free from all such taint of weakness and credulity:

"The Superstitious Man, if a weasel cross his way, he'll stir no further till somebody else has gone before him, or he has thrown three stones across the way. In which part soever of the house he sees a serpent, there

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he builds an altar. [Serpents were long objects of great reverence to heathen nations.] When a Mouse has gnaw'd a hole in his Sack of meal, he goes to the Soothsayers and gravely enquires what he must do in the matter; and if the Soothsayers tell him he must send his Sack to be mended he cannot in the least rest satisfy'd with this answer, but, imagining some mighty religious consequence in this accident, empties his Sack, and never afterwards makes use of it. He's continually purifying his house, and will never sit down on a grave or go to a Funeral of any one. When he has dreamt an extraordinary Dream, he immediately goes to the Interpreters of Dreams, the Soothsayers and Augurs, to know of them to what god or goddess he ought to make vows and offer sacrifice. To conclude, if he sees a Lunatick or a person taken sick of the Falling Sickness, being struck with extreme horror, he spits in his own Bosom!"

THE DEATH OF SAINT JEROME.

After years spent chiefly on his translation of the Sacred Scriptures into Latin, and the introduction of the Eastern Monasticism into the West, Saint Jerome returned to Jerusalem. In Bethlehem that great warrior of the Faith died. He had lived a man of controversies and of labors, of wanderings and of solitudes, of stern resentments, of impassioned friendships, and of sore griefs, the sorest of which was that caused by the fall of Rome beneath the sword of Alaric—although he esteemed that fall a righteous retribution. Saint Jerome had loved Rome with a vehement and faithful, though not with a servile, love. His death-bed at Bethlehem was solaced by the filial devotion of the "Second Paula," the granddaughter of the "Earlier Paula" and the niece of Eustochium, both of whom had died at Bethlehem.

A WOFUL night! My sleep was sleep of storm:
The death-cry of great Rome rang over it.
Ten years are past; yet still I hear that cry,
And loudest oft in sleep. Who comes? 'Tis Paula!
I know that voice; I know that hand. In mine
The hot, hard bones and ropy veins grow cool
Touched by its snows. Paula! I see thee not:
Mine eyes are dazzled by the matin beam:
Those Hebrew scrolls, those characters minute,
Have somewhat tasked them. All night long, methought,
They glared upon me. "Sedet civitas"—
Incipit Jeremiæ Lamentatio:
"Lo, solitary sitteth now the city:
As dead men in the streets, so lie her sons."
I dictated in dream: I dreamed my scribe
Upon the parchment dropt his youthful head;
I laid my hand thereon, and sent him forth
With blessing to his couch. His rest was sweet:

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But I—my bed is watered with my tears,
For night by night I hear the self-same cry,
"Esuriunt Parvuli: the suckling's tongue
Cleaves to the small roof of the suckling's mouth
Because his drought is sore." That Hebrew Seer
Lamented Salem's downfall. Rome, great Rome!
I that rebuked thy wanderings was thy son.
Dalmatia called me by that name: I heard;
But, even in childhood, standing by her waves,
And gazing on her mountains near the sea
That o'er it glittered 'gainst the orient ray,
For me my Rome beyond them rose, seven-hilled,
Fane-crowned. I cried, "My Mother!"
Fling it wide,
Yon casement! Let the sea-breeze cool my brow!
No, not sea-breeze—this is not Aquileia,
Where lived Crostatius and Eusebius, mine;
I left my young, sad sister in their charge—
Was that well done? I know not; ne'er shall know—
Then passed myself to Chalcis 'mid the sands:
It was a fiery prison to the sense,
A Patmos to the soul. Let in the breeze—
There died my dearest then upon the earth,
Hylas and Innocentius. Still at times
I weep them, though I trust to see them soon.
Thanks, Paula, thanks! Hail, pure reviving airs
That blow from me the mist of evil dreams,
And bring me back kind memories. Once again,
O child, I read the tidings of thy birth
By Leta sent to greet her husband's mother,
That earlier Paula, here recluse. She wrote:
"The child of all thy prayers is ours at last!
Mother, thy name shall be our infant's name,
A younger Paula pledged before her birth
To live, like thee, the handmaid of the Lord,
With thee and thy Eustochium, my sweet sister."
I wrote in turn: "Leta, I share thy joy:
Train up thy child to God: her little hands,
When first they travel o'er her mother's face
In wondering love, press on those letters small,
Ivory or ebon, spelling God's great Name:
Let Halleluiahs be her earliest song:
See she be humbly clad and tend God's poor:

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When womanhood draws near her, but ere yet
Childhood has left her, send her to this spot,
That, kneeling where the cradled Child-God slept,
She learn His service. I will be her Teacher."
She sent thee. Say, have I belied my pledge?
Another pledge, not yet fulfilled, remains.
I promised thee the story of my life,
Now near its close. Twice I began to write,
Then flung to the earth my pen. Sit down and list
Of that poor life some fragments; thou hast claims:
It owed to thine and thee its best of days.

O holy, sweet, and gracious Company!
O Household dear to God! Their feet to us
Who trod this vale of tears shone beautiful
Upon the mountains; for where'er they moved
'Twas mountain land, the mountain of the Lord,
To them: they bore God's Gospel on their brows
And flashed it forth to men. O happy day
That gave them to me! I had dwelt five years
Alone in deserts, lodged 'mid ravening beasts;
And when I saw man's face once more therein
Ferine was mixed with human, though in some
Valor, and gleams of rude barbaric beauty,
Illumed that aspect ruthless. Back to Rome
I passed: I found not in her what my youth
Half-spurned, yet half-admired. The Prince of Peace
Held there a place that feared to claim its own:
The spoils and trophies of a thousand wars
Bade Him defiance plain. Decrepit long,
The old Pagan Rite lifted a brow still crowned,
A sceptred hand, though palsied. Proud in death,
Like Rome's old emperor it "stood up to die":
Well-nigh two hundred temples laughed in scorn
From columned summits. The Imperial power
Trembled to front the rage of popular vice:
Feebly it trod and waveringly as men
In cities earthquake-jarred. A Past there was:
Authority, Tradition still survived:
The dignity of these things was gone by:
To shameless spectacles the people rushed:
The gloom of hopeless lusts was in their eyes:

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The Coliseum's blood-stained sports, though dead,
Left dark their foreheads.
Sweet as music-strain
Dawned on me then that vision strong and fair
Of Romans true at once to ancient times
And loyal to God's truth. Heroic Houses,
The great patrician races of old Rome,
The Anician, Claudian, Fabian, yea the Scipios',
Before me stood, but consecrate to Christ:
The pristine "Virtus" now was spirit-crowned:
The instinctive chastity of early days
Had learned its meaning in the heavenly spousals:
The patriot's soul had found a native land
Worthier than that for which Attilius died—
God's church. The hearth has won its rights. True wives,
From Lucrece on to Portia; holy mothers,
From her whose son captured Corioli
To her that reared the Gracchi, stood once more
With loftier stature. Senators were Christian,
And, garbed in peasant's cloak of homely brown,
Filled with God's poor the palace of their sires:
"Rome is forgiven!" I cried; cancelled the wrong:
The blood that cried for vengeance cries no more:
Maro's old vision of a realm world-wide,
Which only smote the proud to raise the weak,
Shall find at last fulfilment." Woe is me!
I saw but half. Morals depraved long since
Had paved the way for heresies in Faith:
God's Truth was bartered for Imperial favor:
Vainly God's Prophets thundered 'gainst their crime:
Fate trod behind it close.
My lips are parched:
How fresh that water! Thanks! Holiest and best
Of all those holy ones to me so dear
Thy father's mother was—that earlier Paula:
Beside a daughter's grave I saw her first:
The trials others shunned to her were dear;
They brought her near the Man of Woes. Her mind
Was all of ardors and of soarings made,
Winged like the Greek; unlike it soft and sacred:
Greek she knew well; Hebrew she learned ere long.
She thirsted for that land the Saviour trod
And thither fled. Weeping, yet glad, she traced

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His steps from north to south, from east to west,
Then chose this site, and here her convents raised:
She ruled them twenty years, then slept in Christ.
In death she lay as one restored to youth,
The while close by in Hebrew and in Greek
Bishops and priests chanted her requiem psalms,
And o'er the bier that black-robed mourner lay;
Her lips were on her mother's brow, her face
Hid on that mother's bosom.
In a cave
Close to that spot where stood the Sacred Crib
We laid the Dead, expectant of that day
When God shall raise her. On the rock hard by
I graved her name and lineage:
"Here in Christ
Paula finds rest. The great Emilian race,
Cornelia's blood, the Scipios, and the Gracchi
In her lay down the pride of ancient Rome
Before the cradle of Incarnate God.
She was Eustochium's mother. All, save her,
She left to worship here."
Eustochium's mother!
Eustochium—those who looked upon her face
Believed perforce. Amid the virgin choir
She stood, men said, Virginity itself:
They thanked her less for all she brought of good
Than all her presence slew. The shames of life
Vanished, and memory's book laughed out in light:
Lethè ran o'er it. Paula wept at times;
Her child shone out as from the weeping cloud
The all-radiant arch. In her the Virtues Three
Began with Hope—for what is Hope but Faith
Mounted on wings?—passed on to Charity,
And ended in some grace to man unknown.
A child she wrote me letters, sportive, brief,
Yet serious 'neath her sport. Childhood in her
Lived till her mother died.
She too is dead!
That whole great race hath passed from earth away:
Pammachius, of Camillus' mighty line,
And Leta and Toxotius. All are gone!
When died the last I registered a vow:
I vowed their names should live till mine had perished.

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Those names are on that sacred tome which clasps
My life's long labor. It is gone, that life;
Yon sun new-risen is my latest sun.
Be near me, child! Thank God, another Paula
Remains to close my eyes.
As Death draws nigh,
Peace-maker best, men turn to those who made
Their peace on earth. Mine was a life of wars;
Was that my fault? I know not. Roman half,
Barbaric half, I was not made for peace;
My blood rushed fiercely as Dalmatian floods
When thunder shakes our hills. I knew in youth
A house among those hills; on stillest days
Close round it reeled a tempest of its own,
Whirlwind of confluent winds whose course was shaped
By dim-seen mountains. Like that house was I.
Strange hands far off had shaped me unto storm:
Storm sang the dusky matins of my life;
Storm sang my vesper psalms. Others have fled
To wastes in search of peace: to such I rushed
To fight with fiends whose chief had warred on mine
Then late baptized, in the great wilderness.
Five years we battled. Victory doubtful seemed:
God spake; then ceased the winds, and fell the waves,
And there was a great calm. New foes succeeded,
Foes from Christ's household, anchorets of the East,
That ground their teeth against me. "Ho," they cried,
"Impostor of the Gentile world far West,
Tread'st thou our East?" Then shook I from my feet
The burning sands in testimony against them:
I passed to Antioch; to Byzantium next,
Better so called than by his arrogant name
Who made God's church an appanage. Next I saw
That great Thebais and its hermit sons,
And wrote their deeds. At Rome Pope Damasus
Loved me; and all her saints. So much the more
They hated me without a cause, those priests,
Ill-tonsured heads, obsequious; men who trod
The rich man's purples, whispering to his leech,
And eyed the miser's will. I pointed 'gainst them
This finger now so stark. Ascetics false;
Solitaries whom envy, not their fasts, made lean;
And, noisomer culprits, priests that ate from gold,

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That, sinning with the people, sinned against them,
That prophesied illusions and deceits
And therefore won no vision from the Lord:
On such I hurled God's bolts.
Erred I in this?
My mother said of me, "His hand is hard,
Though not his heart." The boy was hard; the man.
My chief of battles was with Origen,
That Greek whose airy fancies, unbaptized
Save in Castalian springs, if spared had changed
The spacious lands and seas of Christian Faith
To mist of allegory. Rufinus next—
Ah, false, false friend! He walked with me in youth:
In age with parricidal hand he wrote
That book against God's church. With him he drew
Salem's unholy bishop, Barnabas;
Later, by night that base Pelagian crew
Full fain had burned me in my monastery,
Whose site, foreseeing, I had chosen for strength.
I shook this hand against them from its wall,
Then 'scaped to yonder tower.
How unlike these
That youthful priest, angelic more than priestly,
Nepotian! Standing in the imperial court,
He wore the hair-cloth hid. A soldier once,
A soldier's simpleness was in him ever:
He was the outcast's help, the orphan's hope,
The strength of all the oppressed. Like pure, cold airs
Launched from white peaks on one that tracks the sands
The casual thought of him had power to cheer me.
Once more I see him with that child-like smile
Brightening his grave and sacerdotal stillness.
Each holy widow "Mother" still he called,
Each maiden, "Sister." With what care he clothed
His own high thoughts in garb of teachers old:
"Saint Irenæus argues, Cyprian hints—"
Shunning all self-assertion! Ah! great God!
That lily, which the right hand of Thy pureness
Had shaped to be an image of itself,
Struck by the noontide ardors, drooped, and died!
Here, far away at Bethlehem, I sat:
"I shall have letters from him soon," I mused:
A stranger entered, sad of face: he laid

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A young priest's garment on an old man's knee;
He spake: "Nepotian sent it thee in death;
'Go thou,' he said, 'to him, my friend, my father,
Through whom I, nothing then, became a priest;
Tell him that by God's altar day by day
This was my tunic as I ministered.'"
Paula, since then it lies athwart this couch:
Spread it above me dead.
He died in youth:
So best! How fair a thing is youth like his,
Yea, how complete, from Innocence to Death
Wafted unstained! How beautiful to him
Whose age is but a maimed and mangled weight,
Whose life a huge frustration! Such is mine:
They that most hated, they who fain had stoned me,
Belike too high esteemed me. All that life
Was but a strife of random purposes,
Poor nothings which the Hand that made all worlds
Alone could shape to good. I strove to plant
The convents of the East o'er all the West,
Yet never was at heart a man recluse:
I said: "No choice is ours: dead Paganism
Breathes from its shameful grave a mist that slays:
Christians must flee the infected world." To me
Not high, not pure, a restless spirit ever,
Travel world-wide, strong studies, rule of men,
These things were welcomer thrice than convent-cells:
In these I had large share. My books were acts;
I sent them forth to work. The thoughts heaven-born
That, angel-like, dropt by Augustine's tent—
I love that man the more for conflicts past—
Sought not my cavern. Vowed to holy church,
'Twas yet against my will they made me priest:
I knew myself unworthy. Once alone
I offered Sacrifice.
And yet this hand,
So soon to mingle with its native dust,
Transferred God's Oracles from tongues long dead
To Rome's which cannot die! Was this my praise?
Not so; I toiled, at first to shun temptations:
The task that lulled my youth brightened mine age:
Book after book took shape beneath my hand
Not preordained by me. God wrought the work:

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Through God alone His great Book of the East
Shall live the great Book of the West, the world,
The church's Holy Book, which, like that stone
Hewn from the mountain, that became a mountain,
Shall singly in its majesty make null
The books of all the nations, heaped albeit
Cloud-high by each, yea lost in cloud, and thence
Oft shedding ruin on the vales below.
This is God's Book: in it the church of God,
While myriad Errors round her rise, shall see
Writ as in stars those Truths which in her heart
Live ever, seen or veiled:—the church's sons,
Nurtured by it on heavenly food, shall walk
Not childish, not imbecile, but as men
In lowly strength of Faith. If e'er man's race,
Its winter past, shall breathe a second spring,
The letters of the nations shall not take
Their mould from barbarous lands that knew not God,
Or lands corrupt which, having known, forsook Him,
Nay but from words divine, the Lips of God
Parleying with primal man. Earth's Homer new,
Her Phidias, her Apelles, themes shall choose
That change not soul to sense, but sense to soul:
The Maccabean Trump again shall peal;
Ruth glean 'mid western fields. Rebuke shall roll
From western Carmels on insurgent kings
Who o'er false altars hurl schismatic smoke
And filch the poor man's vineyard. Casual texts
Shall slay yet make alive; o'er western hearts
Sin-seared shall flash those dagger-points of light
That say, "Thou art the Man." The Hebrew Spirit,
Yea, though o'er earth the Hebrew race walk bare,
Abject, down-trod, priestless and altarless,
Shall judge earth's orb secure. Great Rome, herself
May share one day in this with Sion. She
To fragments broken, o'er the earth may pave
A causeway for those Feet which bore the Nails,
And theirs who track those Feet to Eden's gate.
I say not this shall be, but this may be.
"Prophesy, Son of Man, can these bones live?"
The Prophet answered thus: "O Lord, thou know'st."
Too much of what is least. Paula, I seem
To dwell on self. It is not so; I linger

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Beside each fount freshening my life's long road
Because its end is woe. At last I face it.
Child, for thy sake it shall be briefly told.

The Goth, the Hun, Vandal, and Marcoman
Successive swept the world. Cloudlike they rushed
O'er Scythia, Dacia, Thrace, my own Dalmatia.
The flaming churches witnessed their advance;
They dragged the old noble from his palace home,
The bishop from his flock. They slew the babe
That smiled upon their sword. The world's fair flower,
Athens, they trampled 'neath a bestial hoof.
Damascus heard their coming; Antioch fell;
Their steeds they watered in Orontes' wave,
And Halis, and Euphrates. We, not they,
Burned this great shame upon the brows of Rome:
Man sinned: God's judgment followed.
Near me, child!
'Twas in the night the crown of cities fell.
A thousand and a hundred years had passed
Since from that Capitolian height arose
Earth's throne permitted. Rome, the Queen of men,
Had changed to Queen of slaves. A cry was heard
Like cry of wolves that throng dark Dacian hills
O'erhanging some doomed village. On the march
Of Alaric south, Alaric "the Scourge of God,"
Full forty thousand slaves of race barbaric
Had joined his standard. Thirty thousand more
That night within Rome's fated walls uprose;
They burst the Gate Salarian.
Paula, nearer!
The foe was in the city as a flood:
They thronged the Forum first, that Forum girt
With idol temples; next that Coliseum
Where many a Dacian chieftain, many a Goth,
Had filled the lion's maw. 'Twas there rang out
The second cry. That was the cry of Rome—
Men say no other followed.
O my child!
Thy tears which fall so quickly on my hand
Warn me to cease. Not all was woe, was shame:
Alaric was Christian, and the Goths in part;
They spared the maid, the nun; one only perished,

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Marcella; she—her maiden pupil saved—
She, bleeding from the lances of the foe,
Made way into St. Peter's. There arrived
The gray-haired Saint slept by the Apostles' tomb:
Beneath a gloomier vault the Conqueror lies.
His mission was fulfilled; then on him first
Earthly ambition fell. Southward he marched
To make a second continent his prey.
His Maker smote that proud one that he died.
Three days in wrath they mourned him; on the fourth
A counsel rose among them. Swift and near
A river rushed: they forced a captive host
To sluice away its waters. In its bed
They built a tomb trophied with spoils of Rome:
Therein they laid their mighty one. Once more
They rolled that river through its channel old,
Then slew that captive host. "No man," they sware,
"Shall peer into the secret of the king;
None trouble his remains."
His work was done:
No day but o'er the earth the exiles passed,
Exiles once Roman princes. Every coast,
Egyptian, Syrian, Pontic, watched them coming,
The old, the young, their purple changed to rags,
And followed far with sad, remorseful eyes.
The Christians of their number hither flocked;
They yearned to die there where their Lord was born.
We gave them food at first: when none remained
We gave them tears. The haggard phantoms trod,
Awe-struck, the ways of Sion; by that brook,
Cedron, and under groves of Olivet,
And Calvary, and beside that garden-cave
Where lay the Saviour dead.
The sight was strange!
These were the children of that Pagan race
Which wrought God's vengeance on His chosen City.
Their own had been the secular head of earth,
The Salem of the unjust: their own was judged:
And now, like babes on some dead mother's breast,
They clung to her whose heart their sires had pierced,
Sought there a mother's aid. Ah me! Ah me!
Pilate and Caiaphas were one in sin.
Salem and Rome! These might have been God's hands

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Stretched forth in benediction o'er the world:
They met—those hands—one blood was on them both!
One judgment is on both.
There yet remains
A ruined fragment huge of Salem's wall:
A little Hebrew remnant haunt that spot:
They kiss those fissured stones and in their shade
Sing their lamenting psalms. How oft hard by
Have I not heard our Roman exiles weep!
Antiphonal those dirges drear! I thought
Each on the other railed reproach: first, Rome,
"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that slay'st
The Prophets": next, the Hebrews' fierce retort,
"Art thou not in the self-same condemnation?
Thy House is left unto thee desolate."

Paula, these things lie heavy on my soul:
Last night Rome's judgment dealt with me so sorely
I scarcely know if months or years divide
Her death-day from mine own. I know but this:
Her ending seemed the ending of a world.
If this our earth had in the flat sea sunk
Save one black ridge whereon I sat alone,
Such wreck had seemed not greater. It is gone,
That Empire last, sole heir of all the empires,
Their arms, their arts, their letters, and their laws.
"'Twas in the night the wall of Moab fell"—
Ezechiel sang that verse, the man who saw
The horrors of Sin's Chambers veiled by night.
Gone, too, is David's kingdom, Israel's House:
"Incipit Jeremiæ Lamentatio":
"How solitary sitteth now that city
Which whilome was the joy of all mankind."
Begins the great lament that end hath none:
Then silence; then that dirge predicted long,
The welter of that wide barbaric flood
Thenceforth earth's sable pall and universal:
The fountains of the nether deep are burst:
The second deluge comes.
And let it come!
That God who sits above the water-spouts
Remains unshaken. Paula, what is earth?
A little bubble trembling ere it breaks,

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The plaything of that gray-haired infant, Time,
Who breaks whate'er he plays with. I was strong:
See how he played with me! Am I not broken?
Albeit I strove with men of might; albeit
Those two great Gregories clasped me, palm to palm;
Albeit I fought with beasts at Ephesus
And bear their tokens still; albeit the wastes
Knew me, and lions fled; albeit this hand,
Wrinkled and prone, hurled to the dust God's scorners,
Am I not broken? Lo, this hour I raise
High o'er that ruin and wreck of life not less
This unsubverted head that bent not ever,
And make my great confession ere I die,
Since hope I have, though earthly hope no more:
And this is my confession: God is great;
There is no other greatness: God is good;
There is no other goodness. He alone
Is true Existence; all beside is dream.
Likewise confession make I that His Hand,
Which made all worlds, and made them to His glory,
Which touches earthly greatness and it dies,
Shall touch one day the dead within their graves
And lift them to His life. The Death Divine
Hath raised mankind above all fates and fortunes.
Paula, when thou hast closed these eyes in death
And laid this body in this holy land
Close by thy kinsfolk whom in life I loved,
Record of me, not dangers, labors, triumphs;
Record alone that in the hour of death
Christ was my stay; He only; that on Him,
Bending above the imminent grave, I leaned—
God's penitent not less than confessor—
My total being, body, soul, and spirit,
His liegeful servant. Holy is the feast
He keepeth; and His truth remains for aye.

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JOHN MARSHALL'S MOTTO.

THE house stood in a cluster of trees, embowered so closely that the summer sunshine scarcely got through and only sent in stray beams here and there, to fall upon the dark-stained floors, and creep up the walls, and crossbar the ceiling. It was an old, almost rickety house, yet it was an ideal dwelling-place for a lover of nature and of solitude. The apple-orchard was at the side; the maple-trees stood in tall rows in front of the door. There was a lawn and an unpretentious flower-garden; the latter had been suffered to run to waste of late. The hollyhocks had got out of their usual prim array; the marigolds were going to seed; chrysanthemums, verbenas, geraniums, and many more of the familiar tribes of flowers were growing up in a kind of wild confusion, so that buttercups, dandelions, and daisies had begun to intrude themselves with unbecoming equality; and in autumn the late growth of golden-rod reared its head haughtily and threatened to put them all to shame. The house was only a story and a half in height, but it had a veranda all around it, and curious little windows, and the quaintest of doors, which rejoiced in a huge knocker. A couple of steps led up to it, which were the resort, in the warm weather, of a couple of great dogs, who stretched their limbs there and yawned, or panted after a run in the heat of the noon. They always seemed to watch, and with some appearance of discrimination, the various shadows which the tall trees made upon the paths below, till at last they nodded off asleep and the stillness of the spot was unbroken. Outside the house was a tranquil rustic road, traversed by few wayfarers. Occasionally a cart loaded with hay, piled with stones or with country produce, toiled up the slope upon which the house stood, and horse and man alike paused to rest outside the gate. Then the driver, wiping his hot and dusty face, looked back contemplatively upon the road by which he had come, which seemed, from that point of view, to extend deep down into a valley, or onwards with meditative aspect upon the highway, which stretched grim, dusty, and apparently interminable. The man looked back, as man always looks back in his onward journey, but the horse looked only forward with quiet and contemplative eye. A few foot-passengers, too, from time to time approached the place; but it was for the most part quiet, solitary, deserted.

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In the near distance was a mountain, one of a chain, solemn, blue, erect, only at times assuming a state-dress of purple or a gala-costume of tawny gold. The house always regarded this mountain as its principal neighbor; the other was a quiet, inoffensive lake, with many lilies resting on its calm surface and the figures of many trees mirrored in its depths. The lake had more visitors than the house, for a few cows came thither every day, and the two great dogs never failed to drag their huge limbs through its coolness; and many a tired horse, with its dumb sense of ineffable relief, was suffered a moment's pause by its shady banks. But there was a peculiar quiet in all the region. There was some foolish old legend about it, about the house on the hill chiefly and the lake. They were credited both with the presence of a restless spirit, who by night, and by night only, especially when the moon was full, came back to revisit earth. Little wonder that a restless spirit should come hither, where all was peace. Inside the house were rooms on either side of the door—first a little room, with dark-stained floor, walls painted dark, and bare except for two pictures that hung there; a couple of straw chairs cushioned, a lounge, a table, some books, a student-lamp, and that is all. A door opened from this room into a second; it had shelves—rude deal shelves—all around it, filled with books, and civilized curtains of dull red; a small table with writing materials upon it, and a chair, were the only furniture. But there was a window, broad and low—for it had been made so—and from this window such a view! It opened almost directly upon the lake—that is, the great strip of water was far enough only to gain something by distance. The wild luxuriance of its shores, varied by beds of simple buttercups and dandelions, showed a superabundant growth of ferns and a strange disorder of weeds and grasses. Away in the distance were plains, some cultivated, others bare and barren or covered merely with cool, breezy stretches of grass, where the wind on summer mornings frolicked with all the joy of mischief-loving children. There were woodlands here and there, and rude hedgerows or fences covered with clinging vines and tall weeds. The air about was fragrant in the spring with wild lilacs and honeysuckle, and in early June there were masses of wild roses and whole fields of blue stars, and a profusion indescribable of the gipsy children of Nature. There were hills to give grandeur and strength and variety to the whole; there were distant rivers or streams, winding in and out in the landscape or flowing on with majestic restfulness. Nearer the house there was just a sloping, grassy lawn

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and old, gnarled trees, some of which offered seats in their boughs, and a great twittering of birds, and a very large collection of nests, as if, like some persecuted race, they had come to found a colony where persecution was at an end and peace reigned supreme. In the house, on the other side of the hall, was a bed-room, as simply appointed as possible, and a dressing-room. In the house were two inmates. The one was a servant—a man-servant. The other was the proprietor. To become aware of his life and purpose, the house, its location, its solitude, gives the clue. Had he definite aim or object he would never have chosen his home so far from the abode of men. His character and disposition gained a light from a simple phrase engraved on a golden ground: "*Plus que je connais les hommes, j'aime mieux les chiens!*" This legend hinted at reverse of fortune, perhaps, ill-health, want of personal attractions, old age, or what not. What was the truth? John Marshall, as he sat among his books that breezy June morning, near the broad, open window, in view of the lake and in view of the mountains, was young—at least he was only thirty-five. His hair, originally of a nondescript brown, was sprinkled with gray. His eyes were gray, too—a deep gray, bordering on hazel. From being near-sighted they had a peculiar expression. His features were good; many might have called the face handsome, many more would have thought it plain. The majority would have declared it interesting. He was lithe, active, alert. Clearly neither old age nor any physical deformity had made him shun the society of men. Yet, in a face and figure which should have been, which were meant by nature to be, energetic, there was an all-pervading weariness that savored of languor. Perhaps it best explained his voluntary retirement and the legend on the golden ground. Satiety! Life had wearied him. It was the old story, except that his early and voluntary retirement from ease, wealth, fashion, society, the very weariness it had inspired, proved his capability for nobler aims and purposes. It proved that he had wasted another heritage than that which his father had left him at his death. Out of all the chaos of acquaintanceships, friendships, companions, travel, excitement, adventure, he had brought two dogs, and his man-servant, and his books. He had lived three years in the solitude, and fancied that he had at last found absolute rest. There was a flaw in his experience somewhere, or he would not have thought that. He would have known that all this rich, tangled, glorious wilderness of nature, that sweet, silent sunshine, those voices of the birds and the hum of insects more quiet than silence even, that dark, shadow-

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hung stream, the stillness of those hills, could not give rest—not as long as human thought must go on in its untiring circle of motion. Now he was very much disquieted, and for an apparently trivial matter. He had to leave the solitude and go into the city. What was there in that? He was going for three days, five days, a week. Not into a great, smoky Babylon either, but into a medium-sized, sober, sedate city, where trade, commerce, human life all ran in moderate channels, without hurry or bustle or rush, where the streets were shaded with trees. There was a mountain observable from his window, and passing glimpses, here and there, of a great, broad, busy river. He thought of the life and bustle on that river with a shudder; thought of the crowded streets, the vehicles blocking each other, the dust and heat and glare, as if he had never spent contented months and years in human whirlpools, in comparison with which the tumult of this town was but as ripples on his tranquil lake. It was a foolish fear, an absurd shrinking, and yet he dreaded to leave his quiet nook, as if he were never to return again, as if the inevitable law of circumstances was driving him thence for ever. But nature asserted her rights; she had meant him to be energetic, and once she had bade him accomplish a certain thing she gave him no rest till he obeyed her at once. He called his man-servant.

"Get my things together; I am going to town to-morrow."

"For long, sir?"

"Probably a week. I shall take as little luggage as possible."

This was inevitable. The fatal words had been spoken. In the afternoon John Marshall went out, followed by his two great dogs. He went with them in the direction of the lake, and threw himself down to reflect again upon the decision he had taken. The dogs lay near him on the grass, sedately, contemplatively, with more than human gravity in their gray-brown eyes and grizzled noses. John Marshall played mechanically with the long, silken ears of the animal nearest him. The other moved uneasily, rose, and came nearer for its share of notice. John Marshall laughed.

"Even you, old Plato," he said, "are not free from this weakness of human nature. You must thrust yourself forward, fidget, worry, till you have gained equal share of note with your fellows or ousted them from their vantage-ground."

He pushed the dog away with a curious, half-angry impatience, and the creature, divining that something was amiss, but unconscious of wrong, lay down resignedly at a little distance, with a sigh, and was soon asleep.

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"More philosophical than man, you perceive the uselessness of your efforts; you give up the struggle and you go to sleep, to wake when a new opportunity offers."

John Marshall put his arms under his head and lay full length in the shade of a tree, looking up at the sky.

"Here am I, moralizing and dreaming with the fool's wisdom men call philosophy, year in and year out, and I have not found fortitude enough to bear up against the petty trial of having to go to town to-morrow."

He rose at last, with an impatient shaking of himself, to indulge in one of his long, delightful strolls in and out through lanes and byways, along between the hedgerows or in the great green meadows or fragrant hay-fields, till he lost himself at last in a wood—one of those shady, leafy, mossy haunts where, more than anywhere else, there is the sense of being alone with Nature and drinking in her utmost sweetness. How the wind that breezy day ran riot there!—grass, ferns, reeds, rushes, bushes, shrubs all bending and bowing with curious, almost human, exhilaration. The sun stole in in irregular patches, the trees waved their boughs all at once, with a rushing sound as of many waters, and sent down a shower of shadow and light over the ground. A little rivulet went leaping over pebbles and rocks, and brightening up the hoary moss that was hiding in its velvet depths untold mystery and the garnered wisdom of old age. Birds, toads, squirrels, giant spiders all busied themselves at their various callings, and the grasshoppers, like street-musicians, went piping about; while the upper-air insects, with all the manner of a concert-room about them, buzzed to and fro, and gave solos and quartets and choruses. All these meistersingers and trouvères, singing in their various tongues, were delightful to John Marshall. He cared not whether they used the *langue d'or* or the *langue d'oil*, or whether they used any language at all. It was all restful, infinitely sweet and delightful to him. Nor did the inhabitants of this new Eden resent his presence amongst them if only he had not brought his dogs. These latter monsters, revelling after their own fashion in the scene, unrelenting pursued every passing squirrel, every inoffensive toad, every bird who had strayed to earth. Nay, they pawed up the ground at the roots of trees, as if in search of prey which was yet invisible, and they audibly snuffed among the last year's leaves that were lying there, to betoken their suspicion of a hostile presence.

"Human nature again," mused John Marshall, standing on a rough wooden plank bridging the rivulet and observing them.

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"Like man, your masters, you cannot come into this fair and peaceful place without seeking to make havoc here; without invading peaceful homes like that of yonder toad; without interfering with some one's business, as in the case of that passing squirrel, who is hastening, no doubt, to the fulfilment of some duty, or snapping at some fellow-being, as you have both done, Plato and Socrates, to that innocent bluebottle fly who buzzed past you, taking pleasure after his own fashion. Why did you snap at him, you dumb imitators of our race? Simply for the pleasure of snapping! Because his mode of enjoyment did not chance to be yours!"

He made this soliloquy to his brute companions, who had returned to his side, and, with wagging tails and faces converted into notes of interrogation, were asking him what next he intended to do.

"I beg of you not to question me now," he said, looking down at them with whimsical earnestness; "that is another of the troublesome human habits you have acquired. We are drifting, my good friends; we have no aim nor purpose. Ask that wasp over there what *he* is going to do next."

The dogs seemed disappointed, and, catching his eye, looked down with sudden gravity, as if they withdrew their question, and stood quite still for a moment or two.

"Go on, my friends," said John, again addressing them. "I do not in the least wish to interfere with your enjoyment. I was wont to resent very bitterly any cavilling at my own."

He took up mechanically a handful of pebbles as he spoke, and began to throw them one by one into the stream.

"My aim," he went on—"what was it? As idle, as purposeless, as futile as this my present employment."

When he had exhausted the stones he turned impatiently, rapidly, and walked on, the dogs following with many a divergence from the path; for, undeterred by his grumbling, they still pursued whatever chance game came in their way.

At night, when he had had his supper, at which the dogs assisted, John Marshall made some few arrangements for his journey, smoked his solitary pipe, and went to bed with a sigh because of the morrow.

His servant woke him early. He rose, dressed, took breakfast, drove to the station some five miles away, all with the air of a martyr. The country road as he drove along had such an infinite sweetness and coolness and freshness about it. The morning air was balmy and dewy. It was full of the incense of flowers.

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Noon found John Marshall in all the heat and glare and bustle of the town. He had business that day with lawyers; much had to be arranged. He discovered, with despair, that he would be six weeks in town instead of six days. He summoned all his philosophy to his aid, but it gave him no comfort. He had a host of acquaintances in the town, but only one friend whom he cared to see. This was a woman. It was a paradox; he often laughed at it himself. He had never been a ladies' man. Emphatically all his life long, even in his butterfly days, he had, sincerely or affectedly, avoided their society. Like many of his dislikes and likes, it was causeless and purposeless. Simply he found no enjoyment, no charm, no attraction, no companionship in most of the women he had met. One had interested him, and it was this old interest led him to see her. She lived in one of the better quarters of the town; her house had a purple-and-fine-linen atmosphere about it grateful, after all, to this mocker at the conventionalities. The lady came down at once on hearing his name. She was fully ten years older or more than her friend; she was tall, well built, with a fine, strongly-marked face that might have been in youth beautiful, and was now merely handsome—handsome enough to please John Marshall, who was in all things a lover of beauty.

"I do not ask if solitude has lost its charms," she said by way of greeting, "but what can have brought John Marshall to the city?"

"Business—the stalest, flattest, most unprofitable absurdity that was ever invented to bother man's brains."

"Unchanged and unchanging, I see," said the lady, smiling. Her smile was her great attraction—calm, thoughtful, observant all at once.

"In the life I lead one gets over the great logical inconsistency of change," said John Marshall. "He gets into a groove; he sees nothing changing about him; mountains, rivers, streams, all remain the same, so does he."

"Though he gets older," said Miss Redmond, glancing involuntarily at the gray hairs on her visitor's head.

"Oh! my present life is not responsible for those," he said, hastily answering her look; "it was the chaos out of which I escaped."

"Seriously," said Miss Redmond, "I have often thought and wondered, do you intend to lead this life, and go on leading it always?"

"Why not?"

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"The why not seems unanswerable, and yet there are a hundred-and-one reasons—objections—I might raise."

"For the sake of argument one might suffice," said John tranquilly.

"Do you remember I often told you of old that I never argued for the sake of argument?"

"What then? To gratify your own sweet, wilful woman's will?"

"No, but to attain some object. All my arguments now would be useless to gain my present one, so instead I will ask you a question—Do you never intend to marry?"

"The answer is to be in all sincerity, badinage apart?"

"Most certainly."

"In all sincerity, then, I do not."

"And why?"

"Oh! that is an interminable question. For every reason, real and imaginary, that can possibly present themselves to your mind."

"Odd," she said slowly, "at your age. But did you never seriously think of it?"

"Yes, once."

"Excuse the close questioning, but was it long ago?"

"You should remember, Margaret," he said gravely. "I once thought that you would be willing to throw yourself away on me. I hinted it to you one summer evening that we were walking about together. You soon dispelled the illusion."

Ever so faint a flush crept up into her face, ever so faint a smile, like the echo or reflection of past smiles, crossed her lips.

"It was a foolish idea of yours, John," she said quietly, "and never, as you seem to imagine, a real or serious one. I believe you were convinced of it even then that no woman under the sun was ever less suited to any man than I to you."

"But it was just the contrary. You seemed the only one of your sex that I had ever come across who was gifted with any philosophy. You had strong, practical common sense, a perception of the fitness of things rare in women nowadays, a firmness, a steadiness of will which exacted my respect, while your kindliness and goodness of heart won my affection."

"I see it clearly enough, though perhaps I cannot explain it to you, that all these qualities, even if I possess them, are well in their way, but are not what you want."

"Since that time, at all events," said John, "I can safely disavow any want of feminine society at all. But," he added, with

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an inconsistent touch of curiosity, "what qualities should you describe as those which I want?"

"Qualities not easily sketched," said the lady. "But here, I will outline a character for you: A mind intelligent and, in some degree at least, enlightened, or it could not interest you for a day; a heart in due subjection to the head, but capable of great stretches of devotion and fidelity; a common sense which is not a practical, prosaic quality, but rises sometimes into the region of the ideal, and finds high aims and lofty purposes in the incidents of every-day life; a manner at once gentle, sweet, and frank, with a thin veil of reserve to pique you into curiosity; a temperament not too monotonously even, with dashes of capriciousness, and here and there a streak of fire, and a not too marked trace of self-assertion—a character which could keep its individuality without detriment to its womanliness, and one in whom there was a strong religious element."

"Religious, when I am half an infidel!"

"Half an infidel, not from settled conviction, but from your vague, purposeless manner of life. I know and believe that I, the only woman to whom you have given your friendship, have failed to exert any marked influence upon you, simply because I have no fixed religious belief or aims."

"Why, I believed you religious."

"After a fashion. I go to church occasionally, especially when there is a new preacher. I look about me and find it bare, void, bereft of all interest."

"But if a woman were to talk religion to me I should think her an insufferable nuisance."

"Ten chances to one she would never speak directly of religion to you. For I insist that, though young—she must be five years younger at least than you—she shall possess judgment and tact in no limited degree."

"You speak as if this—this character were a real person," said John, smiling, but interested in spite of himself; "do you think, though, that such a character ever really existed, especially—forgive me—in your sex?"

"If it ever existed at all it was precisely among my sex. No man should unite such qualities as those."

"But do you believe it ever existed?"

"I have known some, a very few," said the lady thoughtfully—"I might limit it to one or two—who were nearly all that I have described."

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"I have never known one," said John abruptly, "except as it applies to yourself."

"I have shown you that, in most respects, it does not apply to myself at all. I have no lofty aims or high purposes, no settled conviction, no subtilities of character. In a word, I am not like the ideal I have created at all. Besides, I had forgotten one point. I have already insisted on the youth: I now add beauty."

"Beauty!" said John, with a droll smile. "I cannot abide ugliness, it is true, but with all this perfection I should dare to hope for nothing but the lowest scale of personal attractions."

"The more beautiful her face the better for her and for you," said the lady. "You are not a man to endure the humdrum monotony of plain-faced perfection. To some it matters little. To you it would be an impossibility. We will give her, then, a lovely face, or, if the adjective be too strong, a pretty one. We shall give her a slight figure."

"Do, I implore you," groaned the philosopher; "stoutness is to me the very abomination of desolation."

"A neat foot, a graceful hand, a pleasant voice—and lo! solitude is paradise."

John Marshall laughed as he rose to take his leave.

"You have not changed my resolution," he said, "an iota. Even were all this to be offered me, even were such perfection willing to bury itself in the wilderness, I would not accept the sacrifice. Remember the golden legend of my library. No woman under the sun could make me desire her presence in my solitude—except, of course, you."

The lady smiled.

"Take care, John Marshall!" she said; "remember you are rashly tempting Fate."

PART II.

A DAY or two after he called for her, by appointment, at three o'clock. She was going to take him on a little sight-seeing. He was usually impatient of all such things. But Miss Redmond's society was very soothing to him, and the interminable hours had to be despatched somehow. When oh! when could he take the train and go back to Paradise? Miss Redmond had what is usually set down as the unfeminine virtue of punctuality: she was ready to the moment. John Marshall asked her if she preferred to drive or walk. She chose the latter alternative, and they were

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soon strolling along one of the shaded streets to their destination. No wonder that John Marshall inwardly groaned. The dust was flying in eddies; the pavement was fairly blistering to the feet; the houses actually exhumed heat; the passers-by hurried on, long since regardless of appearances, wiping hot and perspiring faces, tremblingly anticipating blocks where there was not a single tree, and longing with futile impatience for the night. John Marshall was valiant. He resolutely thrust the memories of the Eden he had left out of sight. He summoned up all his fortitude, and tried to forget that his collar was obeying an inexorable solar law and beginning to turn down at the edges, or that his hat was working a deep furrow in his forehead. At last they reached their destination, a long, low, brick building, and went in. How delightfully cool it seemed behind the close-shut blinds! The building was square and spacious, and regularly laid out. The rooms, that into which they were ushered and another which they could perceive on the other side of the hall, were bare and uncarpeted, with a few hard wooden chairs and a solitary table.

On the wall hung a great crucifix, and one or two religious pictures, and sentences in gilt letters on black grounds, which John Marshall read with vague surprise. His eyes were fixed upon "Time is short, eternity endures for ever," when the door opened and a lady entered. John Marshall had heard of nuns and Sisters of Charity, and had a sort of undefined respect for a religious habit, but he had never come face to face with one of them or addressed her in his life. Not so Miss Redmond.

"Sister," she said, "I have brought my friend, as I promised; Mr. Marshall, Sister Seraphine."

"To hear our young phenomenon," said the sister, with a smile and the easy good breeding of a woman of the world. Only there was a difference. John Marshall felt it, and, at a loss for words, replied by a bow.

"Would you prefer to rest here for a little," added the religious in her slightly foreign accent, "or come at once to the music-room? Alfred is there."

"I think we shall go at once, if you please," said Miss Redmond; "I know your time is precious."

"Pray don't consider me," said the superior. Nevertheless she opened the door and led them through a broad, well-scrubbed passage into a room where there were two pianos, stools, and—a boy, a mere child, not more than fourteen years of age at the most, tall for his age, straight, erect, preternaturally grave and

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even pathetic-looking. His eyes were brown, wide open, and fixed upon the open window, which they did not see. Close to him stood a young girl in a tight-fitting brown dress and a bonnet in which was a cluster of soft pink flowers. The face framed by the bonnet was turned toward the superior and her guests as they entered. It was a small, a perfect oval, and even John Marshall, no mean connoisseur in such matters, decided that it was possessed of more than a common share of beauty. The features were delicate, the eyes dark, soft, and clear, the hair almost black, except at its edges where it rippled upon her temples.

"Miss Fay," said the superior, addressing her, "this lady and gentleman have come to hear your pupil."

"Nature's pupil, *ma sœur*," she said, laughing a musical little laugh; "you know I insist on that."

"Pupil!" thought John Marshall. "This young creature is a teacher, then."

At all events, not one of those monotonous butterflies of fashion who used to weary him so much with their endless sameness and everlasting chitter-chatter.

"Miss Redmond," continued the sister, "this is Miss Fay, of whom I told you."

"We almost know each other," said the elder lady cordially.

"We *quite* know each other," assented Miss Fay, with a charming, unaffected graciousness which took Miss Redmond by storm and disposed John Marshall to be civil.

"May I, in turn, introduce my friend Mr. Marshall?" said Miss Redmond.

Mr. Marshall bowed. Miss Fay acknowledged the salutation by the prettiest of inclinations, and the superior touched the boy gently on the shoulder.

"My good Alfred," she said, "here are a kind lady and gentleman who have come to hear you play for them. What will it be?"

"May I take my place, sister?"

"Yes, yes; most certainly."

He groped his way over, found the stool, and sat down, feeling the key-board gently, as if it were human and some one whom he knew. He struck first one chord, then another; he softly touched the upper notes. He seemed to attempt a prelude, and he began. There was nothing extraordinary in the child's selection. It was merely a nocturne of Chopin's; and as the chords swelled under his hands, as the notes fell clear and pure like crystal, as the half-mournful, half-dreamy, half-fantastic strain

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seemed to dart forth from the key-board and spring into life in the room, John Marshall felt a weirdness and unreality in the scene which he would have found it very hard to put into words. He looked around at the strange, bare room, uncarpeted and unfurnished, at the unfamiliar costume of the superior, and at her strangely calm and strangely undisturbed countenance. Looking at it, he said to himself that he had never seen such death in life before. That perfect, untroubled peace he always fancied belonged to dead faces alone. In contrast he glanced at Miss Fay. She was listening to her pupil, and for a moment or two he studied her. She appeared as utterly oblivious of him as if he were not present. There was no consciousness in her manner —not the slightest. She did not seem aware that he was looking at her, and in all probability admiring her. He had observed something like this unconsciousness in plain women, but never before in pretty ones. From her his eyes wandered again, but this time they remained fixed on the countenance of the performer. It wore truly a look of inspiration—the sad pathos of the wide-open, sightless eyes, which no answering look of sympathy or love, or even hatred, which is in itself a form of sympathy, could ever meet.

"Blind! blind! blind!
Oh! sitting in the dark for evermore."

But the fingers touched the keys with unerring precision; they never wavered or faltered; each note was clear and true, each chord full and vibrating, each run executed with wonderful accuracy. Yet it was not this; it was the expression, the whole sad story of the young, shadowed life, in which

"The days are always night, that darkest night."

It was not like ordinary music; it was the soul-language of one who, cut off from the glory of this world of earth, sought communion with another.

John Marshall felt as if he were in a dream. Miss Redmond whispered to him that in this institution numbers of blind people were taken and cared for, and taught whatever was in their power to learn—reading, writing, music, manual work, such as cane-work, brooms, sewing for the women, and so on. John Marshall could not help pondering as he sat, while the blind boy played piece after piece. He thought of his philosophy, of his old dreamings—which he had of late abandoned—as to the future good of humanity, the amelioration of the race, the duties of a

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common brotherhood. This calm-faced woman, in the coarse drugget gown and veil, had studied and put into practice, not the future, but the present good of the race. She understood the duties of a common brotherhood. She was laboring for the amelioration of the race. Had any one, he wondered, ever heard her use these sounding phrases? Had she ever stood on platforms or made herself the centre of a meeting, or even discoursed in drawing-rooms on the sacred duty of raising man to a higher level and making the sum of human happiness greater?

Presently the boy had finished playing, and the visitors were brought to see the house, to observe its perfect order and cleanliness, the silence that reigned, which was more cheerful than endless clatter. Ever and anon they might see a blind girl or boy groping their way along or coming down the stairs with astonishing velocity.

"How very quickly they can come downstairs!" remarked Miss Redmond. "Is there no danger of them falling?"

"None whatever," said the superior tranquilly; "we often remark it ourselves and wonder. The new sisters coming here are always disposed to rush forward and catch them."

"Have you been long here, sister?"

"Eighteen years," said the superior, smiling.

"It is a long time."

"Yes. I suppose you are aware that it is very unusual for religious to remain so long at one mission. But here, once we have learned the method of teaching the blind, which requires time, patience, and a special facility, we cannot be very easily replaced."

"You have to learn how to read and write by their method, then?"

"Most certainly, or how could they be taught? But, what is more difficult still, we have to learn to duplicate their books, and so on, which otherwise would have to be imported at great cost."

"Their school-books?"

"Yes, and other books given them as rewards or for pleasure and amusement."

"Are these children hard to teach?"

"As a rule they are very bright and learn very quickly. They have a wonderful intuitive faculty for acquiring knowledge."

"Can they move about the house at will?"

"Yes; after they have been here awhile, as you see, they can

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go about. For instance, we will send them up to the attic to find an article of dress or the like. They will go and bring it without ever making a mistake. But a curious fact is that they do not like being sent on such errands at night."

"Why?"

"Because it is dark. We say to them sometimes, 'But, my dear little ones, you are always in the dark.' They answer invariably, 'Oh! this darkness is much greater. It frightens us.'"

Meantime John Marshall was walking behind with Miss Fay. They were not speaking at first, because he was too intent on what the superior was saying. But when Miss Redmond and she drifted into some less interesting topic he asked Miss Fay somewhat abruptly:

"How did you teach that boy to play?"

"Oh! without much difficulty, I assure you," she answered, looking full at him, with her frank, pleasant smile.

"He has a natural talent, then?"

"I should think so. I must really tell you about his coming here, and you will see. His mother was miserably poor. They lived away off in the suburbs in a wretched little shanty. One time some of the sisters of the order visited her, and, besides relieving her immediate wants, offered to get her work. She objected that she could not leave the blind boy. The sisters asked her why she did not send him to their asylum. The poor woman answered that it was so very expensive. But they told her he could go there for nothing. The mother was very grateful, but at first the boy was afraid to go with strangers. The mother laid her hand on his shoulder and said: 'Go, my dear child, and you will always have enough to eat and be very happy.' When he was brought to the asylum it was in the afternoon. He was passing by the music-room. A child was playing there. 'What is that?' he cried out, never having heard a piano in his life. They brought him in; he listened in rapt astonishment. He said: 'May I touch it, madame?' The sister, of course, consented. He felt it all over, and finally sat down and struck some notes. After that he abruptly asked the child to play again. She played a very simple piece. When she had finished he sat down and played it after her. So you see, with a pupil like that, I had not much difficulty. Now he is sometimes asked to give concerts."

"Have you many pupils?" asked John Marshall.

Miss Fay smiled—rather a curious, amused smile, he thought—and, casting down her eyes, answered demurely:

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"Not many."

"You must find teaching very wearisome," pursued John, thinking of his own easy life with Plato and Socrates.

"It only requires patience," Miss Fay answered more gravely. "We must all have some work, and do it as well as we can."

John Marshall found himself oddly wishing that she had some other work than hammering music into children's heads. It certainly was a pity. It was probably the impulse of common brotherhood. For the first time in his life he felt ever so little ashamed to confess his own absolute idleness.

"I suppose you are"— he hesitated—"a Roman Catholic?"

"Of course," she answered promptly.

He vaguely wondered why "of course." He was more accustomed to people who told him they had no settled religious conviction of any kind.

"You are not?" she said half-inquiringly.

"No. I do not profess any form of religion. The fact is—"

He hesitated again. He did not precisely like to avow himself as merely a disciple of positivism. She listened politely, and, when she saw that he did not finish his sentence, questioned him no further. He felt almost aggrieved. He would have liked her to show a little interest in the matter—ever so little. When they got back to the parlor the first thing stared him in the face was, "Time is short, but eternity endures for ever." They all believed these sort of fables here. Perhaps it was just as well—a pure matter of taste. Women were never meant to be philosophers. He remembered, with almost a shudder, the lecturing, prating, free-thinking women he had known abroad. Uncomfortably it came to him that those women were talking while these were acting; could it be so, too, with the men? In a few moments he bade them all good-by, and Miss Redmond and he were walking homeward in the growing coolness of the late summer afternoon.

"It is wonderful how that Miss Fay devotes herself to the work of teaching that blind boy and others of the children," said Miss Redmond as they went.

"Devotes herself!" said John Marshall, somewhat puzzled. "I do not understand. Does she not earn her living that way?"

"Earn her living!" said Miss Redmond. "Why, no; she is quite well off, an only child, idolized by her parents. I am surprised you did not see by her dress."

"Her dress!" said John. "I saw she had a dark gown and a bonnet with a pink flower in it."

"O you men, you men!" said Miss Redmond, with a little

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despairing gesture. "However, Miss Fay helps the sisters in every possible way. She teaches that boy and some others, gives them various sums of money, and works almost as hard as if she were one of them, so the superior tells me."

"She has no intention of joining the sisterhood?"

"No, I believe not," said Miss Redmond, giving John a sharp, furtive glance. He seemed to have fallen into a brown study, and did not speak again until they had walked several blocks.

"John," said Miss Redmond the next day he called at her house, "will you take luncheon with me to-morrow? Miss Fay is coming."

He accepted, nothing loath, for he was anxious to see Miss Fay with this new light thrown upon her character.

PART III.

THE six weeks were almost up, and John Marshall, in spite of the ever-increasing dust and heat and glare, would willingly have prolonged them into another six weeks. He was sitting with Miss Redmond in her drawing-room behind the venetians. She had wormed out of him what he believed to be his secret, and what in reality she had seen and known plainly. She was sitting opposite to him, her eyes cast down, her fingers idly playing with the leaves of a book she had been reading when he entered. There was a half-smile on her lips, ever so slightly mocking, ever so slightly malicious.

"Fate did not find you such a giant wrestler, after all," she was saying; "he overthrew you at one blow."

"Spare your taunts," said John Marshall, with an uncomfortable laugh. "Is it not humiliation enough that I, the would-be philosopher, the would-be misanthrope, have confessed to you—Heaven knows how or why—that I am like an infatuated boy of sixteen?"

The smile on Miss Redmond's lips deepened. In her heart of hearts she knew; she was conscious of a feeling with which she was just then struggling. It had been easy enough to hold up to him an ideal woman and bid him worship her, as long as the woman was only an ideal. But how was it now that the friendship of years, the Platonic sentiment, the deliberate, well-balanced admiration, affection, whatever it might have been, were to be, nay, had been thrown aside? And what had taken its place? John Marshall, the calm, the philosophic, the scorner of his race, the

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scoffer at woman and woman's noblest attributes, was, as he expressed it, like an infatuated boy of sixteen, ready to throw himself down for that tiny pair of feet to trample upon him, ready to endow his idol with every perfection, real and imaginary; abashed by her very presence, diffident, self-distrustful, and self-depreciatory, eagerly looking to her for a little hope, eagerly watching her face while she spoke of Miss Fay. Of Miss Fay! It had come to that; there was no other topic. Philosophy, positivism, humanitarianism, misanthropy, were all thrown to the winds. John Marshall resumed:

"I do not need that satirical smile of yours. I do not need anything to convince me that I am a hopeless idiot. And, to crown it all, she—Miss Fay, I mean—is altogether indifferent to me."

"Are you sure?" said Miss Redmond, raising her eyes.

"Of course I am sure; she would laugh at the very idea. I could no more speak to her about it and make a donkey of myself, as I am just doing now, than—"

Miss Redmond inwardly drew the unflattering inference that he could permit himself to make a donkey of himself before her, but not in that other presence. However, she wanted to be very loyal and true about it. She was above all mere pettiness.

"Remember, I do not know," she said slowly, "but I fancy that will not be the chief objection."

"What then?" said John Marshall eagerly.

"Your religion, or rather your want of all religion. You know Miss Fay as well as I do, and you may be sure she will make that an objection."

"But what am I to do, then, supposing that were the sole objection?"

Miss Redmond smiled.

"The alternative is obvious."

"But there is no alternative. I cannot pretend to have a religion."

"You might seek till you found one," said Miss Redmond, slightly mocking again.

"Seek!" cried John Marshall impetuously. "Why, of course, if I had any it would be hers. Where else have I seen such earnestness, such sincerity, such freedom from cant, such real self-sacrifice and true humanitarianism, as among people of her faith? Why, the very system of the Roman Church realizes fraternity and equality. Her popes, her bishops may, and often

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do, spring from the people." He stopped abruptly. "But why bore you with all this? My only religion at present is—"

"Love for Katherine Fay," interrupted Miss Redmond.

"It seems like it," he said. "And yet that is one reason I hesitate. I must distrust my own sentiments now. What I mistake for conviction may be simply desire to please Katherine Fay—to give myself the benefit of the doubt. She might marry me if I were a Catholic."

"She *would* marry you if you were a Catholic."

For a moment John Marshall held his breath. His face flushed. It made him almost as unspeakably happy as if she had told him so herself. But reason came to his aid. Miss Redmond was quick-sighted enough, but she might easily be mistaken. He never, even for the moment, entertained the thought that Katherine Fay had told her so. She was not a girl to have anticipated such a declaration from any man.

"Even were it so," he began, with an evident effort—"and I dare not hope that it is—how could I, as a man of honor, adopt a religion which the world would say I professed merely to win her?"

"The world!" said Miss Redmond. "I thought your world was Plato and Socrates."

"There is always a world when it is a question of one's reputation," said John gravely; "we despise the world as long as we keep ourselves above it. There was no time of my life when I would not blush to do a dishonorable act."

"And yet," said Miss Redmond, "there is only the one alternative. If you can convince yourself that there is truth in the Catholic faith, there is no dishonor in accepting it. Study, bring yourself into communication with some Catholic divine—say a Jesuit—discuss the knotty points with him. Bend that intellect of yours to what they call faith; bow down to the yoke of an infallible teacher. I speak as an unprejudiced on-looker."

"There is no other way?"

"Yes, one. Give up Katherine Fay; go back to solitude; forget her. Study your life-motto where it hangs in your library. Commune with Plato and Socrates, and in a year or two—thank Providence, or Fate, that Katherine Fay was stanch in her convictions."

Unconsciously some bitterness had crept out in these last words. John Marshall saw but failed to understand it. His face grew white at the mere prospect her words suggested.

"First," he said, "I will take the only manly and straightfor-

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ward course. I will go to Miss Fay and lay the whole case before her. If, as I fear, she does not care for me, no more need be said."

Miss Redmond smiled, again with slight contempt.

"If she does—" He paused, and went on again: "I will ask her if she is willing to take me as I am—a purposeless, irresolute being, who has hitherto been half-cynic, half-sceptic by profession—and trust to time to give me the faith which I have begun to regard as one of the best attributes of man."

"The answer will be no," said Miss Redmond, with cold firmness.

"Then I will ask for time. I will study. I *will* be convinced," said John Marshall, with an indescribable outburst of warmth. "She has opened my eyes to the light. I know there is light somewhere, and I shall not shut them again till I have found it."

He calmed down a little after this outburst and tried to talk of indifferent things, but he reverted again to the one topic.

"Do you remember your ideal woman, Margaret?" he said.

"Yes," she said briefly, "I do."

"She is living in Miss Fay," he said.

Miss Redmond made a generous effort.

"Very nearly," she said. "Only Katherine Fay is human; the other was ideal."

Precisely a year had passed. It was early summer again, and again the air was full of the balm of blossoms and of flowers; again the fields were green, and the hills were catching streams and patches of light and mingling them indescribably with their greenness. The evenings were cool and delicious. Nature was once more at her carnival time. In John Marshall's library, near the low, broad window, stood Katherine Fay, the bride of a month. In all the glorious panorama that stretched before the window she was herself the fairest object. Her simple muslin dress was trimmed daintily with lace and enlivened here and there with a bow or a knot of ribbon; her hair arranged with artistic simplicity; her hands, lightly clasped before her, showed the long, graceful arms to perfection; the little foot set off by the dainty, high-heeled slipper—for, though

"She walked this world in godly wise,"

she did not by any means disdain "the slipper frivolous." She did not disdain any little feminine trick of dress that made her

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pleasing to the critical eyes of a man who had travelled the world over only to weary of its sights and sounds. There was enough of the old leaven in him yet that an ill-fitting, untidy shoe, disordered hair, or an ugly gown would have jarred upon him painfully. His "little saint," as he called his wife, had no mind to neglect a single personal attraction that could charm him. The library had undergone some transformation—flowers here and there; cool, soft-looking curtains; touches of harmonious color; a new picture or two added. But amongst all these things the young, fair wife stood like a picture, with one hand resting lightly on the back of a chair, letting the lace fall back to show her arm; with the books all around, sombre and dusky, on their shelves; with a rose or two, newly gathered, on her breast; with the two great dogs standing on either side of her, Plato and Socrates—for she had propitiated these guardian genii of the place. She had forgotten them almost, so absorbed was she looking out on the bird-colony near the house, hurrying in and out of the old trees, holding mysterious conclaves, singing, chirping, working away each at its appointed task, dropping on to the thick greensward below or resting now on the boughs of the trees, now on their great gray trunks. The afternoon sun was flooding this quiet nook, pouring in with unnecessary lavishness, and it was down lying upon the lake in patches of fire or of gold, or abroad among the hills, or in the meadows, or on the tops of the woods. The dogs were impatient of being so long unnoticed, and began to draw near their young mistress, thrusting their cold noses into her hands.

"You dear old Plato and Socrates," said Katherine in her low, musical voice, "what is it you want to say to me?"

She had acquired John's habit of talking to these creatures as if they were human.

"You want to tell me that I have neglected you too long," she continued.

"And I want to tell you the same thing," said John Marshall, appearing outside the window. "I have been watching you for fully ten minutes, and you never saw me."

She started and blushed slightly, though he refrained from telling her that he had been absorbed in his admiration of the beautiful picture she made in his dull library. He had never realized before how lovely she was, bursting out occasionally into flashes of beauty which impressed one more by the very force of contrast. When she smiled at him he fancied himself the happiest man in all the world. He, the misanthrope, the

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wearied, travel-worn, would-be philosopher! He shrugged his shoulders a little at his own state of mind, and turned with a smile to hear what Katherine was saying.

"John," she said, "I do not approve at all of that motto of yours which is hanging just here before my eyes."

"Why, is it too earthly for 'my little saint,' or what?" he asked, leaning on the window-sill and looking up into her face.

"It reflects on me," she said, unconsciously plaiting Socrates' long, woolly hair as she spoke.

"Not at all," said John Marshall, laughing at her earnestness. "*Plus que je connais les hommes*, the more I know men the better I like dogs, cannot certainly apply to you, the most feminine of feminines, the most—but I will not be betrayed into raptures that were very well a month ago, but are altogether beneath my new dignity."

"Have it taken away, John," persisted Katherine more earnestly.

"What would Plato and Socrates say? It is their title-deed to possession."

"They will give up their title-deeds to please me," she said. "Won't you, you good old creatures?" she added, addressing her dumb companions and quite forgetting to unbraid Socrates' hair again; so that, in spite of an awkward attempt at undoing it with his hind paw, he presented rather a ludicrous appearance.

"Tell me," said John, "is this a little bit of Mother Eve that is lurking in my 'saint'—the streak of perverseness that reminds me she is human?"

"No, John, but—"

"We will not dispute it," said John; "to-morrow it goes. But O Plato! and O Socrates! mark what a tyrant is woman. Behold how ruthlessly she puts to naught our ancient gods."

"Katherine," added he after a moment's silence, "how would it do to have it amended and make it read: 'The more I knew men the better I liked dogs, till I knew Katherine Fay, and then—'"

"Be quiet, you wicked old flatterer!" said Katherine, laughing. "Plato and Socrates are ashamed of you."

"Come out for a walk," said John abruptly.

"Have we time?" asked Katherine.

"Plenty of time," said he, seizing and lifting her out of the window, putting her down securely, though laughing and breathless, on the ground beside him.

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"You old tormentor," she said, "I cannot go without my shawl."

John leaped lightly in at the window.

"I will bring it in a moment," he said.

Plato and Socrates, a little startled by these unusual proceedings, paused a moment. But they only needed a sign from their young mistress to follow her through the window, jumping and barking to express their glee.

John Marshall and his wife walked on almost in silence, in and out through lanes and dells and glades of almost ideal beauty. It was still dusk when they were coming back, with a sky before them full of flecks of faint, fleeting colors, with a coolness, almost a chilliness, creeping into the air; with silence even in the trees, where the birds had stolen quietly to sleep; with the peaceful murmur of a stream and the wind's faint whispering in the trees, and with the presence of night making itself felt and softly, imperceptibly taking the place of the day, as in life one phase after another comes to fill every nook and cranny of the one that is gone, till we only remember it in some sudden heart-pang or some swift flash of memory.

"John Marshall," said Miss Redmond to a friend, "is more Catholic than the Catholics themselves, and he is still devoted to his wife. They live like two Arcadian lovers out there at his beautiful place. John Marshall, of all men! Who would ever have thought it!"

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WOMAN IN IRELAND OF OLD.

ONLY a year or two ago Mr. Clifford Lloyd and others of his kind sent to jail a number of ladies for six months because, technically, they refused to promise "to keep the peace," but actually because they were ardent nationalists and helped to obstruct the laws which the people of Ireland refused to sanction. Without attempting even to enter into the justice of their imprisonment, is it not a striking fact that ladies should be found who are brave enough to support the horrors of a common jail, the companionship of thieves and abandoned women, and the indignities of jailers, for the sake of an idea? It is all the more remarkable because the ranks of the strong-minded are not largely recruited among the women of Erin. Neither woman's rights nor the Salvation Army enroll many Irishwomen; yet it would be unsafe to assume that they lack representatives in the former, as we shall see.

What history bothers itself about the women of a nation? Yet the women of a land count for something in religion, politics, social life, even where they are secluded. They incite to wars, keep grievances fresh, and sometimes exert themselves to bring about peace. In America the squaw is too often mistaken for a woman in a degraded condition. Yet the Iroquois, highly-civilized redskins, were practically ruled by their squaws in time of peace. Woman's rights were paramount. A lazy hunter was thrust from the "long-house," to which his marriage had given him entrance; his wife kept the children and took another husband. Two centuries ago the matrons of the Five Nations demanded and obtained of the council of chiefs a prohibitive law against alcoholic drinks, thus setting an example which Europe considered for a century and a half before she followed suit. China, the land of veiled women among the better classes, is governed by an empress; and close students of life in Turkey and other Mohammedan countries hold that polygamy, with all the restrictions of the harem, does not prevent women from exercising a formidable power. Were it possible, indeed, to know what women said and did in various nations and various epochs, at various national emergencies, how different would be our views of peoples and events! Sometimes we catch a glimpse of woman at work in the palaces of Byzantium and of Rome.

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Catherine de Médicis and Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of England and Mary, Queen of Scots, afford the popular instances from history as it has been written hitherto. Their high position forced them into the crude light of history. But what a handful they are compared to the women who in every age have exerted their influence for good or evil by ways that history does not record!

To estimate the Irish character it is needful at least to try to realize the nature of the Irishwoman. Of course it is a much-mixed people that covers the Emerald Isle. Attempts have been made to analyze the population; but studies in ethnology, while they explain much, do not affect present facts. Whether or not there lies a conquered folk of Turanian stock underneath, the mass has been Keltic as far back in history as sure evidence reaches, whilst the Danes and Normans, Saxonized Scotch, and purer Saxons of whom we have positive ken are seen to assimilate quickly with the main folk. Other intrusive elements, such as Welsh, west of England men, Flemings, and Highlanders, were very largely Keltic, and therefore coalesced with ease, and altered the composition hardly at all. So we may consider Irishwomen to all intents and purposes Keltic. Of course here and there individuals will show traits of this or that non-Keltic race, just as in nearly every nation on the globe, not excepting the negro nations of Central Africa, one can find specimens of all the typical faces of the world, from the Gaboon black and the Digger Indian to the highest type of Aryan.

It is surprising to note how easily at the time of St. Patrick (A.D. 432) Christianity made a peaceful conquest of Ireland! Leaving the earlier efforts out of account, O'Curry ascribes it to the high state of civilization before and during the fifth century; to the number of philosopher-Druids, professors, poet-teachers, and poet-chiefs who made up an enlightened upper class ready for a purer code of ethics and morals. Without doubt it was chiefly due to the political instinct of the Gallic apostle and his knowledge of Keltic natures; the example was not lost on his followers. Here, as in all lands, women found in Christianity not merely a spiritual consolation, but a promise of advances and advantages most practical. Slavery, polygamy, and concubinage yielded very gradually. Two centuries after Patrick the clergy took a step that affected women profoundly, though by an indirect way. St. Adamnan, a native, sought to improve manners and morals by restricting the field of woman's work. Between 694 and 701 he caused the monarch Loingsech

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to hold a general convocation having for its aim the prevention of the appearance of women on battle-fields.

One need not suppose that among the earliest pagans Amazons formed part of Irish armies, or that the woman who turned her distaff into a spear was anything save the exception. Some basis for such an idea, however, might be found in the remarkable number of warlike queens mentioned in the old annals, such as Queen Macha Red-hair, the notices of the death of queens in battle, and the legends of celebrated schools of the military art kept by women in Alba, where the Irish colonized among the Picts at an early epoch. Adamnan wished to take from woman the chance of turning man. She was not to follow warriors in their raids, or be present at pitched battles, run the risk of wounds, or destroy her modesty with the looseness of camps. The step kept time with a natural movement toward the division of labor, as the nomad, exhausting forests and game, turned less shepherd, more husbandman, villages grew into towns, and the general wealth increased. Adamnan probably effected little beyond establishing a precedent to bear fruit later. Into Ireland, along with the cross, came the gentler manners and higher ethics of Italy.

No more than a glance can be given here to women noted in the archaic period. Keasair, for instance, was a mythical queen of a mythical army of settlers, the likeness of whose name to that of Cæsar may account for the legend of a foreign origin. But indeed it is not necessary to leave Irish soil to find an explanation in a root found in similar names in Italy, Persia, and elsewhere. The Keltic root *cae*—enclosure, stone house, fort—appears in the various Cashels scattered about Ireland; in *caer*, city; in *kaier*, a name of various kings; and in the local Scottish *cay*, fort, dungeon. In Italian a parallel root is seen in *casa*, house. From this old word entering into the names of persons and things identified with the house comes, in all probability, that singular term used by the Anglo-Irish in the sixteenth century, "coshering," to denote one of many exactions made by Irish chiefs from the people they undertook to protect. It meant free quarters upon the farmhouse for the chief and his following—his horses and horse-boys, dogs and dog-boys, and, what was probably the bitterest for the farmer's wife to bear, also for the women of the party, more or less legitimate. In the Elizabethan age, when the Irish parts of the island were liable to this, the men were, indeed, considered fair game and "beyond the Pale." Sir John Davies, poet, courtier, and judge,

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says that there was no redress by law if an Irishman was killed or ruined. If such was the meed to the man, fancy what the woman's fate was! Eaten out of house and home by the native kernes and gallowglasses (troopers and heavy infantry), the luckless Irishwoman, if caught by the palesmen, was outraged and killed, or dragged off to slavery. There was no justice for the "wild" Irish. Thousands were seized and shipped as white slaves to the West Indies and the Atlantic colonies as these were founded. As the panegyrist of Elizabeth just mentioned remarks, the Norman kings gave justice in Great Britain, whether the subject was a Welshman, a Scot, or an Englishman. But the Norman kings and the nobles gave none in Ireland to the natives. The blame he put rightly enough on the nobles. They would not permit a complete conquest nor that the Irish should be exterminated, hoping to enslave them gradually. Noting how Irish customs, manners, speech, and laws overcame these self-seeking masters, too crafty for their own good, Sir John said with bitterness: "A just punishment to our nation, that would not give laws to the Irish when they might, and therefore now the Irish give laws to them!" He quotes a verse scrawled on a margin in the White Book of the Exchequer at Dublin "in a hand as ancient as the time of Edward III.," which ran:

"By graunting charters of pes
To false English withouten les
This land shall be mich undoo;
But Gossipred and alterage
And leesing of our language
Have mickely holp theretoo."

Like his great friend Francis Bacon, there was more than half a Welshman in John Davies, so that concerning Keltic matters he saw clearer than his contemporaries. He did, indeed, give this notable tribute to the law-abiding nature of the Irish, contrasting the fewness of their criminals with the quantity of malefactors in his own part of Britain, the Western Circuit: "For the truth is that in time of peace the Irish are more fearful to offend the law than the English, or any other nation whatsoever." Moreover, he bears testimony to the quickness with which the Irish of his time seized on the benefits of peace, shaved their "glibs" in front and long locks behind, exchanged the rude, capacious mantle for the cloak, and "for the most part send their children to schools, especially to learn the English language." He knew they never had been conquered, yet would not acknowledge that the Irish had some right to consider the English as ordinary foreign op-

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pressors, seeing them to be robbers of their land and wanton assassins whenever they had the chance. Nor had he sympathy to soften this picture, in which we get a glimpse of the sad position of women: "I omit their common repudiation of their wives; their promiscuous generation of children; their neglect of lawful matrimony; their uncleanness in apparel, diet, and lodging, and their contempt and scorn of all things necessary to the civil life of man." Did it ever occur to this eminent judge, one marvels, that his government and the nobles it protected were to blame for all this?

Coshering was merely one of the torments of an Irish housewife then. "Coin and livery" was a more systematic quartering of soldiers on the people, and meant a tax of room, of food for man and of feed for beast, or the equivalent in honest Spanish money—not the fraudulent coin sent over by "good" Queen Bess to play havoc with her mutinous subjects. Davies called coshering an Irish custom adopted by the nobles of the Pale. The constabulary of the pagan epoch called the Fenians seem to have lived on the people in the same way during the winter months. At any rate, during and after Elizabeth's reign the system ruined quickly the Protestant settlers, from the Rhine Palatinate, the north of England, and London, who were induced to take lands in Ireland from time to time. There were also "sessings" of the kerne, or cavalryman, with his attendants; and other demands on the part of the chief, called cuttings, tallages, and spendings. This was hard enough. But the unhappy Irish mother who had any pretence to rank and blood was deprived of her own children by the native practice of fosterage—a system which did something to supply hands to work, was partly designed to supply the absence of good schools, but was chiefly a political system for attaching families to each other by a romantic tie of friendship closer than the tie of blood. Doubtless it was the remains of an ancient system of education and social politics rudely applied. Foster-brothers were warmer friends than real brothers. As among Italian peasants, there was also a romantic tie between those who stood godparents to the same child. A love-affair between two persons who stood as godmother and godfather for the same child was a particularly horrid crime. In Italy it is St. John who suffers and St. John who metes out a proportionate punishment. Again, the poor mother was ill-bested with her children in this way. If a son fell in love with an English girl he had to carry her off. If an Englishman fell in love with her daughter the girl could not marry him at all; it was against the law. But should

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her daughter marry a native the mother still had everything to fear. By Brehon, or old native, law, all sons inherited the land alike, whether born in lawful wedlock or not, so that a son had little certainty of heritage unless the father had foreborne taking advantage of the laxness of native ideas of the marital relation. Whichever way she turned, the Irishwoman of Elizabeth's time was met by cruel injustice. Her children sent to be educated by others; the son of the concubine sharing the heritage equally with the legal son; a stranger seated at the *coin*, or corner of the hearth, demanding *livrée*, or delivery of provisions—truly, her lot was hard!

In his historical harangues Georges de Scudéry, the magniloquent, makes the jealous Briseïs maintain to the face of her inconstant lord and lover, Achilles, that a slave can be, and has a right to be, also the master of her lord. Slave women formed part of every large Irish household in the pagan period and long after; women were largely slaves even when legitimate wives; yet it is plain that they knew how to be master. So with the sciences. Scudéry puts these sentiments in the mouth of Sappho:

"Those who say that Beauty is the portion of women, and that the fine arts, belles-lettres, and all sublime and elevated sciences are under the dominion of men, in which we can pretend to have no part, are equally far from justice and truth. In sooth, it were a strange thing to live for a generation beyond the one attribute (beauty) which nevertheless is that to recommend us, and to pass with glory but five or six out of the great number of years which conduct us to the tomb. To speak with reason, for our sex Beauty is what Valor is among men."

The beauty of Irishwomen, like the valor of Irishmen, is a commonplace among all nations. Many records attest the power of women to command men in early times. The most famous legendary instance is the escapade of Grainne, daughter of Cormac, who compelled the handsome Diarmuid O'Duibhné to carry her off and defend himself and her against all the other champions at the court of her elderly husband. Diarmuid was terribly unwilling, but custom gave him no choice. Women also asserted their right to something more lasting than beauty, something less mannish than warfare. The poet-pedagogue who spouts verse on Slieve Ban, according to a modern novel by Francillon, says: "A woman can't be a poet, because a poet 's of the masculine gender; and that 's why. No woman ever wrote poetry except Sappho; and as the most she 's wrote 's lost, ye may be sure it wasn't worth keepin'. *Hic* not *hæc Poayta:* lay

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that to mind, Kate, all your days." The hedge-poet of Slieve Ban had never read the annals collected by the Four Masters, or the number of poetesses of early Ireland would have impressed him. Women are also on record who were eminent in the law—a profession by no means antagonistic to the Muses at that epoch, as now it is, but rather demanding the possession of an ear for assonance, rhyme, and rhythm, together with a great memory for the verses in which much of the current law was retailed. So that, although women had no place at banquets in hall, Brigh, daughter of the jurist Seanchad, of the first century, criticised and corrected her father's work. This learned woman should be canonized by the modern believers in woman's rights; for, so far as one can see, Brigh Ambui was the first woman to make an open appeal for a change in the old laws, common to the early history of Keltic and Teutonic nations, that daughters do not inherit land if sons exist. Her mother and grandmother are also mentioned as learned in the law, so that it was hereditary on both sides. In our day the Honorable Mrs. Norton might have pointed to the heathen Brigh Ambui as a protagonist of woman's rights long before the cross came to Ireland.

In the second century a daughter of Conn of the Hundred Battles had so many young princes in her charge, owing, apparently, to the system of fosterage, that she may be said to have kept a school for nobles. Once her pupils had a quarrel over their sports, and Miss Fuaimnech laid an interdict on all legal business throughout Ireland until the matter should be settled by Bodainn, the greatest jurist of the time. Bodainn had to draw up his book of rules for juvenile sports before a single law-court could open. That is a curious instance of the power of a great lady's whim. Not always were princesses safe, however. Schools for the daughters of nobles appear to have existed. In A.D. 241 Dunlaug, son of a king of Leinster, was guilty of a horrible massacre, having taken thirty girls of royal blood, with one hundred women-servants, and put them all to death. Twelve Leinster princes were slain in expiation of this barbarity by a grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles. Women love to have the social ranks sharply defined. From the Seanchas Mor we learn that among the smaller farmers precedence and titles were carefully distinguished; persons of note were permitted to marry only with equals; and while all ranks were fixed, provision was made for a gradual advance in rank as a man's wealth increased. Daughters of gentlemen, according to the Brehon laws, were taught sewing, cutting or fashioning, ornamentation or embroi-

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dery. In the description of the fair of Carmán, written in the eleventh century, there is evidence that needlework was the chief employment of the women in the well-to-do classes. The profession of needlewoman seems to have been very important. Observe in the following translation from the original Irish that the women kept to a separate camp at the fair; and note the profound philosophy in the last two lines which sets forth as a recommendation of the fair that no one received either praise or blame there:

"Seven mounds without touching each other
For the oft lamenting of the dead;
Seven plains, sacred, without a house,
For the sports of joyous Carmán were reserved.

"Three markets were held within its borders—
A market for food, a market for live cattle,
The great market of the foreign Greeks,
In which are gold and noble clothes.

"The slope of the steeds, the slope of the cooking,
The slope of the assembly of embroidering women.
No man of the happy host
Receives adulation, receives reproach."

The same curious record, alluding to the various tales and histories given at the fair, mentions Tochmarca, or Courtships, as a staple article, also "the history of bands of noblest Women," as well as "the history of Elopements," Aithidhé. An example of the last is the tragical story of Deirdré and the sons of Uisneach, which was issued at Boston in an English metrical poem by the late Dr. Joyce. Serca, or Loves, Musical Concerts, Cattle-Spoils, and Conflagrations were other popular themes. Probably all were given in a mixture or alternation of prose and verse, in which the verses repeat more concisely and often enigmatically the statements of the forerunning prose. The same arrangement is found in Icelandic sagas, which appear to be profoundly influenced by Irish literature in this and in many other ways.

A tale of sisterly devotion from the heroic age is that of Acall, sung by the poet Kinaeth O'Hartagan, who died A.D. 973. The great champion Cuchullain was killed by her brother Erc, whereupon the hero Conall Cearnach slew Erc. For nine nights Acall mourned her brother, "until her heart burst *nutwise* within her":

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"It was Conall Cearnach that brought Erc's head
Unto Temair at the third hour;
Sad the deed that effected of it—
The breaking of Acall's noble heart.

"The mound of Fion, the mound of the Druids,
The mound of Credni cheek by cheek,
A mound at which was fought a gallant fight,
The mound of Erc, the mound of Acall."

This tale belongs, of course, to the pagan epoch. By Brehon law the woman who pledged with any one her embroidery-needle was protected against fraud by a fine, and this fine was greater than the similar penalty for withholding an article from a noble-woman, "because every woman who is an embroideress is entitled to more profit (or estimation) than a queen." Curious items are noted in these laws. Thus the work-bag of a queen was legally supposed to contain a veil of one color, a crown of gold, a crescent of gold, and some silver thread; the fine for not giving it up on proper demand was calculated accordingly. The work-bag of an official's wife might contain a diadem of gold, silver thread, a veil, a silk handkerchief, a crescent of silver, and a "painted face for assemblies," or mask. Women had the monopoly of weaving cloth, dyeing and preparing it, so much so that the mother of St. Ciaran would not permit him to remain in the house when the cloth was to be dyed, lest, according to some old heathen superstition, his presence should be "unlucky." The Brehon laws had a complicated system of fines to protect women in these pursuits.

From W. K. Sullivan's introduction to O'Curry's lectures we get insight on the matter of divorce, and see how easy it was for a woman to claim the right to separate from her husband, taking with her the *tindscra*, or marriage-portion she brought from her father, and the *coibche*, or reward for virginity she had received from her husband the day after the wedding. A love-potion administered before marriage; a mark on her person made by beating or other maltreatment; ridicule; abandonment; a public accusation of infidelity; neglect; misconduct of the husband with other women; refusal of her full rights in domestic and other social matters, were causes for divorce. The church interfered here as much as possible to stop the hasty undoing of the marriage bond, opposing in different epochs the more or less rigid veto of the priest. We see how lax matters had become in the seventeenth century among the "wild" Irish; we must consider this the result of being cut off from direct commercial relations with the rest of

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the world by the English of the Pale for four hundred years. There are instances of priestly rigor unlooked for in Ireland. Who would expect a puritanical Sabbath in a Catholic community eight centuries before Luther? In the seventh century the island which credulous Gerald de Barry Cambrensis in the twelfth believed full of monsters and wonders is found to contain a Sabbath like the ideal in the Blue Laws of Connecticut. Did it succeed in giving twenty-four hours of rest to the bondwomen who ground the meal painfully on the heavy stone querns?

"No out or in-door labor, not even sweeping or cleaning up the house; no combing; no shaving; no clipping the hair or beard; no washing the face or hands; no cutting; no sewing; no churning; no riding on horseback; no fishing; no sailing or rowing; no journeying of travellers; but everywhere a man happened to be on Saturday night, there was he to remain till Monday morning."

The zealous saint who imported such rules must have found it hard to get those on sports observed. Curious to note that the Catholics among whom they were promulgated were practically the same admixture of Keltic and Teutonic blood as the Scotch Protestants who have been most ridiculed for a Pharisaical observance of Sunday.

Individual Irishwomen of the past and present have been leaders in fields monopolized by men. It might be argued that the woman in Ireland is masculine. Nothing could be farther from fact, since the man is noticeably masculine, the woman very feminine. Strong vitality and much variety of character combine in the Irish to produce remarkable natures in both sexes. The Keltic nature is open to spiritual influences, readily moved to excitement, and quickly disheartened. Shall we look for the modern Irishwoman in the novels of Miss Maria Edgeworth and Anthony Trollope, or in those of Charles Lever and Sheridan Lefanu? The former are not exactly opulent of romance; the gentle Maria's gentlewomen are prudent souls who would never shock the primness of that English governess who paid off the Irish noblewoman for misspelling her name by retorting that she knew the Irish ladies were famous for being vulgar and witty. The late Mr. Trollope found in Ireland his inspiration, such as it was, and wrote his best study of character about Irish people. Trollope was propriety itself. Lever gives a rollicking touch to heroines now and then, and Lefanu makes them wistfully tender. Miss Emily Lawless has two types of Irish peasant-women in her late

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novel, *Hurrish.* The young girl is the material of which nuns, faithful wives, uncomplaining and tireless mothers are made; the old woman, in whom a vicious system of government has concentrated the hatred of her race for centuries against all laws emanating from a foreign soil, is capable of standing close to the scaffold of a martyr for the cause, dabbling in his blood, and rousing the mob with the headlong fury of a village Danton. These characters represent minds almost untouched by the great light breaking over Ireland—a light in the main beneficent, but sadly destructive of the picturesque.

We see that of old the woman had great prominence in Irish literature, law, and politics, especially in government, notwithstanding the ancient exclusion of daughters from a share in the land. In magic, too, they seem to have excelled, notwithstanding the horrid rites of Druidism, but there is not space to give instances. We can see that in pagan times men and children were sacrificed; marriage by capture existed; male and female slavery was common; Druidism had, at least occasionally, its human victim. Eithné Uathach, the "hateful," was said to be fed on human flesh by her wicked foster-fathers, in order that she should mature quickly and come to the throne. This is a genuine touch of the primeval. Man being the highest animal, the primitive reasoner argued that his flesh would have magical power to nourish. The story is, of course, a fable, but the fable, like similar tales in the Greek and other mythologies, is there to testify that the Irish Druids sometimes went beyond human sacrifice and reached cannibalism. Now, we all know what the cannibals liked best—young women.

As far back as one can see the people of Ireland show the widest extremes of character, and of the woman it may be said, as of Longfellow's little girl,

> "When she is good she is very, very good,
> And when she is bad she is horrid."

There is the deeply studious woman and she who is wonderfully beautiful and modest, the bold-faced virago, the woman who loves to see men fighting for her sake, the religious soul, saints without number with St. Bridget at their head, and minds that revel in bloodshed. Softened as manners are now, and changed as things are by education in both sexes and all ranks, this variety, this tendency to extremes in the women of Ireland causes them to exert great fascination. Beside them the women of most nations appear commonplace. They have always

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known how to inspire affection that overrides all fear; witness Sarah Curran, no great beauty, for whose sake Robert Emmet lingered till he was caught and executed; witness the princess—was she naughty, or really an unwilling victim?—whose abduction got Dermot mac Murrough into a scrape, whereupon he opened the door of Ireland to certain Welsh-Norman adventurers, who held it wide long enough for King Henry and his tax-gatherers to squeeze in. It was she then, perhaps, rather than Dermot, who "made of Ireland a trembling sod"? At least here is the most famous twelfth-century precedent for the cynical cry, *Cherchez la femme!* When the Irishwoman proposes to be a Philistine, what a Philistine she is—Maria Edgeworth be witness! Where social powers are thought of Lady Blessington comes to mind—she of the quick reply to Napoleon the Parvenu when their carriages came together in the streets of Paris. Who can forget how the president, cherished at Gore House whilst in exile and ignoring his late hostess when in power, called out in a well-meaning way, "Are you to stop long in Paris, Lady Blessington?" whereat the answer came like a flash, "I don't know; are you?" Peg Woffington and Miss O'Neill are only two from the list of favorites of the stage; the Fair Geraldine and Lady Seymour are types for beauty; and in the present century Felicia Hemans, Lady Morgan, and Lady Wilde are examples of brilliant minds. Now, as two thousand years ago, Ireland produces wonderful women. They fascinate even when sober second thought withholds admiration of the highest kind. They are like musical flames, sensitive, apparently unsteady, warm, and alive. Quick to resent familiarity, often capricious, they are full to the brim with the gay spirits of physical and mental health.

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ANTOINE DAVELNY.

A SCHOOLBOY full of fun and quick to laugh, a leader in the playground, a lover of freaks, but so frank that no one could be angry—such was Antoine Davelny. "You sat on the same benches with him, then?" some one said, years after, to one of his school-fellows. "On the benches! *He* never sat on a bench," was the answer. "I never saw anything like the agility of that boy. One never knew *where* he was."

As a child, at Amiens, he had been lively and turbulent to excess. In the church of St. Leu he served Mass as soon as he was able to get into the smallest surplice; at seven years old he had walked the flower-strewn streets in a cathedral procession, little dreaming of the pageant those streets were to witness in years to come. But when the small surplice was off he was a merry, tricksome elf, whom wise parents had to restrain by obedience and an early-taught sense of duty. He was such a restless little figure on wires that at his first Latin lessons the dictionary had to be left on the shelf, to give him the relief of scrambling up by a chair and down again every time he wanted a word. For a freak he took a walk on the roofs, or clung to the bales that went swinging up to his father's warehouse, until for love of his frightened sister he gave up risking his neck. In the house he loved to range tin armies and to say he would be a soldier by and by.

School-life began at the college of the Jesuits close to the gates of the town. Childlike, he was ambitious to do the same as his favorite sister, and, hearing of her First Communion, he exclaimed, "Then I'll make mine, too!" There was truth in the impulsive word. The Jesuit colleges were about to be closed by the government of Charles X. The great day was hastened for Antoine, though he was but nine and a half. "Very young," his masters said—"but he is ready."

The next six years of school-life were passed at St. Riquier, where the playground was overlooked by the church of the ancient abbey, and its cloisters, then in ruin, and the fruit-trees of the garden where once the monks labored. Five cousins were at school there, and their elder friend, Truquet. They reared silkworms and bound old books, trying with wild excitement to find good marbling for the edges. Truquet was more serious than Antoine Davelny, but when he talked Antoine listened; and

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Truquet was looking forward to the priesthood and the foreign missions. In after-years he became a Lazarist.

One day, when Antoine Davelny was a boy of fourteen in the second class, his master, the Abbé Pillot, saw him leaning on the desk with his head down. Antoine did try honestly to study; he was always making desperate efforts to be first. And when he was not studying he was at his tricks. But this was neither one thing nor the other. "Davelny," said the master, "what are you doing there?"

The boy raised his head. "I have chosen the Lord for my inheritance!"

The abbé connected the words with the ceremony of the tonsure; he saw his little pupil was thinking of the priesthood, and ventured on a joke. "Very well!" he said. "When you are a bishop you must take me for your vicar-general. But just now let us go on with the lesson."

In that playground, between the old garden and the church, the boys laughed to hear that Antoine Davelny was thinking of being a priest. "*You* a priest!" said one of them. "When you are I'll be pope!" On the weekly day for letter-writing the boy wrote home gaily to his favorite sister, the nearest his own age. How they would enjoy the holidays together and the book of conjuring tricks! What fun it would be to go up to any luckless conjurer and say, "O you stupid! why do you let us see? You did that trick in such a way!"—as if they had found him out. But in the very same letter, closely covered, margins and all, the grand secret was hinted. In the holidays he would tell his sister what wonderful things "our good Mother" had done for him this year. The Blessed Virgin was always "our good Mother" to Antoine.

A new hope was filling his schoolboy-life with light, but he was still the gayest spirit of St. Riquier. When he and his cousins were sent to the woods to gather green branches for the prize-day they lingered late, and, knocking at the door of a forest-hut, pretended to be distressed foreigners, who had only French enough among them to ask for something to eat. They talked Latin, which the good woman took to be Portuguese, and found themselves seated with spoons round a bowl of buttermilk. At this point the others fell to laughing helplessly; but Antoine, equal to the farce, gravely gabbled to them in Latin while he set to work with his spoon. "Ah!" said the woman, delighted with her poor foreigners, "this one keeps the others laughing because he wants to eat up everything."

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At sixteen he went to St. Sulpice. Once a stranger asked who was it that served Mass—some one like St. Aloysius Gonzaga? The portrait was recognized at once. "Oh! that must have been Davelny." During the vacation he told his sister, his dearest confidant, that he hoped to enter the Society of Jesus and to go to China or Japan or the Corea. Afterwards he often found the tender-hearted girl crying alone, and regretted his revelation, while he tried to console her. "I would not prevent your going," she said, "I would even be glad of your going to the Jesuits; but I counted so much upon our being together always." "So did I, dear sister," answered he. "I would have liked to be with you always; but think of all those souls being lost!"

Probably because of his exclusive desire for the foreign missions he altered his first plan. After two years as a priest at Roye, it was from the famous Séminaire des Missions Étrangères that he departed for the Chinese coast and thence for the Corea—to return no more. Playfully he sent a message to his old master, telling the Abbé Pillot that, now he was going to the Corea with the chance of being a bishop there, would he come and be his vicar-general? Little did he think the jesting hope was a true prophecy. Little did he dream that he was to hold not only the crosier but the martyr's palm. Yet that was Antoine's inheritance.

From 1845 to 1866, nearly twenty-one years, he labored in the Corea. It was death for a European to enter that forbidden land. Recent treaties with America, England, and other Western powers have somewhat opened the ports; but at that time the only communication between the Coreans and the outer world was when the two fairs were held at the Chinese frontier, and once a year when the embassy travelled with tribute to Pekin. Travellers declare that no Eastern nation is so ready to receive the faith; certainly the Corean Christians have held fast to it through a history that is one long record of persecution. Since the martyrdom of their bishop and priests, Imbert, Maubant, and Chastan, in 1839,* the faithful remnant of the massacred and impoverished flock had been craving and striving to bring another apostle over the mountains or from beyond the sea. At last Andrew Kim † and a Christian crew brought Mgr. Ferréol and M. Davelny ‡ safely to their shore in 1845. The missioners of the

* Declared Venerable by Pius IX. in 1857.

† The first native Corean priest, who had just been ordained at Macao; he was a martyr in the Corea the year after.

‡ *M.* Davelny, according to the custom of the Société des Missions Étrangères.

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Corea dwelt far apart, travelling for one portion of the year over the vast country confided to them, and for the other portion living like the poorest of the poor among their hidden people. It was a lonely ministry, a buried life. Antoine Davelny wrote home to his brothers and sisters:

"Imagine, my dear ones, how happy I am. I am here as if in a little hermitage of peace and interior joy. Think of the poorest cabin of Bergicourt, and no doubt it will be better than mine; but I am in the midst of my good Christians, who love me as a father."

After so many years without a priest their simple joy was extreme.

"They gaze at me," he wrote, "they eye me from head to foot, as if every one of them meant to draw my portrait. The number of defects in my interesting appearance Heaven only knows, but they must know pretty well, too. Perhaps they could even tell how many hairs are beginning to ornament my illustrious chin—for hair and beard grow here as fast as they choose. . . . To see me write, eat, walk about, is for my people a delicious occupation, and delightful too for me, I love them so much."

In the evenings he gathered them round him while he made merry with his difficulties in the Corean language, and they hung upon the utterance of his first broken words.

The Corean people have something of the Caucasian face, but the Chinese element is strongly traceable, and their costume is like the Chinese, though the manner of wearing the hair is different. The missionaries wore the national costume, and in travelling they put on the garb of mourners—whitish gray, with an immense straw hat bent down upon the shoulders and shading the face, while a fan in the hand warded off the gaze of strangers. A Corean mourner is so covered by hat and fan that he can see only the feet of his courier going before him, and no one may address him on the way—a fortunate custom, without which Europeans could never have dwelt in the country.

Gaily Antoine Davelny described his "Corean palace," six or seven feet square, with a slanting roof coming lower, earthen floor and walls, and a door that he had to creep in through and that was closed, like the window, with "a beautiful pane made of paper." It was better than Bethlehem, he said—a hundred times better.

"Such is my palace, where I know neither sadness nor discontent, and where our good God keeps his poor servant company. And why should not I be happy, and is it not enough for me, since every morning my good Master comes down at my word into this poor little place?"

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Everything in that mud-hut was neat and in order; not even a shred of his papers was ever on the floor. There was only a shelf against the wall for an altar, with a basket on it containing the vessels and vestments; a box at one side holding the utensils of the house; a piece of matting to serve for a bed and for a seat; and a coverlet that was always rolled up in a corner during the day.

Early after dawn came meditation and Mass; then the instruction of the people, confessions, the work of examining catechumens, the solution of a host of questions and difficulties brought to him, the researches for gathering the history of the martyrs. All this went on, with no cessation even at meals, until about ten at night. The office was said in chance moments; the rosary came in the evening, and a few minutes' recollection to replace a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. When all was finished he would not yet rest. He had mastered the language till, as it was said, he knew Corean better than the Coreans themselves; and little by little he translated every available account of persecution and martyrdom to make the history of the church in "the land of martyrs." The prayer-books in use were revised by him, a short sacred history was written, and the *Sin mieng tcho haing*, or "First Steps in the Spiritual Life."

The Coreans reverenced him as much as they loved him; his very look was a power to be loved and feared. His strongest personal characteristic was an unconscious dignity, giving the impression that his mind was always turned towards the divine Presence. Perhaps this was also the result of the very touching efforts he was always making to subdue his lively and mirthful nature to what he considered a state of becoming gravity. Strangers thought him rather formidably grave, but on nearer view they saw him relax and show the indomitable brightness and warmth of his heart. Every year his packet of letters went northward with the embassy to China, to cross the world to his old home, to parents, brothers and sisters, and to all his unforgotten friends in France; and when, after long delay, the first packet of letters reached him in the Corea, he himself tells how he opened the parcel, saw the dear handwriting, and shed tears helplessly with sheer joy.

His own letters were cheery talks on paper. He told blithely of snowy journeys on the mountains with no path but the track of tigers, or laughed over his rides in state, when at the steep down-hill road he dismounted and the men carried the horse down carefully after him, "by the head and the tail at once!"

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After his long illness, when Mgr. Berneux, the vicar-apostolic, imposed upon him a period of partial rest, he wrote that he was now teaching the Coreans Latin in a two-room college. "So you see I am at the head of the highest Catholic and literary institution in the kingdom of Corea!"

But in 1857 an event took place that seemed to him a calamity. It was a ceremony of the hidden church, carried out with closed doors and in the night. He wrote home:

"Have pity on me before God; it is an accomplished fact! On the 25th of last March, the feast of the Annunciation, I was obliged again to let the anointed hands be imposed upon me, and I have been consecrated coadjutor bishop of the Corea, under the title of Bishop of Acco. . . . For long years now I have been happy in obedience to my bishop, and I had never a wish to be otherwise; more than that, I did all I could to remain so all my life, and really dreaded this. . . . But as it has been done only under necessity, I may hope for proportionate help from the Most High, and the Blessed Virgin will not leave me unaided: I chose her feast for my consecration."

These last words tell the special devotion of his life. At Amiens; at school; at St. Sulpice; at Roye with the Ursuline nuns, the townsfolk, the soldiers in the hospital; at the Séminaire des Missions Étrangères; in the far East, buried in an unknown land with his poor Coreans—everywhere it was the same. A confiding love for "our good Mother" was his one marked devotion. He consecrated everything to her. The Coreans among their rice-swamps and thatched huts, Christians at the risk of torture and death, were enrolled members of the great confraternity of Mary Immaculate, like the people he had left in the peaceful town of Roye.

It was a hard-working, lonely life, and he spoke of himself so little that the priests who came to the hut of the bishop of Acco never found out the other secrets of his sanctity. Mgr. Ridel, who was one of the three that escaped from the persecution, and who was afterwards vicar-apostolic of the country, could tell one reminiscence of the days when he was a priest staying with Mgr. Davelny: "When I used to pass the night with him, sleeping in the same room and on the same matting, in the morning when I woke I would see the bishop on his knees, or very often prostrate with his face against the ground, in prayer, not making the least noise for fear of waking me."

Living among the poorest of an Eastern nation, it was unknown whether he practised special austerities; but harder sufferings made up the whole of life. "What need was there of a

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hair-shirt," wrote a fellow-missioner, "when one was obliged almost always to wear the penance of Benedict Labre?" After twenty years he had not overcome his natural repugnance to the daily food; or, as he lightly said, he was "not used to it yet." It was noticed that between his food and that of the poorest of his flock there was no difference, except that the dishes were cleaner. Rice, salted vegetables, and fish were hardly ever varied by meat, except when he tried to make a feast if other priests came, or when he was travelling and received hospitality. Laboring on in the last stage of bodily suffering and weakness, his need of nourishment was extreme. M. Feron, the third who escaped to describe Mgr. Davelny's mission-life, tells how sometimes the people of the house would regale him with a canine dish—a thing in its very name repulsive to Europeans; the bishop, serving, would keep for himself the head, the worst part, and make of it a broth which he said he found very sustaining. The Coreans were in admiration of his conformity with their life; but from such incidents as this we may judge of the extremity of his exhaustion. He was but a wreck of his former self, a broken-down man, holding out by the grace of his apostolate and with the last strength of that nervous energy and spirit that had sparkled in the bright boy of Amiens long ago.

Grown old before his time, his hair had fallen, his dark beard had become long, and he was pale and thin even to emaciation. The mountain snows almost blinded his suffering eyes; he could walk but a little distance without painful lameness; when he travelled from station to station, riding over the winter white of mountain-passes, his servant and comrade had always to tie a bandage across his face or he would have fallen in giddiness. When guests were in his hut he would give them warning not to mind if he had to lie down; there was nothing that could be done for him—it would pass off; and then in the midst of his anecdotes of his priestly life long ago at Roye, and talk of his old home in France, he would suddenly break off and lie stretched upon the matting for four or five minutes, enduring the agony of some internal malady, till, saying that it had passed off now, he would come back patiently to talk again. Sometimes trying to remember a Corean word he deplored that his memory must be going, for he knew that word so well once, but now he forgot everything; it was the sad result of five years of internal suffering. No wonder that he dreaded his position as next in succession to Mgr. Berneux, feeling that the supreme place would be beyond his worn-out strength. No wonder that the cheerful

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gayety of other days had been almost bruised out of him by labor, privation, and pain. It was only subdued, not gone; his spirit of joy was a divine gift, and it remained to the last. Equally inextinguishable was his special love for the home-circle far away beyond the years and beyond the seas. He kept the feast of his parents' golden wedding, and wrote to tell them how there was a Mass said in the Corea while Amiens was still sleeping. Father and mother, brother and sisters, and he the apostle, who was never to return, had always looked forward with the deep instincts of faith to being again a family, bound by holy and therefore unbroken ties, amid the greater family of their Father's home. This had been the hope of his father's farewell letter. No doubt their thoughts during the twenty-one years of separation were those that the beautiful French verses expressed for another parting:

> "What matters it to pilgrims onward wending
> For time—that little hour—to part in pain?
> Have we not yet beyond the journey's ending
> A long Eternity to meet again?"*

The year 1866 was drawing near, with a great harvest of conversions. In the district near the capital Mgr. Berneux visited four of his stations and baptized eight hundred catechumens. On his return to Saoul it was "the beginning of the end." Alarm had been caused to the Coreans by the proximity of the Russians at the north, the overtures for a commercial treaty, and the appearance of a Russian vessel off the coast. An anti-European and anti-Christian faction ruled at court; the regent, governing for the boy-king, was inclined to be more tolerant, but weak. Acting without advice and for worldly motives, some tepid Christians at court advised the regent to use the influence of the European priests to ward off invasion. This at once threw the Christians into prominence. The two bishops were summoned to the capital; the momentary hopes of their people did not blind them to the danger beyond. The alarm of invasion passed by, and then the regent was overruled, the old outcry was raised against Christians and foreigners, and edicts that had long been in desuetude were published again—strangely like the edicts of Diocletian ordering the "Christian sect" to be blotted out in blood.

* Et qu'importe après tout qu'en ce pélerinage
On se soit un instant plus ou moins écarté
Pourvu qu'on se trouve au terme du voyage
On a, pour se revoir, toute une éternité?

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Out of the two bishops and ten priests only three were left alive, after many sufferings, to tell the tale of that outburst of persecution. As it happened again and again in former years, the whole priesthood of the Corea was swept away; but long ere now the apostles of the land of martyrs have penetrated again to succor their scattered host of confessors, to raise up the lapsed, and to spread that Corean Church whose history is written in the blood of its faithful people. On the 8th of March, 1866, Mgr. Berneux and three of his priests—De Bretenières, Dorie, and Beaulieu—were beheaded after enduring many tortures. On the 11th two more priests, Pourthié and Petitnicolas, followed to the same fate. Mgr. Davelny had now the dignity he had dreaded; but he was only vicar-apostolic for twenty-two days.

He was seized at Ko-teu-ri, the village where he was laboring among the people of the rice-fields. He and the two priests of adjacent districts—MM. Aumaitre and Huin—made but little attempt at concealment, knowing that ultimate escape was impossible; thereby they saved their people from search and pillage, and the danger of the fiery trials that might lead to apostasy. The Christians already arrested in the short search were set free, except Luc Hoang, the servant of Mgr. Davelny; he refused to abandon the captured bishop, whom he regarded both as master and father; and he was taken with him to prison and to death.

The prisoners were treated with great respect and left unbound. The pagan escort listened to their discourses on the way, and answered that religion was good and that they were only acting under orders. When some of the searching party began to question Mgr. Davelny about the scarcity of plunder at his house, the others silenced them angrily; had not the bishop said that his house at Pang-sa-kol was burned down not long ago, and "do you imagine," they said, "that the bishop could tell a lie?"

Near the capital the prisoners had to be borne in the criminals' chairs—rough straw seats carried on poles—the Corean substitute for the prison-van. They wore on the shoulder the red cord of culprits and the distinctive head-gear—a yellow hat with a hanging brim covering the shoulders. The two other priests let it serve as a shelter wherein they might remain recollected, shutting out the distractions of the journey. But Mgr. Davelny, feeling that he had to act as a captain and a leader, threw back the overshadowing hat to show his fearless looks, and smiled encouragement at the Christian faces among the crowd. A multitude thronged round the soldiers, pressing near the bearers of the chair-poles, anxious to see those men from the West who had

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gone veiled in disguise so long. As the procession entered Saoul the holy confessors were joyful, as if it was a festive day; and the pagans asked each other what secret had those men that they could be happy and content, and even laugh, on their way to death.

Four days they lay in the common prison, where thieves and assassins and all the lowest criminals were huddled together in a den of vice and misery. There they found the Corean catechist, who was afterwards executed with them. Before his judges Mgr. Davelny, using his perfect knowledge of the language, spoke repeatedly to explain and justify the Christian faith. These discourses and his higher position earned for him the largest share of tortures. These included the bastinado and piercing with sharp points. In the Corea the stroke of the bamboo was an infliction of brutal cruelty; the heavy, hollow bamboo was split so as to present two sharp edges, inflicting long, parallel wounds with every blow.

Meanwhile at the palace a troop of sorcerers were plying their trade to cure the illness of the boy-king in time for his marriage. They complained that their charms were counteracted by the suffering of the men from the West, and that if blood were shed in the capital it would be an evil augury for the royal nuptials. Orders were given to execute the condemned five on the promontory of Sou-rieng, a long distance from Saoul. The journey was made on horseback. The five victims were wrapped, after their many wounds, in thick Corean oiled paper and cloth; they wore the red cord of culprits and the yellow hat hanging heavily round head and shoulders. As they traversed the country a vast concourse poured from all parts to see them go by, and the soldiers escorting them wondered at their outbursts of thanksgiving and at the psalms and hymns they chanted together. "On the way," says M. Calais, one of the three priests who escaped to describe those last events, "their faces showed unmistakably the great sufferings they had undergone; but beneath all that change there was a marvellous expression of happiness."

Then came the supreme day—of all days, it was Good Friday. Towards noon all was ready on the level sands within sight of the sea. There was the mandarin's tent, and the long, barbaric ranks of Corean soldiery, a barrier of two hundred to keep back the excited crowd. In the midst were the guards, the executioner, a firing party in case of resistance, and the five condemned men—or rather we should say the predestined martyrs—the faith-

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ful Luc Hoang, the catechist Joseph Tjyang, the priests, Aumaitre and Huin, and the vicar-apostolic of the Corea, Antoine Davelny, now forty-eight years old, who in his school-days had looked up from a reverie with that ardent word, "I have chosen the Lord for my inheritance!"

He was the first to suffer. The stroke of the axe failed to sever the neck. The executioner turned away to dispute about the price of his work, while the bleeding victim lay on the ground quivering with agony for ten long minutes. Then two more strokes completed the martyrdom; it was said that he had already expired. The execution of the four others followed, more mercifully swift.

When the eastern sunlight travelled onward, brightening the west, the Good-Friday throng were filling the churches of Amiens. The faithful were approaching to venerate the cross, while the dead bodies of its five martyrs were lying exposed on the desolate Corean shore, left to the wild dog and the raven. But though wild animals and ravens abound on that coast, nothing approached to molest the holy dead during the three days' exposure. Then the Christians contrived to bury the bodies secretly. That of Luc Hoang was soon removed by pagan relatives; but the same Christians who had buried them disinterred the other bodies three months later, found them perfect, and removed them to a safer place, where, being too poor to obtain coffins, they laid them on planks in one large grave. In 1882 the relics were disinterred and sent across the sea to Nagasaki, where the vicar-apostolic of Japan received them as a priceless treasure.

Let us turn back to the old home at Amiens. When the bishop came with consolation he saw the mother smile through her tears, and the father in his venerable age exclaimed: "Oh! what have I done for God that I should be the father of three nuns and two priests, one of them a bishop and a martyr?" After the arrival of the news the whole city of Amiens kept a solemn festival, on the 28th of February, 1867, to commemorate the triumph of its martyred son. The streets were draped with crimson and white, and crowded even to the roofs. From the church of St. Leu, where Antoine Davelny had been baptized, had served at the altar, and had said his first Mass, a procession wound to the cathedral. The soldiers of the empire lined the route to do honor to the festival of the church, and troops of cavalry headed and closed the succession of almost endless ranks. Acolytes, confraternities; the religious orders of women and the

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white cornettes of St. Vincent's daughters; religious orders of men—brown Franciscans, Jesuits who claimed the hero of the day for his first school-days and First Communion; youths of the seminaries of St. Riquier who honored a comrade; ecclesiastics in endless defile of white and black; seventeen mitred bishops and two cardinals, blessing the kneeling throng as they passed—it was a pageant never to be forgotten. Banners and gleaming red and white could add but little to the magnificence of the vast cathedral, the largest in all France; it was crowded from end to end for the High Mass, filled by a multitude whose movements are said to have surged like the sound of the sea. Mgr. Mermillod, himself a future confessor, addressed to them the panegyric beginning with the words: "You shall receive the grace of the Holy Spirit, and you shall be witnesses unto me even to the ends of the earth." Among that multitude two venerable figures were present. The church and all Amiens were giving glory for a martyr's victory, and listening knelt the father and the mother.

This is but the beginning of the history of Antoine Davelny. His inheritance is for ever; our blindness cannot follow beyond its bright threshold. Even in this world he has "a goodly heritage." Japan has now its bishops, its native priests, even a church on the very site of the martyrdoms outside Nagasaki. Western civilization is spreading with freedom of commerce. May we not hope that ere long the Corea will reap the harvest sown by its galaxy of unnumbered martyrs? Already there seems to be the dawn of a better day. Taking the latest account from the *Missions Catholiques*, January 1, 1886, we read: "During last year the Corea has enjoyed peace, and, while the missionaries carry on their hidden ministry, it continues to be a fruitful soil. The government of the king seems inclined to tolerance, and before long let us hope the Corean Church will come out of the catacombs to shine in the open day." Doubtless the chief names of its martyrs will be raised for veneration. Though it be in years far off, let us trust the time will yet be when the poor Coreans will assemble in the churches of their own land for the splendor of the Christian sacrifice. Then will the face of Antoine Davelny look down upon his children of the future from public altars—that face with its piquancy of individual character, its thin, earnest features, its gravity so quick to smile with mirth of lips and eyes. Our days have brought vast changes to Japan; why should not other days work wonders for the Corea, and unveil its heroes, with the heavenly aureole and the martyr's palm, over the new altars of a free and open land?

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DAY-NURSERIES IN FRANCE.

IT is an ascertained fact that the population of France is on the decrease. Thoughtful and learned men there have written, and others in legislative assemblies have spoken, about this national evil and how to remedy it.* In a dissertation of Dr. Bancel, of Toul, published in 1875, he showed that the average annual ratio of births in France is one to every forty of the population, while it is one to twenty-two in Russia, one to twenty-six in Prussia, and one to thirty in England. Another statistician has pointed out that in Germany the average number of children per household is six, against one and one-half in France; that is, one household in the former has as many children, in average, as *four* households in the latter country. He goes on to estimate, on the basis of statistics of the present day, that at the beginning of the next century France will have, for national defence, only forty millions of subjects to oppose to about sixty millions of Germans and one hundred and twenty millions of Russians! This may well be considered an alarming prospect.

The decrease in population above mentioned is traceable to two principal causes. In the classes living in easy circumstances, and therefore able to give their children all the care needed to raise them, households have few children or often none at all. Such was not the case in olden times. On the other hand, in the households of the laboring classes, which are far more fruitful, children are subject to a great mortality, which parents, in consequence of the greater or less poverty in which they live and of the pressure of necessity to earn a livelihood, find themselves unable, without assistance, to prevent. The deplorable general practice of putting children out to nurse still prevails, and extensively, in France, although distinguished medical men of late years in their writings have strongly condemned it. Their aggregated views have been formulated in this conclusion: "*L'allaitement maternel est d'intérêt général.*"† It is estimated that in Paris over twenty-five thousand infants are put out to

* The writer of this article has derived his information from the two following works: *Des Crèches, ou moyen de diminuer la misère en augmentant la population*, by J. B. F. Marbeau, Paris, 1845; and *De la Conservation des enfants par les Crèches et de l'utilité générale de ces institutions*, by Trigaut de Beaumont, Paris, 1882.

† "It is of public interest that mothers should nurse their own children."

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nurse. Careful researches have established the fact that while only five and ten per cent. of infants nursed by their mothers die between one day and one year old, the mortality among children put out to nurse is, in certain parts of France, as high during the same period as forty per cent., and in others it reaches as high as fifty and seventy per cent. The average mortality among children one year old and under in France is eighteen per cent., and the annual aggregate mortality among them is stated to be nearly one hundred and seventy-five thousand! A medical man and philanthropist, Dr. Isarié, an old member of the council of the Société des Crèches, was led, in consideration of these facts, to advisedly declare "*que le mal causé à l'espèce humaine par le fatal métier des nourrices est si grand que Malthus lui même aurait pâli devant l'effet de ce mal.*"* In France female labor finds very wide and diversified employment. It is estimated that in Paris eighty thousand women are away from their homes all day earning a livelihood, and the course usually followed by those having infants or very young children is to confide them to the care of other women, called *gardeuses* or *sevreuses* (keepers or weaners), who charge fourteen sous a day for the care of each child. These establishments, called *garderies*, had, as far back as 1828, become so unhealthy for children, and the care given in them was so far below what it should be, that the then prefect of police, M. de Belleyme, issued an ordinance requiring them to obtain permits, and subjecting them to the surveillance of special inspectors. But very many of them carried on their business clandestinely and avoided the inspection of the police.

But the intensity of the evil, as happens in many cases, brought about charitable inspiration, and through it the beginning of a remedy so greatly needed. Under charitable direction and patronage why might a *garderie* not become a precious institution? So the Marquise de Pastoret thought in 1801 in consequence of what she had observed during her charitable visits among the homes of the laboring poor. Compassionating the condition of the children whose mothers had to leave them to go to work, she founded a day-nursery for children *under fifteen months.* Some account of it has been given in a previous number of this magazine. But it ended in a failure.† In 1844 M. J. B. Firmin Marbeau, deputy mayor of the first *arrondissement* of Paris, was on a committee having in charge to report generally on the *salles d'asile* of

* "That the evil caused to the human species by the fatal recourse to hired nurses is so great that the contemplation of its effects would have made even Malthus turn pale."

† See May number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, page 188.

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his district, and he drew up the report, in which he did full justice to the admirable work done by them. He was led to thoughtfully consider how far the children of the poor were then assisted and provided for by the public: from two to six years of age in the *asiles*, from six to thirteen in the primary schools, and thereafter in the classes for adults. But why not do something for children under two years, and even while in the cradle? What became of these when their mothers were away from home earning their daily bread? Here was manifestly a field for charitable efforts, and M. Marbeau set to work to study the facts of the distress which he suspected to exist, being firmly determined to try what could be done to alleviate it. The narrative of what he accordingly did is best given in his own words:

"I took the addresses of a few mothers of families whose names were in the records of the assisted poor, and I began my inquiry in the *faubourg* of Chaillot. Way back in a rear yard, infectious and abounding in stench, I called out for Madame Gérard, a washerwoman. She came down to me to save me from going up-stairs to her lodgings, which she said were too filthy to be seen. She carried in her arms a newly-born infant, and she led another child, eighteen months old, by the hand. 'Madame, you have three children; where is the third?' 'He is in the *asile*, sir.' 'Is he well taken care of there?' 'Oh! yes, indeed, sir. What a blessing to poor mothers are these *asiles!*' 'You are a washerwoman and work far from here; what becomes of these two infants while you are away?' 'I take them out to be kept.' 'How much do you have to pay?' 'Fourteen sous [fourteen cents] a day.' 'Fourteen sous for both?' 'No, indeed, sir; fourteen sous for each —eight sous for care and six sous for food. If I supply the food I pay only eight sous.' 'What are your daily earnings?' 'Two francs; but I do not get work every day.' I hurried to the *sevreuse* and found her at home minding three little children on the bare tiled floor of a squalid-looking room. 'Is not your name, madame, on the books of the bureau of charitable relief?' 'Yes, sir; here is my card.' 'Have you duly notified the police department that you mind children?' 'No, sir.' 'How many children have you usually to mind?' 'Five or six; but the *asile* interferes greatly with my business.' 'How much is paid you for each child?' 'Eight sous for minding and six sous for feeding it.' 'Who furnishes the linen?' 'The mother brings in the morning what will be needed for the day, and when she calls for her child she carries away the soiled linen.' 'And how is the nursling fed?' 'Its mother comes and nurses it during her meal-times.'"

After witnessing what has just been related M. Marbeau made up his mind that what this poor *gardeuse* was doing could be also done, and in a far better way, by charitable means. He laid a plan for the establishment of the institution of which he had conceived the idea before the *Bureau de Bienfaisance* (bureau for relieving the condition of the poor) of his district. The mat-

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ter was referred to a committee. M. Marbeau drew up its report, in which he demonstrated that poor mothers situated such as the one he had visited imperatively needed assistance in the care of their children; that this assistance could be afforded through a charitable institution to be called a *crèche;* that the expense of carrying it on could be met by charging each mother fifty centimes (ten cents) per day for the care of her child; that the cost of equipping the premises could be provided for by appeals to the charitable, by appropriations which might be reasonably expected to be obtained from the city, and by a collection to be taken up at a sermon in behalf of the charity. No more appropriate name could have possibly been selected. *Crèche* means a manger. The first bed on this earth in which the infant Jesus was laid was a manger. The bureau did not consider itself warranted to undertake officially the proposed private charity, but nearly all the members put down their names for subscriptions and thus became its first founders. Madame Carmer, well known to the poor of the *faubourg* of Chaillot, headed the list and consented to act as directress and treasurer of the undertaking. The curé of Chaillot spoke warmly in commendation of it in his church and took up a collection in aid. The queen of France, ever zealous in promoting good works, from which she sought consolation for the recent loss of her son, the Duke of Orleans, completed, in her name and his, the sum needed to make a satisfactory beginning. M. Marbeau notified the Prefect of the Seine, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Public Instruction of his project, and invited their assistance. He also asked permission from the Prefect of Police, which was promptly granted as soon as, upon examination, the premises selected were found to be healthy. On the 14th of November of that same year the first *crèche* was opened and blessed. Twelve cradles, a few chairs, a few small arm-chairs, a picture of Christ, and a framed copy of regulations were all the furniture provided, at an expense not exceeding 360 francs ($72). A prospectus of the work was drawn up and published with editorial notices in all the newspapers. The Abbé Coquereau, an eminent preacher of that day, preached an eloquent sermon in behalf of the charity. The archbishop of Paris was present on the occasion. The collection taken up amounted, inclusive of the gifts of the king, Louis Philippe, the queen, and the princesses, to 5219.45 francs. Paris is a metropolis abounding in pleasures and amusements of all sorts, which throngs of visitors from all parts of the world come to enjoy; but it is also very prominent for its

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numerous and praiseworthy charities. Public attention, having been thus called to the *crèche* and to the excellent object it had in view, was prompt to sympathize with the sad destitution which stood in so great need of relief. Visitors called in between two and three P.M., when the infants were being nursed by their now happy mothers, and were impressed by the touching spectacle. Gifts of money, linen, and other things needed began to flow in abundantly. The founders, finding themselves getting along so much better than their highest expectations, undertook to open two more *crèches* in the same *arrondissement*. These were also successful, and in the year following the plan to erect a building specially for the purpose, a model *crèche*, was considered, and two eminent architects of the day gave their services gratuitously. In 1847 the Société des Crèches was formed, and thereafter the charity continued to steadily increase and prosper. In 1882 it had reached a condition of well-founded success which may be described as follows. There were thirty-three *crèches* in the city of Paris proper, harboring annually forty-five hundred children, and fourteen in the *banlieue*, or environs; one hundred and eighteen had been established throughout departments of France other than that of the Seine, and three in the province of Algeria. The harboring and care afforded by them, which is expressed by the aggregate number of days' care and attendance given per single child, foots up as follows:

	EXPENSES.	DAYS' CARE AND ATTENDANCE.
Crèches in Paris.....	171,386.26	185,657
" in the banlieue.....	46,808.84	51,651
" elsewhere in France...	482,664.27	851,069
" in Algeria.....	23,441.38	20,902
Total francs.....	724,300.75	1,109,279

The societies for the protection of children in Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Rouen, and Tours—Lyons being foremost—have been very active in promoting the foundation of these institutions in their respective cities. There is still need for many more, and the Minister of the Interior, by his circular of March 3, 1883, invited the attention of the general and municipal councils to inquiry into the subject, in order to ascertain the extent of this want in their respective localities and the best way to provide for it. At first there was a cry of opposition against the *crèches* on the ground that infantile diseases would be likely to be propagated by gathering together many children in that way. This objection was taken up so widely that, on the 13th of May, 1853,

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the Minister of the Interior felt it his duty to call on the Board of Public Health of the department of the Seine to examine into the subject and report. This was done by a committee of seven members, all eminent medical men, who, after a very careful and minute inquiry into all the facts involved, reported favorably to the *crèches* and adversely to the apprehensions which had been current in the public mind. These findings later on, in 1870, were confirmed by the report of Dr. Delpech, one of the most eminent members of the Academie de Médecine, who was called upon by the Minister of Public Instruction to prosecute a similar inquiry. Experience has since fully demonstrated the correctness of the conclusions arrived at in the matter by medical experts.

The *crèches* are now classified as *urbaines*, *rurales*, and *industrielles*. The first are established in cities or towns, the second in the country, and the last by manufacturers, in their mills or works, for the benefit of the women in their employ. Of these, sixteen to twenty in number, two have been founded by firms pretty well known in the United States—Messrs. Seydoux, Sieber & Co., spinners, at the Cateau, near Valenciennes, and M. Menier, chocolate manufacturer, at Noisiel (Seine et Marne). Of the *urbaines* some are of municipal foundation, others are *reconnues d'utilité publique*—that is, recognized by governmental decree as institutions of public utility; this confers upon them by French law a special corporate existence and corporate rights. The buildings have been constructed in most cases on carefully-studied plans, and all possible care taken to adapt them to the wants of the inmates and to meet all sanitary requirements. The management of the *crèches* is confided to a *conseil d'administration* (board of managers), assisted by a medical committee, who give their services gratuitously. The former appoints a committee of lady patronesses, who have their separate organization and supervise the in-door business of the *crèche* in accordance with its regulations, of which the main ones may be very briefly stated as follows: The children harbored must be in health, over fifteen days or under three years old, and are not admitted until after they have passed medical inspection. Their name, place and date of birth, the occupation and residence of their parents, and the *daily attendance* of each child is carefully recorded. Parents of children that have not been vaccinated must allow them to be vaccinated at such time as the examining physician (who attends daily) may decide. The mothers of the children must be of good character and work for a living away from their homes. But illegitimate children are not excluded in cases where the mother's

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care of her child and her behavior otherwise justify its admission. Mothers that nurse their children must come at least twice a day to do it. They are instructed from time to time about the care to be taken for the health and well-being of their children. The *crèches* are exclusively attended to by women. They open at 5.30 A.M. and close at 8.30 P.M., and are closed on Sundays and legal holidays. No child is ever allowed to spend the night there, nor to remain if it becomes sick and the physician orders its removal. Each *berceuse* has charge of not more than six babies, and each *gardeuse* looks after not more than twelve children from eighteen months to three years old, under the general direction of a superintendent. Some *crèches* are directed by religious, others by lay women. The usual charge per day for each child is in Paris twenty centimes (four cents), and thirty centimes (six cents) for two brothers or two sisters. But exceptionally no charge is made if the parents are too poor to pay any. In England the usual daily charge per child is fourpence sterling (eight cents); in some places it is five or six pence (ten or twelve cents). The nurslings, their mothers that come to nurse them, children that are just learning to walk, and those that are more advanced, are each kept separate in rooms provided for them

The good done in France through the *crèches* has led to their subsequent adoption in other countries. According to the only statistics at present available, they have been established in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Lisbon, even in Athens, and throughout Belgium and Germany, usually in localities where there are manufactories employing female labor. In Belgium they are known as *crèches-écoles gardiennes;* in Germany as *Krippen anstalten.* From the aggregate experience of all this fact is demonstrated, and has been asserted by the Hygienic Congress held in Brussels in 1876: that, if properly managed, they conduce towards reducing the mortality among the children of the poor under three years of age, and towards improving the health and constitutions of such as are placed under their daily care. Dr. Alexander McCook Weir, of Nottingham, published in 1882 a pamphlet in which he strongly advocates the establishment throughout England, under governmental sanction and control, of *crèches* on the model of those now existing in Belgium.

Some attempts have been made to introduce them in the city of New York, but in every case in combination on the same premises with an *asile.* They are known as day-nurseries. Five have been founded by Episcopalians, of which one has been closed, one by the City Missions (Protestant), another by an association

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of Protestant ladies, and another by a lady from Boston, born in France, who herself bears nearly all the expense of maintaining it. All work at a disadvantage because they occupy hired private dwelling-houses not adapted for the purpose of the charity. The Virginia Day-Nursery, founded by the City Missions, is closed pending the erection of an entirely new building constructed according to a special plan. There are not many babies, hardly twelve, in any of these nurseries, and none are nursed by their mothers; all are brought up on the bottle. The Nursery and Child's Hospital, Fifty-first Street and Lexington Avenue, also professes to take the daily care of infants whose parents labor away from home. The writer has not heard of any day-nurseries of Catholic foundation.

The French benevolent associations in the city of New York have unitedly established two *asiles*, strictly on the French plan, for the reception of children from three to six years old. They have been wholly equipped with furniture brought from France; French is the only language spoken and taught in them. The children get a bowl of good soup with bread from 11.30 A.M. to 12 M., and they are fed again before leaving. But the very sad feature in their management is that they get no elementary religious teaching whatever. This is attempted to be justified on the ground of the great diversity of religious belief which prevails in the community. But that difficulty has been readily got over in France.

There can be no doubt that *crèches* are needed in the city of New York, and probably also in other large cities of the United States; and that if properly established and directed, and availing themselves of the accumulated experience to be had in Paris and in other cities of Europe, they could be of great assistance to the poor and do much good among them.

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WHAT IS TRUE EDUCATION?*

WHETHER we view education in its relation to the culture of the human mind or consider it in its influence on human happiness, whether we discuss its bearings on religion or regard it solely in connection with the interests of the state, there is no other subject which can at all approach it in importance.

Nor is there any other subject about which so much has been said and written for the last sixty years. This interminable talking and this voluminous writing may have been for good or ill, or may, to a great extent, have fallen to the ground as "flat, stale, and unprofitable" in style if not in substance. But the fact that the talk and the writing still go on proves that, in contrast to many another topic which, like the grass of the field, is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, the interest excited by education is perennial. Neither writers nor readers appear as yet to have grown weary of the theme. And the directors of the Louisiana Educational Society, not to be behind the progressive people of other sections of the country, have endeavored, by seeking the best original essays on the subject, "to induce more careful thinking on public education and obtain the most practical thought on this line."

What, then, is this which retains an undying interest for the changeable minds and tastes of the multitude? What is its definition and wherein does its wonderful influence consist? Why have the noblest hearts and brightest minds, the "unnamed demigods," amongst us devoted themselves to the diffusion of what they judge to be the best and truest principles of education? Why have the masses given over their children to the state, which undertakes, by the substitution of knowledge for ignorance, to produce harmony and brotherly love between such discordant and often hostile elements? The few—the chosen few, perhaps—have refused to tread in the broad ways, to follow the irresponsible crowds, lest in so doing they might sacrifice their little ones to Moloch. These, with the courage of their convic-

* This essay was written in response to an invitation from the Louisiana Educational Society, and was read before that body. The society requested permission to publish it in pamphlet form, but the author preferred to make it public through the medium of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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tions, have been willing to incur the ignominious distinction of being placed in the category of the narrow-minded, ignorant men and women who fall behind the age because conscience, which, when evil is presented, makes cowards of all who have not yet deadened its stings—a blessed cowardice—will not allow them to bow before the image of the hydra.

What, then, is education, and how can we educate our children so that, like the children of the valiant woman, they may one day rise up and call us blessed?

Education by the very etymology of the word, *e ducere*, means a leading out, a gradual unfolding, of the powers of the mind, as a rosebud, by the growth and opening of its exquisitely delicate leaves, becomes, through some occult or almost insensible process of nature, a full-blown rose, and thus attains its perfection as a flower. It is a common mistake to confound education with mere instruction. A youth may be well instructed without being well educated. To-day, after the ubiquitous schoolmaster has been "abroad" for several generations, well-instructed men and women ought to be numerous. But who will look out upon the world at large, or study it in its truthful mirror, the daily press, and say that well-educated people, old or young, are, like wisdom, "easily found" by those who seek them?

The real end of education, properly and worthily so called, is, we must bear in mind, not the bestowal of a definite amount of learning. This is even a secondary consideration with a genuine educator. Its main object is to fit the young for earth without *un*fitting them for heaven; to direct the whole bent of their nature towards the higher, not the lower, aspirations. The soul must be trained to truth and the muscles to the endurance of fatigue. The plastic mind of the child must be moulded to virtue while the intellect absorbs knowledge. Thus will education become, what in its highest sense it must ever be, a lever more powerful than the lever of Archimedes, able to lift mankind from earth to heaven.

The cultivation of the intellect, when rightly carried on, opens to us new vistas of happiness, makes us more intelligent citizens, and enables us to fulfil with a higher degree of excellence the duties laid upon us by our heavenly Father. Therefore education excludes no species of literature, art, or science, although in individual cases it judges what branches are essential and what are likely to prove useless. It will not, for example, compel a pupil who has no ear for music to waste, in vain efforts to acquire

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that heavenly art, valuable hours which form a large fraction of life. It will not urge a color-blind scholar to spend days over flower-painting or chenille embroidery, or one who cannot be taught to draw a straight line to go lamely through a series of patent drawing-books. Nor will it ride a universal hobby, or make attempts, always abortive, to put every foot into the same slipper. It is too unmistakably on the side of common sense to insist that, because some special study has been found beneficial to a few, its attainment should be made obligatory upon all. It is distinguished by justice and impartiality; it makes its votaries strong and serious, and endeavors to adapt them to the state in life to which a wise Providence has called them. It never consents to a compromise of its rights, nor does it amalgamate with evil, however speciously presented. It defines its position exactly, and its voice has no uncertain sound; for it knows well that temporizing is unworthy of a great mind or a great cause. Though essentially progressive, it does not blindly follow the spirit of the age, but teaches what the times, respective positions in life, and individual capacities point out as likely to be most useful in particular cases.

Genuine education will not sharpen the wits and neglect the heart, or develop the physique and ignore the mind. It is not above considering whether a pupil whose school-days must necessarily be few should not eschew such studies as might be expected to prove unprofitable in after-life. It will not be satisfied that its disciples acquire learning without the remotest idea as to how that learning is to be applied to the business of every-day life. It will set experience beside erudition. For as it is what we assimilate rather than the amount of food we take into the system that sustains our bodies in the exercise of their functions, so it is the knowledge which we apply to practical purposes that is of greatest utility to us.

Education brings us in contact with the great minds of every age, and teaches us how to value their splendid qualities while avoiding their errors. It engenders respect for the opinions of others, and a wise tolerance of different views when no sacrifice of duty or principle is involved. Finally, and chiefly, all true education is founded and grounded upon the immortal ethics of the Ten Commandments. Consequently, while instructing us in literature, science, or art, it insists that we be honest and honorable, truthful and God-fearing, frugal and industrious; that we dread a stain upon our conscience more than a stain upon our garments; and that, while cultivating to the utmost the purity

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of language which is now so rare as to seem in many cases little more than a tradition, we must be far more afraid of uttering an untruth than of perpetrating a solecism, of wronging our neighbor in person, property, or character than of failing to achieve the highest standard in mathematics or geology or classics.

Let every faculty of the mind and every power of the body be cultivated and developed to the utmost. Let us all become linguists equal to Mezzofanti, if we have the ability. Let all who can do so rival the great masters in music. Let our trills put to shame the warblings of the singing-birds; our hands form lines and figures of beauty which will recall those wondrous artists of the dark (?) ages who have had no successors. Let our souls, flooded with beauty, transfer our ideals to the cold, hard marble; let the Muse fill our hearts with poesy and touch our lips with the gift of song. Let our minds rival the angelic spirits in breadth, and depth, and penetration, and innate loveliness. For whatever gifts make our souls resplendent have come to us from the bountiful hand of our beneficent Creator, and should flow to him as the rivers to the sea. "What have I that I have not received?" And therefore "all things, my Beloved, the old and the new, I have kept for thee." God wishes us to use every gift of intellect within our ken for his glory, our own benefit, and the good of our fellow-creatures. But whatever we learn or teach or do, the basis, the sustenance, and the crown of our lives must be obedience to the laws of Him who created us.

Once upon a time but little learning entered into the people's curriculum. Yet if the Ten Commandments were studied and practised the youth in the schools were chaste and holy in thought, and faithful and honest in word and deed. A foundation was laid for the broad principles of truth and honor, for a fitting appreciation of one's own rights, and a sensitiveness of justice as regards the rights of others. Zealots, anxious to introduce special studies irrespective of such controlling circumstances as capacity and utility, might regret at the public examinations to find conic sections and animal biology represented by *zero* on the programmes. But if they were upright men, men of high principle, they would rejoice to think the pupils had been so trained with reference to moral rectitude that they might not unreasonably be expected to grow up men and women of integrity, whose word would be as good as their oath, whose promise would be equal to a bond, who would be faithful to God and perform honestly and well whatever duties they assumed in relation to their fellow-beings. The prevalence of crime, especially of such crime

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as can be committed only by the educated, proves that these principles are not inculcated successfully, if at all, in the common schools.

It is certain that whatever education most of the youth of this State receive is given them in the public or common schools. Girls and boys will tell you they spend in them periods of the most precious season of life, which they vaguely estimate as "years and years." The State Superintendent reports one hundred and twenty-one thousand children and youths enrolled in all schools, and estimates that about five-sixths are in the public schools. But as school statistics, outside of the towns and cities, are mere approximations, the above numbers cannot be given as accurate.* What is certain is that a large majority of the children of the State receive their education in the public schools; with what results as to general scholarship cannot easily be told in a single essay. But there is one subject that ought to be well taught everywhere—namely, the vernacular. I trust I shall not be accused of exaggeration when I say that it is almost as rare to find a pupil who speaks English correctly as it is to find a black swan out of Australia. Graduates whose attention has never been distracted from the "pure well of English undefiled" by application to foreign tongues have made the double negative and other phrases like the following "familiar to my ears as household words":

Them dresses; *will* I go? I didn't 'ave *no* time; it *don't* matter; between you and *I;* I would ha' *went;* he *shall* marry next week; I *done* wrote the letter; *who* did you give it to?

This glaring incorrectness of colloquial speech passes to written language. And the relation between spoken and written words, which old-fashioned people style spelling, is based rather upon phonetic principles unconsciously applied than upon the rules of orthography as exemplified in our standard authors.

"Two things," says Mr. Carr, Superintendent of Public Instruction in California, "are especially to be noted in our popular school education: it usually leads to no interest in literature or acquaintance with it, nor to any sense of the value of history to modern men—a serious defect; and its most general character and result are a distaste for manual labor." The New Orleans

* In one establishment with which the writer is connected, in a country parish of Louisiana, the only one in which French is still generally spoken, there are two hundred and fifty pupils attending school for about ten months of the year. In the public school of the same place, open for four or five months, there are never more than twenty or thirty children. The statistics of the former school have never been called for.

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Times-Democrat, February 7, 1886, honestly affirms that "what is needed in New Orleans, and indeed in American, society is not a literary but a grammar class." The *Picayune*, February 21, 1886, says: "The New Orleans girls . . . enunciate badly . . . chatter rather more than they talk, and read nothing at all beyond novels and magazines. In nothing are they more deficient than their 'parts of speech,' with shaky grammar or inelegant phrase." And if the girls are badly educated the boys will never find it out. The writer, who has lived in the North and West as well as in the South, finds the people of the South, so far as her experience goes, as correct on these points as dwellers in other sections, if not more so. Of course there are finely-educated people everywhere, but they are in the minority.

Any educated person accustomed to treat with many people and to receive many letters will endorse the opinions expressed in the above *dailies*. I do not allude here to French, Spanish, Italian, or German; these may now be regarded as relegated to the domain of accomplishments. But I can say from experience that when I hear people speak correctly as to grammar, and with propriety and elegance as to diction or choice of words, I note the fact as something rather unusual. And when I receive a letter faultless as to spelling, composition, or construction, it is something to converse about. Correctness, understand. For there is here no question of a keen, vigorous, eloquent style, which comes partly from high culture, but chiefly from gifts of nature. Certainly, our educators appear to have labored in the cause with a zeal worthy of better literary results. A general absence of a taste for reading is another curious consequence of the "universal education" about which we hear so much. The daily paper seems to satisfy all the literary aspirations of the majority. Find out those among your acquaintance who really study and value the classical literature of their own or any other language, and you may be congratulated if you cannot count them on your fingers.

Now, if public-school education has done so little for many of its votaries intellectually, let us see whether, by some benevolent law of compensation, it has advanced them morally inversely to its failure to elevate them under its literary aspect. Unhappily, moral advancement has not been promoted in the communities which have been longest under its sway; reliable statistics prove them to have, not a monopoly of virtue, but a monopoly of corruption. "Vice," says Richard Grant White in the *North Ameri-*

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can Review, December, 1880, "has increased almost *pari passu* with the development of the public-school system, which, instead of lifting the masses, has given us in their place a nondescript, hybrid class, unfit for professional or mercantile life, unwilling, and almost unable, to be farmers or artisans." Insanity and immorality are less common in proportion to population in the "illiterate" Southern States than in New England, which has made a god of godless education: "These be thy gods, O Israel!"

"No man," says a recent number of the New York *Express*, "can be a good citizen if he is morally corrupt. In that case his power for evil is almost directly proportioned to his intelligence. The public-school system is not simply non-religious—it may be, if administered by teachers of the wrong sort, positively irreligious; *and one cannot blame the Roman Catholics for building parochial schools of their own and sending their children there rather than to our godless public schools.*" *

The same authority goes on to say that there are between five hundred and seven hundred thousand children in the State of New York alone "who are not reached by any form of religious instruction or good moral training."

Because common-school education has never been so general in the South as in the North, has never, for example, attained the prominence in New Orleans that it has in Boston, it has been less deleterious in its moral effects in Louisiana than in Massachusetts. It must also be admitted that, with the Catholic religion, the founders of Louisiana planted the *idea* of purity which exists in a very special manner wherever the Blessed Mother of God is venerated. Nor should we forget that the chief, if not the only, teachers of the women of Louisiana for the first century of its existence were religious who had consecrated their virginity to God. Hence the most aggressive Louisianian could not write of his native State as competent authorities write of Massachusetts. Dr. J. H. Kellogg asserts that crime "threatens the very existence" of the commonwealth. Another celebrated physician, Dr. R. J. Storer, gives a sad prominence to the well-known fact that "increase of population is limited almost wholly to the foreign element." Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, shows that, apart from such increase, "the population of Massachusetts is really decreasing." Indeed, many parts of New England are afflicted with what is called "the evil of depopulation," and there are many schools in that region whose average attendance is less than a dozen scholars.

* The italics are ours.

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The relation of education to crime in Louisiana is far from being such as the promoters of mere secular education can reasonably boast of; at no other period of her history has she seen so many embezzlers and defaulters, so much corruption in high places, so much dishonesty in legal and municipal business, and such abundance of fraud in every department. In social life, if we can credit the lights of society, never before were deceit, hard-heartedness, utter prostration before wealth, fashion, and every form of worldliness so rampant. Commercially, never were the relations between labor and capital so unsatisfactory, not to say inhuman, as is evidenced by frequent strikes and upheavals and in many other less emphatic ways.

How many really honest, liberal, truthful, charitable persons do you know to any one of whom you would fearlessly trust your secrets, your property, your life? If the Almighty offered to save New Orleans from destruction, as in case of the cities of the plain, for sake of fifty such, could you find them among your acquaintances? If you could, Heaven be praised! And may they fructify among us as a good seed! But I rather think that Governor McEnery might address the teachers of Louisiana as Governor Brown addressed the Teachers' Convention at St. Louis:

"It is a very customary declaration to pronounce that education is the great safeguard of republics against the decay of virtue and the reign of immorality. Yet facts will scarcely bear out the proposition. The highest civilizations, ancient and modern, have sometimes been the most flagitious. Nowadays, certainly, your prime rascals have been educated rascals."

Yes, to live by one's wits; to regard duties as optional; to have an unwholesome fear of the pickaxe and the shovel, the broom and the wash-board, the ironing-table and the cook-stove; to find idleness, gambling, cheating, forgery more to one's taste than honest labor, is a state of things not entirely unknown in the romantic region which La Salle called by the sweet-sounding name, Louisiana. And inside the prison-walls, as the writer knows from personal experience gained by visiting prisons and conversing with their unfortunate inmates, it is not the booby or the dunce that predominates, but the keen-witted knave, whose intellect has been polished at the expense of heart and conscience, and whose chief regret is that his nefarious plans and projects have come to naught.

It is pleasant to take mild views, but it is misleading to look

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at things through the prism of self-conceit. The first step towards righting a wrong is to see and admit that it *is* a wrong, for there is a wonderful remedial power in truth. Let us, then, frankly own that education, apart from the theory and practice of the laws of God, has done little or nothing to eliminate crime in Louisiana or elsewhere. As to religion, the editor of the New York *Methodist* calls the public schools "hot-beds of infidelity"; as to morality, M. W. Hazen tells us in the Boston *Journal of Education*, March 17, 1881, that they are "dangerous to the family, the state, and the nation." It would be impossible that such a system could eradicate crime. But could a just method be reduced to practice for educating not merely the intellect or the physique, but the whole man, on the basis of accountability to the Deity, then indeed would true culture flourish, vice be diminished, and solid progress replace glittering rhetoric. "My son, give me thy youth, and I will guard thy old age." For "to fear God is wisdom, and to withdraw from evil is understanding." God is "the God of the sciences; it is he who teaches knowledge to men and gives his wisdom to sages." "I have been wiser than all the ancients, because I practise thy commandments."

Hence let virtue be the foundation of popular education, and the results will be worthy of the zeal with which earnest men and women labor in the great cause. Then will the wolf dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid; the fierce and sanguinary and the gentle and good mingle in lowly adoration of Him "by whom kings reign and lawgivers decree just things." The pure of heart, the honest of hand, the upright, the honorable, the true—all might "drink deep of the Pierian spring," satiate their thirst at the fount of every science, and handle the tools of every craft. For then education would rest on its legitimate basis—the Commandments given to our fathers on the holy mount. "Popular education," says Guizot, "to be truly good and socially useful, must be fundamentally religious." And a greater than Guizot, O'Connell, the only Catholic quoted in this lengthy article, was wont to say: "Education without religion is worse than ignorance."

If, then, you ask once more why education has been not only less successful in preventing crime than its advocates might have expected, but positively unsuccessful, I reply in strong old Saxon, on part of scholars ignorant of their obligations and their accountability to an all-seeing Judge: "They cunnen not the Ten Commandments." Or, if they do know them, it is only by rote and without any practical application.

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All human beings have a natural impulse towards happiness, however divergent their theories as to what constitutes it. But the nearest approach to contentment and happiness here below lies in the faithful performance of duty.* We must cultivate the intellect. But we must also learn well the hard lessons of self-restraint. We need to be intellectual, but we need still more to be honest, high-principled, and chaste. Let no fount of knowledge be sealed to us, but let our affections be purified, and our souls exercised in controlling the passions of love, hatred, ambition, and avarice that war upon each other in our bosoms and exist in miniature in our children. Since God is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, of history and philosophy and science, there can be no complete teaching in any system which practically excludes him. The moral nature can be regulated only by his laws, which are the foundation of religion and religion itself.

"Man never *is* but always *to be* blest" in the season of probation which we call human life, and in the struggle for the blessings of time and the glories of eternity, sustained by Him who is our Creator and our Saviour, consists the purest joy that can be tasted in the days of our exile. Let our souls, by the exercise of the theological virtues, reflect the beauty of God, in whose image they were created. Let our faces be turned towards Jerusalem, and they will be irradiated with the heavenly lights of the city of peace.

To conclude: Our systems of education will extirpate or diminish crime throughout the land when they will include the principles and practice of the laws of the Supreme Ruler of the universe. Fear God, says the sage, and keep his Commandments; for that is the whole man.

* *Duty* I understand here in its widest sense as what we owe to God, to ourselves, and to our fellow-beings.

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE historical novel is coming into vogue again, and the Rev. James Ludlow is in the fashion in giving the public *The Captain of the Janizaries: A Tale of the Fall of Constantinople* (New York: Dodd & Mead). Mr. Ludlow chooses as his hero George Castriot, better known in history as Scanderbeg. Mgr. Seton, in *Roman Essays*, gives an exhaustive account of this Albanian prince, who helped to save Europe from Moslem encroachments at a critical time. Mr. Ludlow has a fine opportunity; he has selected his epoch with discernment, for Sir Walter Scott could not have seized a more stirring time or a more picturesque figure. George Castriot was forced to embrace Mohammedanism when young, having been given to the sultan as a hostage. He became the first military man in the dominions of Amurath, but gave up all his honors to fight for the cross against the crescent, which threatened soon to hang over Christian Europe as a full moon. He turned back the tide, and he might have led a new crusade and recovered Constantinople had monarchs listened to the voice of the pope. Mr. Ludlow's romance starts out well, but he fails to interest us in Scanderbeg or the Christians. We are shown that the Christians, especially the Latins, were little better than the Moslems. He paints Cardinal Julian as an ecclesiastical fop, and asserts that he gave the Christians, when making a breach of faith, "absolution" for what they were about to do. The life of the Janizaries is well described. There are chapters in which the action of the story is rapid and its scenes graphic. But these good qualities cannot atone for the uncertain grasp the author seems to have on the great religious crisis which Scanderbeg so well understood, and which made the battle of Lepanto a glorious episode, not only in the annals of the world, but in those of the church. It is curious that non-Catholic writers seem usually to sympathize with any form of revolt against the church, and to give the impression that Christianity did not exist before Luther made the protest he afterwards remorsefully regretted.

Flaubert's *Salammbô* (New York: Saxon & Co.) is a book of blood and horrors. Flaubert is best known by his *Madame Bovary*, a vile novel, which incited Zola and the De Goncourts to attempt what they call "realism"—a realism which means the

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painting of dung-heaps with fidelity, as if there were no sky, no trees, no flowers, nothing pure or beautiful in this world or the next. *Salammbô* is the result of careful research in the history and among the remains of Carthage. There are several scenes in it so sensual that they never should have been presented. But Flaubert did not concern himself with morals; he thought only of form, and he produced a terrible book. It has one great lesson, perhaps unconsciously given—that without Christianity the splendor and strength of the ancient civilization were lurid and blood-stained, obscene beyond our conception, and wretched under the glittering spoil of all nations. The sensual tone of the romance is truly pagan—an effect which Flaubert was no doubt anxious to produce. Such realism is unpardonable.

The Life of a Prig, by One, reprinted by Henry Holt & Co. (New York) from the second English edition, is a neat bit of satire. It is apparently a very gay trifle, but, nevertheless, it has a keen point. It is an arrow that pierces none the less deeply because it is feathered with a tinted plume. The prig is a type of the self-conceited, self-confident, self-sufficient "seeker after truth" more common in England than anywhere else. The prig pretends that he wants to find the truth, when he really only wants to gratify his vanity by an assumption of being of the aristocracy of letters. He is an Oxford man afflicted with an ambition to be "higher" than any of his brother-Anglicans.

"I happened to meet a Roman Catholic lady," writes the prig, when he had gotten so 'high' that his head was thumping against the roof of the Anglican structure, "whom I had known for many years. To her I confided the possibility of my considering the claims of the Church of Rome. Instead of expressing unbounded joy at the prospect of the conversion of a man of my attainments, to my utter astonishment she urged me to 'pray for light.' *I* pray for light! And she to recommend me to do so! Why, this woman's theological training would have been a mere grain of sand to the shores of the Atlantic in comparison with mine. The temptation to point out the darkness of her own ignorance was well-nigh irresistible, and her impertinence was unbearable; but while I was still staggering with amazement she added that *she* would pray for me. This fairly took my breath away, and I fled from the scene. Verily, the assurance of some people is astounding! A friend had once recommended me to endeavor to see a little behind the scenes before I made up my mind to join the Church of Rome, and I now felt that there was some force in his advice; for if a Roman Catholic of nomental culture could be so impertinent as to suggest to an Oxford man who had taken high honors that he should pray for light, there must be something wrong about Romanism."

The prig progresses towards Agnosticism and narrates his

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experiences with delightful simplicity. He goes through Brahminism, Buddhism, and depicts Confucius with the same feeling of superiority. He is constantly confounded, but he does not know it. His meeting with an Agnostic boy who practises what the prig only theorizes on is a shock to the prig, but he recovers from it with his usual elasticity:

"When I joined my pupil in the school-room he said: 'I am anxious for your opinion on the plurality of wives. The modern law of marriage is, of course, a mere matter of accident and convenience. It seems to me that the deeply religious man should propagate the truth by marrying a thousand wives and bringing up his children to believe in nothing.'"

This logical young Agnostic goes on to say on the propriety of marriage:

"My father, for instance, ought not to have married. He is gouty, there is lunacy in his family, and his temper is uncertain. I ought never to marry for the same reason, and furthermore, because I am delicate. Indeed, I doubt whether I am fit to survive; and if my frame does not develop itself in three or four years I think it will be my duty to destroy myself."

The Life of a Prig is a clever booklet. The manner of the satire is most refined and in perfectly good taste.

Dr. William A. Hammond has in a short space of time produced four novels: *A Strong-Minded Woman*, *Mr. Oldmixon*, *Doctor Grattan*, and *Lal*. He now offers the public *Tales of Eccentric Life*, written by himself and his daughter, the Marchesa Lanza. They are short stories of queer people, a long way after Poe. Mr. Louis Stevenson's blood-curdling romance, *The Case of Dr. Hyde and Mr. Jekyl*, has set the fashion for bizarre stories, in which things undreamt-of in the usual nineteenth-century novels form the web. *The Mystery of Mrs. Brown*, and its sequel, *Mr. St. Arnaud*, are mysterious enough. But Dr. Hammond's art fails every now and then just where Poe, Stevenson, or Fitz-James O'Brien are strongest—because he has not learned to conceal it. Mrs. Brown wants a book of antidotes to a certain poison which once, of course, belonged to Cesare Borgia, who has become a very tiresome person in literature of late; a new fiend would much enliven any novel of horrors. The other tales of eccentric life are very commonplace and compare unfavorably with *The Broken Shaft*, another collection of queer stories printed by the same publishers, D. Appleton & Co.

The Prelate: A Novel, by Isaac Henderson (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), is the story of a certain Mgr. Altieri, who feels that the people of Italy are thirsting for a "pure and patriotic religion

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which they can make part of their daily lives." He leaves the church and proceeds to establish this national religion in sympathy with the national welfare. The Jesuits become alarmed and form a horrible plot against him—so horrible that the author of this book cannot make out what it is. A young Jesuit, who calls himself "Giuseppe," and who is less hardened than his brethren, kneels near a beautiful American, Helen Rathborne, in St. Peter's during a "*festa*." The music is powerful, and under cover of its rolling tone the tender-hearted Giuseppe reveals the existence of the Jesuit plot to Miss Rathborne, who assists at church services armed with "a translation of a Roman Catholic mission." This episode was probably suggested by one said to have occurred in the Music Hall at Boston while the great organ was thundering. A housekeeper, determined not to let music inconvenience her, took advantage of a fugue to give some information to a friend, and when the sound abruptly ceased she was heard stridently saying, "We fry ours in oil." A knowledge of the origin of the source of chapter xii. in *The Prelate* adds greatly to the interest of it. Suppose Giuseppe should be caught in a similar manner and be heard yelling his mysterious words in St. Peter's! What would the Inquisition do?

"Presently," writes Isaac Henderson, whose novel bears many marks of having been written by a woman, "Helen started as she realized that something had been slipped into the hand which rested upon her parasol. Looking down quickly, she saw only the kneeling priest, whose lips moved as though he were praying, and whose manner betrayed no knowledge of the strange circumstance. As her eyes rested an instant upon his face he muttered distinctly, without seeming to see her, the word 'Read,' and was instantly absorbed again in prayer. Her first impulse was to open her hand and let the paper fall, but the thought flashed across her mind that possibly the young priest was in trouble, and, desiring to communicate with the outer world, had chosen this opportunity and method. In any case, she reasoned, it could do no harm to examine the paper."

Miss Rathborne saw the words, "A friend is in danger—kneel!" "Without further hesitation she began to sink to her knees. Mrs. Wrexel noticed the movement, and, stiff little Protestant that she was, her surprise and horror were so evident that Helen intuitively straightened herself again." But curiosity got the better of her scruples. She heard the young priest whisper, "Tell Altieri," and then, "*Guarda!*" in "his native tongue." "How did you learn it?" she whispered. "It was some time before he replied, but presently the peals of the organ burst forth, and he said, 'I overheard it, by God's will!'"

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After a while "the congregation broke out into a general response. 'You must tell me your name,' she whispered. 'I dare not; *I had better die.*' When the next general response was made she said, distinctly, 'Then I'll not take the risk either.'" Finally the young priest whispered, "Giuseppe."

Miss Rathborne visited the monsignore—or, rather, the late monsignore—to warn him. She was seen to enter his apartments by several ladies. She talked with this fascinating "Old Catholic," founder of the Italian patriotic church, for two hours.

Her troubles begin. The Americans and English in Rome "cut" her. She is taken up by an Italian princess who is no better than she should be. She will not reveal the reason that made her visit "the prelate." She has promised not to do it, and the young priest, who fears the vengeance of the Jesuits, insists that she shall lose her reputation rather than tell what the music in St. Peter's had concealed so much more effectively than the fugue in the Boston Music Hall. On this absurd thread of plot the author of *The Prelate* hangs some nasty personalities and improbable situations. It would be hard to find a more ill-natured or vulgar novel—that is, vulgar from the point of view of good taste. Miss Tincker's *By the Tiber* was bad enough, and *Aurora*, her last book, reveals a pettiness hardly comprehensible; but *The Prelate* surpasses anything that any set of malicious and evil-minded people that infest the Eternal City can produce. "Monsignore" Altieri is, of course, about to marry the heroic young American girl when he is fortunately drowned during a very weak storm.

The Felmeres, by S. B. Elliott (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), is a novel with an Agnostic heroine. It is a powerful story, but not a healthy one. It leaves an impression of hopelessness which is unrelieved by the only consolation offered by the author:

> "Behold, we know not anything:
> I can but trust that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last to all,
> And every winter change to spring."

Helen Felmere has been brought up in a lonely country place by an infidel father. Near their house is a Catholic church, served by Father Paul, whom Mr. Felmere dislikes intensely. Helen's mother left the place years before, and her husband thus speaks of her:

"'She never loved me—never!' he cried. 'She married me at the instigation of her priest for the benefit of their church; she left me at the in-

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stigation of her priest because I was an obstinate heretic, and unexpectedly a poor one! And she took with her my son—my only son!—blasting and desolating my life because she was a Christian! And in this country-side she is almost canonized because she broke her vows to her God, leaving home, and husband, and what she thought was a dying child, in obedience to her priest and conscience! She is sainted; we are condemned, cast out!'"

This is a false note. It jars all through the book. The author accepts this version of the motives which led a Catholic to become the wife of an infidel as true. In the mouth of an angry man it might not be out of place. But in a book in which the struggles of faith and un-faith are depicted, it is unfair to weigh down with assumed wrong the strongest power against infidelity. The reader is at once given to understand that a church which advises a mixed marriage for the sake of temporal gain, and then obliges a wife to desert her husband because the gain proves less than it was supposed to be, is practically worse than Agnosticism. The author of *The Felmeres* might have made a noble book had he taken the trouble to find out the real doctrine of the church on mixed marriages, or had he not been so eager to put the Catholic Church in the wrong. No hint is given that Mr. Felmere made the usual promises when he married his Catholic wife. He probably did, as he was dealing with such a zealous priest as "Father Paul." In that case it was he who broke his pledge by insisting on his children remaining unbaptized. However, the Catholic Church in the very beginning of the book is branded with dishonesty. Later in the story Helen meets the Rev. Mr. Heath, the best exemplar of Christianity in the book. He turns out to be her brother:

"'You were not educated an unbeliever?' she asked.

"'No; I was brought up a Romanist.'

"'How, then, are you an Anglican?'

"'The Romish Church, or rather a mistaken priest, made my mother commit a great wrong!' he answered slowly, 'and I could no longer tolerate or trust its teachings. It was a bitter trial to forsake the religion of my mother, but truth compelled me to.'"

It is not strange that Helen clings to her father's memory: he, at least, was consistent; but the Christians around her only held one doctrine in common—hatred of Rome. She has married a man whom she does not love, and has met a man whom she does love. She is frank and plain-spoken to a degree that excites sympathy for the husband, whose worst fault was in marrying her. She does not pretend to disguise her preference, al-

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though she remains pure in thought and deed. She has the pagan virtues, but not the Christian ones. A time comes when she must let her little child be baptized or flee with him. With a self-abnegation in contrast to the "weakness" of her "Romanist" mother, she resolves to give the child up to the Christians. He is about to be taken away from her, with her consent, when she falls under the carriage-wheels in a last effort to grasp her child, and dies defying God.

The sympathy of the reader is directed, so far as the author of *The Felmeres* can direct it, towards the heroine; and Helen, compared with the Christians around her, is a person worthy of respect. The Christians have very little to say for their creed, and even Felix Gordon, the hero of the novel, is almost led to doubt by the young rationalist. He has few arguments against hers. Felix declares that "the Romish Church claims the authority to annul any oath or loose any tie, however sacred"—implying that the church can break the marriage-bond after it has been once joined. Helen evidently had some excuse for clinging to her rationalism when the only church that could give her consolation was so continually misrepresented. Rev. Heber Newton attacks Christianity and calls it "Romanism." Protestants are constantly cutting the ground from under their own feet in their arguments with rationalists by doing the same thing. Helen Felmere will not believe in God, principally because she fears that there is a hereafter, in which her father will accuse her of having deserted him. None of the Christians in the novel have acumen enough to point out her illogical state of mind to her. Octave Feuillet, in *La Morte*, treats rationalism as applied to the education of young girls; but his subject—a girl brought up by an infidel father—steeps herself in crime, as Christianity does not control her thoughts or restrain her passions. The heroine of *The Felmeres*, on the contrary, does no wrong; she suffers wrong; she resists temptation; she is truthful and pure without any strong motives for being so. She dislikes her husband; her home has been made unhappy by a meddling mother-in-law; but she stands firm to her duty, and, in the eyes of the author, makes a sublime sacrifice of which her mother was incapable. She denies the existence of God for fear that there is a God who has an eternity. The girl in *The Bostonians*, who is a mirror of purity, but who prefers free love to marriage, is really a less inconsistent creature. The author of *The Felmeres* can write well and strongly; the pathos of the book is at times heart-touching; but his study of the problem he touches and of

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the characters he sketches has not reached the inner life. Octave Feuillet makes his infidel woman a fiend; S. B. Elliott makes her a martyr; whereas in real life there lately died one who in her theories soared to a Positivist heaven, but in her life sank, weighed down by these beautiful theories, to the commission of adultery. This was George Eliot.

It is safe to expect that the heroine of every eight English novels out of ten will be a married woman in love with some paragon of the opposite sex. The afflicted fair who marries the wrong man is a favorite with the "lady novelist." And an essay on the pruriency of the "lady novelist's" manner of putting her heroines into suggestive situations might be made as trenchant as Louis Veuillot's famous attack on the *femmes-auteurs* of his time. A batch of these have gone into the waste-basket. *The Lost Name*, by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), is not among them. It is the story of a young American whose ancestor back in the reign of the French king Louis XV. dropped his name. He confesses this deplorable fact to the Southern girl he expects to marry. He is in the position of little Bo-peep after she lost her sheep—or rather, as if little Bo peep's great-grandfather had told her that the sheep had been lost years ago. Little Bo-peep, presumably a child of discretion, would have made no attempt to take up a wild-sheep chase. But the young American does, because the proud Southern girl refuses to marry him until he finds out the name his ancestor had dropped; he succeeds with much ease. He becomes the Marquis de Saint-Sorlin. Having elevated him to this pinnacle, Mrs. Dahlgren shows how strong his American blood is. "First and best," writes the Marquis de Saint-Sorlin, "I love my native country, America, and I meet the inexorable fate of its men. I have become matter-of-fact. I have embraced a profession. I am in league with the great power of this nation. My whole life is now devoted to romancing, but in a business way; for, dear reader, I am a journalist." *A Lost Name* will not bring a blush to the cheek of any young person. People who like in literature what Ollendorff's graphic exercises call "milk-food" will find it here.

Lorenz Alma-Tadema has made himself famous by his sensuous—not sensual—pictures, in which color runs riot, the green sea bathes an azure sky, Roman figures lounge among poppies, oleanders, and peacocks on white marble terraces. The artist was born in Holland, though he is now a naturalized British citizen. "Alma" was added to his family name, Tadema, to give him a better place in the alphabetical picture-catalogues.

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His daughter, Laurence, now offers the world a novel. The style is wonderfully clear and idiomatic. *Love's Martyr* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is an intense story. It would have pleased Rossetti. It is an analysis, very skilfully made, of an unusual and morbid character. The manner of the book deserves the praise it has received. Miss Austen herself could not have described the bucolic English squire's family more forcibly and with less effort, and Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* has no passages stronger than some in *Love's Martyr*. The book is quite as unhealthy as *Jane Eyre*. Who is "love's martyr"? The woman who marries a man, having offered herself as the mistress of another man and been rejected? Or the man who, knowing this, takes her to be his wife and then suffers the agonies of jealousy, founded on this fact and on the knowledge that she holds her lover still in her heart? Laurence Alma-Tadema does not answer this question. Her affair—she evidently holds the theory of the realists—is merely to present a picture as she sees it, not to draw conclusions or answer questions. Rosamund, the heroine of *Love's Martyr*, is a girl who has been brought up without religion. Her father, an Englishman, married her mother in Paris. They were both murdered during the Reign of Terror, and the child is sent home to her uncle, who is a country squire of the eighteenth century, coarse, brutal, good-hearted when in the humor. The child is adopted by him, and, in her new home, leads the life of an outlaw. Mrs. Merry, the squire's wife, is equally coarse and much meaner. She gives a sketch of her first introduction to Rosamund:

"'O Mr. Field! if you only knew what an eyesore and a worrit that girl's been to me, year in and year out; and I was always taking her part, too, against Mr. Merry, when he might sometimes have killed her—and no wonder. I've had to be as a mother to her, and she only my husband's brother's child, too—none of my flesh. If I lived till Doomsday I should never forget the night Mr. Merry brought the child into my room. It was past ten of the clock, and a cloud upon his face such as you never saw the like. "Matilda," he said, "here's another daughter for you," and he swore. "Daughter?" I cried. "Yes," he answered; "it's Charles' child. Charles and his wife are dead." It was the very middle of the Reign of Terror, and I felt mighty sick. I looked at the little, black, shivering brat, and I could 'a' cried. You never saw a plainer child, and my own all as fair as angels. Then, would you believe it, she ran up to me, all travel-stained as she was —she was no higher than that table; no one would 'a' thought such a wee codling could grow into the May-pole she is now—and she clutched hold of my knee with her cold, dirty hands, and burst out crying with her face in my lap; and I with a nice new poplin on with flowered sprigs, that I'd had a-purpose to please Mr. Merry. "That'll do, miss," I cried; "and don't

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you know you're a very naughty child to cry for nothing? Stand up!—for shame!" And George fell a-laughing, spite that he was furious almost to bursting with rage at having his brother's leavings thrust upon him. "The creature don't understand a word you say, my dear," he cried; "so I'd just save my breath to blow my broth, if I was you." I thought I should 'a' dropped. "Lord preserve me!" said I, "what kind of a heathen thing have you brought me here?" And as I jerked her up a little gim-crack of a crucifix that she wore caught in my lace ruffle, that had taken me three months to work, if a day, and tore a whole inch into shreds. "You bad, wicked child," I cried, "look what you've done!" And, after giving her the smack she deserved, I just pulled the sinful idol off her neck and tossed it into the fire. And if you'd seen the way the little imp shrieked and wailed in her idolatrous tongue, and wholloped me with her tiny fists when I drew her from the fire—for she'd actually put her hands into the flames for the bawble, and she has got the scar to this day."

Rosamund, made desperate by the coldness and selfishness of those around her, cries out against the God whom these smug and self-satisfied "Christians" pretend to represent:

"I have asked Him for a hundred things, and he never heard my prayers, so I don't ask him now. I thought at first it was because I did not know his book; so I tried to read it and could not. And I listened at church, but they were always the same old words I couldn't understand; and sometimes I called for the sweet Lady that my mother made me love, but she never came. Oh! I can show you that He hates me."

Defiant and desperate, left by the man who had taught her to love him, and then, from ambition, refused to marry her and, from regard to her, to degrade her, she marries the narrator of the story. At last her lover, who is dying, catches a glimpse of her, and they die together. It is a very hopeless book, and a very morbid one.

Atla, by Mrs. J. Gregory Smith (New York: Harper & Bros.) is a reconstruction of the fabled island of Atlantis. It is a beautiful fantasy, vigorously sustained. Its binding is exquisite.

The Last Days of the Consulate (New York: Armstrong & Son) is translated from the French of M. Fauriel, and edited by M. L. Lalaune. Its principal interest is a vivid description, done by an eye-witness, of the trials of Georges Cadoudal, Moreau, and the other conspirators against the First Consul. Unfortunately M. Fauriel's MSS. stop just on the verge of that of the Duc d'Enghien. M. Fauriel was a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Professor of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne. His MSS. containing his *Last Days*, which are very fragmentary, were found unsigned, and it was difficult to identify them.

"For many years an unbroken intimacy had subsisted between Fauriel and Madame de Condorcet. At the death of the latter, in September, 1822,

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they were still living in the same house, and their books and papers were in common like their existence. The manuscript, either because it was forgotten or for some other cause, remained in the hands of Madame O'Connor, Condorcet's daughter, and by that circuitous route reached the library of the Institute."

M. Fauriel's papers throw light on the famous trials and the motives that actuated Napoleon. Fauriel's attitude towards the church is shown by this passage, which, while it reflects the sentiments of the emperor who parodied "I am who am," does grave injustice to the Catholic party:

"But already, some months before the re-establishment of the slave-trade, other institutions, dictated by the same spirit, and indicating even more directly the intention of founding an absolute government upon the ruins of the republic, had been created, and other laws passed. The religious Concordat of the 26th Messidor, year IX., had been sanctioned as a law of the state in Germinal, year X. The pretext of this convention was the re-establishment of religion as necessary for the moral welfare of the people; but it was plain to all that Bonaparte's real motive was to make such pretensions, pomp, and influence as he meant to leave to Catholicism serve his own policy, while he retained every means of keeping it in subjection to him, and, if need arose, of being revenged upon it.

"This motive had not escaped the perception of the heads of the Catholic party; but it was of great importance to them to be enabled to exchange the miseries of persecution, its perilous honors, and the barren esteem which they enjoyed through its means, for a peaceful and well-endowed existence. To compensate for the shame of serving as instruments in the hands of a power which despised them, they might hope once more to cultivate the ignorance and the prejudices of the people to an extent even beyond the requirements of the government that had restored them."

Justin H. McCarthy, who is writing too much, assumes to edit *Our Sensation Novel* (New York: Harper & Bros.), a satire on the taste of the day for the highly-wrought style. It is a mixture of sensational styles. The plot amounts to nothing, but that is the distinguishing feature of that branch of literature. As it is issued in cheap form, perhaps it will reach the circle of readers that need its lesson most. The preface is a whole story in itself, and shows the *modus operandi* of those who tread the flowery paths of literature for the gate-money. In the opening chapters the heroine has a daughter, who has the usual accompaniment of lovers of the kind that are most approved by readers of sensational literature, one of them being an escaped convict. Towards the close of the novel the mother becomes the daughter, and the mystery of it, to quote the concluding words of this cleverly-told tale, is "one of those things no fellow could understand."

Readers of the *Neptune Vase* will feel rather disappointed when they read Virginia W. Johnson's latest work, *Tulip Place:*

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A Tale of New York (New York: Harper & Bros.) Not that the former was a work of rare merit, but there was form and color enough in the bud to warrant a more beautiful unfolding. There is material in the story, if it were only properly handled, to make a very readable book. The heroine, though, is entirely too improbable for this practical age. We would like to think the embroidery episode due to generous feeling, but it savors too much of the pompous rich. The humor of the book is all centred in one scene, and that scene is very badly managed. The elopement is worse than foolish, and the author might have brought the hero and heroine together in a less hackneyed way. The old father with his grumbling at the new people, the old lady with her newspapers, the daughter a leader of society, the son leaning to Bohemianism, the nephew one of the gilded youth, are very, very old types. The description of the ball reads like a page from some fashion-magazine. It is a book from the reading of which no one will get a new idea, not to mention a good one.

John Burroughs' *Signs and Seasons* is the work of a prose-poet, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. present it in a worthy dress. Every page has a secret of Nature, drawn from her by tender sympathy. If John Burroughs were a Catholic he would certainly be drawn to St. Francis d'Assisi, for, like that lover of all God's creatures, he knows how to talk to the birds, and the bees, and the beasts of wood and field, and to learn the haunts and the ways of their lives.

Flora, the Roman Martyr (London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.) has one great fault. It is too long. And it is much to say in praise of the anonymous author that there is interest enough in the story to force the reader to follow it through over six hundred pages. The principal personages are historical, with the exception of the hero. The author's study of the manners and customs of Roman life nearly two hundred and fifty years after the dawn of Christianity is not always careful. The gorgeous panorama of Roman luxury is unfolded before us by a sure and steady hand, but with a restrained one; for the author has that deep respect for Christian modesty which is so lacking in the realistic school of historical fiction. The character of the Emperor Philip is as clearly cut as a profile on a good Roman character. *Flora* can be earnestly commended on the score of its real worth from every point of view. It equals in the beauty of its binding any book sent to us this month, when the publishers seem to have put their books in extraordinarily fine spring dresses.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

KING EDWARD THE SIXTH, SUPREME HEAD: An Historical Sketch. With an Introduction and Notes. By Frederick George Lee, D.D. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The author of this book is a well-known Anglican clergyman, the writer of several historical works, the composer of one or two popular hymns, an eloquent preacher, and a leader of a section of the Ritualists. The dedication to Cardinal Fisher speaks of him as a holy witness to the truth, of his solemn warning to the Convocation of Canterbury against change, falsehood, and wrong, and concludes with the expression of the fervent hope that "authority may soon decree to him the beautiful aureole of the Beatified, and in the face of the church militant seal for him the abiding dignity of the Saintly Martyr Crowned." In the introduction Dr. Lee maintains that the overthrow of the old faith was accomplished at the hands of a minority by thieving, perjury, persecution, and barbaric cruelty and injustice. He shows how, on the one hand, the voice of the old clergy was silenced, and, on the other, how those in authority imported from abroad apostate preachers to do what, as was admitted by one of these very men, there were scarcely ten preachers in the whole of England could do with effect. He quotes a letter written by Hooper to Bullinger in which Hooper asserts that "idolatry is nowhere in greater vigor" than in England; and after mentioning a number of Catholic doctrines, he says "never before were [these doctrines] held in greater esteem than at the present moment."

This book is the work of a student of history in its sources—contemporary pamphlets, ballads, tracts, and state papers—and will most powerfully contribute towards the dispersion of the clouds of error and prejudice which have for so long been hiding the truth from view. It abounds in keen observations and suggestive remarks, which show that its author takes an earnest interest in the difficulties of our own times. The most surprising thing about the book, however, is that it should have been written by one who holds the position of vicar of All-Saints in the Anglican Establishment.

LES ORIGINES DE L'ÉGLISE: Saint Pierre et les Premières Années du Christianisme. Par l'Abbé C. Fouard. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre. 1886.

In 1880 M. Fouard published a *Life of Christ* which formed the basis of four articles which appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD in the months of March, April, May, and June, 1881. The present work carries on what the author then began, through the life of St. Peter, the first Vicar of Christ. It covers the same period as that which M. Renan has treated of in *Les Apôtres*, and affords a satisfactory refutation not only of the French *littérateur*, but of the real authorities on which his writings rest—the German critics. We need not say more just now about the present work than that it is worthy of being compared with its predecessor. It is written in the same spirit and possesses the same charms of style and diction. Two

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chapters devoted to an account of the religion and manners of Rome in the times of Augustus deserve special attention. This subject, of course, is not new, but is one of imperishable interest, especially in our own times, when it would seem as if there were not a few who are willing to look to man's merely natural powers for the attainment of perfection. It is well that their attention should be again called to the practical outcome of former experiments of a similar character.

THE PARNELL MOVEMENT. By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1886.

We have read this book with no ordinary interest. It is the history of one of the most remarkable movements of our time, written by a man who is a recognized authority on the subject. It deals with living men and living issues. And the vigor of the treatment, combined with the actuality of the matter treated, make it a work of unusual character.

There is a purpose in the publication, too, over and above the mere authentic statement of events, and that purpose is to prove by the invincible force of facts that the legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland has turned out an unmixed misery to the latter country, and the repeal of that Union the only adequate remedy for the relief of Irish grievances. To show that this salient fact has been all along recognized by the great mass of the Irish people and their leaders, and to indicate the efforts that have been hitherto made in the direction of securing Home Rule, the author goes back to the O'Connell agitation, dwells at considerable length upon it, and gives a comprehensive outline of every subsequent political movement for the redress of Ireland's wrongs. In this retrospect Mr. O'Connor goes over much of the field covered by the lamented A. M. Sullivan in his *New Ireland*, and quotes largely from its glowing pages. Not until he reaches the great movement in which he is himself so prominent an actor does the writer occupy ground that is peculiarly his own, and it is here that the living interest in the volume begins. Nothing could be more satisfactory than his account of the origin and growth of the Parnell party in the House of Commons, nothing more realistic than his descriptions of its parliamentary proceedings, and nothing more attractive than his pen-and-ink sketches of the indomitable leader and his Spartan band who first braved the scorn and then the wrath of English opinion in its stronghold and questioned its supremacy.

Among the many strange social and political developments of our times not the least, certainly, is the Irish party and its present position in the British House of Commons. If there be still left in Europe a single citadel that is sacred to the feelings and prejudices of a people, that citadel is the Parliament of Westminster. With it are associated the history, the power, and the prestige of the greatest of modern empires, its traditions are a nation's most hallowed memories, its voice a nation's destiny, its greatness a nation's pride, its venerable walls a nation's temple, where none save the revered and the reverent may intrude. And what do we behold? A party of men, most of them young, humble of birth, and aliens in race and religion, invade this modern Areopagus, hold contention with the noble and the learned, with the powerful and the haughty, with its traditional rulers, and wrest forensic victory from their grasp!

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Beardless youths educated in the elementary schools of Ireland have there stood up against the polished gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge, and have not only held their own against them, but have again and again defeated them in intellectual debate. Who will question the ability of a nation for self-government whose striplings can exact a hearing and secure a triumph in the great centre of European culture and the great arena of European politics, the British House of Commons? Faith in their cause and its justice, love of justice not less than love of Ireland, is the inspiring principle of these men and of this movement. Mr. Parnell certainly had no cause for personal quarrel with English rule in Ireland; he belonged to the dominant party; his antecedents were English or American rather than Irish; he received his education in England, and, were he ambitious of place or power, his path to preferment lay through the pleasant ways of loyalty to imperial interests. What, then, could have induced this young gentleman of leisure to take up so difficult and so unpopular a cause as the advocacy of Ireland's claims?

"Hatred of oppression," our author tells us, and none who read this history will doubt it. We have been told by those who are acquainted with him that Mr. Parnell sinks his personality altogether in his cause, and that his patriotism is his only passion.

Adverse criticism has described the Parnellites as, at best, only a band of young and fierce enthusiasts. But enthusiasm does not encounter years of violent opposition and hard knocks without showing some signs of weakening. Mere enthusiasm would hardly account for a man of fifty-six years of age risking his hard-won literary success and going counter to the tide of popular favor that bears him on to his goal, as Justin McCarthy has done. There is not much enthusiasm about the Right Honorable Joseph Biggar, M.P., but there is a fearful deal of earnestness. We refer to the motives that actuate the Parnell party, because we consider their unselfish service to their country the most admirable feature in the character of the men who compose it. Whatever their future purpose may be, their present ambition is Ireland's freedom only.

Mr. Parnell and his party have wrought a vast change in the aspect of Irish affairs both within and without the House of Commons. They have already secured several substantial concessions for the Irish people, and they have advanced their country's cause so that the final concession of national autonomy is inevitable as the march of time itself. They have also raised up the masses of their countrymen, educated them in their political duties, taught them the power of unity and self-reliance, and instilled a new spirit in the nation.

At the last general election, for the first time in many centuries, the Irish people had the opportunity afforded them of exercising their political rights and of giving practical expression to their political convictions, and the public spirit and intelligence and unanimity which they then displayed have won for them the respect of the civilized world. The result of this election it was that brought the full force of conviction to the mind of England's greatest statesman that the Irish people demanded the right of self-government and must needs have it.

Mr. Gladstone, we believe, has always recognized the supremacy of justice and right in his statesmanship, though he has not always acted up to

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his higher sense of duty, but too often has he been swayed by political necessity. Nevertheless we believe that Mr. Gladstone, more than any other great statesman in the world to-day, is influenced in his public action by a sense of justice and right. And when we see the Grand Old Man stand up in the face of centuries of prejudice, and passion, and pride, and self-interest, and proclaim that Ireland has a right to her national autonomy, and that right should be at once conceded to her, we are quite prepared to forgive and forget all his past mistakes and inconsistencies, and we feel sure the Irish people are. And let us hope for Mr. Gladstone's sake, as well as for the interest of Ireland, that he may live to see his great career crowned and consummated by this grand act of political reparation. The sympathy of the world is with him in this effort to right the wrongs of seven centuries, as the public opinion of the world approves and applauds Mr. Parnell and his movement. There are exceptions, of course. But the man who would see that lethal system of government maintained in Ireland which in eighty-six years has produced three famines, three rebellions, and eighty-four coercion acts, is no lover of justice and no friend of humanity.

ATLAS DES MISSIONS CATHOLIQUES: Vingt Cartes Teintées, avec Texte Explicatif. Par le R. P. O. Werner, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Traduit de l'Allemand, revu et augmenté, par M. Valérien Groffier. Fribourg en Brisgau, et St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1886.

We have great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this most valuable publication. It contains twenty maps of the countries which are looked upon as mission countries, including the United States, Ireland, and England. All the provinces, bishoprics, vicariates, and missions are carefully distinguished in colors and colored boundaries. So far as we have been able to test the accuracy of the maps, we think that, considering the vast extent of the field to be covered, it is all that could reasonably be expected. In the map of the United States we notice, however, that the city which gives its name to the new diocese of Manchester does not appear in the map, and a quite recent change in the boundary of the diocese of San Francisco has not been given. The maps, however, do not form the whole of this atlas. There are some very ingenious genealogical tables—so to speak—which give the history of the formation of the different dioceses, the stock from which they sprang, with the dates of their formation and the districts comprised within each. Nor is this all. The population of each diocese, etc., in the mission countries, as well as that of the Catholic countries which are not mission countries, has been given with as close an approximation to accuracy as is possible under the circumstances. Altogether we may safely say that this is a work which no priest's library should be without, and we hope that it may be a means of increasing the interest which should be felt in the church in every part of the world. This gives us an opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to the new enterprise of the Bishop of Salford, *The Illustrated Catholic Missions*, which is intended to be a substantial republication in English of the long-established and most valuable French missionary journal, *Les Missions Catholiques*. The English journal will appear, however, only once a month, and will be published in this country by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York, and B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

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LEAVES FROM ST. AUGUSTINE. By Mary H. Allies. Edited by T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This book, the product of original research, is a valuable contribution to religious literature. It embraces extracts from the writings of St. Augustine on many different topics, some showing the heresies of his times, others bringing out his views on fundamental doctrines, now throwing light on points still in controversy, again and very copiously illustrating and explaining the Sacred Scriptures; but everywhere exhibiting character-pictures of one of the greatest and saintliest souls of Christianity.

As an aid in preparing sermons and instructions this book will be welcome to the clergy. The style is a very type of sermonizing—familiar, terse, lucid, graphic. St. Augustine's treatment of Scripture is especially worthy of study; even a feeble imitation would make one a good preacher. His grasp of doctrinal truth is something marvellous, and, at least in some measure, communicable to a faithful student. Here are commentaries and homilies unsurpassed for acuteness, unction, and practical application.

As spiritual reading Miss Allies' book is equally useful. All who aspire to the practice of the sacerdotal and religious virtues must read and read again the words of such saints as Augustine. We dare hardly hope for his like, but we must have many men of great ability and of saintly character formed on just such models. It is good to study twenty years in such a school if but one or two years of the fruitful activity of the saints were the result. The heroic age of most men's lives whom the Holy Spirit uses for great ends is the age of patient assimilation of the wisdom of the Scriptures and the doctrine of the Fathers. But they are mostly years of repressed activity, followed by a display of power only the more resistless because unwasted in premature efforts.

This book is well printed and bound, and furnished with an index.

THE POET IN MAY. By Evelyn Pyne, author of *A Dream of the Gironde.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

To readers of the *Month* and other Irish and English periodicals the name of Evelyn Pyne is already quite well known. As the title of the volume of verses before us indicates, the verses are those of a young poet —of a poet in the spring-time of his life:

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

So, of course, the poet in May sings much about love, but he sings songs that are worth the hearing for their tenderness and beauty. Here is one of them:

"Dear heart, why do I love thee? Because thou
Hast given love as summer giveth flowers,
And sweetened so my life's dull, wintry hours,
And set a glory round my crownless brow?
It is for this I love thee, because now
No lips of lover may sing scorn of me,
As one 'reft of love and bitterly
Alone in the lone world? Dare I avow

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Such scant foundation for a love so deep?
Nay, dear, I may not, lest thou cast away
The heart within thy heart, nor care to keep
Proud festival upon that fair, white day
When God awoke my soul, and I was 'ware
His shadow blest me, and lo! thou wert there!"

But May, though generally teeming with life and gladness, has still its days of darkness; and even on bright and joyous days we often are haunted by regrets and sad memories. The poet has many and varying moods, and sometimes he sings in joy, and sometimes in sorrow. There are some fine lines, weighted with the pain of loss, in the "In Memoriam"—an old theme, perhaps, but before the sorrow that death brings we all bow reverently; it is ever born anew to some, and to others, who have loved deeply, it is never so old that they have lost the sympathy which such sorrow brings. It is well that the poet sings the feelings that few can express. To know that others suffer as we do binds us in closer sympathy with our fellows:

"Yes, it is well with him! Ah! yes, 'tis well!
With us the heartbreak, but with him the peace;
With us the sorrow that knows no surcease;
With us the sobbing of the funeral hymn;
With him—ah! what with him?

"We may not answer to love's full content,
Since life shall taste not of death's sacrament;
Yet our heart-pilgrims, very sad and sore,
May pierce, perchance, the dark, tear-stained door
That parts crowned life from life ungarlanded,
And bear us faltering back
A light from that dead face,
That nowise we may lack
The sacramental grace
A great soul giveth to its resting-place."

There is, perhaps, in the "In Memoriam" a faint echo of "Adonais," which itself echoes the ancient Moschus' lament over his friend Bion, so old is this sorrow, and so old its expression.

There are some fine lyrical poems in this volume, and Mr. Pyne shows himself to be really a poet—a young poet deserving of that praise which nurtures song and spurs to greater efforts. His verse flows naturally and easily. In his own words:

"A poet sings because he must,
An unseen spirit spurs him on;
He feels the throb, and boundless trust
Fulfils his soul that truth is won!
He flings the gold grain of his thought
Across the world to germinate,
Unheeding if its stress be caught—
His part to sow, and then to wait."

A STUDY OF DANTE. By Susan E. Blow. With an introduction by William T. Harris, LL.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

The study of Dante is just now the fashion. We hear of Dante classes by the score, and many of the fair sex are giving themselves up to the

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study of the great and stern Florentine. Next summer the Concord School of Philosophy will devote itself exclusively to Dante. With what pardonable pride will not the great bard look down from his Paradiso upon the eminent philosophers discussing the Inferno in the dog-days!

The volume before us, however, is no bit of dilettanteism; it is an earnest and intelligent study of the *Divine Comedy*. The earnest and conscientious work of an intelligent mind is always of value. Miss Blow has studied her Dante thoroughly and well, and has put herself in sympathy with his teachings; she has not distorted them, as did the Rossettis, to make them fit certain Rossetti ideas, but helps one to a clearer understanding of the poet's real meaning. It is a book which every student of Dante will find well worth his time to read.

A REPLY TO PROFESSOR MAGUIRE'S PAMPHLET, *England's Duty to Ireland*, as it appears to an Englishman. By James Pearse. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

It is rather odd to find an Englishman taking up the cudgels in defence of Home Rule against an Irishman, and, what is more, a Catholic Irishman. We did not read Dr. Maguire's pamphlet, but from the extracts made from his pamphlet by Mr. Pearse he must be a queer sort of an Irishman and a queerer sort of a Catholic. At all events he is a mere man of straw in the hands of his able antagonist, who quickly makes of the erratic professor "a thing of shreds and patches."

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

SHORT PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE. By the Rev. Thomas C. Moore, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Compiled from Rev. G. Ott's and De Rossi's Works on the Catacombs. By Rev. Const. Hergenroether. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

COMPENDIUM GRADUALIS ET MISSALIS ROMANI. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

A LECTURE ON CATHOLIC IRELAND. By the Rev. J. P. Prendergast. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

A SHORT AND PRACTICAL MAY DEVOTION. Compiled by Clementinus Deymann, O.S.F. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA. A Lecture by William R. Grace, Mayor of New York. Chicago: McDonnell Bros.

THE POPE: THE VICAR OF CHRIST; THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH. By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Capel, D.D. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

LORD VANCOURT'S DAUGHTER: A Novel. By Mabel Collins. Harper's Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN DANGEROUS. George Augustus Sala. Harper's Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MYSTERY OF ALLAN GRALE. By Isabella Fyvie Mayo. Harper's Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

GRISELDA: A Novel. By the author of *The Garden of Eden*, etc. Harper's Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE. By Macauly Posnett, M.A., LL.D., F.L.S., author of the *Historical Method*, etc. International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MANUAL TRAINING: THE SOLUTION OF SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS. By Charles H. Ham. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CLASSICS FOR CHILDREN: Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Edited for school and home use by J. H. Stickney. Boston: Ginn & Company.

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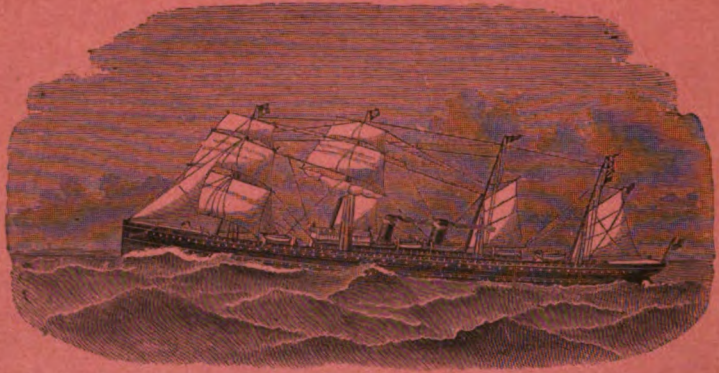

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VOL. XLIII. JULY, 1886. No. 256.

NEW PAGAN OR OLD CHRISTIAN?*

THE age of formal reviewing is long past, and no reader will expect from me an account in detail of Mr. Lilly's *Chapters in European History*. But the republication of these bright and varied essays must, on more than one ground, be deemed significant. They are a contribution, from the Catholic side, to the religious question of the day, which, if we look at it steadily, will be seen to include all other questions. And they attack it with unusual earnestness. Mr. Lilly is known as a fair-minded, studious critic, pleasant to read, untouched by partisan bias, and a Catholic from conviction, whilst extremely well versed in all that its enemies, old or new, have urged against the Christian religion. He writes with his eyes open; not as one blown about by every wind of doctrine, nor yet as intent upon squaring facts to preconceived theories. Indeed, his respect for facts, which I should be the last to blame or make light of, tempts him occasionally to deal out scorn upon "abstractions," as though he held metaphysics to be of little account. It would be unjust to think so. The author is tenacious of first principles; he has written in his previous volume, entitled *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*, pages where the argument is quite as abstruse as it is convincing. By preference, indeed, he employs concrete language, steeped now and then in Carlyle's lurid tinctures; giving thus to the problems of eternity a novel-seeming color. Amid the curious,

* *Chapters in European History*. By W. S. Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

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and at times dazzling, variety of exposition demanded by the crowd of topics he moves amongst, we may trace one or two principles which consistently govern his treatment. The matter and style are modern; the underlying thought is Christian. It is in the rarity of such a combination that I discern the significance of these volumes. The nineteenth century is called upon to reconcile ancient beliefs about God, the soul, the moral law, the life to come, time and eternity, with new revelations which have shown us things undreamt of by our fathers. But the multitude of writers do not aim at a true reconciliation. If they believe in Christianity, they too often deem it incumbent on them to neglect or excommunicate the learning of their own age—as though it were impossible there should be prophets or teachers sent from on high in a century of steam-packets and railways. Those, on the other hand, who realize in what a marvellously strange time we are living seem unable to acknowledge the latest manifestation of divine secrets without going on to discredit what was shown from heaven eighteen hundred years ago. The quarrel is internecine, disastrous, and, like most quarrels, founded on haste and ignorance. There is nothing disloyal in a Christian man's exclaiming, as he views the present age, with the high-priest in *Athalie:*

"Et quel temps fut jamais si fertile en miracles!"

Neither will a mind stored with science and alive to all the wonders which every morning brings be untrue to itself when it takes for the supreme revelation that which was made *in facie Christi Jesu* ere science existed. Knowledge grows, but the charm of personality does not fade with increasing knowledge. It goes deeper than the scientific intellect and discloses more. There is no sign that the Sermon on the Mount is antiquated; no evidence that the life and death of Christ are powerless to bring consolation where it is most needed or to cast over sorrow the exquisite radiance of the martyr's glory, as they did of old. Whoever can still look upon them with sincere belief may feel assured that in the wild revolutionary chaos which surrounds us there lies no peril from which the Gospel, earnestly laid to heart, will not take its sting. Where we go astray is in imagining that the cut-and-dried interpretations of any previous era, learnt by rote and applied mechanically, will serve to clear up our own confusion or to help the world onward. Gospel, church, and creed are the names of living principles, not of dead traditions or crystallized rules. What we need is a vision of

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things past and present in the light which our Master, did he walk the earth to-day, would shed over them. Nothing less will or can satisfy mankind. But we are told that he does walk the earth; that his Spirit is breathing everywhere, and his church is instinct with divine life. It is not our concern, then, to judge of things from the mediæval point of view, or the classic, or the romanticist. We belong to our own century, and Christ is king and teacher now as always. The principles of his religion cannot change; but the circumstances under which they must be applied are subject to contingency and are always changing. There is room here for a development of doctrine which far transcends in grandeur the lifeless reconciliation so often attempted (and as constantly doomed to failure) which, instead of gaining knowledge at first hand from the men of knowledge, consists in vamping up old arguments out of forgotten books.

These volumes are more to the purpose. They endeavor, without malice or prepossession, to bring before us those historic personages whose influence chiefly has moulded our time. I do not know why Mr. Lilly passes by the Reformation; it may be that, in his opinion, the force of orthodox Protestantism is nearly spent, or is lost in that still widening movement which calls itself the Renaissance. But, taking the essays in their order, we find them treating of the origin of Christianity, the age of Augustine, St. Gregory VII., Michael Angelo, the meaning and tendency of the New Learning, the age of Louis Quatorze, of Locke, Voltaire, Rousseau, Wesley, Balzac. A motley crowd, the reader will say. But then History itself is no French drama, bound to the unities of time and place or limited in the number of actors. Motley is its only wear. And the author's intention justifies him, I would say, so far as this: he could not have appraised the moral elements which serve as foundations to the existing order of things, unless he had shown us, however briefly, their growth and origin. It is the lesson of science that nothing stands by itself, that every present has a past, and that except for history man would not be man. We, as individuals, work out our character in time, by degrees and amid constant change; and so does the race. Mr. Lilly would interpret the nineteenth century by following out the causes which have given rise to its dominant ideas in earlier stages of the world. Be the subject what it may, his manner of dealing is modern and practical. When, in the concluding chapter, he draws a picture of the age from Balzac, his remarkable success in reproducing the thoughts and imagery of that weird magician is due to the sympathetic insight with which he con-

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strues whatever is peculiar in the modern spirit, its feeling for science and material realities, and again its enthusiasm, its dreaminess, its mingling of all former elements, social, artistic, and religious, in a quintessence, so to speak, of life which is utterly prosaic, yet as unlike the prose of any other time as can well be imagined. But is he merely modern—that is to say, does he cherish that prosaic life as fulfilling man's aspirations? On the contrary, he condemns the civilization of which Balzac is the most original historian; in his eyes it is the outcome of materialism, and must be transformed by a nobler spirit or perish. But, while he rejects materialism, he does not dream of rejecting material civilization. It is one thing to believe in the body, another to believe in the body alone. We may build up with the stones of modern science a temple to the Divinity, but the creative power must be sought elsewhere than in the dead marble. Turn back now half a volume and read the chapter on Michael Angelo. It tells a story in tone and color most unlike the *Comédie Humaine* of Balzac. But still the modern mind, instructed by the events of three hundred and fifty years, is perceptible in this clear, calm presentation. No contemporary of Michael Angelo knew the painter of the Last Judgment, or his relations to the world around him, after this fashion. In what sense did he belong to the Renaissance? Was he a Catholic inspired by the faith, or a Pagan and Platonist? The evidence upon which Mr. Lilly answers that he was neither Pagan nor Platonist is convincing, because we are so much better able than was the sixteenth century to distinguish between the Renaissance and the Christian ideas which it endeavored to supplant. Again, there is Gregory VII., the hero of mediæval Catholicism. To him, it is said, the world owes not only its religious but its civil liberties. A startling assertion, yet borne out by the facts. Gregory's long-enduring struggle with Henry IV. enabled the spiritual commonwealth to triumph over brute force, incarnate in feudalism; and it was that triumph which developed the national, the municipal idea, which gave a multitude of privileges into the hands of the common man, and guided after-generations along the path of religious liberty and progress. Little did the pope of the eleventh century dream that he was defending, at Canossa, that freedom of the individual conscience which, shamefully abused as it is by vulgar charlatans and the founders of our ten thousand sects and superstitions, remains ever indispensable, if we are to be free and civilized. He bore witness to the supremacy of the law within, as against Cæsar and above Cæsar. In the sacerdotal order Mr. Lilly recognizes a testimony

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to conscience; nor can there be a doubt that historically it has been the mainstay of spiritual freedom, in spite of its alliance from time to time with state-craft and king-craft, with absolute power and conservatism like Prince Metternich's. When Gregory VII. broke the arm of the feudal tyrant he made the glorious works of the Christian middle ages possible.

How glorious they were may be read in a pleasant chapter on those striking religious fragments, the hymns and sequences which, with abundance of melody and a new poetic inspiration, expressed men's thoughts of this world and the next, whilst the cathedrals of Christendom were eternalizing those same thoughts in outward forms of dim, mysterious beauty. Much has been written, by Châteaubriand, Digby, Montalembert, and Ruskin (to quote only these), upon the miracles of architecture and painting for which we are indebted to mediæval genius. There was no need to say over again what had been so eloquently uttered. And Mr. Lilly has contented himself with pointing out the ideas which ruled Christian artists, the true meaning of that supernatural vision in whose light they lived. He draws a sharp contrast, in purpose and contents, between paganism and that worship of saints and angels which some, in their contempt, have called the Christian mythology, charging it with setting up again, under false names, the idols of heathendom. But the writer insists that paganism only brought the invisible world into this and materialized the unseen; whereas Christian symbols did the very opposite—they projected this world into the next and made all things spiritual. There were, in the middle ages, puerile fables, ludicrous and idle superstitions, many of which, he might have added, survive to this day; but through all obstruction "the idea of the Infinite God revealed in the Word made flesh" shone forth undimmed. Religion created art and literature; it encouraged science and made a divine marriage between heaven and earth. The age of Dante, Nicola Pisano, and Roger Bacon may well be called a Renaissance. And this creative and original movement, our author is bold to affirm, reached its perfection, not without many hindrances and thwartings from cross-currents of war, pestilence, and religious frenzy, in the splendid achievements of Michael Angelo.

The Renaissance—when was it? What was it? Have we any concern in it, or may we pass the whole question by, as Mr. Carlyle did, with an imprecation on the fine arts? It does credit to the author's sagacity that, in looking over a wide field, he has seized the key of the position. All controversies, at the

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present day, are resolving themselves into one great question, as simple as it is profound. A new heresy, it has been remarked, is impossible; and the inference often drawn is, not that Christian dogma has proved unassailable, but that Christianity itself is dying. May we not affirm rather that men grasp the issues of an argument more plainly than they were wont; that they perceive identity where their forefathers, deceived by outward shows, could but feel difference? The question, after all, must come to this: What is at the root of things? Is it matter or more than matter? Shall we account the spirit to be supreme, or, casting the spirit aside, worship only that uttermost refinement of visible beauty—the flesh? Now, it is demonstrable that the Renaissance of the thirteenth century answered this question in one way and the Renaissance of the fifteenth in another. Dante saw the divine presence everywhere; he sang of life as a pilgrimage towards God. But the so-called Humanists believed in no God, and dwelt among forms of sensuous loveliness, to which they gave only as much significance as might an old Greek sculptor, far less than Plato has attempted in the *Symposium*. True disciples of Plato these men were not, but only of the vulgar caricature of Epicurus, which they mistook for the real man. Their philosophy was that of the five senses. And thus, indeed, they may be considered as marking an era, for their influence, streaming through a hundred channels, has broadened out through the centuries, and what they foreshadowed seems to be in way of realization. M. Michelet styles the Renaissance "an amiable word," and measures it by the names of Columbus, Copernicus, and Galileo; it was a time, he says, when man discovered himself. In like manner Mr. Symonds. The Renaissance, he writes, was a "new birth to liberty—the spirit of mankind recovering consciousness and the power of self-determination, recognizing the beauty of the outer world and of the body through art, liberating the reason in science and the conscience in religion, restoring culture to the intelligence, and establishing the principle of political freedom." Such astounding consequences had the introduction of Greek letters into the West. It made all things new, if we are to believe Mr. Symonds. But at this point our author takes up the challenge. In dealing with it he is certainly original; and one critic, I observe, has spoken of him as indulging in subtlety and paradox. The reader may be interested to know the grounds of such an accusation. Plausible I allow it to be, but is it well founded?

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Mr. Lilly is convinced that between the Renaissance and the Christian faith no friendship is possible; they are enemies one of another. The Renaissance brought back paganism in its deadliest form; it undid the work of centuries, denied the Gospel, scoffed at self-restraint and ascetic rule, gave man up to his shameful desires, broke the sovereignty of the spirit which the servants of Christ had striven to establish, and, by encouraging license and lust, paved the way, through the destruction of Christian manliness, for those despotic monarchies which grew with the growth of the new learning. How, then, was it a new birth to liberty? On the other hand, mediæval Christendom, as represented by the church, shows a steady advance towards more and more freedom; and it is no small part of the author's contention that popular institutions are the inheritance bequeathed by their Catholic ancestors to the English-speaking races. But here our difficulty begins.

Who is the pope of the Renaissance? Leo X., as we shall all agree. Did he perceive its anti-Christian character? Not in the least. Out of compliment to him this pagan era is called the age of Leo. Who are the monarchs that embody its political wisdom? Such despotic kings as Philip II. and Louis XIV., to the latter of whom a chapter is devoted in these volumes, expressly on the ground that he is the typical prince exalted by Renaissance politicians? But when we ask for the defenders of the old Christian liberty, we are shown the Jesuits, I grant, to whom a high tribute is paid, but likewise William of Orange, the Whigs of the eighteenth century, Edmund Burke, and Wesley. Thus it would appear that Catholics were with the Renaissance in its assault upon freedom, and that, had it not been for the efforts of Protestant Englishmen and Dutchmen, liberty would have expired under the universal empire of a French or Spanish despot. How can we talk of the Revolution of 1688 as illustrating Catholic principles, when its aim was to prevent the restoration of the Catholic faith, and its prime mover was a Dutch Calvinist? If Louis XIV., again, was no Christian, but the very head and front of revived paganism, what are we to think of the popes that tolerated him, and of the church that anointed and crowned him as its Eldest Son? The strength of the objection lies in the facts, which are undeniable; its weakness, I imagine, is due to the not uncommon fallacy of Protestants, who suppose in the church a kind of prophetic office to which she has never laid claim. And though Mr. Lilly does not in set terms reply to a criticism which perhaps he hardly anticipated, there are the elements of a suffi-

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cient answer scattered through the hundred and more pages that he gives to the Renaissance. It may be summed up in a sentence: Christian principles undoubtedly carry with them liberty of conscience and are the true condition of a genuine spiritual progress, but it does not follow that the official heads of Christendom rightly interpret, at all times, the bearing of such principles on the concrete movements with which they have to deal. Leo X. did not err in condemning Luther, yet who will say he was not an unworthy pope? But Catholic tradition remained what it had been, although defiled and dishonored in its chief representative. So, too, did the tradition of Catholic freedom even when Philip II. was on the throne; for is it not the age of the Jesuit theologians, who have been called, not untruly, precursors of constitutional Whiggism? If we are seeking for the best exponent of what the Catholic system is in politics, we shall not turn to Bossuet, nor any absolutist champion, but to Suarez, the man to whom James I.'s doctrines of divine right and passive obedience seemed an outrage on philosophy and religion. Nor ought we to forget the bitter quarrels which divided Louis XIV. from more than one pope—from Alexander VII., Clement X., and Innocent XI.—and which nearly led him to set up, in imitation of the Church of England, a Gallican Establishment with passive obedience for its chief article of faith. Had the Catholic religion stood in a connection of principle with the Renaissance, had Leo X. been an ideal pope or Louis XIV. the pattern of a Catholic king, to associate the one movement with the other and oppose them both to freedom would be a warrantable proceeding. But Renaissance popes and monarchs were a corruption, not a development, of the mediæval principle; for, in this matter, to be mediæval is to be simply Christian. What Mr. Lilly writes of the tenth century applies with equal force to the long years of decadence which lay between the outbreak of Lutheranism and the French Revolution: "The church is in the world, and it is impossible for her, in any age, to escape the influence of contemporary events and institutions." If we grant that petty feudal tyrants all but made the chair of Peter a family appanage; if there is any truth in the strong words with which Bruno paints the condition of things when Leo IX. was elected in 1048 and *Simon Magus possidebat Ecclesiam*, we must not overlook the power of recovery which, in its appointed season, the church displayed, new-moulding herself, so to speak, from within. So is it coming to pass now, very slowly, yet not imperceptibly, as the Catholic religion unbinds one by one the links that keep her en-

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tangled among Renaissance institutions, or what is called the *ancien régime.* She has survived it by virtue of the divine germ within her, in spite of disastrous blunders on the part of men in high places, who could not see the drift of "contemporary events" and had a deep interest in upholding abuses which every Christian principle condemned. But as he would have gone utterly wrong who, in the tenth century, should have identified the church with feudalism, seeing that, in course of time and by the action of her own spiritual principles, the church was destined to overthrow feudalism, so do they mistake now to whom such a passing alliance as that of the Holy See with absolute monarchies, when all Europe was monarchical and absolutist, serves as proof that liberty and Catholicism are opposed. They look upon that as essential which at no time was more than an accident. True it is that the Roman Church holds up an ideal to liberty and insists that it was given for a rational purpose—not for the ruin but for the perfecting of mankind in every good. May we not allow so much, yet keep ourselves clean from absolutism? Or is anarchy the condition of progress? One thing, at all events, is clear: Had the principles of the Renaissance coincided with those of the Catholic Church, it would have become less and less possible, as time went on, to separate them. But they are separated; they have gone asunder. Mr. Lilly proves, all through his second volume, that by sure degrees the Renaissance, which, at its beginning, favored state despotism embodied in the king, developed by and by into the French Revolution with its cardinal doctrine of state despotism embodied in the people. When Mr. Symonds dilates on the spirit of mankind recovering the power of self-determination, one would like to ask him whether, when the state is everything, individuals can be anything? I do not mean that a crude political movement like the French Revolution exhausts or adequately fulfils the idea out of which the Renaissance came. But, taken on a large scale, as it appears in history, the freedom bestowed by the new learning was, in politics, merely that reign of lawlessness which follows on the downfall of long-standing institutions. It was not creative, for it did not frame a polity wherein free individuals might live side by side; nay, it put upon individuals a yoke of iron. We have but to open our eyes and we shall see in modern France that yoke pressing heavily on the necks of a whole nation. There is equality, I dare say, but there is no freedom. Why, let me ask, if the Catholic Church is one with the Renaissance, does she protest her keen dissatisfaction when these

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things are done? Why is she content and flourishing in free countries? Surely the answer must be, in one shape or other, that which is suggested by Mr. Lilly. The idea of the Renaissance is materialism, and wherever that idea rules freedom perishes for want of light and room. But the Christian religion is founded on man's spiritual nature; it begins by condemning materialism as unutterably false; and if man is a spirit he is free. Therefore does the church come forward as an enemy to absolute power, in whatever form of constitution it may hide itself. Her very existence, like that of all great voluntary associations, is a safeguard against state omnipotence. At the present day she is engaged in defending the rights of minorities, whether in the British Empire, in Germany, or in Austria, whose religion, language, and national character have been threatened by an all-absorbing central authority. Nor to the clear observer can it ever have seemed doubtful that Rome would as stubbornly have resisted the claims to unqualified allegiance of a seventeenth-century Napoleon as she did those of the *Aquila rapax* when he spread his wings over Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth. Let it be proved, therefore, that the Renaissance implies despotism and the ruin of individual genius, and we may be certain that the endemic traditions of the Papacy are irreconcilable with its principles and aims. Such a proof, I think, is furnished in these volumes, and it will repay the most serious consideration.

History does not deal in paradox, yet "nothing happens but the unexpected." There were good reasons, to the philosophic eye, for that curious change of weapons—the Catholic borrowing his sword from absolutism, and the English Protestant taking up that which had fallen from the hands of mediæval liberty—when Louis XIV. and William of Orange fought out their struggle. Noteworthy it is that the pope of the day earnestly favored William and looked askance at the *Grand Monarque;* he divined on which side the interests of Catholicism would ultimately be safe. And now the issues are patent.

Our author, succeeding to the chair of historical interpretation which has been filled by Guizot, Balmez, and Cardinal Hergenröther, demonstrates with a multitude of facts the vital connection between ecclesiastical and civil freedom on the one hand, as between Renaissance principles and the world which has sprung out of the French Revolution, on the other. Catholics must bitterly rue the want of heroism which for a season allowed their cause to seem part and parcel of the doomed *régime* by which, in its day of pride, the church had been humbled to the

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dust. But that is over. We may have many things to endure yet; one disgrace it is likely we shall be spared, as men come to understand the forces at this time arrayed in battle: it will not be said of us that we render unto Cæsar the things which are God's, or have basely yielded up our belief in the supremacy of conscience and our right to follow whither it leads. Let us see now what the Renaissance will make of mankind if it can have its way. Spinoza declared that "the end of the state is freedom, that man might in security develop body and soul and make free use of his reason." "Towards the attainment of this far-off end," says Mr. Lilly, "the public order has moved through countless ages." Western civilization rests upon personal freedom and private property as its necessary foundation. And these have grown up, not by any supposed contract, but in consequence largely of the Christian principles whereby the lowest slave, from a chattel or an instrument, becomes God's servant and the equal in spiritual privileges of his fellows. But when religious liberty perished on the Continent the God-given rights of man went with it. After the French Cæsars came the French democrats. They prated of the rights of man, but they left him less of a man than ever. Rousseau, their eloquent and corrupt spokesman, did but invent a code of "Atlantic and Utopian politics which could never be drawn into use" without setting the world ablaze at its four corners. The "principles of '89" were received as the sum of political wisdom, and in them, if ever, the Renaissance appeared a "new birth of liberty." Now, we cannot insist too often, with our author, that "liberty and equality are Christian ideas"; but then Christian ideas are founded on belief in the moral order and the immortal soul of man, whereas Rousseau, in spite of his *Émile*, taught a "sublimated materialism." His disciples have become atheists, but have not ceased to carry out his political doctrine. Rivarol defined French liberty as the right to restrict the liberties of other men. M. Gambetta cried out on a memorable occasion that liberty is "one of the prerogatives of power." And it has been the constant teaching of the Jacobins that the will of the majority is the rule of right, that to dissent from it is a crime, and that the unpardonable sin against society is "individualism"—in other words, the development or exercise of personal freedom. Their logic does not stop here. It goes into detail, revolutionizes the law, sets a ransom on property and then confiscates it for the good of the state; from the rights of man it deduces Socialism, Communism, Nihilism—systems of which our author forcibly observes that,

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under pretence of abolishing the slavery of labor, they make all men slaves alike. Rousseau laid even art and science under a ban; for how could all be equal when genius was allowed free play? And thus we arrive at "the triumph of materialism in the public order." Heralded by poets in the sixteenth century, by despotic monarchs, philosophers, and politicians in the seventeenth and eighteenth, the new gospel has been since proclaimed amid the roar of cannon and the crash of falling thrones. What does it announce? That "force is the measure of truth, success the test of right, and personal interest the law of action." For while the modern state is in itself but a dead idol, its worshippers and servants make of it a deity to serve their turn; the people are compelled to set out its table with food which, when the temple doors are shut, is devoured by the new priests and their dependants. Modern society is a "conflict of self-seeking, where force guided by craft wins the day." Wholly to crush the individual, even in France or Russia, is impossible; and what we see before our eyes may be described in brief as the struggle of mediocrities to grasp supreme power, which, while it professes to be exercised for the good of all, is in reality the milch-cow of any man that can keep a firm hold of it.

But worse remains behind. The life of a nation does not consist in politics; it is moral and domestic, the home-religion of every day. Unhappily there is too much reason for believing that as men have discarded Christian sentiments they have not risen to some supposed higher level, but are sinking down into the slough from which apostles and martyrs rescued them. Whatever is true, materialism must be false. But when God is denied man becomes a brute. "The human Ego was all that the French Revolution left," says Balzac. Yes, but what kind of Ego? Not a spirit incarnate in the flesh, conscious of the moral law, though tempted to break from it, but the cunningest beast of the field, with brain, heart, and hands devoted to self-enjoyment. The writer of these volumes, when he has viewed the past, feels it indispensable that we should steadily contemplate the present as seen from this vantage-ground. He finds its chronicler where the common man would not look for him, in the novelist of genius whose fifty volumes unroll before us the panorama of French society, Parisian and provincial—I mean Balzac. It is an admirable thought. Sainte-Beuve, who had studied literature in every aspect, described that strange intellect as "the most original, appropriate, and penetrating historian" of the civilization in which all educated men, French or foreign, have a share,

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and to the influence of which we are all subject. The *Comédie Humaine* comes very near to being the epic of the nineteenth century: "A sombre and terrible picture; what there is in it of goodness and truth, of religion and virtue, but serving to make more visible the surrounding darkness." Again: "It exhibits a society which has got quit of the ideas of man's free-will and moral responsibility, and has decided, in reversal of St. Augustine's dictum, that life is *voluptatis tempus, non sanitatis;* a society which, putting aside religion as a fable and purity as a disease—'a new malady brought into the world by Christ'—works out the logic of the passions to its monstrous conclusion, believing in the gratification of the senses, and regretting it when it is gone, but with no other beliefs or regrets, and dominated by that principle of self, of which money is the visible emanation." We are living among the "fragments of a broken world"; and Balzac throws upon his dreadful canvas the image of Chaos, the vast shipwreck of all truth and all virtue. Lamennais had described as a "complete numbness of the moral faculties" that indifference not only to historic religions but to the ideal in every shape which he held to be the prevailing temper of France in his time. Alfred de Musset, in his *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, tells a like tale, though brought up so differently from Lamennais. "The principle of death," he exclaims, "had descended from the region of the intellect to the very depths of our being. We had not even enthusiasm for evil." Nay, the force of Balzac's testimony is heightened by the melancholy fact that he was a part of the tragi-comedy in describing which he spared neither life nor labor. He felt the greatness of Catholicism: "It attracts, it subdues him as a consummate work of art, as a profound system of policy, as a vast engine of moral power." But, living in a time when all things are founded on scepticism, he could but attain to sentimentality, which is "the despair of matter that cannot suffice for itself"; of religious faith, the vision and the faculty divine, he knew chiefly by hearsay. Mr. Lilly passes the severest censure upon him when he remarks: "It is difficult to suppose that any man who had felt the power of a religion, the main notes of which are purity and charity, could have written the *Comédie Humaine.*" It may be the loudest sermon ever preached on contempt of the world; but, whilst we listen, the legend comes into our mind of Lucifer in a monk's garb discoursing from the pulpit of justice and judgment and heaven lost. As the story says, he could but terrify, and there was no exhortation to penance in his despairing words. Balzac dis-

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passionately unfolds the record of an age whose only religion is supplied by M. Comte—an age "deafened with assertions of the dignity of man as a rational being apart from theological dogmas." It is like reading the chronicles of the everlasting abyss, where no light comes and Death is lord and master. In that great deep Balzac spent many days. And the world seems to be swiftly descending into it. First the aristocracy of old France, yielding to Voltairean unbelief, has disappeared; the middle classes, their patriotism eaten out by greed, have made haste to follow; and now we may lay our account, in more than one country, with "a proletariat unversed in sentiment, having no God but envy, no fanaticism but the despair brought on by hunger, neither faith nor loyalty," as it marches forward to set its foot on the heart of nations and trample them into barbarism. Those who were materialists yesterday are Nihilists to-day. Each of them seems to have received Timon's message:

> "Make large confusion, and, thy fury spent,
> Confounded be thyself."

And must this be the lame and impotent conclusion of the world's history? Who, with the feelings of a man, can believe it? Redemption is always possible. "Tout est rachetable," says Balzac himself; "le catholicisme est dans cette parole." It would not have been worth while to survey mankind in its length and breadth, as our author has done, if the last word were abandonment of hope. Far better than that would be silence and to refrain from questions, advised by the terrific oracle of Œdipus: "Mayst thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art." Cloudy as the prospect seems, I hold with Mr. Lilly, in his profound philosophical introduction, that it becomes us to look forward and work as towards a nobler time. The course of human events has not been left to irrational chance or blind fate. Christianity itself is a "transcendent theory of progress"; Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Freethinkers, Pantheists and Positivists, all, in some way, confess that the law of our being is evolution. History may still, in the blaze of scientific knowledge, be viewed "as a vast expiation of some aboriginal fault." But if an expiation, there is hope. Progress, says the author finely, is the inward sense of the magnificent myth of Prometheus. Calling to our aid those ethical truths which rest upon "the intuitions of the practical reason," we shall discern in the drama of history a present God. For evolution, when it touches man, becomes the law of virtue under which we were all born. The elements of

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civilization are chiefly moral, and intellect is but its instrument. Moreover, if it be granted to Mr. Carlyle that "universal history —the history of what man has accomplished in this world—is, at bottom, the history of the great men who have worked here," we must go on to observe that men are great only so far as they work by the light within them which comes from on high, from the Father of Lights. What are the names which mark epochs for humanity but those of men to whom it owes "ethical conceptions at once enlarged and imperative"? Confucius, Gotama, Socrates, Mohammed were apostles of the moral law; but they were also—and we cannot wonder at it—in a high sense restorers of religion. For religion is essential to morality, and these are but two aspects, which must be combined if we are to compass God's full revelation. On this momentous point our author is emphatic. He appeals to experience as verifying a noble sentence of Kant's, that "without a God and a world invisible to us now, but hoped for, the glorious ideas of morality are, indeed, objects of admiration, but cannot be the springs of purpose and action." Grant this, and the controversy of the age is decided.

We must take man as we find him—a social being even where morality and religion are in question, never alone, because he can never escape from that human nature which makes all akin. He lives by admiration, hope, and love. But who is to teach the ordinary commonplace mortal what he shall admire and whereunto his hope and love shall tend? He cannot teach himself. History says he has never done so; experience painfully brings it home to us that he does not at this moment, for all his loud speech and clamoring after franchises, dream of doing so. The pattern must be given him. Some great idea, not his own, must form the spiritual atmosphere in which he breathes, and by which unconsciously his moral being lives. We come back at last to authority, the grace and truth, the magic influence of a grander life than our own, expressing in deed and word the law eternal, the unseen righteousness, the mercy and wisdom which in no other way can we bring close to ourselves. Remark, indeed, that only a passionate loyalty, a living, not a dead, faith, will save us in this or any world. When I say authority I am far from meaning a cold legal attitude as of one commanding under penalties or a submission to formulas "from the teeth outwards." They are the children of God, enlightened by a moral and religious ideal, who receive of his Spirit. To walk humbly with any great teacher—great, I mean, in his perception of the realities of things—is, in a certain degree, to exchange darkness for

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light. But there is only One such who is great enough for mankind. Others may have brought a message to their race, their age, to this or that epoch of civilization. Can we doubt, however, as European thought makes the round of the world and absorbs into itself the philosophies or overthrows the institutions under which the various families of man have grown up, that Jesus of Nazareth will more and more be manifest as the greatest, the most miraculous personality of all time? M. Renan, whose witness will not be suspected, has said that each of us is indebted to Christ for the best that is in him. Unbelief is making rapid advance; but, even so, modern civilization, whilst disowning the ancient faith, can discover no principle of stability outside it. As nation after nation passes under the influence of our scientific knowledge, our literatures classic and modern, our laws and liberties, the eyes of all cannot fail to be lifted, as by an irresistible attraction, to that great figure of the Crucified which hangs like a healing sign, as of death unto life, over the centuries of Christendom. It is self-renunciation idealized, disdain of the world carried to a transcendent height. And nevertheless it remains the true, the only renaissance. Men that gave up all things created a rich and varied civilization, set on foot the largest democratic movement ever seen, breathed into the arts a heavenly life, and so surely established public order on individual freedom that to-day whatever liberty exists among us may be traced to them. Now, when we are called upon in the name of progress to abjure Christianity and take to our hearts the New Paganism, there can be no duty so imperative as that of comparing these two ideals in the light of what they promise and what they have performed. Which of them carries mankind upwards, subduing him ever more to the noblest influences? That is the question. To me, as I close these admirably conceived volumes, it appears that the verdict cannot be doubtful. In the Sermon on the Mount are principles of infinite progress; and if we live by them our social problems will become the stepping-stones to a civilization more human, just, and spiritual than we have yet seen. But if we desire the return of anarchy, the downfall of our most cherished institutions, and every man's hand turned against his brother, the way is open: we need only cease to be old Christians and become new pagans. The Renaissance, for all its seductive promise, "makes an end—an end of all."

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AVIGNON, AND THE PROCESSIONS OF THE GRAY PENITENTS.

THE traveller approaching Avignon from the south is struck by the grandeur of its situation. He sees it from a great distance, on the side of a mount that springs suddenly up from the plain, with numerous steeples and towers, a battlemented wall of feudal aspect around it, beautifully colored by time, and over all —above all—the cathedral of Notre Dame des Doms on its rocky height, and beside it the immense palace of the popes, the Vatican of Avignon, still grand and imposing in the distance as the Papacy itself. This city is now a wreck of past magnificence, though once full of monuments of Christian art. But it is still beautiful and picturesque, and nothing can divest it of its deeply interesting associations. One can never see it without singular emotion—inferior, indeed, but with something of the feeling one has at beholding Rome itself. It is the moral power of the Papacy that imparts such a profound and undying interest to the place. Its celebrity, of course, is wholly due to its temporary occupation by the popes—a melancholy era for the church, but by no means melancholy for Avignon itself, for under the mild papal rule it became wealthy, prosperous, and so happy that it acquired the enviable name of the joyous city, as testified by the songs and ballads of the people, as well as by many able writers of the province.

"Those who did not see Avignon in the days of the popes never saw anything," says M. Daudet. "For gayety, life, animation, and festivities there never was such a place. From morning till night there were processions and pilgrimages, streets strewn with flowers, *tapisseries de haute lisse*,* the arrival of cardinals by the Rhone with galleys streaming and banners flying, the pope's soldiers chanting their Latin on the public squares, the mendicant friars with their rattles, and from top to bottom of the houses that swarmed around the papal palace there was the click of the lace-makers, the flying of shuttles weaving the gold of the chasubles, the little hammers of the cruet carvers,† the tuning of sounding-boards, the songs of warping-women; and above all this the ringing of bells, and always a few drums beating on the bridge. For, with us, when the people are happy they must

* *Tapisserie de haute lisse* was intended to drape high walls from top to bottom, representing people of at least life-size.

† The sacred cruets for the Mass, now generally of crystal, were at that period of gold and silver artistically wrought.

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dance, and, the streets being too narrow for the farandole, fifes and drums were posted on the Avignon bridge, and day and night they danced in the fresh air from the Rhone.* Ah, happy days! happy city! Days of halberds that did not cut, and prisons used for storing wine! No famine! No war! This is how Avignon popes understood governing their people. This is why their people so sorely regretted them."†

One's first impulse on arriving at the city is to visit the papal palace. At least it was ours, and we did not resist it. Leaving the Hôtel de l'Europe, we stopped for an instant before the bronze statue of the *brave* Crillon, whose tomb is in the cathedral, and crossed over to the Rue Pétrarque, ascending which we soon found ourselves at the foot of the palace. Here we paused to look at the exterior and recount the names of the seven popes who dwelt here in the days when Christ, in the person of his Vicar, became once more, as it were, the guest of Martha of Bethany. For Avignon, as well as Tarascon, is the city of St. Martha, who was the first apostle of this whole region, and, according to tradition, lived for a time in a cave of the Rocher des Doms. It was Pope John XXII. who laid the first stone of this edifice—lofty and grand as his own nature—and built the tower of St. John. Three other popes continued the work. Innocent VI. built the chapel, and the tower of St. Lawrence. Urban V. added the tower of the Angels, and had the interior decorated by Simone Memmi, the pupil of Giotto and the friend of Petrarch and Laura, whose portraits he painted on the walls under the guise of St. George and the princess rescued from the dragon. But this palace has been too often described to need any further account, and, indeed, the contrast between its past splendor and high office in the days of the popes and its present state of degradation as a barrack is too melancholy to be dwelt upon.‡ We turned away with a profound act of faith, and went to Notre Dame des Doms, which is close at hand. The ascent to this church, constructed by

* It is a common saying at this day that *tout le monde danse sur le pont d'Avignon*, but this is generally supposed to refer to the power of the winds down the Rhone valley.

† *Lettres de mon Moulin.* Par M. Alphonse Daudet. Avignon has never forgotten the brilliant period of the Papacy. The municipal council of December 2, 1848, offered an asylum to Pope Pius IX., of blessed memory, when forced to abandon Rome.

‡ Not to have the appearance of passing over one of the chief points of interest with many visitors, it may be well to repeat, useless as it will be to those who are never convinced against their will, that the immense funnel-shaped room in the papal palace, which so many travellers speak of with horror as the "chamber of torture" in the time of the Inquisition, and so devised in order to stifle the cries of its victims, has been proved beyond all doubt to be—oh, what a fall is here, my countrymen!—a mere kitchen. The Inquisition was always of the mildest character at Avignon, as at Rome. Even President des Brosses acknowledges it had nothing to do here—"*point de pratique*" is his expression.

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Cardinal de Foix in the fifteenth century, once had as many stone steps as the Pater Noster has words, which number was respected in the various reparations till 1848, when five more steps were added. On the broad terrace before the church, overlooking the whole city, is an imposing Calvary with an immense cross—a pallid Christ on it, and a Virgin at the foot. In the night-time, when the gas is lighted close by, the sight of the pale Victim with outstretched arms, and the white angels hovering above, gleaming through the darkness, is very startling and impressive as seen from the streets below. We could not help wondering if anybody is ever hardened enough to sin in the presence of so awful a witness!

Notre Dame des Doms, like all the churches at Avignon, has a special history of its own, interesting not only for its records of the papal period, but for traditions extending back to the very first ages of Christianity, and many delightful legends of the saints that are celebrated throughout Provence. St. Martha's cave was in the side of the rock on which it is built. St. Ruf, son of Simon the Cyrenean, was its first bishop. Here stood the shrines of several saints. Three, at least, were canonized here. And numberless saints have prayed before its ancient altars. St. Andrew Corsini restored sight to a blind man in the porch. Four popes were crowned within its walls, and here three were buried. Besides the seven popes of Avignon, Urban II., Gelasius II., and Calixtus II. here celebrated the holy mysteries. Anastasius IV. and Adrian IV. were canons of its chapter before their elevation to St. Peter's chair. And Alexander III. here consecrated St. Anthelme bishop of Belley. And numerous sovereigns have come here to worship—the Emperor Charles IV. and Duke Amadeus of Savoy, Charles le Bel and three others of the name, Francis I., Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, and Louis le Grand, besides many others.

Imposing as this church is exteriorly, it is surprisingly small within—far too small for the grander offices of a cathedral. This doubtless accounts for the removal of the beautiful monument of Pope John XXII. to the sacristy. A marble effigy of this great pope lies on his tomb, overhung by a rich canopy, the pinnacles of which rise to the very arch. It represents him as short in person, but his face, with its bold features, is indicative of his eminent qualities. He was a man of genius and great administrative ability, and a lover of literature and the sciences, as well as a most devout priest. He systematized the canon law, the great source of the liberal codes of modern times, and gave a definite

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form to the tribunal of the Rota, the model from which sprang our Courts of Appeal. He contributed greatly to the prosperity of Avignon, and gave a higher tone to its piety and greater splendor to its religious festivals. It was in this church he canonized St. Thomas of Hereford, Lord-Chancellor of England—the last Englishman placed on the altars of the church—which was done at the earnest request of two kings, sixteen bishops, eleven earls, and many lords and ladies of various degrees. But that was in the year of grace 1320.

The ridge on which the church stands rises to its greatest height just beyond, and is known as the Rocher des Doms. It is an enormous mass of calcareous stone, that rises precipitously up from the banks of the Rhone, forcing it to turn out of its course and make a deep bend.

> "Stately is the Rhone's march and very strong,
> But even he must bend at Avignon
> His haughty head to Notre Dame des Doms!"*

There is a tradition that this river at some remote age forced its way through the centre of the mountain, leaving the Montagne Andaon on the opposite shore. On the Rocher des Doms the Emperor Augustus is said to have raised a temple to the mighty north wind—and not without some reason; for one feels, before venturing to ascend to the verge of this bleak rock, the need of appeasing the proverbial *Avenio Ventosa* which sweeps with such force down the Rhone Valley. And a brilliant sun is likewise to be invoked, to give effect to the landscape, fiercely as it blazes on this cliff whenever it is visible. The winds and the sun seem to be two special objects of pride in this region, careful as the people are to evade their power, just as some families are proud of a characteristic but ugly feature, as the Bardolphs of their nose, and the Gradgrinds of their heavy, overhanging brow. They celebrate the mistral in song as lifting its imperial voice and sounding through the valley as if—

> "The breath of God was passing,
> Bearing to nations the benediction of the pope,"

and give quaint names to the sun, such as "Durant," because its rising and setting determine the duration of the day:

> "Durant climbed fast, as peasants say,
> Untangling, as he rose, his shining braid
> Of fire-spun tresses."

* Mistral's *Mirèio.*

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And the same charming poet just quoted thus apostrophizes the sun in his *Lou Cant dou Soulieu :*

"Mighty sun of our Provence,
Gay the Mistral's boon-fellow,
Thou that drainest the Durance
Like a draught of wine of Crau;
Thou that scorchest like a flame,
Yet, ere quite the summer pale,
Like a god's these shout thy name,
Arles, Avignon, and Marseille."*

Happily for us, this *Beu Soulieu* is not rare in the early summer-time, and the view from the Rocher under a cloudless sky is one of unparalleled beauty. The strange coloring of the Provençal landscape needs the sun to counteract the aspect of melancholy and desolation imparted by the bleached limestone rocks and the pale verdure of its olives and almond-trees. Directly beneath is the impetuous Rhone, which, with two mighty arms, encircles the isle of Barthelasse, where a tournament was once held in honor of King John, but now, bordered by pale poplars and willows, and crossed by alleys of shade-trees, has become a popular promenade. On the further shore is Mt. Andaon, surmounted by the ruined towers of St. André, looking like the towers of some old romance, remnant of the fortifications that defended the ancient frontier of France; and beside them is a fragment of the abbey built over the cave where the beautiful St. Casarie of Zaragoza once found refuge from the Saracens. Just below is Villeneuve, with the desecrated remains of the Chartreuse, known in better days as the Valley of Benediction, where Pope Innocent VI. once lived, and where he found a tomb—at least for a time, for his monument has been removed to the neighboring hospital, where it is as much out of place as that of John XXII. is in the sacristy of the Doms.

Across the wide champaign south of Avignon hurries the Durance—the *inapprivoisable et farouche* Durance—eager to join the Rhone. The whole valley is irrigated by canals, and dotted with villas and hamlets, gardens and plantations of the olive, the almond, and the white mulberry-tree. And there are long lines of poplars and willows, and the beautiful white birch, streaming across the plain like long, stately processions to the papal city. On the slopes of the low hills that bound it are the vineyards that yield the rich wine of Avignon, which Longfellow says is worthy of Redi's lines:

* Mistral. Miss Preston's translation.

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"Benedetto
Quel claretto
Che si spilla in Avignone."*

At the north is Mount Ventoux, steep and isolated, the throne of the mistral, which among the Gauls was the object of a genuine *cultus* under the name of Kirk, or Circius; and it was from them the Romans learned to divinize this potent and mysterious wind. The beeches and pines which darkened its sides in Petrarch's time are now mostly gone, but its summit is still covered with snow more than half the year.

Here and there in the landscape is an ancient watch-tower, a keep of the Knights Templars, or some storied castle like the Château Renard with its twin towers, celebrated in *Nerto*, and in the distance are the Alps in one direction and the Cevennes in the other.

The evening mists now began to gather in the valley, which, refracting the rays of the declining sun, produced a beautiful effect that was every moment changing. The top of Mount Ventoux was likewise constantly varying its hue, from purest white to the loveliest tints of rose, and violet, and pearl. And the level beams streaming through the broken arches of St. Benezet's bridge, which once connected Avignon with Villeneuve, stained the waters beneath with richest hues of crimson and gold. Then the cathedral bell sounded the Angelus to mark the expiring day with prayer, and its peal was echoed by every tower in the city, producing a most harmonious effect as the combined notes came up through the evening mists.

Avignon has always been famous for its bells as well as its winds. It was the *Isle Sonnante* of Rabelais, and in its palmy days had three hundred bells that were always ringing the offices of the church, giving a special character to the place.

"Avignon was a joyous city,
A joyous town with many a steeple,
Towers and tourelles, roofs and turrets,
Sheltering a merry people;
In each tower the bells, of silver,
Bronze, or iron, swayed so proudly,
Tolling deep and singing cheerly,
Beating fast and beating loudly.
. . . . . .

* Thus rendered rather freely by Leigh Hunt:

"God's my life, what glorious claret!
Blessed be the ground that bare it!
'Tis Avignon. Don't say a flask of it;
Into my soul I pour a cask of it!"

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"All day long the dancing sextons
Dragged at bell-ropes, rising, falling;
Clanging bells, inquiring, answering,
From the towers were ever calling.
. . . . . .

"Nights and nights across the river,
Through the darkness starry-dotted,
Far across the bridge so stately,
Now by lichens blurred and blotted,
Came that floating, mournful music,
As from bands of angels flying,
With the loud blasts of the tempest
Still victoriously vying.
. . . . . .

"Hence it was that in past ages,
When 'mid war those sounds seemed sweeter,
La Ville Sonnante people called it,
City sacred to Saint Peter." *

The bell-ringers, too, of Avignon have been noted for their proficiency, and in many instances the bells have become genuine instruments of music in their hands, so skilful are they in evoking and modulating the tones, and giving them such expression and airy harmony as to awaken the liveliest emotion. In these days the *sonneur* of St. Didier is almost an artist in his profession, and has been celebrated by M. Roumanille in his *Campano Mountado.* These ringers in several cases have had almost a personal affection for their bells, as if they were sentient beings. An old ringer of St. Agricol, for instance, is said to have gone up to his bell every evening to kiss it and bestow on it a thousand terms of endearment before setting it in motion for the Angelus. And when the bell of the Pénitents Blancs was on one occasion interdicted, the brother who generally rang it—a peasant endowed with unusual sensibility—ascended the tower, and, leaning against his beloved bell, gave vent to his grief in wailing and loud sobs, which, reverberated by the sonorous metal, were heard all over the city and far across the plain. And there he died, heart-broken, still clinging to his bell.

The most famous of the ancient bells of Avignon was the silver bell at the cathedral, noted in legend and song, that rang out of itself to announce the death of a pope, and on such occasions tolled without ceasing for the space of four-and-twenty hours.

* Walter Thornbury.

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"Then pealed the note of a silver bell,
And the great city her breath did draw
Quick, and the gunners paused in awe,
Waiting some portent; for they know
The silver bell sends never so
From that high tower its single tone
Save when a pope ascends the throne,
Or haply when Death calls for him." *

These bells have always added greatly to the solemnity of the religious festivals which are celebrated at Avignon with unusual pomp, especially the processions of Corpus Christi, the Assumption, and one or two other feasts. The great number of guilds and confraternities give much brilliancy to these processions with their special ensigns and banners and garb. Several of these have survived the Revolution, such as the confraternity of the Sainte Ceinture at the Augustinians, the Rosary at the Dominicans, the Sept Douleurs at the Observantins, and Notre Dame de l'Aumône at the hospital. And there are still four orders of Penitents—the Pénitents Gris, of which further mention will be made; the Pénitents Blancs, founded by thirteen prominent citizens in 1523, and affiliated to the Dominicans—an order so admired by Henry III. that he not only became a member, but introduced them at Paris and took part in their processions; the Pénitents Noirs, founded in 1586 by a military officer for works of benevolence, and long had the privilege of reprieving a criminal on the day of the Beheading of St. John the Baptist; and the order of the Perpetual Veneration at the cathedral, the members of which succeed each other in constant devotion at the altar of Our Lady—the altar at which St. Vincent Ferrer sang Mass every day for ten years. In former times there were three others—the Pénitents Rouges; the Pénitents Bleus, attached to the Carmelites; and the Pénitents Violets, consecrated to the Holy Family of Nazareth—all of which had some part in the good works of the city.

Avignon is specially associated with the festival of Corpus Christi. Public processions on that day began in the time of John XXII., and the first one was formed at Notre Dame des Doms. And it was at Avignon this pope canonized St. Thomas Aquinas, who wrote the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, which embodies all the sweet devotion, the exalted piety, the rapt mysticism, and the profound faith of the middle ages. Well may he be styled the Angelic Doctor, for angels could sing no higher strain. John XXII. had a special veneration for him, and de-

* Mistral's *Calendau*.

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clared he had wrought as many miracles as he had written articles. And this pope valued so highly a copy of the *Summa* which he habitually used that he bequeathed it to the Dominicans of Avignon, ordering it to be chained in their library. It is now kept in the city museum, which, like countless other museums and galleries of Europe, contains many spoils of churches and monasteries that are sadly out of place. Among these is the large ivory crucifix of rare workmanship, admired by Canova, which formerly belonged to the Black Penitents, and was reverently kept in a niche of their church, inscribed in letters of gold: *Æterna Misericordia!* They are still allowed to carry it in public processions, and at the Fête-Dieu they go to receive it with great ceremony.

But Avignon is noted for a remarkable procession of the Blessed Sacrament that took place a century before the processions of Corpus Christi were instituted. This was in the year 1226. France was then involved in a war which was really a conflict of races—a struggle between the north and south—but which, on account of the religious element that infused additional animosity, is generally known as the Albigensian war. Favored by Count Raymond VI. of Toulouse, who was ambitious of the sovereignty of the south and therefore availed himself of their fanatical spirit, the Albigenses had greatly devastated the beautiful vineyard of the church, and now held possession of Avignon, where, as was their custom, they committed all kinds of outrages in the churches, especially against the Holy Eucharist. Louis VIII., determined to dislodge them, laid siege to the city in June, 1226, and, after a stout resistance of three months, it finally surrendered September 8. The king, by way of rendering thanks for so important a victory, and atoning for the desecration of numberless churches, ordered a general procession of the Corpus Domini on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. The bishop of Avignon bore down the Body of the Lord from the church of the Doms, and the king himself, clad in sackcloth and girded with a rope, his head bare and a torch in his hand, took part in the procession, attended by Cardinal St. Angelo, the papal legate, and the whole court, as well as the magistrates and chief men of the city, all in penitential garments. With torches, and incense, and solemn invocation they traversed the entire city and went to the small church of the Holy Cross, then without the walls, where a few devout people were in the habit of assembling every Friday in honor of the Passion. The bishop placed the Host in a stone niche at the side of the altar, and left it ex-

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posed to the veneration of the people, but veiled, after the custom of that time. The king visited the church daily during his stay in the city, and his example was followed by multitudes. This devotion induced the papal legate to authorize the continued exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and he ordered the citizens, by way of reparation for giving countenance to the excesses of the Albigenses, to visit the church every Friday for a year, and there recite the Seven Penitential Psalms. This gave rise to the order of the Gray Penitents, the oldest company of the kind in the church—the one at Rome not being established till twenty years later. They constituted a kind of bodyguard that took turns, day and night, to watch and pray before the Divine Host. They wore the sackcloth tunic to which the pious king had given consecration, and met in a body every Friday for special exercises of devotion and penance, and on account of their frequent scourgings were often called the *Battus de la Croix*. They soon became very numerous. The king declared himself their founder, and the bishop of Avignon drew up rules for their guidance.

This procession of the Blessed Sacrament was one of the last public acts of Louis VIII., and a worthy termination of his career. He died shortly after, from the effects of the campaign, and left the kingdom to St. Louis, then a mere child, under the regency of Queen Blanche, who was so called from that time on account of the white garments she put on, according to the ancient custom of the royal widows of France.

The exposition of the Host in the church of the Holy Cross, at first only intended to be temporary, was prolonged from time to time, and finally became perpetual, and has been continued to our day—that is, for 660 years—without any other interruption than that caused by the French Revolution and the First Empire —perhaps a unique instance in the annals of the church. The small edifice, thus consecrated, was given to the Gray Penitents, who were affiliated to the Cordeliers, and became the object of special favor with several popes, such as Clement V. and John XXII. Some of these were members, like Julius II., who, when Cardinal della Rovere, Archbishop of Avignon, often came here to cover his purple robes with sackcloth and humble himself before the Lord. Another member was Clement XIII., who at his death gave 5,400 livres to adorn the church and provide two candles to burn before the Blessed Sacrament every Sunday and holiday for ever. Pope Clement XIV. was also received when merely Father Lorenzo Ganganelli, general of the Franciscans, and when he died the Gray Penitents in a body attended a sol-

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emn service celebrated for him in the adjoining church of the Cordeliers—the church where the Laura sung by Petrarch was buried.

Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, was Master of the Gray Penitents in 1613, and William of Orange-Nassau in 1703–4. And in the long list of eminent members are to be found the names of such cardinals as Alexander Farnese, Flavius Orsino, Charles de Lorraine, Alexander de Talleyrand-Périgord, two of the Conti and two of the Salviati families, and generals like the brave Crillon, the Duc de Mahon (pious like his Irish ancestors), Charles de Malatesta, etc. And there are numerous bishops, diplomatists, and savants, as well as lords of high and low degree, and thousands of persons obscure in the world, but for their piety and good works great before God.

The church of the Gray Penitents is in one of the most obscure quarters of the city, but the visitor does not regret being obliged to go down the curious old Rue des Teinturiers, the name of which is indicative of the industries carried on in this neighborhood. The way lies along the canal of the Sorgue, fed by the waters of Vaucluse, which Petrarch characterizes as *chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*—clear, fresh, and sweet; as they are, indeed, when they first come forth from the bowels of the mountain, but here, where they turn so many mills, factories, and workshops, their purity is greatly sullied by the refuse, suggesting rather the sacredness of labor than the sonnets of Petrarch. Crossing a stone bridge that spans the canal, you see the low campanile of the church, half-hidden by the trees; over the doorway is sculptured a cross with two kneeling Penitents at the side, and this inscription beneath:

> "Per lignum servi facti sumus;
> Per sanctam Crucem liberati sumus"

—By a tree we were brought under the bondage of sin; by the tree of the Cross we have been freed.

A long passage lined with copies of Poussin's Seven Sacraments leads to a small rotunda, used as a chapel by the guild of Vine-dressers, which opens by an arch into a hexagonal nave, vaulted and ribbed like a cloister. Here are some good paintings by the Mignards, Parrocel, and Simon de Châlons. At the north is a transept used as a choir by the Gray Penitents, with stalls at the sides, overhung with paintings, and numerous banners left here by pilgrims. The altar is of precious marbles. Above it is a niche with the inscription, *Gloria, Laus, et Honor*—

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the device of the Penitents—in letters of gold. Here the Host is continually exposed, hung round with silver lamps and numerous votive tapers. The utter silence, the atmosphere of repose, are conducive to meditation and prayer. The sight of the Penitents, too, in their strange, austere raiment, is always impressive and admonitory, and puts to shame all worldliness of spirit. This chapel excited the enthusiasm of Benedict Joseph Labre, the life-long pilgrim, who was familiar with the most celebrated shrines of Europe.

The Penitents by no means confine themselves to exercises of devotion and penance, but take part in many good works. They visit prisoners and provide for their wants; bury those who die on the scaffold, and pray for their souls. And every Good Friday they distribute bread and money among the poor. They always enter the church with unshod feet, kiss the cross graven in the pavement at the threshold, and light three tapers, which they place around the thrice holy recess inscribed *Gloria, Laus, et Honor!*

Additional celebrity was given the church of the Gray Penitents by the miracle of the Separation of the Waters, which took place November 30, 1433, during a general inundation of the valley from the overflow of the Rhone, the Durance, and the Sorgue. This was a renewal of the miracle of the Red Sea, when the Israelites passed through on dry land, and of the Jordan before the Ark of the Covenant. The water had risen to so great a height around the church that the Penitents, fearing it might reach the niche containing the Body of the Lord, went thither in a boat, but found the waters parted, leaving a dry passage to the altar, as between two crystal walls. This was attested by twelve Penitents, three doctors of theology, and many lay persons. Cardinal Fieschi witnessed it, and the learned Théophile Raynaud speaks of it as a well-known fact. This marvellous occurrence has been celebrated in several hymns in the Latin and Provençal tongues, and at least by one epigram which is worthy of being repeated:

> "Suspendit Jordanis aquas cum permeat Arca;
> Ad te, Christe, viam pensilis unda dedit;
> Quæ quondam Domini cognoverat unda vel umbram,
> Non nosset Dominum quem videt illa suum?"

—If the waters of the Jordan paid homage to their Creator under the shadow and figure of the Ark, and rolled back at its coming, how much more, at beholding him in reality, would they not open a passage that we, O Christ, might freely come to thee!

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The Gray Penitents solemnize the anniversary of this miracle by special ceremonies. Assembling in a body in the morning, they lay aside their shoes in the vestibule, and, with their hoods drawn over their heads and a cord around their necks, they cross the church on their knees to receive the Holy Eucharist. And in the evening, before Benediction, they sing the triumphant canticle which Moses intoned after passing through the Red Sea: *Cantemus Domino: gloriosè enim magnificatus est.*

On the return of this day in 1695 Cardinal Fieschi, Archbishop of Avignon—of the family rendered for ever glorious by St. Catherine of Genoa—transported the Blessed Sacrament to a beautifully-wrought niche of ebony and silver, attended by a solemn procession of the Gray Penitents, amid the pealing of trumpets, the burning of perfumes, and the discharge of mortars. And a sermon was preached from the text: "And the priests bore the Ark of the Lord into its place, into the holy of holies, under the wings of the cherubim."

It was to commemorate this Separation of the Waters, as well as the historic procession of Louis VIII., that a Jubilee of the Gray Penitents was instituted, to take place every twenty-five years, together with a procession in which not only the members at Avignon take part, but all the companies affiliated to them throughout the south. The last one was in 1876, attracting an immense concourse, and attended with all the pomp that lights and music, incense and chanted prayer, flower-strewn streets and richly-hung walls, can effect. On these days boats and rafts may be seen at an early hour coming down the Rhone and the Durance, filled with people. Across the broad plain stream long files of Penitents from the neighboring towns, whole parishes with priests at their head, with crosses glittering, banners waving, ribbons flying; peasants in holiday dress coming in troops, laden with flowers, or boughs of verdure, or armfuls of candles; and there are deputations at the city gates to welcome the guests—everywhere enthusiasm and the cheerfulness of hearty devotion.

No church could contain the crowd that gathers on such occasions. The procession begins at the church of the Holy Cross. There are six or seven hundred Gray Penitents alone, some with great golden bâtons curiously wrought; some with tall girandoles, the branches set with burning tapers; and others with torches of all sizes, from one pound in weight up to fifty, and adorned with silver shields covered with religious devices. Mingled with them are bands of musicians, some with a peal of trumpets; in another place a score of players on the viol, or a com-

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pany skilled on the rural pipe, or some strange instrument like the Set Gau—the Seven Joys—used in many country churches of Provence, consisting of a wheel with seven bells that gaily ring out every note of the gamut:

"Et les Sept Joies au timbre clair
Carillonnaient joyeusement."*

There are white-winged choristers with clear, flute-like voices; white-robed priests chanting some angelic hymn, like the *Sacris Solemniis*, or, clad in silvery copes, bearing the rich Gremium, or carrying feretories, and coffers, and golden busts, and silver hands and arms, containing relics of the blessed saints, or beautiful statues of Our Lady and the saints popular at Avignon—such as St. Agricol, invoked in every public calamity, and St. Martha, dear to every housewife. There are dignitaries with silver maces, magistrates *en grande tenue*, Swiss guards with halberds on their shoulders, and companies of foot-soldiers and cavalry with stirring martial music. Bands of children are scattering flowers—the golden gorse, the sweet roses of Provence, roses first brought from the East by the Crusaders, leaves of the fennel, the *ferigoulo*, and other aromatic plants that grow profusely on every cliff of this region. The ways are carpeted with them and embowered with arches of verdure. There are lamps at every Madonna shrine at the corners or before the houses. The narrow, sunless streets are hung with tapestries, and gay cloths, and floating banners, and aflame with long lines of tapers, borne by the procession, looking like the aisles of some vast cathedral. The bells of the Ville Sonnante are in full peal.

In the midst of all this grandeur appears the Divine Host—O Salutaris Hostia!—borne by priests in spotless robes, with a look of awe on their faces,† attended by a band of levites, some swinging smoking censers, others with baskets of flowers they are scattering in the air. Around blaze huge torches of four wicks, bearing silver shields, on which, in *repoussé* work, is a glittering cross, the sun like emblem of the Blessed Sacrament, or the watchword of the Penitents—*Gloria, Laus, et Honor!*

Here and there on the way are *reposoirs* as beautiful as flowers and lights can make them; everywhere the church-doors are open; the convent-gates widespread, with monks kneeling at the entrance—monks now banished from their peaceful homes—or

* M. Mistral.

† One remembers Luther's sense of the Divine Presence in the procession of Corpus Christi, which was so overpowering that he almost fainted. But that was when he was a young, unsullied priest.

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abbesses at the head of their nuns or pious confraternities, to hail the coming of the Lord. There are looks and attitudes of devotion on every side. At every hand there is a fresh salute, a new outburst of music, more clouds of incense, a fresh rain of flowers, a more joyous frenzy of bells.

At length the procession winds up to the Rocher des Doms. It ascends the sacred *escalier du Pater* to the cathedral, which is once more to be divinely blessed. There in the broad portal stands the venerable archbishop, attended by the canons in their robes. The prelate lays aside his mitre and crosier at the appearance of the Host. He raises it on high. The whole city, in movement an instant before, is now silent and prostrate. A thousand lights blaze on the heights of the Doms. The *Pange, lingua* is sung by thousands of voices. There is a display of fireworks, and a salute of cannon from the ramparts, as, from the verge of this lofty terrace overlooking Avignon, the Divine Benediction is solemnly given to the kneeling crowd.

GLORIA, LAUS, ET HONOR!

THE HUMAN ENVIRONMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century Father Robert de Nobili, S.J., undertook a novel but highly successful method of converting the Brahmins of Hindostan to Christianity. We extract an account of it from Crétineau-Joly's *History of the Society of Jesus:*

"Out of hatred to the Pariahs the Brahmins rejected Christianity and the Jesuits. Nobili, who was entrusted with the Madura missions, hoped to make the Gospel acceptable if presented to the Brahmins in a form less suspicious to their pride. He made himself a Brahmin; that is to say, he assumed the manners, the language, and the costume of the Saniases or penitent Brahmins—the most honored of all the castes of Hindostan. Like them he dwelt in a turf hut and condemned himself to a life of the greatest austerity and privation. He abstained from flesh, fish, and from liquors. His head was shaved, a single tuft being left upon the crown. Wooden sandals, fastened to his feet with a peg, made walking painful to him; in place of a hat he wore a cylindrical-shaped cap of flame-colored silk; the cap was covered with a long veil falling over the shoulders; he was clad in a muslin robe, wore rich earrings, and his forehead was stained with the yellow juice of the bark of the sandal-wood. . . . A report of his learning

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and austerities began to circulate among the Brahmins, many of whom expressed a wish to hear him. Nobili at last yielded to their wishes. He opened a school, and by mingling heavenly doctrine with human learning he soon succeeded in making his auditors admire the dogmas and laws of the Christian religion."

Robert de Nobili converted nearly a hundred thousand Brahmins. In embracing Christianity they kept all that was true, and detested and abjured all that was false, in Brahminism. After De Nobili's death his apostolate fell to Blessed John de Britto, who, after a marvellously successful career, illustrated it with the purple glory of martyrdom.

The method of De Nobili must be in some degree that of all successful missionaries, especially when pleading with an intelligent people. There are no souls whose error is so universal that they are utterly devoid of truth; none so vile as to be utterly without virtue. Then the truth within them must be made co-operative with the truth without which seeks entrance; then whatever virtue a bad man practises must be made use of to lead him on to the virtues which he ought to practise. Truth is kindred to truth, and virtue to virtue. De Nobili saw that there was a powerful religious truth hidden among the Brahmins' superstitions: they cherished a vague aspiration which could find its satisfaction only in the supernatural. The Brahmins craved to be freed from the slavery of bodily wants, that they might enjoy greater liberty of spirit: they longed for freedom to contemplate the infinite. Here was a noble and generous trait. It was man longing to establish the supremacy of the soul over the body. They were striving to realize in their lives the essential truth that man's truest life is spiritual. That truth, as indeed any other truth, set to work finding its kindred truth, must sooner or later discover the true religion. The entire subjugation of the animal to the man was the dominant note of the Brahmin doctrine as far as it was true. In that respect they were by no means in error, and the missionary perceived his opportunity, not in their weakness, but in their strength, however crippled it may have been by accompanying delusions. He knew that God was the author of the truth within the Brahmin's soul just as really as he was of that which claimed entrance by the preaching of the Christian missionary. Superstition and ignorance had kept asunder what God would join together. Truth is one.

Rightly understood the Brahmin doctrine was the very folly of the Cross. To deny one's self; to leave father and mother and kindred, nay, even to hate them, if they stand in the way; to de-

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spise the merest comforts of life, all in order that the soul might seek its only true joy, the Infinite—this was and is the significance of the Cross of Christ, and is everywhere taught in the New Testament. De Nobili had been trained in that school. He had often read in the *Imitation:* "He that keeps himself in subjection, so that his sensuality is ever subject to reason, and reason in all things obedient to me, he is indeed a conqueror of himself and lord of all the world" (bk. iii. chap. 53). This sublime conquest of self the Brahmins had attempted because it is in accordance with the common sense of mankind to endeavor to subject the lower nature to the higher. De Nobili and his successors could choose no surer way of success with this people than that which their natural religious instincts had pointed out. We are not surprised, therefore, that the Christian virtue of detachment from created good as a means of arriving at the Uncreated Good attracted to the Christian faith vast numbers of men cultivating the same virtue in the natural order. No deception was practised, nor was any necessary. The Brahmins knew De Nobili was a Christian. He never for an instant concealed his character. But he became the noblest Brahmin of them all just because he was a perfect Christian. He was too good a Brahmin to be anything but a Christian. There was a virtue in Brahminism which could be but futile till Christianity gave the wings of supernatural motive to extraordinary natural power. The Catholic religion, as interpreted by those Jesuits, was eminently well fitted to convert the Brahmins by developing the good traits found in the Brahmin character.

And it can succeed equally well in America, for it is eminently well fitted to develop to the highest point the good which exists among non-Catholic Americans. Our religion is perfectly suited to the people, government, and destiny of the United States. That is one reason why it is entitled to the name Catholic. This is a people endowed, to a greater or less extent, with natural virtues whose supernatural counterpart is Catholicity. Let us see: What is the characteristic trait of the American? What distinguishes him from men of other nations? Taking him as a citizen, it is undoubtedly his manly independence of character, joined with a love of civil order. The dignity of human nature; the sufficiency of man for achieving, with God's help, his own civil and political destiny; the sacredness of man's individuality—these are foundation principles in the American mind. The right of suffrage flows in this land from the right to live. We say of all comers, If he is a man let him be a voter. This is one side of

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the American shield. The other side is that obedience to a just law is the criterion of fitness to be free. True freedom never feels civil allegiance a degradation. Social order, no less than personal freedom, is divine. Men are neither lonely savages nor indistinguishable atoms; they are equals, brethren. This unity and supremacy of the social and civil organism, composed of free individual citizens, is the other side of the American shield. The red conspirator of European revolution and the submissive votary of European absolutism are both perplexed by this union of freedom and order. They cannot comprehend the co-ordinate supremacy of the man and of the state actually existing among us.

The Catholic can understand it, for he has its counterpart in the church—the most perfect liberty of the man and the most assured supremacy of the external organism. The latter, being divine, is the criterion of the former. Just as in the civil order the man who cannot subject his private interests to the common good is not fit to enjoy American liberty, so in the spiritual order the man who cannot obey the church is proved unworthy of the spiritual freedom wherewith Christ has made us free. The true Catholic spirit thus enables us to understand the civic virtues of our country.

And it is a yet greater help to our appreciation of whatever religious virtues we may find among this people. There are, to be sure, no sectarian virtues. Every good thing and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of light. Sectarianism is error and confusion and destruction, and has no virtue or light in it, for it is not of God. It is a creature of passion and appetite and delusion. But in spite of their sectarianism the Protestant people have virtues, some of them in a high degree. Now, these virtues are in reality Catholic. They draw their nourishment from Catholic soil. The garden is Catholic, though the enclosure is sectarian. Mingled with their errors and delusions our Protestant people have some magnificent virtues. These virtues come from above. Their author is God. Their reason is the salvation of the soul and union with God. The virtues of Protestants are but exiled from their own native land, the Catholic Church. Of these virtues it is to be particularly observed that the most prominent are (humanly speaking) the result of providential environments of race, country, and form of government. The non-Catholic American aspires to deal with God unaided by methods or exterior helps of any kind. To come as near as possible to God by his own spiritual activity, without halting at forms of human contrivance, is his spiritual ambition. His deep religious joy is in a spiritual life which deals directly

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with God, his inspired word, his Holy Spirit. Now, did they but know it, these souls, by entering the Catholic Church, could secure a flight to God a thousand times more direct than they ever dreamed of. But they do not know this. They think that the authority of the church would cramp their limbs; whereas we know that by clearing the mind of doubt, by intensifying conviction into instinctive certitude, the divine authority in the church quickens the intellectual faculties into an activity whose liberty is altogether unknown to men outside her fold. And we know that the range of the soul's flight is and can only be infinitely widened by the working of an influence whose sole action is to attach the mind more and more firmly to an ever-widening area of divine truth. And, again, outsiders generally fancy that the vast multitude of devotional exercises and ceremonial observances practised by Catholics are all and singular of some sort of obligation; but we know that very little in the way of external practices are more than matter of free choice, actual obligation touching not so much of the externals as fervent Protestant men and women impose upon themselves in their own barren Protestantism. We say that all this is known to Catholics. But who will show it to non-Catholics? When will we begin to explain to our neighbors and fellow-citizens the relation of the outer to the inner life of the Catholic? When will we so conduct ourselves that Protestants shall see in our religion an easier and surer way to attain the very goal they are themselves struggling towards? When shall they see in our lives the very exemplars of every good thing they possess? What we need to show is the synthesis between faith and intelligence, liberty and authority.

We say that the Catholic can understand the American's virtues—meaning, if he wishes to do so. If he wishes not to understand this people, he can go on befogging himself with delusions and wearing himself out working in a wrong direction. If he likes he may see only vices here in civil and religious matters both. But, whether or no, facts remain as they are: men are not totally depraved here any more than elsewhere; what virtues they have are the seeds sown of God's providence in the natural order, to be watered and brought to fruit by God's supernatural providence acting by the members of his church; and the virtues of this people are such that they will never be drawn to a religion whose advocates extravagantly accentuate the note of external authority. The note of authority made harshly dominant is never likely to attract a people sensitive on the score of personal dignity.

From every point of view it is necessary that we should set to

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work publishing the true faith to our fellow-citizens. We cannot even preserve the faith among Catholics in any better way than by advancing it among our non-Catholic brethren. Indeed, simply to preserve the faith it is necessary to extend it. It is a state of chronic disease for men to live together and not endeavor to communicate their respective good fortune. A Catholic without a mission to his non-Catholic fellow-citizens in these times, and when only a small portion of the human race has the true religion, is only half a Catholic. Now, to make a man believe that this is the true way of arriving at his immortal destiny, nothing can be more expedient than to reveal to him that whatever truth and virtue he already possesses is but a feeble beginning of the virtues offered to his practice. You can never convert an unbeliever by striving to persuade him that he is totally depraved. The most utter Calvinist was not able, in this regard, to do more than distort the doctrine of original sin into a means of hatred of his unregenerate neighbor and pride in himself. But when we display before the intelligent men and women of America a religion which in doctrine and practice fully justifies their own favorite virtues, and which at the same time leaves them far behind in their power and loveliness as practised among Catholics, we shall begin to succeed.

No virtue more becomes a Christian than zeal for souls. No virtue is more a test of every other virtue. Zeal is to the Christian living in the world what obedience is to the religious—a criterion of vocation. The man who does not care to communicate the truth to non-Catholics is a clod; he is unworthy the name of man. He knows the way of salvation and wants to keep it a secret. He wants to make the universal church a close corporation. When our lay people feel that they are unworthy of the truth unless they communicate it to their brethren outside the true fold, we shall make more progress. Until our clergy exercise much judgment in the choice of matter for their sermons, and especially exercise discretion in propagating the devotions peculiar to a different and strange civilization, our progress will not be notable. The all-essentials of Catholicity, if reasonably proposed and intelligently assimilated, will spontaneously develop devotions suited to the new life of man on this continent, as they have elsewhere. God will follow up his dispensations in the natural order by an adaptation of the supernatural to the sanctification of the New World.

The equipment of a Catholic American for his vocation is chiefly the knowledge and love of the dominant virtues of the American people. The wisdom of De Nobili and Blessed John

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de Britto in dealing with the heathen should be ours in dealing with non-Catholics. The vast field of Christian virtue is before us; every instinct of the Holy Spirit will prompt us to choose for our love and practice such virtues as will commend us as messengers of Heaven to our brethren seated in darkness. We do not mean to say that the object has heretofore been the reverse of this. But might not a severe critic object that we have been too forgetful of the other sheep not of this fold, and have devoted our energies too exclusively to preserve the Old World type of Catholicity? Is it credible that the American mind shall become assimilated to a German, or a French, or an Irish, or an Italian idea of religion? The fatherland is Germany or Ireland, the motherland is universal truth. Carlyle called America a "new and improved edition of England." He was wrong. We emphatically repudiate such a title. America is a new and improved edition of humanity. Pray do not put old humanity's clothes on young humanity's limbs. We know a priest with a strong foreign accent who has had remarkable success in making converts. The reason is that his race-characteristics are completely overshadowed by his Catholic characteristics. Devotions, pious practices, traditional religious methods change with times, localities, races. Here is a new place, a new time, a new race. Nothing but the changeless faith itself can be the basis of our dealing with the American people. To force a foreign religion on an American is like setting him down in his own home to a distinctively German dinner, *nudels* and *blutwurst* the only dishes; or to a French feast, serving only broiled frogs and stewed snails; or to an Italian one, forcing him to eat *polenta* and macaroni or starve in his own house. There is a way of presenting Catholicity which makes the universal faith cut the figure of a Siamese embassy. Our bigoted enemies are only too well pleased when they can point at us looking like a procession of Orientals with their lanterns, pigtails, parrots, and opium-pipes. The Catholic religion should neither be foreign nor look foreign in any country.

Let us not fancy that a universal faith needs the peculiar types of particular races for its propagation among other and very different races, or that a young race will easily clothe itself in the cast-off habiliments of older races.

Jerusalem was the city of the Twelve Apostles, and they were every one of them Jews; yet they did not seek to Judaize the gentiles. Judaizing was what the Jewish apostles opposed; it was the worst enemy of the apostolic mission. Let no man among us say, I have this or that favorite national type of

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devotion, except he speak strictly for himself and intend to surround himself and his religion with a Chinese wall, jealously excluding all outside barbarians. But let every true Catholic say, with St. Paul, "I do all things for the Gospel's sake, that I may be made partaker thereof." There are Catholics in America who can never become Catholic Americans. Multitudes of German-Americans we have, Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans: let us have more Catholic Americans. Whatever of America has filtered into some men's composition, it has received no sanctification from their Catholicity. They do not care as much for the eternal welfare of this imperial nation, this pattern of the world, as our missionaries do for chattering savages. They do not so much as ask what kind of a people this is, or what aptitude they may have for the true faith. Nay, more, the very virtues of the native people they distort, and they question their motives. Their American neighbors are temperate? It is from fanaticism. Are they anxious for a day of quiet and of religion? It is because they are bigoted. Are they thrifty, neat, and respectable? It is mere stinginess. Are they self-poised, independent? They are revolutionists and anarchists. Are they determined to enforce the law against beer-gardens and rioters? They are tyrants! If men come not here to be Americans, let them live and die where they were born.

In truth the Catholic religion has no more right to be European than to be American, save that the Vicar of Christ is bishop of a European city. Is Catholicity more French than German? Is it more Irish than Spanish? How, then, can it be more European than American? There is nothing European in the all-essentials of the Catholic religion. Europe has been its chief home these many centuries back, but for what reason? For no other than that Europe was the home of the dominant races of the world. It was born in Asia, and cradled in Asia, and propagated by Asiatics. Did that make Catholicity Asiatic? Such circumstances made Moslemism Asiatic, because it was a sect; it was a superstition whose all-essentials were the human qualities and race-characteristics of its founders. But Sem, Cham, and Japheth are equally at home in the universal church, and each in his own way, and each way good for each. Perish from among Catholic Americans any human thing that will make our universal faith seem a national or a race religion; perish all that will make it seem foreign! The human environments of Catholicity should follow the traits of the race in which it has established its divine influence.

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THE TRAMP.

I KNOW a little maiden
  Whose speech is soft and low,
But whose feet, like the feet of a tramp,
  Are always on the go.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
  Up and down for evermore,
On through the street, up by the steps,
  Up to some garret floor.

Woe, gazing out to that sweet face,
  Forgets the inward pain,
And, chastened by those calm blue eyes,
  Sin worships God again.

And reverently to his iron brow
  The prisoner lifts his hand,
And on the hopeless child of shame
  Gleams light from the happy land.

So up and down, and in and out,
  Through alleys dark and narrow,
Milady Bounty goes about
  In search of sin and sorrow.

I said: "Are you the Wandering Jew?
  Is this a spell, a doom?
Are you bound to travel without rest
  Until the Saviour come?

"What need of so much tramping?
  Wise hearts will rest, and wait.
Where too much is given to loving,
  Is not this to dissipate?

"Know, 'charity begins at home,'
  And by surcharge decreases."
But those burning little feet
  Overtrod my exegesis.

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Her only answer was a smile
So sweetly and serenely gay
That never under cloudless sky
Reignèd such untroubled day.

And I, ashamed of questioning
Where grace had all decided,
Stood from the way, and blessed the light
By which those feet were guided.

Another time I said: "Dear maid,
This thing needs explanation.
To every Christian soul God gives
Some definite vocation.

"Now where is yours? in the wild world,
Or where the cloister lilies grow?"
Right merrily she laughed, and said:
"Pray, tell me, sir, if you know."

What could I say? what can I say?
No vow, no veil, no convent grate
Guards either busy eyes or feet,
But free as air they circulate.

Yet, somehow cloistered, that sweet smile
Admits no rude intrusion.
It is love's outlook from a heart
That rules its own seclusion.

So I leave her to her own daylight;
But my heart bounds betimes
When those sunny eyes throw smiles to me,
And those roving shoes sing rhymes.

And this is my faith: Can I but make
My way to the golden door;
I shall know the beat of two spirit feet
Upon the holy floor.

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WHY DO NOT ANGLICANS BECOME CATHOLICS?

VERY few people work out their religious creed as they would work out a proposition in Euclid. More than this, it were true to say that "close reasoning" has very little to do with choice of creed. Granted that the creed which is the true one must be necessarily the most intellectual—a self-evident truism, since the truth is God's truth, and must be, therefore, intellectually perfect —it does not follow that even a really sincere conscience must necessarily be "intellectually" sincere. "Intellectual sincerity" is an expression which is out of place in the ordinary gauging of a sincere conscience. So few people have trained their intellects to severe processes. So few people have the natural gift or acquired habit of syllogistically working out their opinions. Education, temperament, surroundings, experience, personal influence, home interests, a score of accidents—all, unconsciously or half-consciously, lead the intellect to conclusions which, though not perhaps logical, may be sincere. A born Catholic can have no idea of the force of all these "accidents" upon the intellectual operations of a non-Catholic. A non-Catholic is brought up to believe that private judgment is both the privilege and the duty of the true Christian; and it intellectually follows, if this hypothesis be correct, that intellectual uncertainty is a blessing. No Anglican claims infallibility for the Church of England on the doctrines she proposes for his acceptance, so that no Anglican need feel unhappy in the possibility (or the probability) that his creed is full of doctrinal errors. To the Catholic such a position may seem intolerable; but then the Catholic was not brought up to believe in it. He was brought up to believe in the exact opposite. He never knew that kind of "faith" which, when the *intellect* is insufficient, must fall back upon *sentiment*, not authority.

It was necessary, when trying to answer the question, "Why do not Anglicans become Catholics?" to remember, at starting, that their intellectual position is the result of the thought-habits of a lifetime. Now, thought-habits are more tenacious than are body-habits. Intellectually speaking, the Catholic is incapable of conceiving of a fallible divine authority; and, intellectually speaking, the born Protestant is incapable of realizing an infallible divine church. He is so incapable because his whole life has been

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passed in close membership with a fallible institution, which, while professing to *embody* much that is infallible, has never professed infallibly to *teach* it. Here is a vast distinction indeed. The Catholic Church is infallible for this simple reason: that she is taught by the Spirit of Divine Wisdom; whereas the Anglican Church is fallible because she is *not* taught by the Divine Wisdom, but gives private, personal estimates of Scripture teaching. How very wide apart are the two positions! A Catholic is brought up to believe that the Catholic Church is, of itself, no more infallible than is the Anglican Church; but because God the Holy Spirit guides the mind of the Supreme Pontiff when a definition of doctrine has to be given, it follows that every Catholic infallibly knows the truth, since he is in direct, personal communion with the Supreme Pontiff. To be in direct, personal communion with the Archbishop of Canterbury—a gentleman who is the nominee of the Prime Minister—is only to be in direct, personal communion with a most respectable Protestant opinionist. In regard to dogma, the opinion of the archbishop—even the most grave, dignified teaching of the archbishop—is of no more value than is the opinion (or the teaching) of any well-educated, thoughtful curate. This being so—and all Anglicans know that it is so—how is it possible for an Anglican who has been brought up under such a system to realize the idea of an infallible church? The idea, as well as the fact, are just exactly what he has been brought up to protest against from his cradle to his maturity; and he has passed his life in trying to demonstrate historically that both the idea and the fact are delusions.

So much in regard to the attitude of mind in which the born Anglican approaches the Catholic Church. Yet it must be remembered that of late years—say, for the last forty-five years—*new* principles have been imported into Anglicanism; and these new principles have now developed new phases, new habits and atmospheres of thought. To answer the question, "Why do not Anglicans *in these days*, in this year of grace 1886, become Catholics and so end their difficulties?" we have to speak of three *new* factors in heresy which will account for the slowness of conversions.

The first of these new factors is the presenting before the senses the outward semblance of a (real) Catholic hierarchy. Until quite recently it was unknown in the Anglican communion that a "priest" should be dressed as a priest, that a bishop should be seen with a crosier, that the services of the church should be conducted in a manner which would symbolize authority and

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power. Even in the Scottish Episcopal Church things have now come to such a pass that a Scotch bishop, the other day, was vested in a violet cassock, a rochet, white cope, and mitre, and "went through" an ordination service with the closest possible imitation of all the ceremonies, the *mise en scène*, of the Catholic function. This one example will suffice to illustrate the *new* fact that authority is now "presented to the senses."

> "The ear doth slowly to the mind supply
> The truths which flash like lightning to the eye."

And our Anglican friends have now come to teach authority, to teach priesthood, to teach a whole system of sacerdotalism, by the elaborate presentation of those symbols of Catholic power which a few years ago were regarded with abhorrence. Anglican clergymen try to look like Catholic priests when they walk abroad for the observation of the laity. Every detail of clerical life, like every detail of church services, is critically adjusted with a view to the impression: "You *see* that we are what we profess to be." Brand-new as is this assumption, "it takes." Anglicans forget (the young ones cannot remember) that a few years ago such assumptions would have been ridiculed; they would, indeed, have been practically impossible; they would have suggested an incongruity, a novelty, an eccentricity, which would have made men say, "Risum teneatis?" Nor would any Anglican bishop have suffered in his diocese the impostor who should have "played at rank popery." To bend the knee to the Host, to move to and fro, to wear a cope, to give evening Benediction—these are novelties which, say, forty-five years ago were not even heard of, still less seen. Here, then, we have a new factor in the armory of heresy against conversions to the Catholic Church. Here we have one of the new reasons "why Anglicans do not (now) become Catholics." "See," they say, "how Catholic we are! See how we hear Mass, how we go to confession! See how fitly, how decorously the whole tone of Catholic functions is attuned to the hypothesis of Catholicism! Surely we, who are so Catholic in our attitudes, in our reverent estimate of what the Catholic faith demands of us; we, who carry out Catholic symbolism to its ultimate as fully as do the members of the Roman communion, must have at least all the 'essentials' of the Catholic religion, at least the true orders of the Catholic priesthood. True, we want harmony, we want unity, we want obedience; we are still lacking some very valuable auxiliaries; but for the 'essentials' of Catholic truth—a true priesthood, a true Mass—who shall be so bold as to deny them to us?"

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Perhaps Catholics may say: "How can Anglicans so deceive themselves?" Catholics have not been brought up as Anglicans! They have not been accustomed from their childhood to grope about after pretexts for believing in the probability of the improbable. Faith, intellectually, has been defined by a non-Catholic as "a yielding of the will to the balance of probabilities." Now, an Anglican, *not* knowing what Catholics know, thinks it probable that so very much appearance of Catholic reality must be associated with at least a true Catholic spirit. We are speaking, of course, of the mass of modern Anglicans, not of individuals of rare experience or profound learning. The mass of Anglicans argue quietly within themselves that *if* the Roman Catholic religion be divine, the Anglican religion looks very much like it—sufficiently like it to establish its affinity, its sister-sympathy with all its essentials. What more need they want? To break up the old harmonies of the family, of the social circle, of dear traditions, for the mere hope of getting auxiliaries which are "not essential," seems hardly worth while in this age of world-wide free-thinking, when only the few seem to have any faith left at all.

Here we reach the second of the *new* factors in the Anglican attitude towards conversion to the Catholic Church. An Anglican, when he gravely argues with himself in regard to the Catholic, Roman claims on his conscience, is wont to hush his misgivings in this way: "But look at Catholic countries! How comes it that, with all the aid of Catholic surroundings, even born Catholics, good Catholics, go astray? If this is all that Roman Catholicism can do in Catholic countries, well, at least in England we have less blatant anti-clericalism, anti-Christianism, anti-theism than Roman Catholicism has developed in its truest homes; nor can we develop anything worse out of the *worst* Anglicanism than has been developed out of the *best* Roman Catholicism."

Very good—superficially! Yet one inch below the surface such reasoning from false premises can be shown to be absolutely suicidal. We are not concerned now with answering Anglican objections, but with stating Anglican stumbling-blocks to conversion. Yet we may briefly number the fallacies in the above reasoning. (1) It is about as true to say that Roman Catholicism has bred anti-theism as to say that the innocence of Paradise bred the fall of Adam, or that the society of St. John the Evangelist bred the fall of Judas Iscariot. Good is not the father of evil, and there is more of the world, the flesh, and the devil now than ever! Shakspere's Falstaff may be pardoned the merry witticism: "If in the days of innocency man fell, what should he do in these days of villany?" For really there are sufficient rea-

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sons in the myriad surroundings of a gross age to account for decadence in every department of the human character, without accusing the holiest stay of wisdom and purity of being author of the very horrors she rebukes. Yet, to go a little deeper into the subject, (2) it is the spirit of Protestantism, not the spirit of Catholicism, which has bred infidelity to the church, such infidelity springing, doctrinally, from repugnance to authority; morally, from a dislike of imposed restraints; socially, from a gay preference for easy intercourse; and even politically, from an autocracy of self-rule. Now, all these things are Protestant, not Catholic. They were *first* formulated by the Reformation theologians; and they have gradually permeated all society, until *now* they can boast apostles, though formerly they had only apologists, or at the best a sort of dreamy doctrinaires. Therefore, briefly, the delirious free-thinking in Catholic countries—which is in the exact inverse proportion of holy enthusiasm—is due to the development of those Protestant "principles" which, beginning with self-will as to doctrines, necessarily led to self-will as to ethics. (3) The difference of the character of the anti-theism in Catholic and in Protestant countries is due mainly to the following three causes: first, that any revolt from the Catholic standard is necessarily more extreme than from a Protestant standard; next, that the knowledge of divine things being more profound in the Catholic, his hostility to first principles will be more wicked; thirdly, that the temperament of southern peoples being more ardent than that of northern, they will launch out into heats of mental antagonism which by northern minds are mistaken for "conviction." Thus the argument that Continental infidelity excuses Anglicans from embracing Roman Catholicism is an argument which must be inverted to have any sense; for the very reason why any Catholic becomes a free-thinker is that he worships the human Ego from love of ease—worships it intellectually or morally—instead of reverencing the Divine Expression of the Alone Truth. The Catholic Church is no more competent to stay a man from turning infidel than a father or mother is competent to prevent a son from running from home and "going to sea" in every sense of that expression. Not Catholicism, not dogma, not "clericalism," not any real or imaginary blot on Catholic story, causes the born Catholic to go astray, but the adoption of the Protestant principle (now developed scientifically as well as philosophically and politically) that every man is his own lawful interpreter of nature, of revelation, of God. And yet here be it remarked that nothing can be more exagge-

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rated than the statements about "Continental infidelity." Englishmen forget that infidelity makes a great noise, while quiet faith lives very peaceably indeed. In France, as in Italy or in Belgium, the Catholics far outnumber even the loose party. On Easter Sunday of last year fifty thousand Paris people went to Communion in Nôtre Dame alone. The present writer has witnessed in all the great towns of France this same devotion in the *men* as well as in the women. It is absurd to call Catholic France infidel. The infidel section is blatant, it is unhappily in power, but it is, in point of number, the smaller.

And now for the third point of which we spoke. Anglicanism, and indeed all Protestantism, has received a severe shock from the introduction of the new so-called philosophy which is commonly spoken of as Scientific Agnosticism, but which should be called Religious Nihilism or Know-Nothingism. Agnosticism, in all its branches of bald rationalism, has so permeated the minds of most Englishmen that it has made many a sincere reasoner to become a waverer, and many a good Protestant to abandon faith. More than this, it has so interwoven itself with "primary truths" which used to be perfectly sacred from all doubt that even some English Catholics have coquetted with its subtleties, to the great scandal of not a few sincere Protestants. Now, this *new* factor in the armory of antagonism has kept, avowedly, some Anglicans from becoming Catholics. Put it in this way: An Anglican has to face two difficulties, which are extra to the difficulties known to Catholics: (1) the difficulty of not knowing (by personal experiment) the full intellectual value of Catholic verities; (2) the difficulty of having been always brought up to believe that Christian dogma *may* or even *must* be disputed. He starts, then, with a mental attitude, at once negative and positive, which predisposes him to like all theories which make his reason at once the arbiter and the plaything of all appreciable phenomena. A sort of spiritual home-rule, in personal and domestic sense, has been his hobby through life, or at least his habit; nor can he quarrel with the new Agnostics, who simply carry out *in extenso* the habits of thought *he* has cherished towards dogma. Thus, half-consciously he says to himself: "Private judgment, *plus* Agnosticism, *plus* the spread of infidelity in Catholic countries, *plus* the adequate presentation of Catholic verities (if there be any) in the church to which by birth I belong, fully justify me in making the best of what I *have* instead of experimenting on a religion I have never tried." The intellectual process is not severe; it is, indeed, most wretchedly weak; but when a man wants to do what is

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agreeable he can generally soothe his conscience with anodynes. It would be most unreasonable to expect the same intellectual process in minds born outside and inside the Catholic Church. Of course, "spiritually," there might be a good deal to be said; but we confine the whole of our present remarks to the natural reason. Were we to speak of grace and prayer we should get into a sphere of reasoning which would be quite outside the purpose of the present paper.

Intellectually, the growth of the Agnostic fashion (and doubtless vanity as well as sloth have been its handmaids) predisposes the Anglican mind to settle *first* the Agnostic claims before it boldly faces the claims of the Catholic Church. This temptation, to the half-earnest, is very strong. Such wonderful theories are propounded on all sides, such fantastic and yet plausible conceits, that a man hears every day a score of flights of the imagination which wing him momentarily out of the regions where reason walks. The English are not supposed to be imaginative; but to hear them talk, in these days, of their brand-new religious theories is to marvel at the versatility of their fancy. Now, this habit of evolving conceits has a necessarily weakening effect on what may be called interior religious earnestness. There is no limit to the vaulting vagaries of the pure fancy. One gentleman will tell you, "Almighty God loves variety (you see this in every department of creation), therefore the hundred different religions in this world are not unpleasing to him, being in harmony with his law of dissimilitude." It might be imprudent to quote a number of such conceits. But what do they all show? Simply this: that the Agnostic fashion has so profoundly imbued the "religious mind" that, under pretence of reasoning everything on *known* principles, it has toppled over the very throne of common sense. And this toppling has included some clergy among its victims. In private conversation with many a rector or humble curate the cloven hoof of the new Agnosticism is plainly seen. The old difficulties in the groove of heresy have been quietly shunted (indeed, warehoused) to make "the line clear" for the rushing express of Herbert Spencerism, of Professor Huxleyism, or of any novelty of the word-wild evolutionists. Professor Huxley has recently published his private views on evolution as applied to *all* religion, *all* piety. His essays are much admired as being "intellectual." Some people may possibly consider them to be puerile; but the point is that Anglicans, not knowing the Catholic philosophy, take shelter under the umbrella of Know-Nothingism instead of within the ark of Catholicism.

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Thus far we have hazarded three reasons (which are of recent birth) why Anglicans are so slow in becoming Catholics: (1) the perfectly modern presentation of the *appearances* of Catholic truth in an Establishment which had been always intensely Protestant; (2) the growth of infidelity in Catholic countries, which is assumed to be of Catholic origin, but is of Protestant; (3) the growth of the Agnostic fashion, or the philosophy of know-nothingness, which has bewildered where it has not captivated the Anglican mind. But that we may see our way more clearly, let us just number the developments which have taken place since 1840 in the Church of England. Before that time it may be said, speaking roundly, that there was only *one* phase of popular Protestantism, and this phase was expressed by the formula, "The Bible interpreted by private judgment." About the year 1840 new developments began, and these may be summarized as follows:

Change 1. The Bible ought to be interpreted by the primitive church.

2. The Bible and the primitive church ought to be interpreted by private judgment *and* by the Anglican Church, the Greek Church, and the Roman Church.

3. Growth of this last theory to the extent of a new creation of a so-called Anglo-Catholic Church, embodying all contrarieties of ecclesiasticism, while affecting to be a branch of Catholicism.

4. Ritualism, or the presentation to the senses of most of the doctrines of the Catholic Roman Church, inclusive of the divine authority of the priesthood and (in some sense) of the ecclesiastical body corporate.

5. The dogmatic assertion of the (assumed) "heresies" of the Roman Church, on the authority of the (assumed) more primitive Church of England.

[Growth of Agnosticism *outside* the Church of England, leading to]

6. Growth of Agnosticism *inside* the Church of England.

7. Acquiescence in the state of bewilderment.

So that an Anglican is *now* called upon, when considering his "conversion," to face a vast variety of developments which were practically unknown in 1840. True, the broadest of all distinctions remains the same—namely, the claim of the Catholic Church to be infallible; but there are so many recent developments of the Protestant heresy, *plus* the recent growth of "religious" Agnosticism [for, strange as it may sound, there is a combination of Know-Nothingism with the (traditional) pious sentiment of many

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Anglicans], that an Anglican finds himself in dispute with his own conscience as to what Herbert Spencer calls first principles in knowing anything, as well as in dispute upon the inspiration of the Old Testament and the evolutionary value of religious thought. It would be idle to deny that such kind of scepticism has obtained a deep hold of the Anglican mind. In conversation with most educated Anglicans we perceive the undercurrent of dubitation, which saps the vigor of the earnestness of inquiry as the phylloxera stints the growth of the vine. The disease of free-thought has become endemic in England, attacking all classes, educated and uneducated.

"Why do not Anglicans become Catholics *now?*" is therefore a question which must receive a different answer from such as would have been reasonable even ten years ago. The old difficulty for the Anglican was, "*Which* church is the true one?" the new difficulty is, "How are we to trust the human reason to discern between the probabilities of greater truth?" The present writer has heard scores of Anglicans say: "If Christianity be divine the Roman Catholic religion is the most logical; but then I cannot trust myself to choose my own confession in the face of the fact that I was born in the Anglican Church, and also in the face of the fact that God permits a hundred religions in a world where only one can be the right one." This last argument was *never* used until quite lately. It utterly ignores all intellectual probation. It is as anti-Christian as the argument of which some Frenchmen are so fond, that "it is an accident in what religion we may be brought up"—an argument about as sensible as that because "it is an accident that the noonday sun gives better light than does the domestic tallow candle, therefore we should be content with the tallow candle." Intellectual probation does not enter into the counsels of men who can ruminate so superficially. Yet intellectual probation is as much a part of our lot here as is probation in (even natural) morals. To put aside intellectual difficulties *because* they are difficulties is precisely the same fault as to put aside moral living *because* it is difficult to the natural man.

Finally, it will be asked: "But does not the presence of the Catholic Church, as a bundle of myrrh, in the tainted atmosphere of Anglican thought, attract, as with an irresistible loving force, the victims of such a variety of deceits?" The answer is, it attracts, but that is all. It *has* attracted for upwards of thirty years. The counter-attractions unfortunately avail more. The excuse of Agnosticism weakens earnestness; and here lies the pith of the whole matter. Earnestness! Yes, earnest up to the point

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of admitting an abstract verity—namely, that the Catholic Roman Church is the best church; but "Follow me" is a command which, though St. Matthew obeyed it, is not imperious with the ordinary human conscience. Conversions of individuals are like the conversion of St. Matthew; but the conversion of a whole people, a whole nation, even a whole city, is not recorded even in the narrative of the four Gospels. There is no sign of such conversion in England. The whole tone of religious thought is in the direction of speculation, of inquiry into the intellectual *value* of all inquiry rather than into the final *object* of all inquiry. Processes, not results, are all the rage. "I do not want to know where I am going to, but I want to know how far I can trust my mental processes." This is the mortal poison of the new Agnosticism. Common sense has been sent to the nursery to guide the children. Speculation has usurped the throne of honest reasoning. The puerile rubbish which some modern philosophers think so grand—solely because it is formulated with such precision, and toileted with such gravity and show of learning—has taken the place of robust, manly earnestness as well as of the sweet simplicity of truth. Men write with less sense about their souls than they do about their dinners or their amusements. If a philosopher wants a dinner he eats one, leaving the "processes" to the butcher and the cook, and subsequently to the play of his gastric juices. But if a philosopher wants to know whether he is human, whether he can think, whether he is sure that he knows that he thinks, he must evolute a thousand periods upon the subject, to be contradicted by the next writer in a magazine. No one doubts that sound philosophy is a great gain (was not St. Thomas Aquinas the greatest intellect that ever wrote?), but the soundness of all philosophy must be in its object; and the soundest of all objects is Eternal Truth. "No," say our modern philosophers, "we have nothing to do with Eternal Truth; *our* philosophy is to prove to you that you cannot know it." And it is this temper which has so weakened the "public mind" that it stands at the door, so to speak, of the temple of truth, and causes Anglicans, even good Anglicans, to fold their hands.

"But you do not mean to say"—may be the answer—"that most Anglicans have grave doubts about Christianity?"

No, certainly not. Their doubts are not about the truth of *a* Christianity, but about the necessity of obeying the one assured teacher of it. Free-thinking has taught them that first principles are as debatable as is baptismal regeneration or church

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ritual. First principles! What are they? Why, as Professor Mivart says, it has become a first principle with Agnostics, when sitting on the top branch of a tree, to cut away the branch close to the trunk, by way of making their position the more secure. And the Anglicans are as suicidal as are the Agnostics in the very first principle of their theology, which is: that in order to know infallibly what is truth, they must reject its only infallible teacher. Time was, forty-five years ago, when no Anglican cared for dogma, save only for the dogma of Redemption and, let it be added, of the Blessed Trinity; but now most Anglicans say that they believe in dogma (for Ritualism is its presentation to the senses; its assumption, theoretical and practical), while they at the same time assert that the *only* church which claims inerrancy is as "gone wrong" upon dogma as are the Dissenters. How, then, is it possible for them to become Catholics—possible in an intellectual sense—when they affirm a principle, deny it, and appropriate it, all in the same breath and without a smile! No, the Agnostic spirit—not the Agnostic profession—has permeated the Anglican mind in the exact proportion of the overt show of a formal belief. A most anomalous yet quite accountable coincidence! Ritualism was the natural offspring of pretentious Puseyism. And it had just reached its ultimate, and must have fallen to pieces, when Agnosticism stepped in to save it. "You cannot hold your position, in logic," said Agnosticism, "unless you borrow a first principle from me, which is that, since it is impossible to be quite sure about anything, it must be impossible to be quite sure about religion; and you will find that this hypothesis keeps you safe within the precincts of your own most respectable form of Christianity, while it keeps your conscience easy on the subject of authority, because authority is but the evolution of an affirmed principle. *You* have the principle, but you have not the authority. Yet the principle being antecedent to authority — for, as was said, authority is but clothed principle, or principle which has submitted itself to marching orders—it is obvious that you have the essence of Christianity, and can very well dispense with its accidents. You see how I get you out of your scrape? As a Ritualist your position is untenable; but as an Agnostic churchman you can always plead that your first principles are superior to church authority, their development."

To a Catholic such sophistry appears ridiculous, because a Catholic knows that the authority and the principles were both equally given by Jesus Christ, and that his authority makes

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church principles to be infallible. Yet we have always to bear in mind that the Anglican has been brought up to dissociate church dogmas from living authority, and that it is a small step with him from disobeying living authority to affirming that church dogmas are superior to it. He never had, he never would have, living authority; and Agnosticism says to him: "You are right, because principles, not authority, are truth."

It may seem cruel to combine Agnosticism with Ritualism; but the brood of error has a natural affinity, and it is more merciful to say plainly that "one error helps another, until error has killed the soul out of all truth." It is, of course, half-consciously that the modern Anglican surrenders himself to play with the edged tools of Agnosticism; he would not confess it, save, perhaps, in a frank intimacy; and he regrets it, because it weakens even his old sentiment of loyal devotion to his "dear old Church of England." But there it is. And the answer to the question asked in *these* days, "Why do not Anglicans become Catholics?" [that is, the intellectual not the spiritual answer; for we have not even alluded to grace or prayer], may be possibly roughly cast in the three suggestions: (1) because they have now the presentation to the senses of almost every Catholic dogma *and* of authority; (2) because they choose to think that foreign scepticism has somehow grown out of the mistakes of Roman Catholicism; (3) because the new spirit of Agnosticism has taught them to question *their own* mental processes, whereas formerly they only questioned the mental processes of others—a much more healthy and less risky form of Protestantism.

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A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS.

IF a poet went looking this world over for a modern Agamemnon, a kingly man in presence and in power, there is not a doubt that he would pass Cherubusco by as the most unlikely corner of the universe for his purpose. For Cherubusco is an out-of-the-way, insignificant place, with two steeples peeping doubtfully from the big plain in which they are lost, and houses strung along the lake shore like a belated and petrified procession—a place whose inhabitants lived so far apart that they were years in getting acquainted with one another, and never dared cultivate the society of their neighbors lest these might turn out rogues. Perhaps the villagers numbered twenty hundred. That does not matter, since they had among their number the very man for whom our poet searched—a kingly man, an Agamemnon with all that hero's fine qualities and none of his bad ones.

He was a very ordinary fellow, of course, and caught fish for a living. People who live in out-of-the-way villages are to the whole world very common indeed, and people who earn their bread by fishing in those places are just as low down and valueless as human beings can be. To Silas Bump it mattered very little what the world thought of him. He had not meddled much with its judgments or opinions in the half-century that had been given to him. He was a man of moderation in all things, thinking, talking, doing with as much prudence as could be expected from a common person, and he had got through the world with as few mistakes as any of his kind. A good thing is a long time growing, and for the most part comes secretly to maturity. Silas had been growing for fifty years into the right proportions for greatness, and not a soul in this world was aware. In Cherubusco, as elsewhere, nothing was expected from a poor fisherman, and nothing was got.

What did it matter that he had the frame and the grace of a *human* Hercules, that his eyes and his teeth shone, and his beard flowed silky and luxuriant over his breast? His clothes and his speech did not match the fine things of nature, and his name was ridiculous. He had no ambition and large, rough hands. His wife was a plain creature, who thought she could not live too far from Cherubusco people. In short, the circumstances which

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bristled all about the good qualities of Silas more than neutralized the power of personal beauty. He was an emphatic nobody, and might have slipped out of the world at any moment without ruffling even the soul of a life-insurance company. How he stood so low in his own community, if he had Agamemnon's good qualities, is hard to understand, except on the supposition that in an ash-heap a diamond may be taken for a cinder.

The only distinction to which he could safely lay claim was the care he had once given to an orphan boy who had lately become a famous artist. This distinction brought him more trouble than fame, and he might reasonably have wished the orphan boy anything but an orphan. Silas was religious, and his devotional ideas took in early life a Baptist shape. He might have been a very enthusiastic sectarian and a noisy ranter but for the pressure put upon him by the decorous church-goers of his belief. He was sincere and straightforward, and willing to run principles anywhere. The gentle-mannered Baptists of Cherubusco were averse to noise, however, and restrained him, turning his strong mind towards the doctrinal rather than the emotional side of their teaching. This was all very well until the orphan boy fell into his hands under peculiar circumstances.

When the Widow Vilas was dying she called Silas Bump to her bedside and gave her son Stephen into his charge. She was a poor creature of Silas' sort, whose life had been rubbed out over a wash-tub. Nobody cared for her except Silas, and she knew no one in the whole town so capable and trustworthy for the office of father to her orphan.

"I give him to you, Silas," said she, "and to you, Lyddy"—for his wife was there also—"because I'm sure o' you. He is yours. He was baptized a Catholic, he's been brought up a Catholic, and I want him to live one till he dies. Promise me now that you will bring him up so, no matter what happens."

The friends promised simply and sincerely.

"Remember," said the widow, distrusting for a moment their fidelity, "if ever he turns out a Protestant through your fault I will meet you before God some day and lay it at your door. But I know you. You will save him for me."

"I kin swear on anythin'," said Silas, "Bible or hem-book, that Stephen 'll grow up a Ketholic."

"Don't fret, you poor soul!" said Lyddy soothingly. "I know you're afraid o' them consarned Baptists gettin' hold on him an' sousin' him in their rilligion. Don't fret, deary. *I* kin manage 'em. *I've* cowed one Baptist, the wust one o' the crowd,

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and I reckon I kin keep off the hull church if it comes to a tussle."

"Baptists aren't so awfully mean as all that, Lyddy," said Silas gravely. "Anyway, Stephen is in the hands o' one o' them, an' he'll do right by him if the airth swung t'other way."

"O you good souls!" whispered the widow, her gratitude conquering for a moment the death-shadows stealing over her face. "What part o' the world is there that God hasn't left some goodness in? I shouldn't have come here, but I couldn't get out once I got in, through being poor. I didn't expect to die so soon, or I would have sent him to a convent. But now I die happy since He has given me you for friends."

Murmuring her blessings the widow died, and, after closing her eyes, Lyddy and Silas took their new charge home. He was a pretty boy of ten years, hardy in body and sensitive in soul, and very refined-looking for the son of a washerwoman. He would have passed easily for Silas' son, so handsome was the Baptist fisherman. The young couple—for Lyddy and Silas were young in those days—felt happier in possessing him than if a gold-mine had been discovered on their rough land, and they looked forward with delight to the years brightened by his presence.

They had not reckoned on the difficulties in the way of keeping him and their promise to the dead mother at the same time. The Baptist persuasion in Cherubusco felt a deep sense of joy and thanksgiving at Stephen's disposal to their enthusiastic brother. A brand had been snatched from the burning. A slave to the Woman of Babylon had been freed from his degrading chains. For the better instruction of those who still sat in darkness it was suggested that this boy be educated for the ministry and set up as a light in the face of them that could not see. This idea set the earnest people of Cherubusco in a state of fermentation; nor could they wait without impatience for the Sunday after the widow's burial, when Silas and his adopted son would appear in church. On that day the fisherman, as usual, occupied his seat alone. Deacon Whiting, in his bland way, mentioned his astonishment at the boy's absence to Silas, and hinted at the expectation of the brethren regarding his high destiny.

"The boy is a Ketholic," said the fisherman bluntly, "an' went to Caribou to his own church this morning early. Lyddy took him over, as we agreed to do."

"As you agreed to do!" said the deacon severely. "With whom, Mr. Bump, did you make this agreement?"

"With his mother. She give him to us when we give that

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promise. And we mean to keep to it," said Silas, with a ring in his voice and a glance in his eye that warned the deacon against further interference. Decorousness was the characteristic of Cherubusco Baptists, who were as good Baptists as can be found north of the mountains. The decorous excitement into which they were thrown by the fact revealed in Silas' answer required much pressure from grace and nature to keep within bounds. The village world could not but see, in the numerous private duos, trios, quartettes, and choruses carried on within the Baptist circle, that an extensive family concert was taking place. The object remained for long a mystery. Silas submitted to the informal persecution of numerous interviews with honorable patience. To persuasion he offered the promise to the widow; argument he met by argument, feeling keenly the awkwardness of educating that orphan boy; and bribes, of which there were many, he rejected with much heat. He held his ground so well, and so strongly persisted in keeping his word, that the matter was finally made a point of public discussion. The question was put to the church-members: Could a brother educate a boy in the Catholic faith and remain in the church? It was debated in a meeting at which Silas was present.

"The question," said Deacon Whiting, "is a leetle premature. I think Brother Bump, when he hears the sense of the meeting, will have a higher idea of his duty towards Stephen Vilas. I honor his devotion to his word. His sense of duty is keen and strong, if a leetle too positive." The deacon leaned forward on his toes as he uttered the last phrase in a gentle, don't-think-me-too-hard tone. "It's an honor to us that he errs in the right direction. He will now have a chance to hear the views of his brethren direct, and I know they will convince him."

The brethren, an array of kindly, positive, old-fashioned Baptists, pleasant-faced and mild-mannered, looked as if they knew their views would convince the pope the moment he set eyes on them. One by one, as requested, they arose and stated their opinions.

"Brother Bump," said Sister Haskell, the gentlest creature that ever breathed, and the sincerest, "does not see what a light this child would throw upon the benighted papists if he grew up a Baptist. Many hundreds of converts might be made who would thank him for a seeming harshness."

"And then the dignity of the ministry!" said Brother Barton, a lawyer famous for clever inferences. "The mother herself, had

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she lived, would no doubt have given her son with joy to the Baptist who would make a minister of him. She might prefer rather to have her son a lay Catholic than a lay Baptist, but she certainly would jump at the chance of putting him in the honorable and—and—" he was going to say "lucrative," but changed it for "glorious ministry."

"Mebbe," Silas replied confusedly, "but I think not. She had nothin' ag'in' Baptists as neighbors, but she hated the ministers wuss 'n rats. She said so many a time."

A chorus of horror from the assembly!

"And is this tender child to grow up in the same sentiments?" asked Sister Kent, who wrote religious novels as only a virgin of forty could. "Is one of our fold to take upon himself the odious office of teaching a virgin mind the horrid and debasing doctrines of popery? Will Brother Bump extinguish this light, destroy this bright influence, make the future minister a papal puppet? Will he deliver, bound and gagged, to Satan this gentle, lovely soul standing at heaven's gate, pleading as only a child can for entrance? It surely, surely cannot be," said Sister Kent, resuming her seat with a sob of strong emotion. Silas fairly paled under the glow of her language, and began to realize all at once the desperate promise he had made to a woman in distress. Deacon Whiting saw his feeling and smiled. The meeting commenced to feel the impulses of its own excitement.

"Brother Bump," said a hard-headed farmer, "thinks a heap o' that child, an' no blame to 'm, for anythin' prittier don't breathe in the kaounty. He give a promise to his ma—didn't think at the time a Baptist couldn't give no sech promise. It stands to reason he an't bound by it. Besides, it's an injury to the boy. Brother Bump knows it's an injury. A promise t' injure another don't hold good."

"I'm not sure," said Silas feebly, "that it is an injury."

"*We're* sure it is," replied the hard-headed farmer. "It's either Baptist or nawthin'. If Baptist notions amount to anythin', popery's all wrong, an' a Baptist can't edicate a Papist in wrong, that's flat."

"Very true," said the deacon suavely, "but not very well put. Sister Kent, you brought out a similar idea clearly and beautifully in your last story. Might we hear from you again?"

But Silas was on his feet before a word could be said, and was addressing the meeting. He feared the eloquence of Miss Kent.

"I'm sot," said he, "on one thing, brethren—that I'll keep my word to Stephen's mother. I'm a Baptist, an' I'm goin' to

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die one, but no talk can change me from what I promised to do. Mebbe I'm wrong. I begin to think I am. I had no business promisin'. But I know what the widow thought of Protestants, an' what she would do with the boy if she lived, an' I mean to do the same. I want to live in peace with all o' you, so I'll send the boy away to his own people an' hev nothin' more to do with him. More than that I can't an' won't do."

With these words he strode humbly from the council-room and left the brethren to settle the question as they pleased. It pleased them to dismiss Silas from the church. All held without difference of opinion that a Baptist could not remain a Baptist and bring up a Catholic child in the faith of his parents. The poor fisherman was expelled quietly from membership.

It was a grievous affliction for him, and for many months Lyddy had a vexatious task keeping up his spirits. Their house stood in a pine-grove on the rocky shore of the lake, a full mile from any habitation. The moan of the water and the solemn pines was not a cheerful sound for a melancholy man, and Lyddy's eternal scolding was hardly enough to drown it, but she kept up a clatter of words and phrases in his ears so continuous and troublesome that, in comparison, the loneliness of lake and wood became a pleasure. Young Stephen Vilas, the delight of the fisherman's household, became doubly dear to him. For his sake he had brought upon himself this suffering, and to the boy he now looked for such comfort as his innocent company could give.

"You'll be a Ketholic, Stephen," said he, "of the best kind there is on this airth. No halves about it. You've cost me dear, an' I'm goin' to have the worth o' my money out o' you."

"I'll pay it all back," said the boy gravely.

"In course you will, Stephen, every cent of it. But the on'y way to pay it back is to be the best Ketholic that ever was."

"That's what I mean to be," said the child, knitting his brows as if he foresaw difficulties and was bound to overcome them.

"That's the spirit," said the delighted Silas. "Mebbe you'd be a pope yet," making a secret grimace at the dreadful word.

"Oh, no!" said the child, with a hearty laugh, "I never could get so high."

"You couldn't?" admiringly. "Is it so very high?"

Stephen looked up to the tops of the tall pine-trees and then towards the distant mountains.

"It's higher than them, Silas," he said reverently, as he laid his cheek on the rough shoulder of his father. "The pope is the

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head of the one true church, the successor of St. Peter, and the Vicar of Christ."

"Who was St. Peter?" in deeper admiration.

"First pope and bishop of Rome," promptly replied the lad. "He got out of the boat in a hurry, and he was sinking, and our Lord was walking on the waters, and he said, 'Lord, save me or I perish.'"

"Indeed, I know that's true, every word," muttered Silas, "for I read it myself in the Bible. This boy is a reg'lar smart one, an' no fear that he won't be a Ketholic to the last scratch."

No fear, indeed, under circumstances so favorable as those by which he was surrounded. Every Sunday Lyddy walked with him four miles to Caribou and gave him in charge of the priest of the mission for Mass and catechism; every night and morning he recited his beads, his prayers, and his catechism lesson to the watchful mother; every fourth Sunday she led him to the confessional; in his little room hung a crucifix and pictures of the Saviour and his Blessed Mother; on the stand at his bedside were a bottle of holy water, a prayer-book, and a few doctrinal works of incomprehensible depth and ponderosity. Nay, when night came and he was safely tucked away in bed she sprinkled the holy water through his room as she had seen his mother do. Having no precise belief of her own, she considered one form as good as another, and was indifferent to ritual. In her maiden days, when Cherubusco had but one church, where three congregations met in succession on Sunday, Lyddy graciously sat under three ministers and taught three catechisms to three sets of children. She was a woman of the very broadest views indeed. But Silas suffered agonies unlike anything he had ever known. Baptist doctrines were the core of his simple soul, and to see this child growing up in the "horrible belief of popery," himself forbidden to utter one word in favor of his own ideas or against the child's faith, was martyrdom. He bore it grimly and patiently, as he bore isolation from the brethren, and was the more devoted to the child, to his pledge, and to the doctrines of the Baptists.

Stephen grew in wisdom and grace as the years went on. He developed striking talents for music and painting, both of which came near being strangled in their infancy by Lyddy's fear of his perversion to Baptistry. Sister Kent saw his natural ability, and offered to teach him all she knew of those arts out of pure sympathy. At fifteen Stephen was as handsome and noble a lad as the eye ever met, and as good as he was handsome. To look on him was to love him. For, besides beauty of face and goodness

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of heart, he showed a refinement and modesty of manner very rare in a lively boy fond of fishing, hunting, and the general roughness which enters into a boy's habits of life. Sister Kent was firmly repulsed by Silas and Lyddy until she had, as it were, given bonds for her good behavior in religious matters. Even then but for Stephen's earnest pleading she would not have succeeded.

"Music is good, an' so's paintin'," said Silas dubiously, "but 'twon't do *him* any good. It'll make him high-flown. It'll take him away from us. When he's in the city what'll become of him?"

"The boy has smartness," said Lyddy, "an' it must come out. Best to favor it, for it *will* come out. I kin watch Sister Kent, so's a wink won't go past my countin'; an' if she gits ahead o' me, she or any other Baptist, I want to know it. The boy wants to—that's enough. He must learn to stan' on his own feet now, so let him begin while we have charge of him."

Stephen became the pupil of Cherubusco's novelist, and a most wonderful boy he turned out to be. Miss Kent's musical and artistic knowledge was exhausted upon him in a year. He painted and played and sang as if by inspiration, and did each much better than it had ever been done before in the county. Silas was relieved when his ward found it unnecessary to take further lessons from Miss Kent. He built for him a little studio on the lake shore, in the dreamiest spot of the pine-woods, and bade him paint to his heart's content. It was a passion with Stephen. He forgot music and study and play, and even his guardians, for the pleasure of painting, until Lyddy brought her power of scolding to bear on his devotion to art. She locked up the studio nineteen out of every twenty-four hours, and carried the key herself. The remaining five were at his disposal. Very obediently for a genius he submitted to her limitations and tried to make up for lost time by using every second of the five hours. When leisure permitted, Silas would bring his work to the studio and sit on the shaded porch to enjoy a quiet talk with his son. How he reverenced the boy no words could adequately tell.

Silas had a strong tendency to talk religion with congenial souls, and in particular to dilate upon the glorious character of St. John the Baptist—the very corner-stone of Baptist faith, in his estimation. With Stephen this tendency had to be kept down. To the credit of the fisherman it must be said that he had not once spoken in praise of his own or in dispraise of Stephen's religion to the lad in eight years. It was a sore trial.

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The memory of his word to the widow was like a pillar at his back when the temptation to talk grew strong on him. Stephen at eighteen was thoroughly alive to his benefactor's generosity of soul. Lyddy had made him acquainted with all the facts, and he was in consequence full of gratitude. Yet he would have liked to break in upon Silas' hidden views and hear what the simple, prudent, generous fellow had to say on them. Respecting his reserve, however, he said nothing.

The painting at the studio went on with rapid approaches to boyish perfection. The latest canvas, half begun, stood on its rude easel, showing a mass of bluish-gray rock, scant pine foliage, and water here and there, with a large space left out for a human figure, to which these colors were but a foil. Silas looked at it with a delighted eye.

"That's our shore an' our trees," said he, "an' our lake. You want to put the paint-house hyar, an' this road through them rocks wants to show houses, not sand. Thar an't no desert roun' hyar. What *air* you tryin' to paint, Stephen?"

Stephen was in a far-away mood, and he answered absently, "St. John the Baptist."

Silas flushed, paled, fidgeted, and was silent.

"I don't know, you see," continued the boy, "how the shore of the Jordan looks. I have no colored pictures of it, so I took our own shore. Here's the desert out of which St. John came, and here is the spot where I mean to have him stand. The trouble is, how did he look? I don't like the pictures I've seen of him. They're not natural. He was thirty years old. He came straight from the desert. He must have been lean, tall, shaggy, kingly. Now, how did he look—how did he look?" dabbing his canvas with the brush; and he added reverently: "St. John, help me to know how you looked."

"Why do you call him saint?" said Silas, bending over his nets.

"He is a saint of the Catholic Church," replied the boy. "Last month we celebrated his feast-day at Caribou. He was born without sin, and so his birthday is honored. Other saints have their death-day honored. St. John," he added meditatively, "help me to know how you looked."

"I'll tell you how he looked," Silas half-whispered, feeling that his opportunity had come honorably. Stephen turned to him with a motion of surprise. "As you say, tall, lean, shaggy—that's my idee exactly; and kingly, too, like George Washington at the battle o' Monmouth"—alluding to a picture in the home

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parlor, where the hero's head was high and his shoulders square. "But more 'n that, Stephen—oh! more 'n that, my lad; more 'n kings or generals ever had." He stood up in a transient excitement and pointed along the rocky shore. "Many 's the time I fancied him comin' yonder out o' the pines to wake up the sinners o' this State; steppin' quick, not lookin' right nor left, but straight ahead; a face like the water thar, cool an' sweet, not, like ours, cut up with sin; an' his eyes shinin' like Moses' when he came down off o' the mountain. Thar 's my idee o' John afore the talkin' begins, Stephen. But it 's another man when he speaks—some one no painter could ever paint, I reckon. He was a Voice, you know." He turned towards the woods and roared a dreadful shout of "'I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the paths o' the Lord.' He was a Voice, Stephen, that shook up the sinners an' racked 'em to the marrow, like stones a-smashin'. When he spoke the word big guns wa'n't nawthin' to 't. Lightnin' wa'n't a spark to 't. The word come out like hot shot, an' sinners wa'n't nowhere; an' his face must have been so'thin' awful. It was all in the voice, though; an' if I had that voice how I'd make this hull world howl!"

"Stand right where you are," said Stephen suddenly; "don't move, don't even wink." He was transferring the attitude and expression to paper with swift, sure pencil. Silas, surprised and ashamed, stood a full minute like a statue, and then sat down abruptly with a light laugh. The flood-gates so unexpectedly opened had closed.

"Now I have my saint," said the boy proudly. "Look at that."

Silas threw a vicious glance at his own profile, drawn with force and vividness, one hand outstretched, his beard flying in the wind, a tumultuous, stormy expression on his face.

"Doesn't that beat the namby-pamby ideas I had scratched here?" said Stephen, showing other rough sketches of the Precursor. "Now I'll give this a few ideal touches, put it in rough skins, and my work is done."

Silas plied his mending without a word or a gesture, for he had frightened himself by his own vehemence.

"I didn't know," he said at last, "that John the Baptist was thought such a heap of by your folks."

"Any one that had anything to do with our Lord," Stephen replied, "is thought a heap of by our folks." He went on with his painting indifferently. "Our folks," with gentle humor, "allow no one such honor as the Blessed Virgin and St. John.

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She was never touched with sin, and he only for a little while before he was born."

"Queer!" murmured the fisherman, trying to picture as friends of his patron the despised Catholics. "They do think a pile of him."

"Why wouldn't they?" said the artist. "Everything good is to be honored. The more good the more honor."

"Do you like him?" said the fisherman.

"Who doesn't that knows him?" evasively. "I suppose it was your liking for him that made you so willing to do the fair thing by a Catholic widow's son."

"No, it wasn't," said Silas innocently, "but it reconciles me more to what I did. Stephen, if it wasn't for the word I gave your ma I never would have done it. I wanted to make a Baptist of you many a time, I sw'ar. I feel almighty glad now that I didn't. You're a Baptist, anyway."

"You suffered a good deal, Silas, on my account."

"There is only one thing kin give me a wuss twist," he replied forcibly—"if ever you shouldn't be the best kind of a Ketholic, Stephen."

The expression on his face as he said the last words was of great sadness. Stephen transferred it promptly to the drawing made a moment before.

"When I forget to be a Catholic," said he, with a boy's enthusiasm and self-confidence, "may misfortune overtake me. Silas, that voice of yours would be enough to wake me, if you were living. While you live you need not fear. I love my faith."

"You do, do you?" said Silas, suppressing his delight and pulling away at the twine. "'Nough said."

Stephen worked at his picture of St. John leaving the wilderness until it was as finished as he could make it. For a boy and an amateur it was much more than good. It was simply astonishing. The central figure, lonely and wild at the first appearance, was far more than a photograph of the fisherman. The element of repose was quite as strong in the composition as the virility expressed in the browned, kingly figure, so that one could imagine this being speaking words and doing deeds of crushing significance while retaining a perfect self-command. This amid a thousand defects. Silas offered a mute tribute to its beauty.

"It's not my idee," he said, "but it's all-fired good! If I went to speak the word I'd want to look just that way. Stephen, what were you born for, anyway?"

It was a question which troubled each member of the house-

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hold considerably. Lyddy said the boy was a genius and ought to get the chances of a genius, which meant that he was not to remain in Cherubusco all his life, but must go out into the world and carve fame and fortune for himself. Silas groaned in secret over that future parting. He sat often on the studio porch and fancied what the pine-woods, the rocky shore, the still lake would be without the hope of the boy's presence. He knew that as his heart had been wrung by keeping him with him, so it must be wrung more cruelly by parting from him.

The day came two years later. By the sale of his many paintings Stephen had scraped together a few hundred dollars. Silas had insisted on supporting him in the metropolis, and for art studies he was to do as well as he could by himself. Lyddy bade him a tearful good-by at the door, and Silas went with him as far as the edge of the wood. He stood in the shadow of the trees watching his light step as he went towards the village, and later saw with moist eyes the flutter of a handkerchief from the steamer ploughing the lake. Of all that treasure confided to him by the widow there remained nothing to him but the studio and the little room where he had slept so many years.

"The lad was so'thin' more 'n a chicken," said the husband to the wife. "You can't git an eagle to nest in a barnyard."

Consolations which did not even soothe the irritation of their sufferings. Certain blessings, however, followed upon his departure. The Baptist brethren invited Silas to return to the fold and resume his prayerful connection with the church, which in his loneliness he was glad to do, in spite of Lyddy's scornful remarks on stooping "to them 'ere ducks o' Christianity." A few zealous churchmen were of the opinion that the faith of the brethren would receive strong confirmation if Brother Bump expressed contrition for the error into which extreme devotion to his word had led him. Curiously enough the returned lamb consented to make a public act of contrition.

"I had the boy," said Brother Bump in the course of a long address, "just ten years, an' I kin say that every day of nine o' them was a day of sorrow for me. I mourned for the company o' the brethren, an' I mourned for what might be scandal to some, an' I mourned for other things which I needn't mention hyar; an' I didn't take much pleasure out o' life, you kin bet. For what seemed wrong to the brethren I'm sorry. It never was wrong to me. O' course, that an't no excuse, an' I'm downright sorry, I am. For eight years I was sorry I ever gave my word to Widow Vilas to bring her boy up a Ketholic. Then I

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heard so'thin' that changed my notions a trifle, an' I an't been sorry sence."

Deacon Whiting, still at the head of the church, was prudent enough to invite no further explanation from him, one was so apt to find a hornet's nest when sifting his motives; but Sister Kent must know the cause of his change of feeling in the eighth year. The deacon begged her not to press the question, and was at once flanked by a brother who insisted on the why and wherefore now or never, on a clean confession and a flawless contrition.

"It's very simple," said Brother Bump. "I heard then that the Ketholics think a sight more o' John the Baptist 'n we do." A rustle of surprise. "They call him Saint John, an' have a day named a'ter him, an' parades an' sich, like Fourth o' July. A'ter Christ an' the Virgin"—groans of woe from all parts of the room —"I mean Mary, his mother, they think the Baptist comes next. I thought that touched pritty cluss to our notions, an' I felt better over Stephen bein' a Ketholic."

Three or four brethren jumped to their feet in hot wrath over this last remark, and were sharply returned to their seats and tempers by the deacon.

"If the brethren," said he, "thought more of charity and less of satisfying curiosity these annoyances would cease. I can explain this error into which Brother Bump has fallen. John the Baptist and Saint John are two persons with points of resemblance. Our great servant of God was a real man. The other is a fiction. Let this matter end here."

But Silas would not let the matter end there. He defended the identity of the two characters with heat and confusion, and for a time the meeting was a scene of turmoil which the deacon could not control. A peace was patched up with difficulty, and the subject of John the Baptist dropped; but until this day it is a question in Cherubusco circles whether Baptists or Catholics possess the holy Precursor of the Lord.

In the exercise of religion Silas managed to smother the loneliness of the forest home. Stephen was gone from him for ever. He made up his mind to receive that fact, and also another which followed it—that his life would never brighten the home in the pine-wood again. In a better world, where change never intruded, he had hopes that the son of his adoption would be returned to him. Like a pious man, he closed that volume of his life and handed it submissively to God. Away flew the years. Stephen made rapid strides to fame and honor in the metropolis. Wealthy patrons flattered and encouraged him, bought his pic-

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tures, helped him to an art-tour in Europe, fêted him on his return, and set the critics to studying his merits. He was young, over-ambitious, and careless. When he had reached a certain height on the mountain of fame, having been compelled to toss aside much baggage in the ascent, he discovered his faith to be among the discarded rubbish. It was not so very inconvenient, perhaps, just at that moment. A woman whose name will never stain this fair page had thrown the spell of her fatal beauty and rich culture about him, and he had married her. Her first husband was still living, but the law had released her from her vows and the young artist, in his twenty-ninth year, sealed his turning from the faith by taking her into his house as his wife.

Deacon Whiting read a lengthy account of the affair in the metropolitan paper, and was a long time hemming and hawing over it before its true inwardness was laid open to him. He walked over to the house in the pine-grove with it the same afternoon.

"Silas," said he, "Lyddy"—they were old friends and good neighbors—"I have something here that you ought to see, something you ought to know and that will hurt you to know, and I was bound to tell it to you myself." He knew the trouble that another would make out of the telling. "I want to know can a Catholic marry a divorced woman?"

"No," said Lyddy positively, "they can't. Mis' Vilas said they couldn't, an' I asked the Caribou priest, 'n' he said the same. No more kin Baptists, I s'pose!"

"Another question," said the deacon: "Do Catholics ever marry Protestants in a Protestant church?"

"They wouldn't stan' afore a minister," Silas answered, "leastwise accordin' to Stephen's sayin', if there wasn't a priest in the hull world to marry 'em."

"Condemned out of his own mouth," thought the deacon, and he proceeded to read the newspaper article with much deliberation and charity, leaving out such paragraphs as were apt to deepen the wounds in these two simple hearts. When it was finished he placed the paper on the table, and, with the remark that it was the only paper of its kind in the town and no one would ever see it, considerately departed. Lyddy, all trembling, sat looking at Silas as if she feared he would fall dead; while the nonest fisherman, the full force of this new sorrow strongly before his mind, was making strong but quiet efforts to beat off the agony that surged with the blood against his heart. They wept together in silence.

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"Sech a man as that Deacon Whitin' is," whimpered Lyddy gratefully, "to keep it from everybody! Half the shame's gone when them town-people don't know it."

"Whose fault was't?" asked Silas drearily. "Who's to blame? Do ye mind his ma's warnin'? Says she, 'If that boy gits to be a Protestant through your fault,' sa' she, 'I'll squar' up with you afore the judgment-seat,' sa' she."

Although a mortal terror seized on Lyddy at the remembrance of these awful words, she faced the question bravely. The door of Stephen's room was open and its little crucifix hung in full view on the wall at his bedside.

"Who's to blame?" said she. "Not us, Silas Bump, for one. If Mis' Vilas ever lays it to my charge I'll jest ask her to look at this room. The Caribou priest said there wa'n't no Ketholic boy in this world had a better room, nor one so near heaven. Us to blame! I'd like to hear any one say it," with a look around the room for the party that would thus desperately venture. "I'll tell ye who's to blame: that thing he married. I know'm—shiny things, all silks 'n' di'mon's, chock-full o' cologne, nasty with sweetness. Them's the things that kin hook a man an' destr'y 'm. She's did that for Stephen. She's hooked 'm; naow she'll destr'y 'm."

"O Stephen!" moaned Silas, leaning at the door of the little room and recalling with much anguish how often he had looked with love on the innocent face that once rested there.

"You're not to blame, Silas Bump," said Lyddy sharply. "Now don't go 'n' take on, 's if the hull world was busted."

"It *is* busted for me, Lyddy," groaning so painfully that the old wife burst out crying anew with a secret conviction that this would be the death of Silas. "Tan't my fault," continued Silas. "God knows I did—I did—all—"

"All that a man could," said Lyddy.

"No, all that a Baptist could," mournfully. "Lyddy, it went agin the sperrit drea'ful to make that fine boy a Ketholic. The first eight years, I mean. I lef' the most of it to you, I did. When I heard what his folks thought o' John the Baptist I did more for him. If I had known that all along I would have done better by him. It is my fault, Lyddy. I'm to blame, but I did's well's a Baptist could."

"An' a heep sight better!" cried Lyddy ferociously, still more alarmed at his condition and appearance. "Didn't the hull set stan' agin you an' try to twist you roun'? Didn't all the lights o' the church sw'ar to ye that a Baptist couldn't do sech a thing

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in conscience? Didn't they bounce ye from the church? Didn't you go back to 'm, like the sloppish fool you al'ays was? You did more 'n any Baptist I know of 'd do, an' I han't got no patience with you talkin' so, Silas Bump."

Silas tried her patience still more by a determined silence for the rest of that day and night. He wandered from the boy's room to the studio, whittling and whistling, as in trouble he was wont to do, taking lectures and persuasions indifferently, and sending Lyddy's heart to her mouth at intervals by his awful groans. When morning came—a sunny spring morning, warm and sparkling—she was in downright despair. Silas, if this continued, would surely die. It did continue. The fisherman went to his work, indeed, and attended to the little details of home-life, but he neither ate nor slept the first week, and day by day he grew more pinched and pallid. The kindly deacon came over at Lyddy's request to reason with him, and to show him that if Stephen became a Protestant in his manhood it was because grace had been given him from above to see the errors of Rome. In vain, all in vain. Quite desperate at the end of a month, when this state of affairs had not changed but for worse, Lyddy announced her determination to go to New York and see for herself if these newspaper things were true.

"Human bein's," said Lyddy, "can lie, an' print kin do the same. Mebbe 'twas all game, or had more lie 'n truth in it."

An audacious heresy at that time and place, when printed matter was regarded as gospel. But Lyddy was nothing if not audacious and innovating. When she had announced her new scheme her best garments were draping her angular form, and her satchel, stuffed with a lunch sufficient for a tour around the world, squatted at the door; but hope gleamed in Silas' eyes for the first time in a month, and Lyddy was satisfied. It was a respite for him. He waited with patience, and even with hope, for the result of her mission; came back to his old sense and regained appetite and cheerfulness. Lyddy was at home the fourth day after her departure, her sharp face woebegone and the satchel empty.

"I give the stuff away," she explained—"'twas awful carryin', an' threatened to spile. I'm clean played out. I saw Mis' Vilas, 'n' got 's much satisfaction 's I had a right to expect; as for hope, there an't no airthly use lookin' for 't in that quarter. I didn't see Stephen. I must say I didn't hanker to see 'm a'ter my talk with his wife, for of all the sweet, silly fools in this world she's the wust. I never thought Stephen could be taken in by sech a thing as she is."

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She hustled her outer garments into the next room and began making a pot of tea with great energy. Whenever she felt particularly wicked towards the artist's siren the teapot was shaken out of its senses and rattled across the stove. She described her journey to the great city, her fears, her struggles with baggage and hackmen, her general terror when the house was reached, and her final battle with Stephen's servants before entering madame's presence.

"There she sot," continued Lyddy, giving the teapot a bang, "right in the middle o' the room, 'n' I could smell the cologne as far as the door. A trimmed-up feller sot beside her a-talkin'. When she saw me she jumped up mighty suddint. 'I'm Stephen's mother,' says I, 'n' I know you call yourself his wife; but law! ma'am, you 're no more his wife than I be. Is he to hum?' Wasn't that sendin' it in sharp? Says she, sweeter 'n pie—her sweetness was so'thin' awful—says she: 'You're welcome, but Stephen's away, an' won't be back for three weeks'; an', right or wrong, she'd have me stay till he come back, but I wouldn't."

They talked matters over in presence of the trimmed-up gentleman, who seemed to be very much at home and took quite a part in the conversation. Stephen, they informed Lyddy, had given up his religious nonsense years ago, and thought himself as much married to his wife as any priest could make him, and they laughed considerably at her earnest protest against divorce.

"She said Stephen was happy," Lyddy went on, "couldn't be more so, an' she was happy too, an' the gentleman said he was happy; an' I says: 'Mebbe Stephen wouldn't care so much to know *you* was so happy'; an' the look they gave each other when I said that showed 'm up to me, at least. I says to 'm, says I: 'This is a onhappy house. You 've sp'iled a good man,' says I, 'an' you 'll sup sorrer for it.' An' I bid her good-day an went out; an' law! if the air didn't smell sweet a'ter her stunnin' cologne. I asked the servant if Stephen was happy, an' he said: 'Quite so, if smilin' all the time meant happiness.' An' I visited the Catholic priest, to see what he knew, an' he said 'twas well known that the great artist, Mr. Vilas, was a pervert man. So I came home satisfied; an' I reckon Stephen kin git along without us, an' the best thing for us to do is let him make his own way for evermore."

Silas said nothing, but did not seem so downcast as before, and went about his work all the winter of that year very sensibly. A purpose, to be executed in the spring, was keeping up his heart.

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He dwelt on its future effect with hopeful fancy, and often saw himself walking down the forest path with Stephen, freed from sinful ties, behind him. It began to appear to him a dead certainty. The boy had said once he would never really lose his faith while Silas lived, and that his big voice would wake him from the torpor of sin—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness." Often he pondered on those words, and wished that he could be converted into a mighty voice whose resonance and power would tear up the foundations of sin in his adopted son's heart.

When the first blush of May was on the land he started for New York. Lyddy was taken aback at the hopelessness of his mission, but saw that he could not be persuaded from it. He went without staff or scrip, so to speak, refusing Lyddy's elaborate changes of linen and wonderful lunches.

"I want him to see me as he al'ays knew me," said Silas; "an' for the eatin' part, o' course it 's sold on the way."

The truth was, he had determined to set out on this journey fasting and praying until its object was accomplished. He was radiant with hope, but he wished to draw upon his mission the special favor of God. The hours flew quickly between the two points of the journey. He could hardly realize, when the cabman opened the cab-door and ushered him on to the pavement, that he was standing in a street of the great city, before the residence of his wayward son. Lights shone from all the windows, and the sound of music stole faintly through them. A fête was going on. Nervous, and yet exalted with the fever of his mission, he passed through the doorway into the hall, into the grand parlors where an elegant company sat, stared in silence at each astonished one, looking for Stephen's face, and passed into the hall like a ghost. He tried each door that presented itself, and in one room found a light burning so dimly that his keen eyes could just make out the form bowed at the table in an attitude of profound sorrow and despair.

It was Stephen, the great artist, whose wealth and genius would be too scant a cloak to hide the shame one woman had brought upon him, whose faith was gone and honor dead, and who to-morrow would be pointed out as a character in the latest social scandal. His thoughts were whirling about the ideas of murder and suicide, and for both he was partly prepared, so much so that the distracted mind, like one drowning, went back to the days of his obscurity when his mother washed for a living and was concerned to keep him innocent of the world and instruct

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him in the ways of heaven. That time and this made strong contrasts. He wondered what compensation Divinity had for those poor souls who had watched over him in his youth. At that moment, looking up, he saw the rude form of Silas in gigantic outline against the wall.

"Who are you?" he said sharply; and the answer came, prompt, stern, enthusiastic:

"'I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight his paths. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways plain. And all flesh shall see the salvation of God.'"

Half-distracted, Stephen listened to the familiar voice and unfamiliar words, believing something supernatural before him.

"What do you want with me, spirit or devil?" he said wildly; but Silas' cool hand was suddenly grasping his with vigor, and his assuring voice was roaring in his ear a hymn of praise and joy to the Lord in true Baptist style. It is a truth that the wicked of heart have no friends. In all the wide circle of his acquaintance, Stephen, the great artist, had no unselfish and disinterested heart in whom to confide—no one to whom he would have trusted the secret of his shame. Yet here was the truest and best friend a man ever had, standing at his side, full of pity for him; and all at once the chains of shame seemed to fall from him and his mind was free.

"I want you to come back, Stephen," he could hear the old fisherman saying through the stupor which had fallen upon him. "You han't forgot your mother, my boy, nor me, nor the old house in the woods, nor the studio, nor how good you used to be, nor the promise you made that you'd be the best Ketholic that ever was—"

"I have been the worst," said Stephen, rising suddenly and striding violently through the room; "all things considered, I have been the worst. But I am repaid—richly repaid. What I cared for least I have in abundance; what was dearest to me has been changed into loathsomeness. My wife—"

"Not your wife, Stephen," said the fisherman, "but another man's."

"True," he answered, falling into a sudden calm; "she is not my wife. Why should I feel troubled about her dishonor? It is hers, not mine. Silas, you are my good friend and father."

"And I want you to come back with me to Cherubusco,"

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pleaded the old man. "This house is cursed; it's sin from top to bottom. You air a Ketholic still, Stephen."

"I could be nothing else," said the artist; "but I am low down now."

"Because you air in this house," repeated Silas. "Leave it. Take the straight path with me, Stephen, an' come back home."

The artist stood apart, debating the fitness of such an act. Silas found a coat and hat near, and, with shaking nerves, put them on over his evening dress and led him through the hall out into the street. He could not believe in his own success, and trembled and prayed when the artist stopped to look back at his mansion and catch a strain of the music floating from it.

"I anticipate them," he muttered. "Madame will be shrewd enough to turn this flight to the best advantage. O Silas! you are my good angel to-night. Let us go."

The music in the grand house pursued them, but did not stay their course; and when, the next day, all was subdued excitement and fear there, they were walking slowly along the path in the pine-forest. When Lyddy embraced her repentant son, Silas said a prayer of deep thanksgiving to God.

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

HE was crowned king by an adoring crowd
  That, wondering, hung upon his lightest word.
With human adulation he grew proud,
  And cried aloud—so little children heard—
"There is no God, there is no heaven, no hell!"
  The eyes of youthful hearers opened wide—
Scandal to them! Those mad words were the knell
  Of his great mind, its powers all misapplied.
The words like wildfire spread throughout the land;
  They never were recalled—it was too late:
That maniac there who bites his keeper's hand,
  And glares upon us through the iron gate,
    Is he!

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THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

THE main, and perhaps only, difficulty of uniting Christians, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, in this republic, so as to make some headway against the influence of the infidel and of the Agnostic in the education of the young, is the *fear* which the Protestant Christians seem to have of the pope and of the church. They do not appear to have anything to say against the *justice* of the claims of the Catholics—indeed, it would be hard for them to refute that—but they imply by their style of argument that they cannot afford to be even *just* to the church. We ask no odds of the state. We say simply: Either give us our share of the school-tax or do not tax us for the schools. In other words, put us on *equal* footing with other citizens. The only reply is: No, we cannot afford to do that, for if we do you will seize the country. The forty-five millions of the United States are afraid to be just to seven millions. What a confession is not this of the impotence of the sects against the church: If your *rights* are allowed you we will have to resort to *bloodshed*, etc., to keep you from absorbing all the people! This is a great compliment to us; but we believe that fear magnifies excessively the hobgoblin of the non-Catholic imagination. We might well say, like Tertullian: It was only yesterday that we were cast on these shores like driftwood, having been robbed of everything by the non-Catholics on the other side of the water. We have simply busied ourselves with building churches, schools, asylums, etc., taking care of our own as far as our poverty would permit, never attacking you even by word of mouth; and we have already frightened you into believing that, unless you resort to the old methods of putting us at a disadvantage politically, we will overcome you again. If we will be able to *induce* the whole or a great majority of the American people to join us, confessedly it will not be by physical force; if it be by argument, why not meet us with argument? It is not American to deny to a man the right to win over the majority, if he can, by argument. If the Protestants believe that their religion is divine, why have they so little confidence in it? Like the wolf in the fable, which was not able to convict the lamb of disturbing the water himself, they wish to punish us for what was done by our ancestors or neighbors.

Here we are, *American* citizens and parents, who simply want

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to educate our children, according to our way, to be good and honest people. We protest most solemnly that we don't want to interfere with other parents, and that it is none of our affair what may have been done or is done in Europe or elsewhere. If Philip II. of Spain or Charles IX. of France, or anybody else, did this or that wrong, many of us have never even heard of it, and those that have condemn it as much as do Protestants. Nobody among us thinks of making faces at a New York Presbyterian because, forsooth, Presbyterians have been intolerant in Scotland or Ireland. It often reminds us of the man who, having just listened to a Good-Friday sermon, met on his way home a Jewish neighbor with whom he had hitherto been friendly, and proceeded to thrash him most unmercifully in revenge for the crucifixion of our Lord by the Jews. When the astonished neighbor protested that this event had occurred eighteen centuries ago, and that he had had absolutely nothing to do with it, the Christian, who was not a very exemplary one, said in reply: "Eighteen centuries ago? You don't say! Why, 'twas only to-day I heard of it!"

The real trouble is that Protestants are fast losing all belief in any revealed religion. When men have a mind to regard all religions with *equal* esteem, and are willing to allow even infidelity to triumph rather than that there should be any slight interruption of their *peace*, it means that they have ceased to regard revealed religion as worth fighting for. We are more convinced every day that the time is rapidly approaching when there will be only two great camps—that of the Catholics and that of the infidels. Such sincere and earnest Christians as still belong to Protestant denominations will betake themselves to the tents of the former, and the others will be ranged under the banner of naturalism.

Herewith will be found a short correspondence which we trust will prove interesting. With the exception of the letter to the *Tribune*, it was not written or intended for publication, being a mere impromptu exchange of views. The Rev. Dr. Crosby very kindly consents to have his letters published:

"RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS—NO NEED OF DIVORCING IT FROM SECULAR EDUCATION—VIEWS OF A PRIEST.

"*To the Editor of the New York Tribune:*

"I lately received a circular appealing to me as a pastor of souls 'to assist the important work of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice,' and I have also read in your paper of a 'White Cross Society' for the

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suppression of impurity. I necessarily sympathize with the efforts of these good people, since their object is the same which every good pastor must have at heart, and for which I am myself striving, though not in the same way. Good is doubtless done by their methods, but, in my opinion, the only effectual way to extirpate vice is to look after the religious education of the young. The false idea that a child may be educated without its heart being trained to believe in and love God and his Commandments, to have an ambition to reach heaven and to fear hell, which idea is at the bottom of the present colorless and neutral system of the public schools, is not likely to produce men and women who will practise Christian morality. We see signs of the opposite result in the growing contempt for parental and governmental authority, in the false notions about mine and thine, in the discontent with one's state of life, in the disregard for the sanctity of the marriage-tie, for the sacredness of human life, etc., etc. If these societies are disposed to make an effort to change the system of public education, so as to secure to the various denominations of Christian and Jewish ministers and priests an opportunity to bring their salutary influence to bear on children in the daily school, *according to the wishes of their parents*, so that while their training in the secular branches is not neglected they may be brought up, like their ancestors before them, both Catholic and non-Catholic, I believe that this could be brought about without spending one penny of the public money in aid of any church.

"Theory and practice are two very different things. Theorists believe that enough of religion can be put into a child in its home—meaning, no doubt, a good home—and in the Sunday-school, without its being necessary to have it in the every-day school. I am convinced by sad experience, having been twenty-three years on the mission in New York, that such is not the fact in practice. I share this conviction with thousands of parents who have proved their entire sincerity by supporting private parochial schools for over twenty thousand children in this city alone, while they are taxed for an established Agnostic school just around the corner, in the benefits of which they cannot conscientiously participate. The school being *practically and really the children's church, they pay for an established church* to which they do not belong. It does not improve matters that it is not a Jewish or Protestant school, since any religion is better than none, and

WHAT IS CALLED UNSECTARIAN

is quite as much of a sect as any other, since it turns out men and women who are Atheists or Agnostics. A multitude of our Catholic children, for whom we cannot provide, are being thus lost to Christianity in the public schools, and I believe that the other denominations are experiencing the same result.

"Possibly the majority may be in favor of the present system—all being, of course, equally in favor of education of some sort—but it does not follow that they are right. The Lord was crucified by an immense majority of the people of Jerusalem. Intelligent men are always in a minority, but they can and do lead the majority. If these can be persuaded that in a free country minorities should not be ignored by majorities—especially when the former are very large, and the Christians are numerous in the State—the majority will cease to be a tyrant over the minority. It may be set

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down as a sound principle that the child belongs to the parent and not to the state, except mediately, and the parent should educate it as he thinks proper, when capable of doing it, and outsiders who do not really represent him should not dictate what it shall learn or not learn. This is the plan of nature and of the Creator. No one loves a child as the parent, and he may be trusted to give it all true advantages. Even if he be poor he should not be deprived of his God-given rights, and his wishes entirely ignored as to what manner of teacher is to take his place, and as to whether his child is to be a Christian or a non-Christian.

"Secular instruction is no doubt useful, and perhaps necessary, in a republic especially; but why need it be divorced from religion? In England the state encourages those who wish to educate their own children by giving a per capita allowance to private schools for each child who passes the examination of the public board in secular branches. *Why could not this be done here?* Let them even examine the teachers, if thought necessary, in the secular branches, leaving to the parents the liberty of saying of what denomination they shall be. The state would thus pay, as at present, only for the secular instruction. What harm would be done to anybody, except to a bigot, if the child is also trained to be a good Christian at the expense of his parent or of his church? For those parents who are indifferent let things go on as at present, although *the cost per capita is fully twice what it would be if the work was done by the church, assisted by the state.* I am actually educating fully nine hundred children, and I am giving as good a secular education as that at the public schools, for less than half the cost. Many other pastors are doing the same. It is too much to expect the churches to provide both religious and secular education, especially as their members are already taxed for the state schools.

"By the arrangement which I propose we would at least be keeping what religion we have received from our ancestors, both Catholic and non-Catholic, and the country would be saved from much of the evil to avert which these anti-vice societies are now making laudable, although I am forced to think entirely inadequate, efforts. Religion is of primary importance to civilization (leaving out all mention of the future life), and no government can well be carried on without its aid, least of all a popular form of government. They tell us that with the suggested system

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THERE WOULD BE A CLASH OF SECTS.

This is imaginary. It has not occurred where it has been tried, or at least it is of little consequence and as nothing in comparison with the present inconveniences. In what reformatory, for instance, have other than good results followed from permitting the clergy to come in and influence those who desire their visits? Why should this invaluable influence be thrown away instead of being utilized? Perhaps, forsooth, because the persecutions of Elizabeth might be renewed, or the fires of Smithfield rekindled in City Hall Park? As it would be vain to reason with this small band of timid and antiquated objectors, I will trespass no further on your patience. As to those whose fears are excited by sensational picturings of priests and ministers grabbing for the public money, let them be of good heart; we are ready to guarantee that we will only grab one dollar for every two that is

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now given to the Board of Education, and if we do not turn out as good citizens we will agree not to grab one cent.

"P. F. MCSWEENY,
"*Rector of St. Bridget's Church.*

"NEW YORK, March 25, 1886."

"116 EAST NINETEENTH STREET, April 13, 1886.

"*Rev. P. F. McSweeny, D.D.:*

"MY DEAR DR. MCSWEENY: The difficulty with your plan is the endless strife it will produce. In England it works, because England has a state church. Here the case is different. What we need is *peace* between Catholics and Protestants. Your plan would produce *war*, where the bad passions of both sides would have it all their own way. No! Let the state have nothing to do with religion, and let us, Protestants and Catholics, educate our children in our respective faiths. In no other way can there be peace. Yours cordially, HOWARD CROSBY."

"NEW YORK, April 14, 1886.

"*Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby:*

"DEAR REV. DOCTOR: As it is very hard to get an audience of His Imperial Majesty 'the Majority,' and your distinguished talents have evidently won his favor, I write again in the hope of winning you over to my views of the education question. I do not want the state to have anything to do with religion further than that she should not *practically* punish those parents who prefer to have the secular teaching combined with religious instruction, and to utilize the salutary influence and example of teachers who are Christians in the daily school. I hold in common, no doubt, with yourself, that the Christian body, whether Catholic or non-Catholic—indeed, in general the religious people—is the best element in the country, and it is on this element that law and order, and consequent liberty, which infidelity falsely claims as its offspring, must depend. Those who founded our freedom were for the most part distinguished by their Christian or religious character. The state ought, therefore, to be the friend of religion. Now, take my parish as an example among many others similarly situated. The great majority of the Catholic parents have their children at our parochial school. There are fully nine hundred of these children. They occupy two large buildings, put up by this church, have fifteen teachers, free tuition, free books, etc., and receive just as good a secular education as is given in the public school around the corner, and in addition are trained to be good Christians. We are thus saving much money to the state, for if we closed up to-morrow she would have to take these children and educate them at a much greater cost. Now, why should not the state subsidize us by giving us a per capita allowance for every child we turn out ready fitted to pass her examination in the *secular* branches? Why, indeed, except that she discriminates against religion, her best friend and upholder? I do not claim this for Catholics alone, but for non-Catholics as well. This system of subsidy is in existence in England and works well. But you say they have an Established Church there. Yes; but they subsidize Church-of-Englanders, Presbyterians, Catholics,

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and all alike. Here we have an *established school*, for which all are taxed, while a very large minority cannot conscientiously attend it. But if this plan were adopted there would be *war* between the religious bodies. There is no *war* in England, unless such healthy rivalry as must exist where people have not become coldly indifferent in religious matters. Better this, to my mind, than the peace of spiritual lethargy and death. This kind of peace may suit those who are satisfied with the public schools as they are conducted, but *it is war indeed* to the Catholics, who are paying three or four prices for the education of over 20,000 of their children in New York City alone. In Poughkeepsie, N. Y., my former parish, there is no *war*, although for some twelve years the Board of Education, having adopted the parochial schools, supports them. The members will tell you that no schools there are more satisfactory. Let the state say to the churches: I feel the necessity of having the children taught to read and write; if your members do not wish to send them to my *purely secular* schools, let them get up *their own*. I will look at the *results*, and, if they are as good in the *secular* branches, I will not refuse to pay for them, simply because the children have been brought up Christians rather than infidels.

"Yours sincerely, P. F. MCSWEENY,
"*Rector St. Bridget's.*"

"116 EAST NINETEENTH STREET, April 17, 1886.

"*My dear Dr. McSweeny:*

"I wish I could agree with you, for I love to agree with good men. But if the government should subsidize your Catholic school and my Presbyterian school, it would have to subsidize also Felix Adler's *Natural*-Religion school and the Oneida-Community's Religion school. Then a second obstacle is this—that your church teaches that the church should, when it has the power, force the people to submit to it. The Syllabus of Pius IX. and the acts of the Council of Trent are very plain on that head. Now, if our government should subsidize your school, it would help a church bound by its standard to control that government whenever it could. This would be the worst form of church and state. No, my dear brother; we can all live in peace and love, as we are, without jealousies and animosities, but once get the government supporting our denominational schools and we shall have strife that will end only in bloodshed. The case in Poughkeepsie is only the case of a little locality, and yet has aroused a very bitter feeling. In England all sects are kept under by the state church, and hence they do not quarrel with one another. If I were a Roman Catholic I would not agitate for denominational schools. The agitation nurses hatred of Romanism, and if successful would open a scene of blood that would shock humanity. With high personal regard, I am, yours very truly, HOWARD CROSBY."

"NEW YORK, April 23, 1886.

"*Rev. Dr. H. Crosby:*

"DEAR REV. DOCTOR: I received yours of April 17 in due course. I am much obliged by your courteous replies to my arguments. This makes me the more desirous that we should agree with one another in principle, and I am encouraged to trespass once more on your good-nature.

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"1. As you well remark, if the state were to subsidize the Presbyterian and Catholic schools she would also have to subsidize the Adlerite school, etc. That is so, no doubt, if the Adlerites and other unbelievers should become believers; but Adler and such are, as they tell us, delighted with the present system, and well they may be, since at present they are the established sect of the state. I would not deprive them of their freedom to patronize the present schools as usual, nor would the church to which I belong, if it had the power, whatever may be said of the *policy* which she would adopt in self-defence were she *alone* in possession. I only desire that the system of education, especially of the masses who are poor, should be made broad enough to give all other denominations equal satisfaction. This *appears* to you to be a difficult undertaking, but in practice it would not be such any more than the plan actually in vogue of freeing from taxation churches and charitable institutions.

"2. As to your objection about the danger of the Catholic Church controlling the state and forcing non-Catholics to submit, etc., judging from the present indications, I think that danger, to say the least, is fully one thousand years away—if, indeed, such a *policy*, which was common to most religious denominations till a very short time ago, will ever be reintroduced by any of them. Of the Catholic Church it must at least be said that she was *logical* when she tried to prevent those of her former children who had *seceded* from her from drawing off those who were still *Union men*. It was kill or be killed in those days, and religion and politics were differently mixed from what they are now, and from what, let us hope, they will ever be again. This was the sum total of her offending—to defend her own. She never does nor did admit any one within her pale unless when freely and rationally accepting her doctrines. We can also claim that we were the first to restrain the tendency of *all* men to promote the cause in which they *firmly* believe, by any means at their disposal. Non-Catholics were free in France and Jews were protected in Rome before Catholic Emancipation (not even yet complete) was granted in the British Empire, and in this country we initiated religious toleration (see history of New York under Governor Dongan and history of Maryland).

"Charity is the greatest of virtues, and the best of men will sometimes offend against it in the cause of both religion and politics, and probably none so frequently as those who proclaim their liberality. Witness the present Liberals (*lucus a non lucendo*) in France.

"It would be a long task to explain the 'Syllabus,' which is a sort of list of propositions that have been condemned in one sense or another in pontifical allocutions, etc. To find out the true sense of each condemnation it would be necessary to look up the document quoted and examine the context, etc. If you have not read Cardinal Newman on the subject I shall be happy to send you his 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.' For the present suffice it to say that Pope Pius was then laying down an *abstract general* principle which is common to every civil and ecclesiastical society or community—that equal liberty, or rather license, should not be given to all and to each class of men, both good and bad, to propagate their doctrines and practices. If he also had in his mind the defence of the policy of his ecclesiatico-civil government in the little State of the Church, it would not be surprising that he should claim the right to resist the avowed pur-

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pose of *foreigners*, such as Van Meter and others, to upset his authority, both spiritual and temporal, by proselytizing the ignorant and encouraging the politically disaffected.

"If Catholic priests had come to this country, not for the purpose of looking after their own willing flocks, but with the declared object of seducing Protestants from their allegiance to their established pastors and of maligning them, it is hard to believe that they would not meet with a colder (or warmer) reception than the Protestants experienced at Rome. Father Bapst was tarred and feathered at Ellsworth, Maine, for simply *being* a priest, not more than thirty years since, and churches were burnt in Philadelphia in 1844 merely because they were Catholic. Most Protestants are now of opinion that no good is done to the Catholic poor by upsetting their religious convictions or by *freeing* them from the salutary restraint which their own clergy exercise over them. This result is being attained here and now, although I do not think intentionally, by the colorless and neutral system of training in the public schools. The other denominations are suffering as much or more, and the evils which will be the outcome of it will be greater than any which freemen may be called on to sustain from the preponderance of any one religion in the distant future. Our present danger is from the loss of Christianity itself; let us repel the common enemy, and we will settle our internal difficulties afterwards.

"I am, yours faithfully, P. F. MCSWEENY."

"116 E. NINETEENTH STREET, April 24, 1886.

"*My dear Dr. McSweeny:*

"You and I must not get into a controversy about our churches, so I will not pursue one of my arguments any farther; but I insist upon it that Roman Catholics and Protestants will fight like cat and dog if you have the state subsidizing denominational schools; and we want no Orange rows and St. Bartholomews here, with burning of convents on one hand and burning of Protestant orphan asylums on the other. Neither you nor I want that. The true method, which I have always advocated (see my published letters of twenty years ago), is to do away with all public schools except *elementary*. The higher public schools are an imposition any way upon the community. These elementary schools may teach reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Constitution of the United States. Then let religion be taught by parents and the McSweenys and Crosbys.

"Yours very truly, HOWARD CROSBY."

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NOVELS AND NOVEL-WRITING.

IN one of those marvels of expression by which Cardinal Newman illuminates a philosophical problem or a great historical fact, he declares that, no matter what may hereafter be effected by Catholics, English literature always shall have been Protestant. And this is true, notwithstanding that Shakspere, rare Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Massinger, in the golden age of English poetry, were Catholics, and that Dryden and Pope were Catholics and chiefs of the two great succeeding literary eras. These celebrated names—Shakspere, Dryden, Pope—were names of men who dominated in their day the realm of English letters, and whose influence upon English literature and style cannot be exaggerated. Still, it is true that that literature always shall have been Protestant, for the influences of English men of letters have been preponderant upon the anti-Catholic side. For a single instance, take the department of history. At a time when historical reading was the fashion Catholic pens were not employed in historical work. While Smollett, Hume, Gibbon were writing histories which were voluminous and uncandid libels upon the Catholic Church, Catholic policy, Catholic peoples, and Catholic rulers, not a pen was engaged in counteracting their influence. It is far from being said or from being inferred that this was the fault of English Catholics; we merely state the fact, and are not now concerned in assigning causes or giving explanations. After a long time Lingard made his appearance with his great work; but, though his *History of England* was a careful, impartial historical masterpiece, and was extensively sold and read, the false views which had so long thriven remained, and the English mind and English literature have not as yet quite recovered from the distemper: his *History*, valuable medicine as it undoubtedly is, was but a single bolus in a case which required a long course of treatment.

So, too, at the present day, when novel-reading is the most popular form of mental employment, or enjoyment, if you will, we must admit that Catholics are doing little to cater to the fashion and to avail themselves of the opportunity of influence it affords. True, Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Newman, and Lady Fullerton in England, Manzoni in Italy, George H. Miles, Chris-

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tian Reid, and Mrs. Sadlier in our own country, have given the world Catholic novels of great merit and wide success. *Loss and Gain*, *Callista*, *Fabiola*, *The Betrothed* will be read as classics for ever in the languages in which they are written; but the longest catalogue of Catholic novels in the English language, original or translated, is very small. Yet by far the largest number of books read to-day are works of fiction. A popular novelist, in a recent lecture on "The Art of Fiction," stated that out of every ten books read in London, nine were novels.

It is not uncommon for persons of discernment and education, especially such as have given much labor to severe studies, to decry the novel, to deny it any deep or abiding influence, to regard it merely as amusement, but purposeless and inane, fit reading only for romantic misses and for persons desirous of killing time. Never was opinion more mistaken. They forget what a power the art of fiction has been in this world of passion and imagination from the youth of the world till now, and they fail to see that the novel is the chief branch of that art, in the estimation of that same world, in these later times.

In literature to-day there is no engine of moral or immoral influence so powerful as the novel. The novel, like a poem or a painting, addresses the imagination and the passions, and through them reaches the will. For many reasons its teaching is effective, and its lessons sink all the more deeply into the souls of men because it does not profess to teach. How perverse a creature is man! Eminently the teachable animal, he is, and ever has been, impatient of the voice of authority; but when he receives his lessons unconsciously and willingly, as if he were not taught, the alembic of his heated imagination melts and blends them, for good or bad, with the original metal of his own thoughts, and these they are for ever. When teaching comes to him in the cold, unornamented truth, he gives it a cold, unimpassioned reception; but deck it out and make it lovely with the gay ornaments of language and the bright creations of fancy, till it does not look like teaching, and it takes hold of his heart.

> "Truth conveyed in verse of gentle kind,
> To read perhaps will move the dullest hearts;
> So we, if children young diseased we find,
> Anoint with sweets the vessel's foremost parts
> To make them taste the potions sharp we give;
> They drink deceived, and, so deceived, they live."

Such is the case with novels. How many a lesson of solemn life has been drawn from the gay chapter descriptive of a ball-

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room scene, and has remained in the heart long after the memory has let slip the lively impression of the novelist's description! How many a girl will have, as many a one has had, the question of marriage decided for her by the pages of a novel! How many a man, young and old, has been deterred from the commission of a graceless act by the schooling he received from the scorn and detestation which the master-hand that penned the novel he read so powerfully laid upon the doings of some unlovely character! Then, too, the other side of the matter: what hearts have been drawn from native simplicity and grace by the nasty crew of novelists who veil their true character and influence under the name of realists—writers whose dangerous gifts of fluency and word-painting are employed to make vice and immorality look lovely and graceful, whose heroines are the shame of womanhood, whose heroes are adulterers and debauchees! Nameless are such authors and their works; great is the evil they do, and the results of it are incalculable. Nor can we delude ourselves with the notion that their works are either short-lived or inferior, for engaging and facile pens have contributed to the sorry catalogue many a book of evil brilliancy and power.

Again, novels are universally read, and to that fact we cannot shut our eyes. Every one reads them, every one speaks of them. Successful novels, old as well as new, have their merits discussed at the clubs, in every drawing-room, and in every social gathering. They require no special mental effort, no wide or exact knowledge, no acquaintance with history or science, no severe learning, no reference to dictionary or various authors. They are for the most part pleasant reading, and form agreeable subjects of light, uncompromising chat in general society. The old and the young of all sorts and conditions of men and women read them. They kill time for the idle and are a relaxation to the weary of mind. They fill up the short holiday of the busy man in the city, and accompany him into his long vacation by land or sea. In their pages the man of study, the business of whose life is books and reading, finds refreshment and distraction. The factory-girl bears a romance tied up in a little bundle with her luncheon, and, that she may lose no time from the fascination, she reads at her midday hour of rest as she eats, and lingers a few feverish moments over the page after the bell has warned her to be at her loom or needle. At home and abroad, in town and country, in railway-car and on board the ocean steamer—everywhere the novel holds sway. There are some for whom life has scarcely other pleasure or employment—people who have

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their weekly story-paper and their three-volume novel, who think and live among fictitious scenes and personages. In so great a love, in so widespread a practice, of such reading, we cannot fail to perceive what opportunities lurk of manifold good or of manifold harm.

Most persons hardly realize how momentous the subject is with which this art of fiction deals; it is the numan heart and all that sways it:

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame."

Man's passionate longings and his impulses, his hopes, fears, doubts, joys, sorrows, and all his good and evil, find in the novel an adequate vehicle not only for their display, but for the display also of their motives and their immediate or remote results. Not only is the novel a study of the soul of an individual, but of the conditions of life in general, and of the myriad complicated bearings of the thoughts, words, and deeds of men and women upon society, its reaction upon individuals, and their various influences for good or evil upon the actions, characters, or fortunes of each other. All this deep and close analysis and all this wide survey of mankind give the novel for its domain and province nothing less than the whole field of ethics.

The philosopher and the novelist are not so far apart; their works are conversant about the same subject-matter, with this difference: that in the novel virtues, vices, follies, and aspirations change their abstractions for flesh and blood, and teach us their several lessons while thrilling us with human tears and sighs and laughter. The reader holds the position of a father-confessor, while having the advantage not only of knowing the secret thoughts, but of seeing the hidden motives, too.

This being the subject-matter, the novelist cannot choose but be a teacher. The necessity is laid upon him in the hour he sets himself to amuse his readers—in that hour, whether he intends it or not, whether he is conscious of it or not, to take it upon himself to teach them. How docile are his pupils and in what excellent frame of mind for learning! For consider how the imagination is fired and how closely the sympathies are engaged and enlisted in a thrilling story, and what a surrender is made by the heart to the excitement and surprises of the plot; reflect, too, whilst the soul is thus hurried along unconscious of anything but the pleasure derived, how easy it is for the novelist to seduce it from goodness or to confirm and make it strong in high and noble

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feeling and lofty aspiration. For novels, of course, are read, not for the instruction which they contain and which is incidental to them, but for the pleasure which they are professedly written to afford by their well-contrived stories and by their studies of human character. Yet the teaching, though hidden and in the background and not at all professed, is as inseparable from the story as heat is from fire, and is all the more efficient because almost ostentatiously discarded.

Take, for instance, Wilkie Collins' beautiful and powerful novel, *The New Magdalen.* Who shall say that wholesome lessons will be drawn from the story, and not rather that a girl, moved by its pathos and masterly narration, as it is but natural that even matured minds will be affected, will applaud, admire, and consequently imitate, should the occasion present itself, although in a way modified by her own particular circumstances, the career of that charming and lovable adventuress, Mercy Merrick? What reader of that novel will or can, with candor, say that he has not sympathized with the adventuress and turned away with displeasure, precisely as Lady Janet Roy turned, from the claims of the true Grace Roseberry? Yet if there is a writer of fiction in the English language who is simply and utterly a weaver of plots, a mere teller of a story for the sake of the story and it merely, that writer is Wilkie Collins. He rejects almost entirely analysis of motives, and never attempts that severe and noble preaching which Thackeray uses, and which he blends with such delicate art with the very warp and woof of his story. Collins' consummate management of his plot is all that saves his literary work from the charge of baldness.

Here, then, in this novel from which all expression of the author's thoughts upon the guilt or innocence, the moral or immoral tendency of the actions, of his persons is rigidly excluded, there is a powerful ethical lesson—whether harmful or otherwise, let them that have read it judge. Behold in it an indication at least of the power which a novelist has—and the greater his gifts as a writer, the greater, too, is that power—to make the wrong graceful, engaging, lovable, and admired, to turn our hearts in spite of themselves against the right, and to teach us to wish that the wrong should prevail. Our conduct is ever struggling to follow our sympathies, and the novelist, by dimming even temporarily our clear view of right and duty, carries us far on the way toward a weakening of our enthusiasm for truth and rigid integrity. As Sir Anthony says in the play: "Depend upon it,

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Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last."

Such and so great is the power of the novelist. We read that generals in the olden times by their eloquence inspired armies with a spirit that won battles and changed the face of empires; but the more abiding and imperishable influences are to be found in literature. It needs not Burke's eloquent phrases to convince us that "the meditations of the closet have infected senates with a subtle frenzy and inflamed armies with the brands of the furies." It is widely believed that a well-known novel precipitated the late civil war between the States. A species of literature, therefore, which to-day is so fascinating to millions, and which is eminently and necessarily a teaching power, should be a bulwark of truth and morality.

By this we are not at all to be understood as advocating the making of religious novels, or by any means as contending for a series of such upon the cardinal, the theological, or other virtues; for stories professedly so written are sure to be stupid and dull.

A novelist will do little if he lets his readers discover that he is teaching them. Observe the masterly method of George Eliot in her *Silas Marner* At its conclusion are we not ready to exclaim: "You, Dunsey Cass, were an unprincipled, low-minded fellow. You met your justly terrible punishment on the instant of the commission of your last crime, though the evidence of both was hidden at the bottom of that dark pool at the stone-pits for years. You, too, Godfrey Cass, your weakness and your shortcomings were also great and received a condign punishment!" Then, again, what man sorely tempted to or actually guilty of a breach of trust could lay down *Silas Marner* after reading that deep soul-study of Godfrey Cass at the end of chapter ix., and not determine to repair the wrong and to lead a better life? Yet George Eliot makes no set sermon duly ornamented with texts; and what a powerful preacher she is!—being all the more effective because not seeming to teach.

Novels are nothing new, and teaching by means of fiction is not a new device; for from the youth of the world man has ever been man's chief study, and his text-books were the drama, the epic poem, the fable. Anciently men sang—that is to say, wrote in measured, stately phrases—about wars and heroes and kings. Greece and the ancient world were interested by the story and the romance, and the results of wars as they affected states and their rulers. It is the story and the romance which interest us to-day; but note the difference between the ancient and our mod-

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ern fiction. In the first place, we discard the verse; in the second, we display the soul. The *Iliad*, for instance, is all plot, all movement of men in bodies, a novel of public life, and a history in stately verse of the disasters resulting to the *whole* Grecian force from the anger of one of its leaders. To-day the individual is all in all; the modern story is a soul-study of individuals and an account, and sometimes an analysis, of the motives of their actions.

And this is why the novel is now so important a force. Moreover, it is the chief branch of the art of fiction and holds possession of the popular taste to a much greater extent than ever did the drama or the epic poem. Rights and duties, and the motives and consequences of men's thoughts and deeds, are its theme. Hearts and passions are its instruments. All humanity, therefore, is its province. Surely the art which has such a subject for its theme, and employs these noble instruments for its purpose, is a great art; but the dignity of it is not adequately recognized, and the majority of even novel-readers do not perceive, or at least do not very often acknowledge in words, that the novelist is an artist in the same sense that Michael Angelo and Raphael were artists in painting, as Shakspere and Dante were in poetry. True, the art is young enough yet not to have had geniuses universally and ungrudgingly acknowledged, as painting, poetry, and music have had. Thackeray, Scott, and Dickens have written, but we may be permitted to think that there shall arise many to surpass these masters, admirable though they are, and that they, being the Chaucers, Spensers, and rare Ben Jonsons of their art, will be succeeded by the Shaksperes and Miltons and Wordsworths.

Capital and soul-stirring as are some of the works of these masters of English fiction, yet in none of them can it be said that there is nothing which the mind can desiderate. When we read, for example, a play of Shakspere's, the mind is filled to overflowing with the sense of completeness and fulness, but we do not find that we have that same feeling when contemplating the writings of these great novelists. It cannot be answered that this is due to any difference between the arts, for there is as much scope in the novel for the display of Shaksperean gifts and powers as ever there was in the drama. It is probable that if Shakspere were alive to-day his practical sagacity would choose the novel—if for no other reason than that it would now be the most popular vehicle—to convey those transcendent creations of his to mankind.

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When such a mind as his applies itself to the art of novel-writing, will it not then be acknowledged to be the first, the noblest of arts? Where that master-genius was constrained by the limitations of the drama to paint a scene to the mind's eye by hurried outlines and without fulness of detail, the novel would have offered no such obstacle, and the full extent of his conceptions might have been spread upon the pages; it would not only not have rejected his dramatic pictures, his soaring fancies, his moral teaching, but would have required and demanded them. What tears, sighs, laughter, wonder, amazement would a novel from so consummate a master have evoked!

This suggestion leads to another which seems to show that greater works than even Thackeray and the other great novelists have given us are not only possible but probable. What a number of fine old plays were written by those who preceded but a few years the Bard of Avon, and by those who were his contemporaries or had only achieved their fame whilst he was yet an infant at Stratford! They and the fame of them had fired him with the ambition to do something in that sphere so that he might be handed down to posterity in their choice company. This ambition and the necessity of daily bread made him a playwright, and such a one as the astonished world till then had never seen. So now: the conditions are fixed for the shining of such a bright, particular star, for the heavens are full of constellations of novelists.

A gregarious animal is man, so is genius. Is it on some inexplicable principle of flocking and herding that Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides in one generation court the tragic muse; that Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Grattan are great as orators in the same era; that Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Eliot write stories at the same time; or is it that special times call forth special efforts of the human intellect? Whichever it be, the art of fiction has such possession of the world to-day that the astronomer of human genius will do well to scan the heavens carefully in confident expectancy of some new and wonderful luminary. And perhaps the visitant will come from a quarter in which there will be least expectation of him, as of old when it was said (if we may use the comparison without irreverence): "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

It is matter of regret that we Catholics neglect to cultivate this great art, and that we fail to use it for the purpose of influence upon the morals and ways of thinking of the world to-day. If we wish to follow the command, "Go forth and teach all na-

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tions," we must use every efficient means at hand; and in the strictly human order at the present day there is no means more effective than this of novels to lead men to consider the claims of the church and to reach the multitude who are outside the reach of our pulpits and our works of controversy. A few non-Catholics —men with the true artistic sense—are in a manner doing this very work for us, because, as Black in the *Daughter of Heth* and Disraeli in *Lothair*, they are well aware of the capabilities which even a suggestion of dealing with Catholicity has for the purposes of their art. How much better and more sympathetically could such work be done by Catholic pens in ardent sympathy with the truth and beauty of Catholic teaching, customs, and history! Non-Catholic writers have not been slow to see the poetry there is in these, as they have not failed to use it for purposes of their own and to color it with their own indifference or unconquered prejudices.

Of course, if such work be done by Catholics, it must be done with skill and power. Novels in which a shallow and obvious plot easily conducts an impossible hero and an angelic heroine from unbelief and heresy to the church are the very opposite of what we mean; such flagrant work as that defeats its own purpose, and is to be ranked with what is known in English literature as the penny-dreadful.

But our people seem to think that our literary evangelizing must be done solely in the old methods—by works of controversy, by learned scientific refutations of what is erroneous in the theory of evolution, and by lectures delivered by eminent Catholic divines. These are all very well in their way, and by their means, through God's grace, much, and very much indeed, has been done. But we should consider how few minds, comparatively speaking, at any period are so trained, so devoid of prejudice, or so painstaking as to inquire dispassionately and earnestly, as they must do if they inquire at all, into the truth of Catholicity. The methods of the enemies of the church are different totally from ours. They follow Napoleon's maxim, "The world is ruled through its imagination." Hence we find that the novel-writing of the day is occupied for the most part by an un-Catholic or an anti-Catholic spirit.

Can we change this? or, if we cannot alter, can we modify it? The thing is worth a trial, and if such Catholics as have a tithe of literary training were to try their hands at this work, nothing but good would follow. Let our men of talent reflect that they, as Catholics, are sadly neglecting and holding themselves aloof

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from a most noble art—an art whose dignity and capabilities are as great as those of any art in which men are anxious to be eminent; that proficiency in it is a powerful means of world-wide influence, and that, by reason of the conditions of the world and social life of to-day, the novel being the most popular form of reading, and, at the same time, necessarily a teaching power, they neglect an efficacious means of at least modifying the acerbity of prejudice against our religion, and personally against us, its adherents, because of our devotion to it.

Is it possible that among our *littérateurs* and educated people there are not at least a few who could write novels that would influence a wide circle of readers, if they would but try? For their encouragement let them recollect that George Eliot never wrote a line of fiction till she was past thirty-seven, and then quite, as it were, by accident produced *Amos Barton* and placed herself at once among the foremost writers of English fiction. When a friend said to Bulwer Lytton, "I never thought you capable of a novel like *Pelham*," the novelist answered: "No one knows what he can do till he tries." There is no foreordained decree that only such and such persons shall be novelists. Some of them have confessed that they thought proficiency in writing fiction to be more a matter of steady practice than of natural talent.

Still, we must not be understood as urging everybody to write novels or to attempt it. There are many Catholic writers who have the skill, the imagination, the capability of good work in this kind; to such, and such only, we suggest a cultivation of the art of fiction. But let others that lack skill and imagination and capability hold their souls in peace. If all they have to offer is impossible heroes and heroines, and their easy conversion to Catholicity by means of obvious plots and inartistic leading-strings, they have mistaken their calling, and the business of fiction is for other hands than theirs. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

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PUBLISHING THE BANNS.

"JEAN Baptiste Desmoulinets,
Marie Madeleine Desprès"—
Clear the village pastor read
Names of them about to wed.

At the sound of alien speech
(Farther thought than words can reach)
Swift the present grew to be
Old-time days in Ville-Marie.

On the white New England town
Skies of bluest blue looked down,
Hills, green-skirted, stood around,
'Twixt their slopes swift river wound.

Linked the village week-day life
With the busy cities' strife
By the iron pathway's steed,
By the garrulous lightning's speed.

In the church at worship knelt
Norman, Saxon, Indian, Celt,
Where the Gallic pastor read
Names of them about to wed.

"Jean Baptiste Desmoulinets,
Marie Madeleine Desprès"—
Fir-clad mountains grown to be
Royal mount of Ville-Marie.

Chapel's scanty comeliness
Wore romance's broidered dress,
And the muskets of Champlain
Flashed through forest aisles again.

Silken raiment did not lack
Of the days of Frontenac:
Sieur and dame of elder France
Leading the Intendant's dance.

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Failed not glow of nobler stuff—
Martyr-heart of Père Brébœuf;
Glistened western streams where yet
Rests the name of Joliet.

Bright the gleam of beaded belt,
Soft the shade of beaver-pelt,
Music sweet of babes at knee
Of the Hurons' Mère Marie.

At the cross-crowned church's door
Talked the men—God's service o'er—
Village gossip of the day:
Voters' rights and pitchers' play.

Jean Baptiste and Madeleine
(One to be who first were twain)
Wandered homeward thinking naught
Of the wedding-guests unsought

Whom the names the curé said
Of his children soon to wed
Summoned from the old romance
Of the new-world ways of France.

Clear the cloudless peaks looked down
On the white New England town:
Seemed no more to-day to be
Old-time days of Ville-Marie,

Save that love and faith keep e'er
Self-same thoughts from year to year,
And the sun through heaven his way
Keeps to-day as yesterday.

Jean Baptiste Desmoulinets,
Marie Madeleine Desprès,
May God's blessing on you rest
And on unbid wedding-guest.

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CÉSARE CANTÙ.

ITALY, in the present half of the century, has been comparatively barren of remarkable writers. The chief source of this void may be traced to its late internal disturbances and present unsettled feeling; for, although war and foreign invasion may be said to promote literature by its consequent exaltation of patriotic sentiments; civil dissensions, on the other hand, and forebodings for the future can hardly tend to inspire an author or create an appreciation of him. This is especially true of all imaginative writing, although political controversies may be waged with greater heat than before. Most of those who are now distinguished in letters had already gained a name, or at least formed their style, in the more quiet first half of the century. Cantù, of whom we propose to treat, is a striking example of this. A fellow-writer with Manzoni, he now stands like a mighty oak, its companions fallen beside it, battling with the storms of irreligion, naturalism, and what-not that have invaded Italy. Brilliant and versatile, he has essayed the parts of poet, essayist, novelist, and historian, his success in these forming an ascending climax. It shall be our endeavor to estimate the value of his writings in the branches of fiction and history; for it would be impossible to treat in our limited space the complete works of one who has wandered in every field of literature, and who, as is said of Goldsmith, "nullum quod tetigit non ornavit." Nor can we outline even the matter of his historical labors, but, assuming the critic's license of selection, we will, after a preliminary sketch of his life, ascertain the general merits of his histories, and conclude with an examination of his well-known romance.

Césare Cantù was born December 8, 1807, of Lombard parentage, in Brivio, a castle of the Milanese. His family being in reduced circumstances, he early assumed the ecclesiastical attire to enjoy a benefice, from the proceeds of which he was able to devote himself for several years at Milan to his studies. Before his eighteenth year, not feeling any vocation for the priesthood, he relinquished his stipend and became professor of literature successively in the lyceum of Sondrio and, at the age of twenty-five, at Milan. His father dying, left him at the age of twenty-two with only the modest salary of a teacher to support his mother and family of six children and to give the latter what is called the

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collocamento—situations for the boys and dowers for the girls. At the age of twenty-one he gave proof of a talent for literature in the production of *Algiso, o la Legua Lombarda*, four cantos in *terza rima*. A year later he published a *History of Como*, whose erudition and pleasing style won for its author the praises of the best critics. In 1831, while writing for *L'Indicatore*, a periodical of Milan, he formed a friendship with Manzoni and was one of the first to discover and lay before the public the merits of that great novelist. With the material furnished by him Cantù wrote his *Lombardy in the Seventeenth Century*, a historical commentary on Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*, tending to prove that a conquered country could only be properly governed by respecting its provincial and municipal laws. The Austrians, the dominant power, taking offence at the criticism, seized on his papers and threw him into prison, where he remained a year. Writing material being denied him, this indefatigable man, with candle-soot in water for ink and tooth-picks for pens, wrote on waste-paper the greater part of his celebrated romance, *Margherita Pusterla*.

The charge of high treason not being substantiated, he was finally released, but deprived of the faculty of teaching. We have here one of the many instances where poverty has served as a goad to genius; for, thrown thus on the resources of his pen, he began his *Storia Universale*, the plan of which he had already sketched in the tedium of imprisonment. The popularity of the work will be understood when it is known that the publishers grew rich on it alone, while the author's gains secured for him an independence. Between 1845 and 1859 he lived quietly at Milan, publishing his *Italian Literature* and his valuable *History of the Italians*. We have afterwards from his pen '*Gli Eretici d'Italia*, compiled from original sources in the Vatican; *History of a Hundred Years* (1750–1850), and numerous monographs and contributions which fill up a literary career of fifty years. In 1869 he was permitted, through special courtesy, to be present at the Plenary Council at Rome, and made historiographer of that body.

It has been a curious fact that most of the literati of Italy in the present century have mingled to some degree in politics. Foscolo, Leopardi, Manzoni, Pellico and Tommaséo, Mamiani and Cantù at present, have served their country, some with the sword, all with the pen, and many, like the latter three, in the legislature. Chafing like the rest of Italy under Austrian rule, Cantù had in his earlier career hoped to see his country freed by the united feelings of the Italians. He distrusted the means of the secret societies, put no confidence in the offers of France, but

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thought the head of the national league should be the pope, the natural defender of Italy. He was thus called Liberal from his desire of the end, Neo-Guelph from his choice of means. Elected to parliament in 1864, he was refused admittance by the radical element, and was only received after a second return. He opposed here the bill establishing civil marriage, and, with a sole exception, was the only one to vote against the separation of church and state.

His historical labors first merit our notice, being the most numerous of his writings, and upon these especially rests the author's hope of fame. Had he even dismally failed in romance and poetry, his name would not have been tarnished nor his labor wasted if he had been enabled thereby, with the acquirement of imagination, grace, and judgment, to pursue a higher plane of history. The verses of Cicero, though they excited the mirth of his countrymen, must have contributed to the development of the imaginative beauty of his orations; and the poetry of Walter Scott prepared him for his inimitable romances.

But first let us dispose of a slur thrown on the number of his histories. Fertility of mind is, however, rather a merit, if it does not degenerate into carelessness, of which he cannot be accused. Against the charge that they do not afford time for original research, the fact remains that he has done more of it than most of his predecessors. A wit sneeringly characterized him as "un Manzoni in cinquante volumes." To be a Manzoni is an honor; and if that author had written fifty volumes, what a priceless collection! But right here lies a distinction between them: Manzoni wrote some famous works, then laid aside his pen; while Cantù considers his talents a treasure given for the benefit of his fellow-beings, and, like a faithful administrator, continues distributing until he is relieved of his stewardship.

All merit being comparative, it may be well to review briefly his immediate predecessors and to show in what his conception of history differed from theirs. Carlo Botta, the most distinguished, having passed a checkered career as an exile, army doctor, and member of the Piedmontese legislature, wrote early in this century a *History of the War of Independence in the United States.* Classic in style and following the manner of the sixteenth century, he had not, however, at his disposal the necessary documents on which to build an authentic history. His *Italian History* (1789–1815) gained him popularity in Italy and a merited esteem in Europe. The continuation of Guicciardini's *History of Italy* from 1532 to 1789 is marked by a haste that is to be ex-

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plained by the poverty of his later days. Possessed of a certain pomp of diction, he failed to learn from the ancients the *junctura*, the secret connection of things, and has been accused of judging somewhat partially of the men and deeds of his time. The Sicilian Palmieri has gained a certain renown from his *Essay on the Italian Constitution* and a *History of Italy*. A member of the Sicilian parliament, which was perfidiously abolished by the French, he conceived a dislike to that nation which renders his accounts often untrustworthy. His mosaic, too, of antique words contrasts strangely with the many neologisms that he introduces. Pietro Colletta, a major-general under Murat, was persuaded, on his return to Naples, to write a history of the events which he had seen so recently. For a soldier of fifty who had no experience in composition this was certainly a bold undertaking; but, assured of the assistance of literary friends, he completed his *History of Naples* (1734–1825). This is to be enjoyed, not from its imitation of Botta, but as the simple and unvarnished recital of important facts of which the author was a close observer. Césare Balbo, the writer of an Italian history extending up to Charlemagne, and of an abridgment of the same to the year 1815, remarkable for a nervous and concise style, is noteworthy rather for the promise he gave than for any great performance.

Hitherto no systematic search had been made for the historical documents and letters stored in the libraries and monasteries of Italy. The society Archivio Storico assumed this duty, and, under the presidency of Cantù, gave forth to the world the rich treasures that were found from time to time. Cantù himself published many monographs on materials derived from this source, and embodied their substance in his histories. In his idea, too, of what history should be, he differs widely from his predecessors. To them the growth and vicissitudes of nations is the all-in-all; he is more interested in viewing the development of man and the effect of external causes on his condition. With them the higher powers at will declare for peace or war; with him the real though often hidden cause can be traced to the feelings and impulses of the people, of which the acts of the government are only the outward expression. They chronicle, finally, the events of a nation and the pedigree of its rulers; he, besides this, considering that the history of society should be the history of the average individual thereof, shows their condition and growth by examining the course of their literature, politics, arts, and industries. This is, in fact, one of the chief merits of Cantù, that he lays under contribution whatever science can heighten our

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knowledge of the past: geology discloses to him the surroundings of a people; law, the constitution of their society; literature, their thoughts and aspirations; and thus throughout the range of sciences. He possesses those virtues indispensable to a historian—truth and fearlessness; presenting the two sides of a question, calmly judging it, and referring the reader to the original documents. His copious appendices are an admirable feature, containing matter which, if not always pertinent to the main question, is yet curious and useful. Of course, in a country like Italy, which has as many factions as it had formerly republics, there are not wanting opponents to challenge the accuracy of his statements. The few faults that really occur are to be attributed, not to gross carelessness, far less to partiality, but rather to an occasional intellectual drowsiness, excusable under Horace's plea:

"Operi longo fas est obrepere somnum."

It must be, however, a source of satisfaction to a writer who has treated topics so numerous and so debated to have gained the confidence of the large majority not only of his countrymen but of the French, who concede him likewise the general attribute of accuracy, except, perhaps, in some places where he touches to the quick their national pride. The staid friend of peace, he cannot concur in the revolutionary ideas of Frenchmen of the present century, and may hence have experienced criticism on account of his pointed remarks. He thus, for instance, describes France:

"A country which the irresistible need of movement drives continually to new experiments, and which accepts no other pilot than the tempest."

Again, showing how the peace of 1830 had affected the land with an imprudent security, an intoxication of luxury, happiness, and intelligence, he says strikingly:

"The reign of appetite once substituted for that of reason, it recognized liberty only under the form of opposition, always admiring whoever withstood the government, or at least contradicted it."

One of the French reviews, while admitting his general accuracy, blames him for attributing the decadence of French morals to the literature of the eighteenth century. But whether the corruption was in the people and afterwards appeared in literature, or whether literature implanted in the people the germs of corruption, is of little consequence; they were mutually reactive, and Cantù is right in condemning the literature.

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Cantù's histories are all written with admirable taste and judgment. The materials of such gigantic and varied works are not, of course, all quarried by himself, but gathered with discretion from many authors in many languages, and erected into fair and durable structures. The odious term of compiler, if by such is meant an indiscriminate collector, can by no means be applied to him. It was formerly, in truth, a common belief that a historian could be excellent only in some specialty, which he had elaborated by original research. But among the great and growing mass of authorities the historian of the future will be distinguished rather for selection and execution than for documentary investigation, and will not be restricted to laboring in one field. As well might we require our architects to excavate, as did Michael Angelo, the marble for their creations. How Cantù's moderation and impartiality were acquired may be gathered from his own words:

"If man remark that each age laughs at the age that preceded it, or pities it; that each school disparages the contrary school; that each system pretends to be alone in the possession of the truth; that the same acts obtain here punishment, there trophies, without so many mistakes harming the triumph of the general good—his soul is disposed to tolerance. Tolerance, I say, and not indifference; not vacillating and inactive doubts, but the impartial examination between the principles of moral liberty and servitude, between justice and crime, doctrines and actions, intelligence and brute force; a struggle whence result the ameliorations which even they have not dreamed who agitated the cause of society in the schools, closets, tribunes, or camp."

This tolerance, noble in itself, gives rise to his chief defect—want of historical justice. Skilful as he is in weighing deeds and opinions in the balance of justice, he is loath to draw the sword on offenders. If he find some act or book punishable, he often seems to decide that, since there is no evidence to prove the author possessed of malice prepense, he is to be discharged—not considering that in literature, though the secret intentions cannot, of course, be known, the author of a guilty theory or idea must *prima facie* be convicted. Even those that he finds amenable he treats with gloved hands. This would be permissible did he live in a philosophic Utopia, where all men are as intellectual and as unbiassed by passions as himself, and where the shame of being proved guilty would be sufficient punishment; but the general reader, who is apt to be impressed as much by appearances as by argument, naturally doubts of the criminality of any one so mildly treated. Rousseau and Beccaria, for in-

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stance, go hardly scathed because, forsooth, the evil of their works and character are extenuated by some good principle inculcated. It is due, however, to say that in his later works his mistaken clemency to principles and persons is tempered by a stricter justice.

Cantù does not wish to make history subservient to any preconceived theory, nor hence does he wrench the bearing of facts to suit some peculiar view. His idea of the study of history is not so much the acquisition of facts as the training it affords and ambition it inspires.

"It raises us," he says, "above ephemeral interests; we all become members of one universal association called to the conquest of virtue, science, and happiness; it extends our existence to all centuries, our fatherland to the whole world; it makes us contemporaries of great men, and causes us to feel the obligation of increasing for posterity the heritage that we have received from our ancestors."

Regarding his style, it is a safe assertion to make that so æsthetic a people as the Italians could not endure writings which lack beauty of form. A country whose very bandits are picturesque, and which gives a high rank in her literature to many who have excelled in mere translation, would not, like the English, suffer writers who, though noble in idea, are barbarous in diction. Lucid in arrangement, copious in explanation, he is yet as brief as the nature of his work allows. He is comparatively free from Gallicisms, that bane of the present Italian literature. Lombard words and phrases, it is true, are sometimes met with in his histories, oftener in his romance. And yet such an assertion as this regarding the nice study of dialects may be considered rash as coming from one who is an alien, a comparative stranger, in the domain of Italian letters. Does not the adoption by a good author, it may be answered, of a coined or borrowed word make it legitimate?

It is in the wealth of subjects and breadth of treatment that Cantù lays his claim to recognition as an historical innovator. Other things being equal, a history which has a broader scope and introduces a greater variety of material attracts necessarily more interest. Cantù's *History of the Italians*, for example, possesses far greater attractions than his *History of Como*, even though the latter displays more original research. It being true, then, that the greater the subject the more it interests us, what charm ought that history possess that describes the growth and mutual influence of many countries—his *Universal History!* And yet there are few of this class that have met with success, for

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it requires a keen judgment, in this vast labyrinth of facts, to select the more important paths and to show how they all follow naturally from one another to the desired end. To recount and judge at once, and to preserve in a few pages the thoughts, sufferings, glories, and misfortunes of several centuries, difficult as it is when the history treats of one people, is a task well-nigh impossible when it comprises all nations. The manner of treatment, too, from the standpoints of politics, literature, arts, and sciences, while lending additional interest, aggravates the difficulty of the undertaking. These are the aims that he has prescribed for himself in his *Storia Universale;* and the popular verdict but emphasizes his success therein. To one familiarized with the histories of childhood, in which the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and allied nations seem to constitute the world, a history embodying the recent discoveries in the annals of India and the Eastern countries must be a source of wonder. If Byron could call the Waverley novels a whole library of fiction, as well can we refer our readers to this work as a most entertaining encyclopædia of history. Indeed, to the general student we would recommend a book of this kind to acquire the sequence and connection of the epochs of the world's life; then let him, with a mind broadened thereby, pursue any special branch.

The *History of the Italians*, undertaken as a work of patriotism and directed by a long experience, deserves a more extended notice than we can give. Especially pleasing to us is its view of the great writers of Rome; for the sway of those masters of the mind is no less important than the barbaric power of the twelve Cæsars. In the Middle Ages, as he proves, most of the sciences had their birth. Believing that our times are more indebted to that epoch than to the boasted eras of Greece and Rome, he proceeds to enlighten us about the "Dark Ages"—dark to the generality of mankind because little known, but bright with the glories of chivalry and religion. Coming to our own times, we have, after a moderate statement of events and opinions, a curious criticism of modern musicians, artists, and writers. Some of his strictures are so applicable to our own country that we cannot refrain from quoting one on Public Instruction. After speaking of the folly of educating persons in branches that they may never use, he says:

"Regarding higher teaching, which too often engenders secondary talents and not great intelligence, governments tend to seize it as an instrument of politics—that is to say, make a monopoly of it so far as to take from the fathers of the family the precious right of raising their children in

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the ideas that they believe to be the best. What is demanded of education is unfortunately not sufficiently known. We criticise what is old without understanding what new substitute should take its place; we go groping, without being certain of the results; this is so true that we discuss not the system, but the methods. . . . What should be said of those preachers of liberty who imitate despots in the monopoly of teaching, imposing on heads of families—whose right, whose duty it is to give their children the most healthy instruction and to choose therefor their masters—systems and preceptors designed by civil authority?"

Without touching further upon his historical works we will now say a concluding word about Cantù's romance, *Margherita Pusterla*, which we have reserved for the end as a delicate tidbit after the more solid dishes. Even here the historical is not abandoned, for the subject is one of the most dramatic incidents in Milanese history—the extinction of the Pusterla family. Margherita, the wife of Count Pusterla, is sought in unworthy love by Luchino Visconti, the tyrant of Milan; she repels his suit, and in revenge he dooms her and her family to extinction. Just retribution afterwards overtakes him, being poisoned by his wife, Isabella. Out of this historical basis arises an intricate, well-developed plot of absorbing interest. In the delineation of character Cantù cannot be said to be what is called philosophic, for, while painting from life, he does not attempt to enter into that deep study of the counter-currents of reason and passion. His Margherita he endows with the perfections of mind and body. He evidently intends her to excite our sympathy, and effects this as well by darkening her surroundings as by familiarizing us with the whole compass of her thoughts and actions; and yet in effect, beside Manzoni's Lucia, Margherita is somewhat colorless. The real creation of the book is the courtier Ramengo. Creeping up the ladder of preferment, marrying through ambition, bent on gaining his ends at the expense of pity and conscience, he is a monster, heroic in wickedness. The terrible eagerness with which he pursues his vendetta, his suspicious nature, and the perverseness of mind by which he distorts every act of his enemy, are so naturally depicted that we blush for humanity to say we believe them inspired by the author's own experience. He does not, indeed, exclaim, like Milton's Lucifer, "Be evil my chief good," but tries to convince himself sophistically that he is acting justly. Pusterla, possessing many noble qualities, has withal those "pleasant vices" that become scourges to him. If he had not been ambitious he would not have left his wife for an embassy, and if he had been virtuous he would not have been

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suspected by Ramengo, and so he would not have involved himself and others in misery.

If anything is lacking in the treatment of character it is amply redeemed by skill of description. Cantù's picture of the times, events, and historical personages is vivid, and as accurate as the story will permit. The festival at Pisa, the meeting of Pusterla with Petrarch, the abandonment of Rosalia on the lake, are but a few of the instances of artistic drawing. The book contains but little wit or humor; be it that the author lacks these gifts, be it that he follows his own maxim, "the world is a comedy to him who gazes at it, a tragedy to him who examines it." The court-jester, Grillincervello, is mischievous and impertinent rather than genial or witty.

It is a noticeable fact that the Italian historical romance had for its object national independence, and has declined since this has been acknowledged. This novel has a political aim, and, although when published it was subject to the adverse Austrian censorship of the press, it is openly expressed. It is "united Italy for the Italians, and the pope for the head of the new republic." This can be gathered from the picture of the evils under a typical Ghibelline republic, powerless against a common foe and always scheming against its neighbors, and from the talk of the conspirators in Pusterla's house, especially of one ardent Guelph, who is suffered to go uncontradicted when he advocates the Papacy as the only secure foundation for the proposed commonwealth.

In this brief essay it has been attempted to point out what Cantù has done in the realms of literature rather than to give an exhaustive criticism of his works. If it incites a desire in the reader to know more of Cantù its object will have been accomplished. Italy is not now nourishing a race of intellectual giants, and many a century may roll round ere she beget another Manzoni in fiction or Cantù in history.

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THE CZAR'S HORSES.

IT was after Plevna.

Not the Plevna of Todleben, that set the bell-towers of Petersburg and the Kremlin rocking, and was the brilliant prelude to the passage of the Balkans, but the Plevna that made Russian mothers weep from the Arctic Sea to the Golden Chersonese, and left the White Czar's army crushed, annihilated behind the living ramparts of Roumania.

From shattered brigades, decimated regiments, and obliterated battalions a red stream crept away toward Nikopolis. The ambulances lumbered heavily, the dying moaned or shrieked themselves silent, the wounded mingled their blood with the mud and water of the roads, and the bravest could scarcely repress their cries of agony as the jaded horses made frantic efforts to respond to the lash laid on with cruel and experienced hands by the panic-stricken drivers. The rain fell in torrents, and as evening came on the wagon-train entered Tzelemska, a small hamlet, so called by its Russian settlers in loving memory of the far-away native city on the swift-flowing Petchora. It was a poor place at best, and its one street was soon churned into an almost impassable mass of mud, so stiff with clay, so filled with holes, that progress was slow, and every moment saw its stalled wagon and foundered horse. The teamsters swore and shouted, rending the air with strident voices and appalling Russian expletives; the wounded moaned and bled upon the straw; but the people, with impassive faces, stared stolidly from doors and windows, neither giving nor being asked for aid. Wagon after wagon struggled through and wound away, but the last was hopelessly wrecked; and the driver, seeing a turban in every shadow, hearing the shout of Sulieman's victorious hordes in every echo that answered his comrades' voices, cut the traces, mounted the leader, and rode rapidly off in the wake of the vanishing train.

Then silence fell on the street, and the wind came moaning down from Plevna as if it, too, had got a mortal wound from Moslem steel. It circled around the deserted wagon, stirring its cover and rattling its cut traces and dangling chains. At the sound the canvas stirred again; brown, nervous fingers pushed it aside, and a face, surmounted by a bloody bandage and lighted by fierce gray eyes, appeared.

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"Vasili, Dimitri!—a thousand devils! why do you not go on? Do you suppose, you pigs and sons of pigs, that I can stand this much longer? Hurry, or you shall be knouted within an inch of your lives!"

But the miserable hovels sent back his voice, and the wind tore it to tatters and scattered it far and wide. Again he looked, and when he saw what had happened he lashed himself into such a fury that the wound in his head burst open, and his life would have ended then and there but for—well, but for Katinka.

In one of the hovels near where he lay swearing, like the Russian heathen he was, there lived a girl who was strangely alien to the inhabitants of the village. Her father was one of several soldiers who drifted southward after Sebastopol, and, finding Bulgaria a land of plenty, had married and dwelt there. But the young wife died; he soon followed her; the boy ran away, and only Katinka was left.

"Only Katinka." That's what the people said every day, half-angrily among themselves, half apologetically to strangers, for they thought her almost half-witted, she was so different from themselves. She never joined the merrymakings, she had no holiday attire, she had no lovers, she never lingered during the hot summer evenings to gossip with the girls, she would not wear the native costume, but clung to the ugly peasant-dress of her father's province, and she worked—worked incessantly. Her spinning-wheel was idle only when she embroidered or when her loom rattled; for her cloth was always in demand, and her fillets, sarafans, and veils vied with the Moscow work that the Jewish pedlars sometimes brought among them. Indeed, they were prettier, for she would gather flowers and grasses from the plain beyond the village, and imitate them in form and color until envy was lost in admiration.

She was pre-eminently a solitary nature, and never sought or seemed to need the companionship so dear to youth. And yet she was neither ill-tempered nor ill-favored. A Polish artist who wandered across the Carpathians one summer, and strayed into the village, had made many sketches of her and had said she looked like a St. Cecilia; but even this was against her, for their calendar admitted no such saint, and artists are counted mad the world over. The girl was of medium height, with a light, slender figure and large, soft eyes whose quiet gaze held in angry but complete check the rude love and rough gallantries of the village lads. Her skin was clear and colorless, but her hair was a

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warm golden and hung in massive braids far below her waist. Her movements were tranquil and her voice sweet and full.

On the day in question she sat as usual at her wheel, looking up only when the tumult in the street grew unusually loud, but not going to stare, as her neighbors did, at the train; and as she spun she glanced now and then at the icon of Our Lady of Kurzan that hung on the wall, the aureola glittering in the light of the taper that burnt before it. She was praying quietly—and, it must be owned, indifferently—for the men dead in the battle and dying in the ambulances; for the war was as remote from her life as the reeking field was from Tzelemska, and the echoes of its horror were as intangible as the vanished smoke of the guns.

As the noises ceased she stopped her wheel and began winding her thread; but a wild knocking at the door startled her, and as she stood listening a shrill voice cried:

"Open, Katinka, open in the name of St. Nicholas, for there 's a man bleeding like a pig out here!"

She hurried to open it, and the storm and a boy rushed in together. The youngster was badly scared, and stammered and stuttered fearfully through his story. He and three or four companions, watching their chance, had crept out to have a game in the deserted wagon; but as they swarmed into it the ghastly, bleeding figure met their eyes, and with a howl they dropped in the mud and went their several ways roaring, Casimir running to Katinka.

Quickened from her usual composure, she caught up an old touloupe, threw off shoes and stockings, and, catching instinctively at a roll of linen rags, followed the excited boy into the street, through its mud, and to the wagon. A glance showed her that she and Death would have to grapple for the unconscious man (with the odds heavily in favor of Death), and she knelt beside him, trying to stanch the blood, but he tossed and threw his arms about so wildly she could do nothing.

Casimir clung to her skirts, his large, light blue eyes popped with fright, and gladly ran to summon the help she asked. But he came back alone. The men were loath to come out into the storm; besides, the man might have a fever or die on their hands, then who would pay for their trouble and expense? Casimir had reported that he wore no coat and had no sign of rank about him, so, of course, he was only a private, who would not have even kopecks, much less roubles, to reward their care. Then, too, the "Little Father" of Russia had millions of men

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and would be none the worse for the loss of this one. Finally they would not come. It was too much trouble.

Anger stirred Katinka's breast. She left the wagon, and, bare-headed and drenched with the rain, she knocked at the door of Petrovitch, the blacksmith, whose broad back and mighty arms would be sufficient help, if he would lend them.

The door swung to and Petrovitch stood on the threshold.

"A woman, and Katinka!" he growled with an oath. "What do you want, little fool, on such a day?"

"Your help, Petrovitch the strong one," she answered.

The smith grinned at this tribute, and said:

"*My* help! Has the czar sent you a present of horses that you want me to come shoe?"

"Not horses, but a dying man to nurse."

Petrovitch whistled and scratched his big head.

"What 's that to me?"

"I want you to lift him from the wagon yonder to my house. The other men are afraid," she added slyly; "but *you*, Petrovitch, fear nothing, not even the fever; although he has not got *that*," she finished quickly, for Petrovitch changed color and shrank back within the door.

"He is badly wounded and will die if he bleeds much longer. Come, Petrovitch." And she seized him by the arm and actually dragged him into the street.

Petrovitch doubtless had humanity, but it is no joke to be dragged from a good fire, a black pipe, and a cup of kwas into a storm of wind and rain (and that by a woman who has no claim on you), just to help a soldier who is shot.

What if he was dying? He enlisted for that, that 's what he was paid for; and Petrovitch swore like the army in Flanders that not another step would he go.

Then Katinka turned on him, white with scorn, and with sparkling eyes.

"Coward!" she said, and left him. He stood petrified. Coward! He, Petrovitch, who was born in the Oural and had wrestled with bears before this wench was born? Who had fought the English at the Alma and the Malakoff; who had wrestled at Nizhnee-Novgorod and had thrown the best man they could bring forward? Who did not fear, even in his journeyman days, to hold and shoe the wildest of the Ukraine ponies they brought him? It was not to be borne!

And he waded after her, shaking his fist and swearing he would break her bones; for in Bulgaria, as in holy Russia and

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free England, women are beaten *à discrétion*, and with community approval on occasions. But when he reached the wagon he found Katinka had dragged the wounded man to the tail-board and was about to jump down. She caught sight of him, and, bringing her now blazing eyes to bear upon him:

"Back," she cried, "back! I will have none of your help, but I will bear him on my own shoulders to my hut."

"Hush, fool!" cried Petrovitch, and laid his hand on the wagon-floor; but Katinka, whose anger, like that of most quiet people, was uncontrollable when once aroused, lifted her arm and dealt his fingers a blow, repeating:

"I will have none of you!"

Of course it did him no hurt, but it was dealt with hearty good-will, and, knowing the man's savage temper, she might well have feared the consequences. But it seemed to amuse the giant mightily, for he roared with laughter; and, pushing her aside like a child, he caught up the soldier and had him under shelter before Katinka recovered her breath. She followed him slowly, her anger spent, and thanked him in a shamefaced way so in contrast to her late fury that the smith shouted again, and as he went out of the hut cried:

"When the czar sends you the horses I must shoe them. Mind!"

And Katinka was alone with her charge.

II.

He was not pleasant to look at.

His shirt was torn and bloody, and his face was covered with a two-days' growth of intensely black hair, which made his pallor ghastly. His trousers were smeared with clay, his face grimed with smoke and blood, and the bandage about his head dripped red. His lips were tightly compressed, and a deep furrow between his heavy brows made his countenance hard and forbidding.

But the girl had courage and common sense, and her first care was to stanch the blood which flowed from an ugly sabre-cut on his head, her next to go back to the wagon for a flask of vodki she had seen in the straw. It was a bitter journey, for the storm was now a tempest, and the souls of the dead Turks might have been abroad, so wild were the sounds and so tumultuous the air. But she crouched down and fought her way along,

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got her prize, and reached her hut breathless and almost blinded by the long, wet hair that lashed her eyes and cheeks like whips. She poured some of its contents into a pan, mixed it with water, and sat wiping the man's lips with it and his temples and his hands. He lay in a stupor till the night was an hour old, then he began to mutter and toss on his pallet. The shadows cast by the taper and the feeble lamp played fantastic games on the walls, leaping and gyrating from floor to ceiling, shrouding in their black folds the unconscious figure, then suddenly shrivelling away to crouch and quiver in the corners.

Suddenly he sat erect. Short, quick orders rang from his lips, and his eyes, wild with fever, glared from the blood-matted fringe of his hair. His arms were flung madly about in an imaginary sword play, and once he made as though he would tear his bandages loose, but Katinka caught his wrists and spoke loudly and commandingly to him. Perhaps an instinct of soldierly obedience moved him, perhaps the fever whim was past; but he desisted and fell back staring at her until his eyes slid aimlessly away and he lay looking stupidly, blankly ahead, muttering again and groaning heavily.

The day dawned pallid and wan, and the girl could scarcely move from her cramped position; but she plied her simple remedies, bathed the face of her patient, made him a thin, hot soup, ate her own mess of tchi and tchay, and set her house in order. The hours dragged by. She could not use her wheel, for at its first whir he started up. And the night brought no help. The fever raged, and the soldier's struggles were incessant. He fought his battle over again, and dashed himself about so violently that Katinka did not dare to rest a moment. Toward daybreak he grew silent, and as soon as the chimneys smoked she went to seek assistance. But the people shrugged their shoulders and said they could not or would not come, and the Sage of the hamlet quoted:

"The fool who sows thistles must not look to reap corn in the harvest-time."

So she struggled through another day and night, and her heart stirred with fear lest her ignorance had killed the man; for by the light of the third morning he appeared as pallid and still as a corpse.

There is a tale these people have of how Death glides into hovel and palace and drags men to the grave. Some he seizes by the feet, for they love life so dearly and cling so desperately to it that their grasp can scarcely be loosed. But there are some

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who find living so sorrowful that they greet him as a dear friend and stretch glad hands to meet and clasp him, even before their feet cease treading in earth's ways. These he can take quickly.

This Katinka had heard often, and when she touched the soldier's hands and found them warm, while his feet were icy, she said, "He wishes to live." And she built a fire, dragged his pallet to it, covered him high with cloth and wool, forced raw vodki between his teeth, and set to rub him. As she did it fatigue overpowered her and she fell against the chimney-side and slept. The man grew warmer, a moisture broke out on his forehead, his breathing became regular, and hours passed by worth gold to nurse and patient. The latter woke first. The afternoon's sun struck the dusty lattice, falling full on the girl's sleeping figure. He stared amazed.

The low, smoke-stained ceiling, the rude walls, the straw pallet, the fair young face, the peaceful icon, the silence—all were new and strange to a man whose last memory was of a wild sweep, a hand-to-hand grapple, a blow that split his helmet, a flash, and then the crash of his dying horse as it rolled on him. He lifted his hand, but his arm was nerveless, and his head was as heavy as a cannon-ball. He tried to turn: a dull ache down his side and a sharp throb in his crown made him desist, and he lay still while the light slid along the wall. As its rays struck across the eyes of the girl she opened them in a dazed way and stared about her. Recollection came quickly, and, starting to her knees, she bent over her patient. His imperious eyes fastened on her.

"What place is this?"

"Tzelemska."

"What house is this?"

"Mine."

"Who are you?"

"Katinka, the daughter of Peter the Russian."

"Where are my men?"

"I do not know."

"Where is the ambulance?"

"Gone."

"When?"

"Three days ago."

"How did I get here?"

"We brought you."

"Who?"

"Petrovitch the Smith and I?"

"I must—"

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"You must be silent and eat somewhat."

He glanced away with a dry smile. It was perhaps the first time in his life he had ever been told he "must"; and she said it so quietly, this peasant-girl, and to *him!*

"Who has watched me?"

"I."

"Who else?"

"None."

"Why?"

"The others were busy."

"What others?"

"The villagers."

"But—"

"I will talk no more."

And she did not, but made him take his soup and brandy, and set herself to spin. He watched her long, and fell asleep with his eyes on the slight figure and with the drone of the wheel in his ears. After this he began to mend, and he found a curious pleasure in watching Katinka and hearing her talk.

Her simple life lay before him, her swift feet and gentle hands waited on him and tended him, his aching eyes rested on her tranquil face, and his throbbing wounds healed under her touch.

She worked harder than ever, for there were two mouths to feed now, and he asked for many things she did not have—things that only the rich farmers and Barins used. But when he named them she always said, "Yes, it is here," and he did not know until long afterward that the sweet lips lied.

Of himself he told her little—he was merely a soldier; but of Russia he told her much, and bade her call him Nicolas, saying only, "I am Nicolas, the son of Ivan of the Steppes."

As the days passed he grew strangely dependent on her, he listened for her footsteps, he was restless in her absence, and when she passed to and fro about her duties his eyes followed her unweariedly. At first he laughed, for none of the beauties of Petersburg had so affected him, and this little peasant-girl could not be compared to those radiant women. Then he felt annoyed, then angered, then—

But I will tell you.

One day as she dressed his wound, bending over him, he suddenly seized her wrist, drew her down to him, and kissed her. She did not say a word or make an outcry, but a strange pallor grew upon her, and she turned away and went out of the hut.

When she came in she silently finished dressing the hurt and

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went to work at her loom. What he asked for she gave him, but with averted eyes and troubled look. She was patient and gentle, but her frank, sweet smile was gone and her soft speech was still. He fretted under the change, and was so fractious and exacting that she put aside her weaving in despair and sat by the window to finish sewing the coins on a bridal-robe ordered from her by a village belle. At first his face brightened, but when he saw her downcast look and found the silence still unbroken his eyebrows drew together and he sharply bade her sit near him. She glanced up quickly at his tone, but did as he asked.

He lay looking moodily at her, scarcely knowing where or how to begin what he wished to say. He had never made an apology in his life, and he was *not* sorry he had kissed her, only sorry for the effect. The village was sunk in its midday sleep, the air was warm and the girl exhausted, so in the long silence fatigue again conquered. The busy hands dropped, the lids fell, and the head, with its weight of golden hair, drooped lower and lower. One long braid swept the floor. Nicolas reached out and softly drew it toward him. It sparkled in the sun like the work of the Nizhneian goldsmiths, and he idly untwisted it. As he drew it across his fingers the rattling of sabres and thud of hoofs came through the open window, and the voice of his sergeant-major shouted:

"Now, good people, where am I to find my illustrious master, Colonel Nicolas Dolgorouki? No need to conceal it. I will not harm you. Just the other way, in fact; for whoever has nursed him shall be well rewarded. He has an open hand."

Nicolas started.

How hatefully the soldier's voice split the air! Instinctively he hissed for silence, lest the girl should be disturbed. She stirred, and he had only time to cut one long, soft lock from the braid he held before she woke and sprang to answer the thunderous knock at the door.

She threw it open. A guard of soldiers were grouped around an ambulance, and the village people crowded about it.

"Well, pretty maid," said the sergeant, and would have chucked her under the chin, but she drew back haughtily, and he fell into "Attention!" as his officer's voice rang out in its harshest tones.

"Come here!"

"Yes, excellency."

"What do you want?"

"You, excellency." And the man's eyes widened.

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"I do very well here."

"Oh! no, excellency; not this for a noble, illustrious—"

"I do, I tell you, and I will stay here until I can join the regiment."

"But, excellency, the general—"

"Oh! the general."

"Yes, highness. The general said we must bring you back, dead or alive, to headquarters, and we have hunted for three days, for he said the little Father—"

"Hush!" And he glanced at Katinka, who stood quietly aside, very white and still.

So he was an officer, and, alas! a man of consequence.

And the people thought the same thing, but oh! so differently; for they yearned for the reward, and she—she only wished for her wounded soldier back again.

But he must go, and quickly the preparations were made. Skilful hands lifted him into the ambulance, quick hoofs danced to be off, the villagers thronged obsequiously to help, and so there was scarcely even a moment for him to whisper:

"Wait. I will return." And he was gone.

Then how the village people flouted and jeered! And so she got nothing for her trouble, after all! That was always the way with people who meddled. They had told her how it would be. Yes, yes, soldiers devoured and rode away. That was their habit. And Petrovitch, proud of his one joke, again called out that she must let him shoe those horses when they came.

But she went silently among them, answering nothing. And the summer wore away, the frosts came, and Plevna was down. One night she had a strange dream. She thought she stood on the Steppes. The sun was rising, and far off was Nicolas, the son of Ivan. From the wound in his head streamed a torrent of blood that widened and spread until the plain was full. It rose around her, stifling her, for it was hot, and as she cried out in agony she woke to a world as red and stifling. Cinders fell on her, smoke blinded her, and she had only time to snatch up a cloak and fly into the street, down which ran and rode amuck a troop of Irregulars.

III.

The town was fired! The flames leaped rapidly from hut to hut; the thatches, dried by the summer sun, went up in showers of sparks, playing like fiery fountains for a moment, then float-

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ing off into the night like comet-tails gone adrift; the rafters crackled, and with the roar of the flames mingled the shrill squealing of pigs, the cackle of fowl, and, here and there, the bleating of a lamb or the lowing of a frightened cow. These were speedily silenced, for the Cossacks, drunk with kwas and vodki, mad with the brutal humor of their kind, spitted them with pike and sword as they ran, yelling the while like demons. And they looked not unlike the popular idea of devils: their touloupes flying, their fur hats and ragged beards, elf-locks and shaggy eyebrows, mingling in a tangled mat, their little eyes burning with drunken fire, and their wide mouths (furnished with pointed teeth) yawning cavernous as they shouted. As they grew drunker their fun degenerated into absolute ferocity, and they began to fight among themselves, to chase the peasants and beat them, and finally to rob them of such poor goods as they had saved from the fire.

Katinka had stood silently watching the burning huts, silently watching the savage revels, silently watching the slaughter of the fowls and animals, although her lips tightened and her eyes gleamed at the moans of the dying beasts. But when a great Don Cossack snatched the straw litter from under old Anna, the paralytic, and thrust it at his horse's feet "to keep the darling warm," she sprang forward, wrenched the miserable pile from the dust, and gave the wretch a box that sent him reeling. Then, turning, she lifted the woman back on it, covered her with her own cloak, and stood beside her. Her white face and flashing eyes, her streaming blonde hair, her white chemisette and petticoats, made her look ghostly in the murky night, and the man, his head ringing from the blow without and the fumes within, shrank back alarmed.

"St. Sergius, save us!" he muttered. "It is an ice-witch!"

And he would have slunk away. But his comrades jeered him, and, half in sport, half in earnest, began to thrust at the two women with their pikes. As they lurched and stumbled the paralytic set up a whining cry:

"For the love of God, my life, my life!"

Katinka snatched a billet of wood, and, throwing herself before the woman, struck the spears aside until her hands bled and her nails started from their sockets. A crowd gathered about them. The blows fell faster, the girl's movements grew more forced and desperate. The spectators cheered—it was as good as a bear-baiting—and through it rang ever the shrill, whining cry:

"My life! For God's sake, my life!"

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Down the street came flying hoofs. They bore straight on the crowd, but they did not halt a second. The men fell back, and, by the light of a newly-fired thatch, the scene stood out in bold relief.

The woman, her eyes only alive, the cords in her neck swollen with her effort to move and her long-continued cry, her features distorted with fright. The girl, her white clothing rent and blood-stained, one arm broken and useless, a cut across her fair forehead. The circle of grinning savages, the two lunging figures, one with a pike, one with a knife (he had snapped his lance in a drunken fall), and the horses beyond with their shaggy manes and wild, bright eyes.

The officer started, and then, with a cry like a wounded boar, "Out, hounds! out, devils! May the blight of God fall on your heads and homes! Katinka, my dove, my own!"

And Colonel Nicolas—for it was he—cast himself like a bolt on one man, smiting him to the earth with a dagger-stroke, and shooting the second as he thrust. Then, flinging his revolver in the faces of the crowd near him, he turned to the girl and caught her in his arms.

A low moan burst from her lips at the agony of the broken bone, so roughly, though so tenderly, jarred; but, looking in his face with tearful eyes, she only said:

"Our Lady of Perpetual Succor has sent thee."

"My dove, my darling! These war-hawks shall frighten thee no more. Thou shalt come with me to my home." And he kissed her passionately. "The czar knows of thee. He has sent thee a message and a gift, and—me—"

"Nay, Nicolas, son of Ivan," she answered, going, woman-like, to the part of his speech that treated of love. "How may I go to thy home with thee?"

"As my wife, dearest and best! And the old mother, who but for thee would have had no son, will love thee; and the old father, who but for thee would have had no heir, will welcome thee; and I—ah! white bird of my heart, sweet rose of the south, how I will love thee!"

Tearing his cloak from his shoulders, he cast it about her, slung her broken arm in his sword-sash, and, wrapping her in the safe fold of his arm, led her through the soldiery to the camp. Arrived there, he put her in a small tent, where he bade her wait. Dizzy with pain and emotion, she gladly rested, and, worn out, dozed on the pile of blankets where she had dropped.

A gentle voice roused her, and, looking up, she saw a sweet-

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faced woman, clad in a gray serge gown, with a red cross sewed on her breast. She held a basin of broth, which she put to the tired girl's lips and made her drink. Then she went away, but only to return in a few minutes with a tin of hot water and rolls of lint and linen. She bathed the wounded forehead and the bruised, torn hands, and, as she tried to handle the broken arm, the tent-flap was raised and Colonel Nicolas and a dark, grave man entered—the regimental surgeon.

Coming to Katinka's side, he bent upon her a look so tender, and yet so fiery, that she flushed through her pallor. He took her hand.

"The doctor has come to set thy arm. Canst thou bear the pain?"

"Will give her chloroform," said the surgeon, a man of grudgingly few words. "Don't understand women. Faint sometimes. Scares me."

"Wilt thou take it, Katinka?"

"I do not know what it is; but as *thou* willest. Only," and she raised imploring eyes to his, "stay."

He laughed a low laugh, but his gray eyes filled with tears of joy and tenderness at this mark of confidence, and he knelt at her side while the doctor wrought his kindly cruel will. Then:

"I give her to your charge, sister, until to-morrow, when—" And he mused silently and gladly.

There was a metropolitan with the corps of the army, but he was at headquarters near the person of the archduke. An archimandrite could be had from Nikopolis, but there was a Greek priest with his own regiment, who could marry them just as well, for he had the czar's permission, signed and sealed, in his jacket, his wedding-rings hung about his neck by the long, braided lock he had stolen from Katinka's tresses, and his leave was with his general. So why wait for state and ceremony?

And the next day saw the simple wedding. The bride was fine in silk attire (for the czarina, who had heard the story, declared she would send the village maid a wedding-dress), and outside pranced two horses—Orloffs—which the czar had sent to bride and groom, with a message of good-will and admiration for the brave girl who had saved him a friend and Russia a good officer.

Plunging and dancing, the horses filled the air with neighing and rattling of hoofs, and as they playfully lashed out with their heels a shoe flew off. The driver swore, and the mujiks and the

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soldiers groaned in sympathy, for Nicolas' temper was known and feared; and who could shoe the darlings, the treasures, the czar's own horses, in this savage place?

Heavens! the bride and groom were at the door. Nicolas' black brows drew together ominously and his right hand clenched; but gentle fingers closed on his arm, and a voice, whose lowest tone was music to his hot heart, said:

"Do not mind, but send for Petrovitch."

"Petrovitch? Ah! yes." And the memory of Katinka's battle with the burly smith came to him, and he laughed as he shouted for him. Hauled from his temporary smithy among the soldiers, where songs beat time with the sledge, and kwas flowed freely all day long, and vodki was not wanting, hurried along at a pike's point (for the soldiers found relief in harrying him), the blacksmith stood, uneasily shifting from one foot to the other, without looking up.

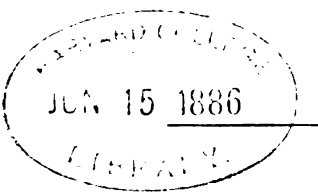
"Speak to him, *galoubka*," said Nicolas.

"Petrovitch!"

He stared wildly at the sound of the familiar voice, but this grand lady he had never seen.

"Petrovitch"—and in her voice was shadowy laughter—"once you did me a service, and you asked when the czar sent me horses to let you shoe them for payment. There they are. Shoe them quickly, Petrovitch, for time is flying."

Stupefied, he stared with open mouth. His lips moved, but the exclamation, "Katinka!" died away before the splendid vision of blue and silver, with its crown and veil; and, stammering, "Yes, yes, your highness!" he set himself to his task.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AN UNTIMELY PILGRIMAGE.

A SKETCH OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

ONE fall day in 1880 the slowing-up of a train at the terminal station of Blair, on a certain railroad in northern Arkansas, notified me that at last I stood on the verge of the horizon; that beyond the up-curling smoke from the intruding motor lay a new world—an undeveloped country the pamphlets called it—waiting but the touch of the northern Midas to transmute its rocky cliffs and sorghum cane to golden orchards and purple vineyards. And now that three years had elapsed since the advent of the cars and the creation of Blair, it was with some curiosity that I observed a number of uncouth-looking individuals gazing at the passive locomotive very much as we are told the aborigines stared at the little fleet of Christopher Columbus. One of the group, who carried a pea rifle, and the original texture of whose clothing had almost disappeared amidst a long series of repairs, approached me as I stood on the platform, and, with a curious mixture of familiarity and shyness, questioned me concerning this steaming apparition. Thereupon I learned that though the excursionists lived within a few hours' journey of the station, it was their first visit to the railroad. The mountaineer explained:

"Ye see the store whar we uns does our tradin' is over thar beyond the knob," indicating with his long arm a bald hill at no great distance; "an' ther's been no huntin' fer game or varmints 'roun' hyar sence the kyars kem. It 'pears like the houn's wer' jes' natur'ly skeered from ever comin' inter the holler enny more. An' what with them thar injines a-puffin' an' snortin,' an' the boys hyar allers devilin' the dogs, ther' an't no use lookin' fer deer sign this side o' the bresh."

Here was something the pamphlets had ignored, but which appealed to me far more than their glowing rhetoric. For it was not as Midas, but in the humble and modern capacity of fire-insurance agent, that I sought the abode of the one adventurous spirit who had penetrated this new El Dorado—a certain James Perkins, who had left Kansas a year since to establish himself within a half-day's ride of Blair, and whose policy with our company had almost expired. Whatever opinions I had entertained with regard to building up an additional business in his immediate neighborhood were not greatly strengthened by the aspect of this strange country. However, like a true cosmopolitan, I

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resolved to adapt myself to the languid surroundings of the situation; for I had long since learned that perhaps the speediest method of inquiry and observation among strangers was best accomplished by accommodating myself to their pace, neither forging ahead nor lagging behind.

In the meanwhile I had almost forfeited all further confidence on the part of the six-footer by telling him the car-wheels were made of paper. For nearly three years the backwoodsman had been striving to grasp the full meaning of the wonderful stories told him by such of his neighbors whose business or curiosity had brought them to the railroad; and this new revelation was too unexpected to be accepted in good faith before the consumption of numerous pipes of home-grown tobacco over its true inwardness. He thought I was guying him. But I speedily reestablished myself in his good graces by praising the points of a hound that—after the manner of canine Arkansas—came cowering up to his master; and he readily responded to my inquiries.

"Jim Perkins' is jes' berlow the mouth of Little Piney. Ye keep the main travelled road till ye come to the pinery, whar the road forks four ways, an' then bar to the left. When ye go a piece ye'll see an old school-house, an' thar ye wanter take a kin' of a dim road what'll bring ye inter the holler o' Fox Creek. Ole man Shafto lives thar, an' he'll put ye right whar ye wanter go."

This detailed information was extracted after a good deal of questioning; but, having had some experience in country roads, I was not content.

"Are you sure the road at the pinery forks in four different directions? I never saw anything like that."

"Waal, it's jes' that a-way. Ye'll see the Boonville signboard thar, an' then ye wanter bar to the left."

"How far do you call it to Perkins'?"

"Waal, ter take a straight shoot 't an't more'n sixteen mile; but I never seed a stranger make it less'n twenty. Yes, I 'low ye ken get a nag over thar ter the barn. Goin' ter try an' make Perkins' ter-night?"

It was now about two o'clock, and I would have four hours of daylight; so I said:

"Of course; why not?"

"'Kase if ye don't get a right peart-walkin' nag ye can't do it."

"Oh! so far as that's concerned, I generally lope. Much obliged to you."

The man looked at me curiously by way of parting salutation,

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but said nothing. And I was soon mounted on a very fair pony, climbing out of the hollow up to the ridge beyond. But when I reached the summit I found that my route led me down into another hollow; and where there was neither ridge nor hollow, the "main travelled road" was so exceeding rough and stony that I hadn't heart to urge the little pony out of a walk. Presently I reached the pinery, and looked about curiously for the four forks of the road. There was the Boonville signboard, sure enough; but the four forks proved to be merely crossroads. So, "barin' to the left," I pursued my new route, which avoided the pinery and soon brought me into a watered hollow thickly settled.

I was much struck with the strange nature of the country. It was simply a network of rocky hills thickly covered with various kinds of small oaks. But out of the rocks the grass grew knee-high, affording rich pasture for the scrubby cattle that at this season sought the beggar-lice and wild-pea vines of the creek-bottoms and north and west hill-sides. Here and there on the ridges was a patch of corn that seemed to have found a nourishment in stone, guarded by a rail-fence so low that a stray and hungry-looking cow leisurely stepped over one of these enclosures to plunder the hard-won crop—only to beat an undignified retreat, pursued by a hound that had apparently been lying asleep on the door-step. But nowhere could I command a distant view. One ridge shut off another in a most annoying manner; and though the hills were fairly ablaze with autumn foliage, I was content to seek the bottom-lands covered with the still unplucked corn, wheat-stubble, and occasionally a cotton-patch. But little fall ploughing was being done, and from the inevitable log huts whole families of tow-headed children and lazy-looking adults emerged to stare at me. Coveys of quail ran tamely into the woods, with never the whir of a wing, seemingly ignorant of the death-dealing shot-gun.

But, after seeing no habitation for a mile, I suddenly came upon the old school-house, where I was to follow the dim road. But what dim road? They seemed to run in all directions, and in final despair I gave the pony his head. After riding an hour without seeing a soul I found myself at the end of the road, which had simply been cut out for hauling wood. So, retracing my steps, I tried it again. It was now growing dark, and it was not until after a two hours' gallop in the ever-increasing darkness that I at length drew rein before a log cabin.

There was a barking of dogs, and a "Down thar, Lead! Will ye shet up, Blue!" And I could see by the flickering fire-light

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the tall figure of a middle-aged man stooping in the low doorway and scolding at the hounds. At a venture I called:

"Does Mr. Shafto live here?"

The tall figure approached, peering through the darkness, while three shadowy forms clustered inquiringly around the door.

"'Tan't ev'rybody'd know'm by that name," came with a grim sort of humor. "Ike Shafto lives hyar, I reckon."

"Can you tell me how far it is to Jim Perkins'?"

"Mebbe eight or ten mile. But 'light an' come in by the fire."

"I'm much obliged to you," I said, with as much cheerfulness as I could command. "But don't you think I can reach Perkins' to-night?"

"I know in reason ye can't. The creek's up swimmin' high."

"But what am I to do?"

"Ef ye ken put up with what we've got, ye'd better stop hyar till mornin'. Lead yer nag in thar at the gap, an' we'll throw her some corn afore we go in."

There being no alternative, I thanked him and followed him around to the barn, an unchinked log affair, with a shingled roof and a sawed-out doorway closed with a couple of poles. There was a rude loft holding a few bushels of corn, and but one stall, out of which the old man (for all men over forty are old in Arkansas) promptly turned his sole equine property, a pony-built mare. He then produced some shock-fodder and a dozen ears of corn, and secured my horse in the stable, which in the meanwhile I had unsaddled. Supper was on the table when we reached the house, and, having indulged in a soapless wash, in response to the invitation, "Draw up a cheer," I sat down. There was no introduction to the family, which consisted of two young girls, who bobbed their heads to my polite "Good-evening!" and their mother, who added, "Howdy!" Yet I felt myself perfectly welcome, though my gaze wandered somewhat nervously from the women to the two large feather beds in the solitary room. There was a large, slovenly-built fireplace, that answered the double purpose of heat and light, together with a Dutch oven, coffee-pot, and frying-pan. The logs were miserably chinked, showing large gaps through which poured a rising wind; and there was no sign of a window—a peculiarity I had remarked in all the cabins I had passed. But Shafto, after reminding me that "ther' wasn't much to eat," engaged my attention in conversation, and despite the warning I made hungry onslaughts on the fresh pork, sorghum, and a tasteless kind of corn-

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bread, relieved by some very good buttermilk, which I was on the point of refusing when asked if I would "take some sour milk." And then the old man would remind me:

"Now reach out an' help yerself; the table's small."

But having expressed my complete satiety, we withdrew to the fireplace to discuss the crops and the hard times, the inevitable topics of the Arkansas farmer. I explained the nature of my business, to which Shafto listened attentively; but when questioned concerning Perkins he dubiously shook his head.

"He don't do jes' right by his neighbors," he said. "An' now he's brung them southern cattle in ther county thar'll be no en' o' trouble. He's the masteres' man I ever seed."

The southern cattle in question proved to be those south of the Boston mountains, a scrubby race which is said to spread disease wherever imported. After some further talk I was told I could retire at any time, one of the two beds being indicated as my couch. To this latter I demurred, but, my host insisting, I took advantage of retiring while the backs of the family were towards me. A pallet composed of quilts, of which there appeared to be a great number, had meanwhile been prepared, and with becoming delicacy I turned my head towards the wall and was soon fast asleep.

But in the middle of the night I was aroused by the yelping of hounds, the long-drawn tooting of a horn, and the cries of men. Only a few embers of the back-log remained, but the room was half-lit by the full moon which shone through the many chinks of the cabin. While I was still puzzling over the sudden uproar, old man Shafto scrambled from the bed, and, throwing on the few additional garments necessary to his appearance abroad, rushed out of the house with an answering yelp. And presently the sound of his mare's hoofs was heard as she clattered up the rocky mountain that sloped nearest to the barn. Mrs. Shafto and her two daughters spoke in sleepy monosyllables, of which I failed to catch the purport, and I couldn't forbear asking the cause of the disturbance.

"Them Robinson boys hev' started a fox," came in drawling accents from the recesses of the other feather bed, "an' the ole man is jes' natur'ly boun' to hev' a han' in it."

"Do they run foxes at night over this rough country?" I inquired, mindful of my twilight gallop on the road, to which the overhanging branches had but a visible token.

"Yes, an' ketch 'em, too. I 'lowed when Nell threw the old man in the thorn-bresh las' spring was a year ago, he'd larn some sense; but he's jes' ez peart ez ever. Ther' an't no fox

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brute in these hills," she added more kindly, "but what the ole man an' Lead ken ketch up to."

I would have questioned her further, but a spirit of delicacy deterred me from pursuing this nocturnal conversation. The hounds were now in full tongue, and the excited responses of the hunters were echoed and re-echoed by the timbered cliffs. But above it all could be heard the full-lunged whoop of the old man, elevated to its highest possible pitch as he answered the long, keen bay of his favorite Lead. Presently the noises died away in some distant hollow, and once more I fell asleep. When I awoke at daylight I found the women busy preparing breakfast. On looking at them closely I found the young girls were modified types of the females I had yesterday observed in the doorways. It was not so much positive ugliness of feature as a stolid, unintelligent expression which a bashful timidity failed to improve. The intermarriage of generations was not, however, so apparent in their physique, which was healthy enough. Their mother was simply what they would be when thirty-five—a stolid woman, who smoked her pipe with an expression of resignation and went about her duties in a quiet manner. She had a bandage bound around her head, and, after a somewhat uneasy "good-morning" —wondering how I was to get up with all these women in the room—I inquired after her health.

"It's the nooralgy," she said patiently. "I've hed it nigh on ter twenty year, an' it 'pears like I never would get shed of it."

And then she solved the problem of my toilet by leaving the house, followed by her daughters. Whereupon I arose with all dispatch and went outside, where I found Shafto leisurely skinning two coons, treed by the dogs on their return from the fox-hunt. My pony was still in the one stall, where the old man had already fed it. His own he had tethered on the outside to a log of the stable, her feed on the ground before her. The Robinsons' hounds had captured the fox, and Shafto was evidently indisposed to dwell on the hunt of the preceding night, so I began questioning him about the way to Perkins'.

"It's a notched road arter ye cross the branch," he said, "an' the creek's gone down. But I aim ter tote some varmint hides ter the store arter a bit, an' I go in a mile o' Jim's; better wait on me."

I reflected that it might be a saving of time in the end; so, an hour after breakfast, during which interval I vainly endeavored to extract a conversation from the girls, the old man, having adjusted his shell of a saddle, announced that he was ready. He was unusually silent as we journeyed on side by side, mortified,

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doubtless, by the failure of his hounds; and I contented myself with watching the numerous razor-back hogs that were greedily feeding on the newly-fallen mast, answering from time to time the passing "howdy!" of a man going to mill, a sack full of corn across his pony's withers. After a somewhat monotonous journey the forks of the road were reached. I wished to pay my bill, and the old man was just beginning, "I don't know ez I oughter charge ye nothin'; but ef ye wanter give my woman four bits"—when suddenly around a turn of the road that led to Perkins' a curious procession came in sight, which cut short Mr. Shafto's diffidence.

At the head of the cavalcade was an emigrant-wagon, drawn by a span of mules, and piled up with the humble furniture of a country house. In it were seated a man with a dogged look on his face, a woman, and a little girl. Behind this came another wagon, laden with turning-ploughs, double shovels, cradles, and the other simple machinery of a backwoods farm. It was driven by a half-grown youth, whose countenance, both in its sullenness and physical proportions, bore a striking resemblance to that of the man who drove before. A herd of nearly a hundred cows and yearlings succeeded, some of them most forlorn-looking specimens, urged and directed by three men on horseback and a nimble individual on foot, who would rush into the brush with the most prodigious anathemas on any one of the drove straying from the road. A half-dozen uncouth mountaineers, "some in rags and some in tags," brought up the rear, mounted on their plough-horses and carrying long rifles more or less bound together with rags and savoring of the blacksmith. Their homely visages wore an air of determination and a certain dignity which strongly contrasted with their somewhat ludicrous appearance. Shafto, with an exclamation that might equally denote surprise or confirmation, abruptly left my side and joined the rear-guard, with whom he conversed in excited undertone. Then, seeming satisfied with what he had heard, he checked his mare and stood gazing after the procession with an oracular nod of the head. And to my inquiries he replied as one who had been awaiting the event for some time:

"Thar goes yer man—Perkins, ye know—him in the for'ard waggin. An' thar's his woman along with him, an' his horses, an' his stock, an' his fixin's, an' his fam'ly. I know'd it—I know'd it."

"What's the matter? What do you mean?"

"It's them swamp-cattle ez I war a-tellin' ye about. They give him warnin' to drive 'em out'n the kentry off'n the range.

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But Jim he jes' up an' tole 'em ter mind their biz'ness; an' then they up an' shot mos' o' them down."

"And what are they doing now?" I asked, not quite taking in the situation.

"Waal, ye see, Jim he jes' r'ar'd an' pitch'd, an' 'lowed ez he'd hev' the law on 'em ef they didn't make it good. An', havin' more voice'n one man, they're jes' showin' him out'n the county."

Then, seeing my look of amazement and disgust, he added with dignity:

"I hev'n't much, but it's all I've got. An' what with buildin' a new barn in the spring, an' the range allers ketchin' fire, an' the girls so keerless like, ef yer happen ter drap 'round when corn's laid by I mout take one of them insurances myself."

A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

IF one were asked to name a poet who entirely represents the poetic genius of New England of the time when the tillers of that rugged soil were of the *Mayflower* and not of the ocean steamers, one would naturally think of Whittier. His New-Englandism shows even in his rhymes, which no other than a New-Englander could have made; and his limitations, his dogmatic ignorance of all that he has not learned in New England, would have been impossible to any man not born in the atmosphere sanctified by that Rock on which the Puritans were formerly believed to have founded everything in the New World worth writing about. It would be foolish to deny the fact that, if the New England writers entered into a compact for mutual admiration, there was much in them to admire. They had a good basis for their public plaudits of one another. But, for all his New-Englandism, Whittier turns longingly to the Old World—even to the legends of the church and the lives of the saints. Longfellow, we all know, lived in that past which the church glorified with the resources of all high arts; but he was broader in mind and culture than Whittier, and it was logical that he should turn to the fountain of culture. It is a subject for reflection, the spectacle of this poet naming the book of his old age—he says himself that he is on the verge of fourscore—*Saint Gregory's Guest, and Other Poems* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and paying, in "The Two Elizabeths,"

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a tribute to St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Compared with other poetic offerings at the shrine of that humble and queenly saint, it is like a bunch of sombre arbutus, with only little points of color, beside the glowing roses which God created for St. Elizabeth herself; but it accentuates the wonderful truth that no poet, no matter how alien he may be to the spirit of the church, can escape her influences.

Whittier's latest, and perhaps his last, poems are among his best. He will probably be better known by that sentimental bit of trashy verse, "Maud Muller," than by "St. Gregory's Guest," and we are by no means certain—not having much confidence in the taste of the veteran poet—that he may not prefer to be best remembered by the former production. Nevertheless, all the work in this exquisite little vellum-covered book has the unmistakable poetic touch, and there is no poem in it that sinks to the mere level of "Maud Muller." It is direct and simple, sincere and gently optimistic, if not hopeful. There is no dislike for anything or condemnation for anything expressed in the poems, except for certain practices of Catholics. He is particularly hard on the confessional and St. Elizabeth's director. His poem, "The Two Elizabeths," was written on the occasion of the unveiling of the bust of Elizabeth Fry at the Friends' School, Providence, R. I. It is a comparison of St. Elizabeth and Elizabeth Fry. Whittier is carried away by the beauty of St. Elizabeth's life. But he cannot help regretting that she was a devout Catholic and not a Quaker like Elizabeth Fry. Whittier has seen only the outer surface; he has not even touched the poetic possibilities that gave Montalembert so great an opportunity; he does not see that St. Elizabeth glows with the light of the church as a white cloud before the sun. He does not know, and at fourscore it does not seem probable that he will ever know on earth, the sweet mystery of her humility and the real cause of her strength. He writes, with the same narrowness of view that years have not changed:

"Amidst Thuringia's wooded hills she dwelt,
A high-born princess, servant of the poor,
Sweetening with gracious words the food she dealt
To starving throngs at Wartburg's blazoned door.

"A blinded zealot held her soul in chains,
Cramped the sweet nature that he could not kill,
Scarred her fair body with his penance-pains,
And gauged her conscience by his narrow will.

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"God gave her gifts of beauty and of grace:
With fast and vigil she denied them all;
Unquestioning, with sad, pathetic face,
She followed meekly at her stern guide's call.

"So drooped and died her home-blown rose of bliss
In the chill rigor of a discipline
That turned her fond lips from her children's kiss,
And made her joy of motherhood a sin."

All this is the apology which Whittier makes to what is called courteously the New England conscience for his admiration for St. Elizabeth. He recalls to mind another compatriot who always fortified himself against too much tenderness when gazing at a crucifix by remembering what he had read of the Inquisition, and who, when he caught himself looking with sympathy at passing Sisters of Charity, tried hard to pull himself together by repeating, out of "Marmion," the trial of Constance. Similarly, Whittier, to steel himself against too much appreciation of a Catholic saint, begins his poem with his absurdly apologetic lines. After telling of her goodness, he exclaims:

"Yea, whereso'er her church its cross uprears,
Wide as the world her story still is told;
In manhood's reverence, woman's prayers and tears,
She lives again whose grave is centuries old.

"And still, despite the weakness or the blame
Of blind submission to the blind, she hath
A tender place in hearts of every name,
And more than Rome owns Saint Elizabeth."

The poet then gives a picture of the work of Elizabeth Fry, not forgetting to give the church another little jab:

"Their yoke is easy and their burden light
Whose sole confessor is the Christ of God."

It is a pity that Whittier should have lived to be fourscore and learned so little. At least we are thankful that he can tell, without any discordant bigotry, how Gregory the monk gave all he had—his mother's gift—to a beggar, and how Gregory the pope saw it again in the hands of an uninvited guest at his feast given to twelve beggars:

"Thy prayers and alms have risen, and bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven.
I am the Wonderful, through Whom
Whate'er thou askest shall be given."

The legend is told simply, without warm coloring, but with a

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sympathy which, singularly enough, Whittier does not apologize for. Again, in "Adjustment," the Quaker poet's verse is tinged as by the light of some old cathedral window:

> "No gain is lost: the clear-eyed saints look down
> Untroubled on the wreck of schemes and creeds:
> Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds
> Counting in task-field and o'er peopled town."

"The Homestead," "Sweet Fern," and "The Wood Giant" have the breath of the country in them, and, if there is a touch of frost in them, it is because the poet is true to the landscapes he loves, and not because the frost has touched his heart. "The Homestead" is very tender, pathetic, and true. It is rare that a poet's best work is that done in old age; yet this can almost be said of Whittier, for in all his work there is nothing better than we find in this book. His best qualities and his faults were never the virtues or defects of youth, and old age has neither killed the former nor cured the latter. He cries out:

> "Reach downward to the sunless days
> Wherein our guides are blind as we,
> And faith is small and hope delays;
> Take thou the hands of praise we raise,
> And let us feel the light of Thee!"

There is a book of poems, illustrated by Mrs. Elizabeth Butler, the painter of the famous "Roll Call," which is new on this side of the Atlantic, but which deserves to be as old as a household word. It is the work of Mrs. Meynell, formerly Miss A. C. Thompson; it is printed in London by Henry S. King & Co. It is called *Preludes*. The poems which compose it are characterized by original and poetic thought—and poetic is a great word to use—purity and elevation, and the most careful finish. Mrs. Meynell has the divine gift, and she possesses the art of uttering her messages to the world in modulations which deserve a less modest title than *Preludes*. They are melodies and harmonies as imaginative and thoughtful as the nocturnes of Chopin without Chopin's morbidness. Adjectives are inadequate when one wants to express the subtle difference that exists between poetry and verse. But all who feel the influence of real poetry will acknowledge it in this book. The "Meditation" on the words,

> "Rorate cœli desuper, et nubes pluant Justum.
> Aperiatur Terra, et germinet Salvatorem,"

is a piece of fine simplicity, insight, and reverence. But the poem in *Preludes* which combines all the qualities of Mrs. Mey-

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nell is "San Lorenzo Giustiniani's Mother." It deserves to be known; and to those who will read it we need make no apology for quoting it here. It is prefixed by Shelley's line, "And we the shadows of the dream":

"I had not seen my son's dear face
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)
Since it had come to full flower-time.
I hardly guessed at its perfect prime,
That folded flower of his dear face.

"Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears
When on a day in many years
One of his order came. I thrilled
Facing, I thought, that face fulfilled.
I doubted for my mists of tears.

"His blessing be with me for ever!
My hope and doubt were hard to sever—
That altered face, those holy weeds.
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,
And lost his echoing feet for ever.

"If to my son my alms were given
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.
He did not plead for child of mine,
But for another Child divine,
And unto Him it was surely given.

"There is one alone who cannot change;
Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange;
And all I give is given to one.
I might mistake my dearest son,
But never the Son who cannot change."

Mrs. Butler's picture of the parting of San Lorenzo and his mother at the vine-covered door is as fine as the poem. There are not so many poets of elevated thoughts and good taste, and, above all, Catholic inspiration, that we can afford to neglect one whose first book gives both promise and fulfilment.

There has come a great flood of novels since the June number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD appeared. And they still come. Mrs. Homer Martin's *What God Hath Joined* is announced by Henry Holt & Co., and much talked about in advance by people who know the virile and polished thought and style of this woman of extraordinary talent and strong convictions. *The Bostonians* (Macmillan & Co.) has received a great deal of attention; but it seems to be the general impression that nobody has read this colossal and long-drawn-out analysis of minute emotions,

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except the author himself. It is almost as long as the *Grand Cyrus*, and the fate of the hero—although Mr. James tells us that "he was conscious at bottom of a bigger stomach than all the culture of Charles Street could fill"—becomes a matter of indifference after one has passed the three hundredth page of "masterly inactivity." On the four hundred and forty-ninth the marriage of Verena and Ransom is merely predicted, and the author's last sentence is very inconclusive: "It is to be feared that with the union, so far from brilliant, into which she was about to enter, these [tears] were not the last she was destined to shed." The constant reader is thus scantily rewarded for having followed Mr. Henry James through nearly five hundred pages.

A novel which has had a great success is *East Angels*, by Constance Fenimore Woolson, author of *Anne* (Harper & Brothers). It, too, is long, making five hundred and ninety-one pages. East Angels is a place near the town of Gracias-á-Dios in Florida. Miss Woolson paints the blue sky, the oranges, the roses, the miasmatic swamps of Florida, with a sure and leisurely hand. The sketches of Floridians themselves are delightfully humorous and sympathetic. The Northerners who come to this spot blessed with perpetual sunlight are vigorously etched. Mrs. Rutherford is a type of the selfish and cold woman of fashion and wealth, growing old, with no god but comfort and no consolation but gratified vanity. Her manner of judging people is not uncommon, and it has too often its effect in ruined reputations whose ruin can be traced to prejudices like those of Mrs. Rutherford:

"If Mr. X. had been polite to her, if he had been attentive, deferential he was without doubt (if at all presentable) a most delightful and praiseworthy person in every way. If Mr. X. had been civil to a certain extent, yet on the whole rather indifferent, he was a little dull, she thought; a good sort of a man, perhaps, but not interesting; tiresome. If Mr. X. had simply left her alone, without either civility or incivility, she was apt to have mysterious intuitions about him, intuitions which she mentioned, confidentially, of course, to her friends; little things which she had noticed —indications. Of bad temper? Or was it bad habits? It was something bad, at any rate; she was very ingenious in reading the signs. But if Mr. X. had been guilty of actual rudeness (a quality which she judged strictly by the standard of her own hidden but rigorous requirements), Mr. X was immediately thrust beyond the pale—there was no good in him; in the way of odious traits there was nothing which she did not attribute to him at one time or another; she could even hint at darker guilt. She wondered that people should continue to receive him, and to her dying day she never forgot to give, upon opportunity, her well-aimed thrust—a thrust all the more effective because masked by her reputation for amiability and frank, liberal qualities."

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Mrs. Rutherford and Garda Thorne—the latter the daughter of a Floridian of Spanish descent and of a New Hampshire mother—are exemplifications of the triumph of selfishness over all finer qualities. Garda is a very charming creature in appearance. All the unmarried men who have come together in Gracias-á-Dios fall in love with her, and one of the married men follows suit. Garda, who is utterly regardless of the proprieties, and who has no sense of right and wrong, promises to marry Evert Winthrop, but coolly drops him when she finds she likes Lucian Spenser better. Spenser is married, but that makes no difference to Garda. Margaret Harold, the real heroine of the novel, has taken Garda under her protection; she remonstrates with this strange young girl, who seems to be unconscious of her duties to God, who is more like a faun than a human being. Garda merely replies, "There's one thing that may happen: I may stop caring for Lucian of my own accord before long. You know I stopped caring for Evert." Garda further insists that it is better to be true to one's feelings, whatever they are, than to tell lies just to make people think well of you.

Margaret is helpless before the girl's frankness; but she does not attempt to arouse Garda to a sense that her regard for a married man is guilty in the sight of God. The Rev. Mr. Moore, whose character is drawn with a fine sense of humor, has had the religious care of Garda—so far as a Protestant Episcopal rector can have the spiritual care of one of his flock, when his mission seems to be so decidedly social as that of the Rev. Mr. Moore's was. We naturally expect to hear Garda respond to some appeal to a supernatural motive for the avoidance of sin. But no such appeal is made by Margaret who later makes a most heroic sacrifice herself, because she believes that marriage is indissoluble. In spite of all the admirable qualities of Miss Woolson's work—its power restrained and disciplined, its charming humor saved by a genial sympathy from being satire, and its introduction into the literature of American fiction of a new element essentially American—the lack of the highest Christian motives as influencing the actions of her personages is a grave defect. It is impossible that Garda should not have known right from wrong, or that she should go joyously to keep an assignation with a married man without some feeling of guilt. Even had Garda been brought up an Agnostic there would still have been some self-consciousness. Then Margaret might have considered it hopeless to have mentioned the name of Christ or to have spoken of the claims of Christian modesty. As it is, Miss Woolson asks

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us to believe that this brilliant young siren of Gracias á-Dios had neither soul nor conscience. This is demanding more than any artist who cares for *vraisemblance* should. Garda becomes, when she ceases to laugh at the antics of her pet crane or swing gaily in her hammock, while her overburdened little mother does the work, a disjointed and unrealizable creature. Margaret Harold's character is always presented in a noble aspect. She married, when very young, one of the most heartless specimens of the male sex conceivable—a sensualist made tolerable to his friends by a kind of sardonic serenity. He coolly deserts her, and goes to Europe to renew his relations with "a French lady of rank." He returns, fearing that his health is breaking, to be nursed by Margaret. He has never made any concealment of his vices and his infidelity. He asserts his right to Margaret's service, and she admits it without complaint. Lanse, her husband, thus describes the situation when he serenely proposes to desert his wife for a time: "Her point was that I must not go; I am not very yielding, as you know, but she was even more obstinate than I was. It was owing to the ideas she had about such things; she wasn't a Roman Catholic, but she thought marriage a sacrament, almost." Lanse remains at Gracias-á-Dios for a time, paralyzed and helpless; but, getting better, he starts again for Europe, following his old attraction. Margaret has discovered that she loves Evert Winthrop, the rejected suitor of Garda, and Winthrop returns her affection. When her husband disappears she goes with Winthrop to look for him in the swamps. The boat-ride through these pathless, dank, and weird spots, where the waters are alive with moccasins and strange, perfumed vines mingle with interlacing trees, is described with vividness and strength. Winthrop and Margaret are tempted, and the temptation is needlessly elaborated. It becomes very plain indeed that Margaret need only show the slightest sign of yielding to become a Francesca da Rimini. The French do not put situations like this into their novels for young girls; but perhaps Miss Woolson did not write *East Angels* for young girls. It is a pity that she should apply her wonderful equipment to the evolution of situations in which the sympathy of the tender-hearted reader must naturally be on the side of wrong. Margaret, in whose religious belief divorce from her husband would have seemed proper enough, refuses Winthrop, that she may wait until her husband returns a second time, utterly helpless. If she were a Catholic, believing that marriage is indissoluble, her sacrifice would have a motive. As it is, she reaches a supernatural height of self-sacrifice without

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even a natural incentive. She devotes herself to Lanse, who settles down to a quiet life because he can no longer be wicked; and so Margaret's career ends. Miss Woolson might have made Margaret more satisfactory by giving her the only reason for the existence of such self-sacrifice—a high religious one; and the book need not have been a religious novel. The principal personages are spoiled by their entire lack of conscience, although Margaret will be thought by many readers to have too much. Miss Woolson fails to reach the truth in her clever paintings of human beings, because she has that fatal timidity which emasculates much modern literature—the fear of boldly referring to God as a living God.

The translation of *The Royal Roninns* from the Japanese whetted the appetite of the public for more romances from the same source. The appearance of Mr. Edward Greey's adaptation of Bakin's *Kumono Tayema Ama Yo No Tsuki* ("The moon shining through a cloud-rift on a rainy night") is due to the interest aroused by that book in the beliefs and customs of this strangely childlike yet singularly mature people. Mr. Greey calls his translation *The Captive of Love* (Boston: Lee & Shepard). Bakin's romances are looked on as classic in Japan. They represent the every-day life of the Japanese of five hundred years ago, and give the key to the Japanese life of to-day. The mikado and the empress of Japan have informed Mr. Greey of the pleasure they have had in seeing this famous Japanese book in an English dress. Mr. Greey has acquired the art of giving the quaint aroma of Bakin's diction, and the illustrations from the original work are very harmonious with the text. The Buddhistic belief in metempsychosis forms the basis of the story of a priest (*bozu*) who, instead of remaining in the temple of Shin-gon sect of Buddhists and praying for the eternal happiness of his parents, was led away by love to the breaking of his vows and the commission of many crimes. Bakin tells with charming *naïveté* the results of unfaithfulness and fraud, the consequence of disrespect to parents, and particularly of omitting to pray for their souls that they may more speedily pass through their various forms of life and attain seats on the golden lotus—which is complete annihilation. *The Captive of Love* is both amusing and instructive. Nowhere else can more information about the thoughts and the methods of the Japanese be so easily derived. Whether we owe it to Bakin, the pagan, or to Mr. Greey, the Christian, there is nothing objectionable in *The Captive of Love*. In it we find the very essence of Japanese life. Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi* is not

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more redolent of Italy than this delightful romance is of Japan. It is invaluable to all who would like to understand the religion, the manners and customs of the Japanese, which are only now beginning to change. We owe to Mr. Greey and to his wife, a graduate of an English convent school, who has ably assisted him, a debt of gratitude for this valuable addition to our literature.

Mrs. Peixada is a new novel by Sydney Luska, author of *As It Was Written* (Cassell & Co.) Mr. Luska's art of casting a romantic glamour over every-day New York scenes, and the directness with which he attacks his themes, have gained him much vogue. Mrs. Peixada is a Jewess, of course, who kills her husband, a very unpleasant Jew, in self-defence, and marries a Christian. Mr. Luska—whose real name is Harlan—seems to believe that the great future for the Jews is an amalgamation with Christians and the production of a light and sweet Spinoza-like state of things. He is a clever writer, of great promise, striking out a new line for himself, and not dazzled by the claims of the analytical school of fiction. Whether the hero, Arthur Ripley, adopted the creed of his Jewish wife, or she his, Mr. Luska does not say; and therefore we cannot say whether the American Jew or Jewess of the future will believe in anything or not.

John Maidment, by Julian Sturgis, is a wholesome novel, well written, manly, and having a purpose. John Maidment is a handsome, strong-brained, well-educated young Englishman. He starts in life encumbered by only one thing—a debt of gratitude. He sacrifices his convictions and principles to success. He gains all that he wants, and yet, though no outward calamity overtakes him, though he has married an earl's daughter who adores him, though he seems on his way to the British Cabinet, he feels that he has not gained the truest success. Mr. Sturgis manages his story with consummate skill. Novels like *John Maidment* almost reconcile the reviewer to the task of sifting "light" literature.

The King's Treasure House, by Wilhelm Walloch, translated from the German by Mary J. Safford (New York: Gottsberger), is an Egyptian romance of the time of the Hebrew captivity. It is after the manner of Georg Ebers. It gives the impression that the Jews of the era of Rameses were people any prudent monarch would allow to depart with pleasure from his dominions. *King Arthur*, by Miss Muloch (Harper's), is a very pure, pathetic, and beautiful story. *A Victorious Defeat*, by Wolcott Bal-

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estier, is a curious study of the manners of the Pennsylvanian Moravians.

England, as Seen by an American Banker (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.) is made up of the notes of a pedestrian tour. It is not a literary book or the book of a man of letters. The sentimental aspect of English things is not paramount. The lord of the manor, the vicar of the parish, the travelling gipsy, and thoughts on English sunsets are not served up with romantic sauce. We are not bored by worn-out reflections on Thackeray and Dickens, or analyses of the effect of five-o'clock tea on the English temperament, but we grasp a great many new facts. It is the book of a practical man.

Mr. Hubert E. H. Jerningham's *Reminiscences of an Attaché* (Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons) is a very amusing collection of remembered odds and ends. Mr. Jerningham is the author of a pleasant book on Brittany and an account of a sojourn in a French château. His works have an overpowering odor of aristocracy and a fainter odor of religion. He seems to be a Whig addicted to what he calls "Liberal" Catholicity, a Legitimist dazzled by the gilt of the last French Empire, a gay leader of germans, a dabbler in literature and politics, and an "interviewer" of celebrated people—in a word, a model *attaché* of catholic tastes and easy manner. He flits with butterfly-like ease among all the personages of the empire. He beams with equal suavity on Montalembert and Patti; translates a book for the Countess Guiccioli and talks politics with Mr. Gladstone; debates with Léon Gambetta and frequents the *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain; despaired because the Infallibility of the Pope was declared a dogma, and was moved by the blessing of Pius IX. Everything is told in an airy manner that makes the veriest trivialities entertaining. There is nothing whatever in several of his chapters, but they are written with the dash and self-confidence of a clever talker who believes in his power of interesting. But Mr. Jerningham's views on politics are not so valuable as his opinion on Waldteufel's waltzes or Alboni's voice. He quotes Montalembert's speech to him on the foreign policy of England as a specimen of the count's short-lived "temper and hatred." The words of Montalembert were reasonable enough then; they are prophetic as we look back at them now.

"Look at Bright," cried Montalembert to the shocked *attaché*, "and his democrats—*ultimo ratio;* look at Palmerston's conduct in Italy, and John Russell's management of foreign affairs. Is that governing with a view to

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safety at home to sow discord abroad? Can you call a foreign policy honest which, taking only into account the rabid dislikes of a few ultras, panders to the ambition of a Garibaldi or the recklessness of a Napoleon? Is that a government which can be called strong that fears strength in neighboring governments? And what name do you think should be given to the men who, urging their own compatriots to loyalty and obedience, encourage their neighbors on the Continent to rebellion and revolution? What for? Again I ask. for what object? Is it to make a friend of United Italy, and possess strength in the knowledge that she will have in the future to be grateful for the efforts on her behalf? Nonsense! Lord John Russell sees but the pope in Italy, and is incapable of grasping the great principle of national cohesion. He has reform on the brain; and because of the part he has played in the bill of 1832 he considers that he will now be able to reform Italy and the pope and the Italians? Do you call that a statesman? Well, the future will show whether men who temporize and cannot grasp are statesmen—whether the men who, to keep revolution away from English shores, encourage it elsewhere, are men capable of earning in history the name of honest statesmen. *'On ne joue pas avec le feu sans précipiter l'incendie'!*"

Mr. Jerningham met Mr. Gladstone just before the promulgation of the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope. The *attaché*, in answer to some excited questions of the present premier, glibly informed him that the attempts of France to prevent the definition of the dogma were important factors in the result. Mr. Jerningham said that Rome would reply to such interference by "obstinacy." Mr. Gladstone answered that he could not believe this, and expressed his surprise that Catholics could accept the dogma. Mr. Jerningham might have in return been surprised that Mr. Gladstone had not before that learned more about Catholic belief; but he contented himself by saying that it was only the "opportuneness" of the definition that troubled some Liberal Catholics. Mr. Gladstone's amazement and his inability to grasp the meaning of the dogma were afterwards made public in the famous *Expostulation*. If Mr. Gladstone's Catholic acquaintances enlightened his mind on matters of faith after Mr. Jerningham's diplomatic manner, one might well repeat with Cardinal Newman that "Catholics may in good measure thank themselves, and no one else, for having alienated from themselves so religious a mind."

Mr. Jerningham tells us how he unconsciously snubbed Dumas and how cleverly he retrieved himself; that the Countess Guiccioli always asserted her relations with Byron to have been only friendly and nothing more; that Charles Dickens could show his bad manners as conspicuously as Carlyle, and that the sultan's grunt is equivalent to a polite speech in French. Mr.

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Jerningham belonged to a debating society—the Conférence Molé—of which Gambetta was president.

"On the 26th of February, 1869," he says, "having taken for my text the relations of church and state—a favorite one with beginners, probably because of its difficulties—and having expressed how in principle I believed it would be in the interest of both to see them apart from one another, and how at the same time I could not vote for such a separation, considering the fearful strides which irreligion was making, and would continue to increase were religion to lose the support of the state aid, Gambetta got up very quickly, and, after a few words of encouragement to the new member, addressed me thus: 'Monsieur, it is most interesting to us to hear the views of an English Liberal on these important questions. They at once show us how you English at every age are always stopped in your finest aspirations by considerations of a practical nature. When you will have been here some few times you will see that the most advanced English Liberal is but a very moderate French Conservative. You have in England the blessing of politics without the admixture of religious bias, and you may call yourself politically what you please without its offending the religious sense of the people. In France we cannot sever religion from politics, and the reason why Liberalism is so hated by the upper and well-to-do classes is that, for some reason or other—whether justifiable or not—it is supposed to be, above all, anti-clerical. But progressive ideas must have their day, though.' Gambetta added (probably in a mocking tone that escaped the amiable *attaché*): '*Dieu me préserve de vouloir leur succès au dépens de la moderation.*'"

Mr. Jerningham's book is easy reading. He takes the surface of things for what they appear to be worth. His opinions of the people he has met show that he judges character in the same way. He must be a treasure at what he calls "*récherché*" dinner-parties, for his genial manner almost atones for some of his inaccurate matter. As he is very fond of dropping into French, his contribution to the feast might be called *omelette très soufflée à la l'attaché.*

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DE ECCLESIA ET STATU JURIDICE CONSIDERATIS. Auctore Ludovico de Hammerstein, S.J. Præmittitur Encyclica "Immortale Dei." Treviris: Typographia Pauliniana (Dasbach & Keil); New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

This little volume is an exposition of the relation between church and state, and contains a refutation of the godless theory of civil authority. We think that the average reader will make some notable discoveries herein, among which we may mention the author's ideal and primordial state, which is something extremely antique and patriarchal. The social order or the authority of one man over another springs, as he thinks, by the law of nature from the family relation, the father of the original family having a natural right to be civil ruler of his children. One might admit this with some limitations. But he extends the original father's civil sovereignty over his grandchildren, his great-grandchildren, and finally over all his offspring; the whole tribe or race of primeval mankind is subject to the patriarch as supreme, absolute ruler by natural right. The author gives to the patriarch divine right to be absolute monarch over all his progeny during his entire life; nay more, he affirms that nature gives him a like authority, and makes it his duty to choose and establish the form of government and the person or family in whom it shall be vested after his death. He is lord of his descendants: "'Dei Gratiâ,' i.e., jure ab ipso Deo immediate concesso et a rerum naturâ indicato, eodem fere modo, quo quis 'Dei gratiâ' est dominus rei ab ipso confectæ vel primum occupatæ"! An appetite cultivated by feeding on the principles and methods of European "paternal" rule is needed to stomach such doctrine as that.

The author is persuaded of the falsity of the theory, represented among theologians chiefly by Suarez, that civil sovereignty is transmitted from God immediately to the whole body of the people, and through them to the ruler. He holds that between God and the ruler there is no medium; God's authority in civil affairs comes to the sovereign direct, especially if he be an hereditary monarch.

He is also of opinion that the theory he combats has been implicitly condemned by the present Pope, so far involving in dogmatic ruin St. Thomas, Suarez, Molina, Bellarmine, Lessius, and the majority of Catholic writers who have treated the question. Truly this is a curious thesis to be signed by a name whose affix is S.J.

Does the reader think from this that Father de Hammerstein is a tame and well-whipped lap-dog of royal tyranny? Never could he be more mistaken. Here is a bold, able defence of the right of armed resistance to the unjust encroachments of authority. He cites as instances the American Revolution of a century ago, and that of Belgium of half a century ago. He further affirms the right of a province in just revolt to assume an independent place among the nations of the earth, if its people have reason to dread fresh injustice should they return to their old allegiance. Has not one nation, he asks, a right to acquire by just war and to annex a province

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of another nation, keeping permanent possession of it for its own necessary security? Why, then, shall not a province have a like right after a just revolt, for a like reason of permanent security, to step forth a nation among nations?

He also maintains that sovereignty over a subject people is forfeited by breach of organic or treaty compact. Perhaps the most striking doctrine in the book is just here. For, when considering the relation of dominant and subject peoples, he maintains that treaties embody the law, the *jus*, of the tenure of dominion. The treaty, for example, may engage, as the author says, to secure to the conquered their religion, language, or *nationality*. The violation of the treaty in these particulars causes the sovereignty to revert to the people which is the injured contracting party. The attempt to deprive a subject people of its religion, language, or nationality contrary to treaty stipulation releases that people from all obligation to the conqueror. There is no more obligation from God to obey such authority than to obey a pirate or a highwayman. Escape or resistance is the divine will, if feasible, in either case.

Also—here make a note—the author declares that such a breach of organic compact is fatal to the prescriptive right; the lapse of time is no cure for lapse of justice. Suum cuique is better law than tempus fugit. What he calls *jus præscriptivum* or *jus historicum* has no manner of force to keep together peoples whose only point of contact has become, by a broken vow, the strong nation's heel and the weak nation's neck. This is shown by the case of Poland, which he mentions; and by that of Ireland, which he does not mention.

We venture to recommend this little volume of a very conservative Jesuit, and the broken Treaty of Limerick, as companion pieces for the meditation (perhaps the general confession) of those of our English Catholic brethren who follow the Duke of Norfolk in his abuse of the Irish clergy and people for demanding their national rights.

We may return again to the consideration of this book and its topics.

THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. With Notes by John Oldcastle. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The May number of *Merry England* was entitled "The Cardinal Manning Number," and its contents were a short account of the conversion of Dr. Manning in 1851, extracts from his correspondence between the years 1850 and 1886, memoranda of the principal events of his life, and a series of portraits from 1812 to 1886. Burns & Oates have issued a reprint of this "Cardinal Manning Number" in book form, which is for sale at the bookstore of the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The portrait of Henry Edward Manning at the age of four years, sitting by the sea-shore and listening to a sea-shell, is to us the most interesting thing in the whole book. Next to this is the portrait of the Archdeacon of Chichester at the age of thirty-six. The admirable portrait of the cardinal by Mr. Watts, and several good photographs, have made his personal appearance during the later period of his life familiar to a multitude of persons who have never had the privilege of seeing him. There is a peculiar satisfaction in seeing portraits of those who are specially loved and honored, which reproduce their appearance as it was in their earlier period

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of life, before we ever saw them or can remember their faces. How many would be delighted if they could see the pictures of their parents in their childhood and youth! And in the case of great men there is the same desire, which is seldom gratified, to get an image of their youthful and childish figure, before they grew beyond the common measure of humanity into greatness. The face of the aged cardinal is traceable in the features of the infant—"The child is father of the man"; and we can now, after the lapse of more than seventy years, interpret what the "wild waves were saying" through the sea-shell in the ear of the child, whispering of a destiny the most improbable to human foresight.

Dr. Manning was not only intellectually gifted, a fine scholar, and most exemplary in his life, but also most peculiarly fitted to be a prelate. He was an archdeacon in the Anglican State Church, a trusted counsellor on church matters to the queen and her ministers, and probably on the way to the primacy. Thoroughly imbued with High-Church principles, as much of a Catholic in doctrine and spirit as one can be who falls short of holding the essential idea of unity in the communion of the Roman Church, very sincere and zealous, it was his great aim and effort to bring up the Church of England in official teaching and practice to the level of his theory respecting her real character. The turning-point of his conversion was the conviction that this church is in fact nothing but a Protestant sect, recreant to the faith, and alien from the Catholic Church of the present and of the past.

In his testimony, as that of a high dignitary of the Established Church, accompanied by the prompt acceptance of the worldly sacrifices entailed on him by his renunciation of Anglicanism, lies the peculiar significance of his conversion.

During his Catholic career he has been *par excellence* the prelate, the ecclesiastical ruler, the model of the especially *episcopal* virtues. The difference between that human and decaying institution which traces its origin to Queen Elizabeth and Archbishop Parker, and the church of St. Augustine and St. Anselm, is represented in the two careers of the Archdeacon of Chichester and the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster—one of failure, the other of continually increasing success.

This little volume by Mr. Oldcastle, giving landmarks of both these careers, as a companion to the similar volume on Cardinal Newman will be very welcome to all Catholic readers and be read with interest by many others besides.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Compiled by Rev. Const. Hergenroether, Missionary Priest. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. Pp. 278.

This somewhat pretentious volume is a good thing—spoiled in the making. Its purpose is good, its method is good, its illustrations are good; but it is, withal, a melancholy example of what a mess a foreign author, foreign type, and foreign compositors can make of the "King's English." It is practically a German book, printed in alleged English words. Its pages present a strange and unfamiliar look to the eye of an English reader: type, arrangement, spacing, mode of emphasizing, syllabification, and punctuation are all distinctly and unpleasantly transatlantic—some-

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thing after the style of a German scientific treatise—and our homely, every-day vernacular is so "transmogrified" by its outlandish dress that at first glance it could easily escape recognition.

There are grammatical and typographical errors innumerable in the book. The translations are at times very free indeed, to put it mildly (e.g., *morituri*, "those *willing* to die"; *hoc habet*, "he *got* it," p. 110; *seniores*, "the *eldests*," p. 198). It would be a weary task to note all the solecisms and barbarisms with which these pages abound—they are "as the stars of heaven for multitude"; but "arcan-discipline" (p. 51), "bloodam-pull" (p. 56), "sarcophags" (p. 59), "teeths" (p. 111), and "gymnastics" as a synonym for "gladiators" (p. 110), are really *too* atrocious.

We speak strongly about these matters because they are blemishes which mar so many would-be English books; and the particular volume in question expressly invites such criticism, in that it is, so to speak, a "show" book—an *édition de luxe*—one meant rather for the drawing-room table than the library-shelf. Such elaborately gotten-up books, above all, should be idiomatically, orthographically, and typographically faultless. In them defects become glaringly conspicuous which in humbler and less demonstrative works might pass unnoticed. A sooty face on a coal-heaver is nothing extraordinary; but on a Fifth Avenue belle it is apt to excite remark.

We earnestly recommend the publishers of *Primitive Christianity and the Catholic Church*, when they print any more books for American readers, first, to have them written in the English language; second, to set them up in English type; and, third, to get some one at least moderately well acquainted with English to revise the proof-sheets.

THE CHRISTIAN STATE OF LIFE; or, Sermons on the Principal Duties of Christians in General and of Different States in Particular. By Francis Hunolt, S.J. Translated from the original German by Rev. J. Allen, D.D., King Williamstown, South Africa. 2 vols. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

We have waited long for a translation of Hunolt's sermons. They are among the best for general use that we know of. The twofold use of a good sermon—to one engaged in preaching, that is to say—is to suggest matter and to stimulate thought. Both qualities belong to Hunolt's sermons, the latter quality especially. His style provokes imitation. It is direct, at times colloquial, though never undignified, and full of familiar illustrations. If you are at all liable to contagion from reading a book you will catch good preaching from Hunolt. Reading these sermons, a man forthwith wants to preach. The method is so simple that you learn the secret of the craft at a glance, and so attractive that you feel sure of success. Meantime there is a copious stream of strong doctrine, maxims of the philosophy of good sense, apt selections from Scripture and the Fathers, numerous and well-chosen anecdotes from every age and clime, making these two volumes a little preacher's library in themselves.

Of course this is but part of Hunolt's sermons. But this selection embraces a valuable course on all the varieties of the Christian state, from that of the priesthood to that of single persons living in the world, including twelve sermons on the dignity of the Christian state in general—perhaps the most valuable in this translation—followed by others on the vir-

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tues and vices of youth, on the various and relative excellences of different vocations and how to discover the divine will in making a choice, thirteen on man and wife, others on parent and child, treating this relation from every point of view, some on the duties of superiors and inferiors, on the state of the rich and the state of the poor, on divine Providence, and on the value of time, concluding with an excellent index.

Now, where is the scholar who will give us an English version of Hunolt's sermons on the eternal truths? Many years ago an old missionary declared him in our hearing to be a model and a repertory for mission sermons and for Lent and Advent topics. We found this praise very well merited. Perhaps Dr. Allen will continue his good work and give us all of Hunolt. If so, let him supervise more carefully the work of his assistants, for here and there we find some carelessness unworthy of his title of doctor: for example, calling the victor of Lepanto "John the Austrian." Nor do we see the sense of giving the Latin original of Scripture and other references and leaving out the chapter and verse. But these are trifling faults compared to the general excellence of his work.

SHORT PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE (Alethaurion). By Rev. Thomas C. Moore, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

If any one thinks that this is a commonplace bundle of dry instructions he could make no greater mistake. This is a remarkable book. The author takes the bread-winner into his confidence in discussing the central facts and dogmas of religion. We have spent some happy and profitable hours reading this book. We have seldom met better arguments for the truths of Revelation and Catholicity, perhaps never better put and illustrated. The writer is plainly a man who has studied well in the schools, particularly well in the great school of practical instruction of the people. And he has woven in with his doctrinal instruction short summaries of the historical facts and bright sketches of historical personages connected with his themes. There is scarcely an epoch of Christian history or a saint or doctor but he has given us some instructive and pleasant paragraphs about them. Of course he cannot in one moderately-sized volume do more than summarize; we could have wished, for example, that he could have given us the case for the defence of the Templars at the Council of Vienne, for later researches are somewhat rehabilitating their cause; and we especially regret that in his remarks about the Vatican Council he makes no mention of the decrees touching faith and reason. Perhaps in another edition (and may this book have many other editions!) such defects may be remedied. But they are trifling and not worth thinking of, considering the remarkable excellences of Dr. Moore's volume. It is good family reading; first-rate as an armory to select weapons to oppose scoffers and infidels in daily life. Many a page in it is a perfect sermon in substance, making the book a precious repertory for preachers and for teachers who instruct the more advanced classes of children.

"Our efforts in these papers," says the author, "are for the benefit of the rank and file." And this accounts for the colloquial style. It might be said that many words here used are slang. Yet the slang of to-day will be the classic idiom of the next generation. The writer cannot be mistaken for other than a good priest and a cultivated scholar. And there is nothing

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vulgar in his book. It is written in a style which is deemed not unworthy of the editorial columns of many stately journals west of the Alleghanies, and of some East. If such a medium succeeds in teaching men and moving men—"the rank and file"—in the domain of politics, why not in the domain of religion? We commend the author for making every familiar thing in life pay toll to the Gospel, and for his determination that every drop of water in the stream shall be made to run over the wheel and help grind the grist of the Lord.

THE RULE OF OUR MOST HOLY FATHER ST. BENEDICT. Edited, with an English translation and explanatory notes, by a Monk of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustin. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The translation of the *Rule of St. Benedict* is a work of importance in our days, for it affords an opportunity to those who are unable to understand the Latin text to appreciate the high vocation which the great promoter of monachism in the West was called by God to fulfil. It does not comprise a systematic treatise of Christian perfection, as the saint himself confesses; but the way in which he provided for the profitable employment of every moment of day and night, as well as for the internal and peaceful government of a large community, is excellent, and bears the stamp of his having been directed by the Holy Ghost. Besides this it contains short but pregnant exhortations on the necessity and method of practising the different virtues. The careful perusal of it cannot but awaken in our hearts an increased love for the Christians of early times, and inspire us with a greater reverence and affection for the church, whose supernatural holiness is so clearly exemplified in the wonderful life, and disinterested charity of the holy patriarch St. Benedict.

LIBRARY OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. Works of this Doctor of the Church translated into English by the Rev. Henry Benedict Mackey, O.S.B. Vol. III. The Catholic Controversy. Now first edited from the autograph MSS. at Rome and at Annecy. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

All Catholics are more or less well acquainted with the spiritual writings of St. Francis de Sales. The present volume of the Library of St. Francis will be, for most English readers, their first introduction to his controversial writings. A special interest and importance attach to this publication, inasmuch as it forms the first genuine reprint of the work as it left its author's hands. In the translator's preface an account is given of the previous editions, and of the unwarrantable liberties which their editors took with the text. It is to Father Mackey's careful and painstaking researches that we are indebted for the knowledge, after the lapse of so long a time, of the real teaching of St. Francis on the authority of the Holy See.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. By John Tauler. Done into English by J. R. Morell. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

Every ascetic library is incomplete without a copy of this little volume. He who is acquainted with the spiritual state of souls knows that it treats of actual and practical questions. It is worthy of profound study, and is

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evidently carefully translated. The thanks of the public are due to the translator and publishers. Both have done their part well.

The writer may not have made it altogether as exact as if he had lived now. But what of that? It is better to speak out in one's own time what one has to say than from timidity to practise suppression of truth. It is better to make with humility our retractations with St. Augustine than only to consult one's fears. It is not given to every one to speak and write with the learning, the prudence, and precision of Leo XIII., happily reigning. The time is fast approaching when Catholics will be called upon to show more manliness and greater trust in both God and man.

LIFE OF MARGARET CLITHEROW. By Lætitia Selwyn Oliver. With a Preface by Father John Morris, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This little book gives us the life of a most heroic and holy woman. As a wife and mother she performed perfectly all the duties that devolved upon her, and as a child of the holy church she was faithful unto death. But one must read her life to appreciate her zeal and charity, her courage and patience, her hospitality to priests when this hospitality might cost her liberty and life, her submission to the divine will, and her joy in imprisonment and a bitter death. Her courageous words and bearing before the court that condemned her bring to one's mind the faith and courage of the early martyrs. It will be a happy day when by her canonization we can invoke dear Margaret Clitherow as saint and martyr.

PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY: A Contribution to the Christian Interpretation of Christian Doctrines. By the editors of the *Andover Review*, Professors in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; the Riverside Press, Cambridge.

The editors of the *Andover Review* and professors in Andover Theological Seminary have attempted to undermine a great truth of the Christian religion.

Repentance after death is a strange doctrine to put forth in the name of Christianity. If there be any truth that our Blessed Saviour came to teach us, it is that at the moment of death eternity begins; that death is the awful moment when one lays hold of one of two wheels which draws with it either eternal joy or everlasting woe. The Sacred Scriptures, divine tradition, the sentiment of holy doctors and teachers who have taught and exemplified in their lives the Gospel, are a standing testimony against the new Andover teaching. What a preposterous difficulty they find in supposing that God does not give to all men a chance to be saved in this life! Who that has reason has not conscience as well? Who that can discern white from black does not know good from evil, and that there is a reward for the one and a punishment for the other?

God certainly gives to all men sufficient grace to attain their final end —salvation. That ignorance of a law excuses from all obligation of observing it is a first principle of theology. The Mahometan, Jew, and Pagan are not without grace, otherwise God did not create all men to be saved; and who can suppose that God had any other object in creating men except to save them?

Every soul on entering eternity will be either acquitted or condemned by his own conscience before the Eternal Judge will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," etc., or "Depart, ye cursed," etc. We are sorry to see that

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these men are so deluded as to think that they are progressive in their teaching.

BUGLE-ECHOES: A Collection of Poems of the Civil War, Northern and Southern. Edited by Francis F. Browne. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. 1886.

While history, and such articles as have lately appeared in the *Century* and other magazines, lay before us the great battles and battle-plans of that fierce and wonderful civil struggle, the poems to which the war gave birth have crystallized the intenser feelings of that time, and have immortalized and preserved the deeds of many of the lesser heroes. So stirring a time often almost creates a poet, but also it incites many to sing who have not the gift of song. Out of the vast quantity of verse to which the war gave birth the editor of the volume before us has carefully sifted the wheat from the chaff, though occasionally he has let some of the wheat slip through. Besides his famous "Conquered Banner," for instance, the late Father Ryan wrote some other war-poems which are well worthy a place in this collection.

THE THEORY AND PRAXIS OF MELODEON-PLAYING. By J. Singenberger, Knight of St. Gregory, Professor at the Seminary in St. Francis, Wis., President of the American St. Cæcilia Society. Translated by Rev. Charles Becker, Professor at the Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, Wis.

An excellent manual, designed especially for the instruction and use of church musicians. Many of our churches and Sunday-schools are supplied with the reed-organ, commonly known as the melodeon, and to all players upon this instrument we commend this work for its simple and concise course of instruction in the rudiments of music and its judicious selection of pieces suitable for performance in church. Apart from the particular directions concerning the use of the melodeon, the book is, of course, equally serviceable for any organist. Useful accompaniments to the responses, Vesper psalms, etc., are also given in an appendix.

STUDIES IN GREEK THOUGHT. Essays selected from the papers of the late Lewis R. Packard, Hillhouse Professor of Greek in Yale College. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1886.

These are a collection of scholarly essays embracing such subjects as the Religion and Morality of the Greeks, Plato's Arguments in the *Phædo* for the Immortality of the Soul, Plato's System of Education in the *Republic*, the *Œdipus Rex*, the *Œdipus at Kolonos*, and the *Antigone* of Sophocles,

PAX VOBIS; being a popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments, furnishing ready matter for public instruction, and suitable at the same time for private or family reading. By the author of *Programmes of Sermons and Instructions*. Dublin: Browne & Nolan.

Let no one tarry at the preface of this book, which is long and rambling; the book itself is valuable. What is called the knack of putting things is here admirably applied to doctrinal instruction. Few books in English, perhaps in any tongue, are more useful for the exposition of the sacraments.

WE have received the first number of the Bishop of Salford's most recent enterprise, *Illustrated Catholic Missions*. It is well printed and well illustrated, and contains much valuable and interesting information. We hope that it will receive the support which its own excellence and the cause it advocates deserve.

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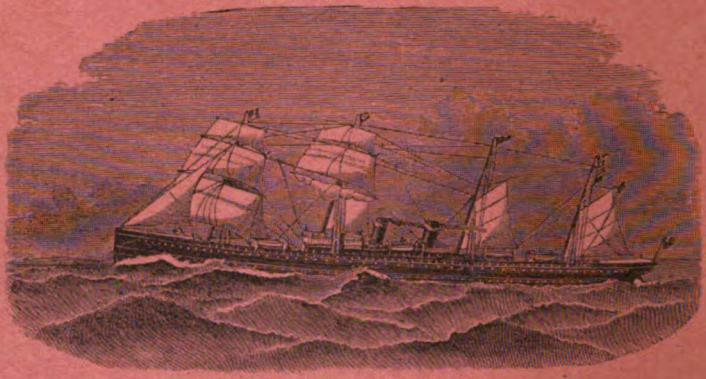

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE LEGEND OF SAINT PANCRATIUS—A.D. 287.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Saint Pancratius was born in Phrygia, and after the death of his parents abode with his grandfather in an ancient house outside Rome. The Diocletian persecution raging at that time, Pope Cornelius with many of the faithful lay concealed in a catacomb beneath a wood by which that house was environed, and converted to the Faith first the youth, and afterwards his grandfather. Pancratius, being then fourteen years of age, was dragged before Diocletian, who required him to sacrifice to the Gods. The youth scorned that command, fearlessly denouncing the Pagan Gods as vile. He died with great gladness outside the city wall, and Concavilla, the wife of a Roman senator, interred his body honorably nigh to the Aurelian Gate, which, having been later dedicated to the Saint, is still called the Gate of Saint Pancratius. St. Gregory of Tours records that even the most wicked dared not to make any false oath above the tomb of St. Pancratius, lest the divine vengeance should suddenly overtake them on that hallowed spot.

THE child Pancratius, blithesome as a bird,
  Glorious of countenance and of heart undaunted
Abode in Phrygia. He had never heard
  His ancient race by friend or minstrel vaunted:
How 'scaped he flattery?—thus: though great at Rome,
His sire had lived since youth remote from home.

That sire, Cledonius, had no heart for things
  Whereof the dull and brainless make their boast,
Huge halls with tapestries hung, the gift of kings,
  The unceasing revel and the menial host:
"Here," said he, "all is base: I seek some clime
By genius graced, or hallowed by old time."

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He sailed to Athens; beauteous as a dream
Her fortress-steep and temples met his eye,
Ilyssus, and Colonos, Academe:
Eastward he passed: great Sunium's sea-cliff nigh,
He kenned that fane world-famous; from its steep
Saw next its reflex in the violet deep.

In turn he visited the Cyclades;
At Delos slumbered 'neath the laurel shade;
Coasted the Asian shores; where'er the breeze
At random wafted him his dwelling made,
And joined the natives both in sports and jars;
Now judged the prize; now led them in their wars.

His was a soaring yet a careless nature,
Winged with high impulse, scant in self-control:
Nature he loved in every form and feature,
And Art, when Art expressed or strength or soul;
Loved battles most, and still, whate'er betide,
Sustained the juster, spurned the ignobler side.

One morn, sole wandering in a Phrygian wood,
He met the loveliest lady of that land
With maidens girt. At once her grace he sued
And from the King, her father, won her hand,
Quelling his foes. Within that realm in joy
They dwelt; and there she bore her lord a boy.

The years went by, and each endeared yet more
The growing youth to those who knew him well;
He joyed to tame the horse, to chase the boar;
Foremost he raced o'er Taurus, crag and fell,
Farthest his arrow launched, spoke truth, and clave
Swiftliest, as Iris seaward swept, the wave.

One morn his father took him by the hand:
"My son," he said, "should ill befall thy sire,
Weep not o'er-long, but reverence his command:
Thy mother guard; with her to Rome retire:
There dwells thy grandsire, now grown old and gray:
I owe to him a debt which thou must pay.

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I left him though I loved: not anywhere
Found I that prize I sought o'er all the earth:
What if I lost it, leaving Rome? When there
Seek it thou too! In fanes—by home or hearth—
It dwells no more. Perhaps deep underground
With Rome's old Sibyl it may yet be found!

Rome is thy place of duty: work her good!
Toil for her future, mindful of her past:
I left her, seeking Truth. O son, I would
Some God would make it man's; for Truth will last.
I sought her for her freedom, brightness, beauty:
Perchance they find her best who seek but duty.

I sought her long: not less myself I sought—
Well, well! It needs more leisure to repent
Than war-fields grant. Meantime, as parents ought,
I tag with counsel my last testament:
Fear none: the true man help: the false man fight;
And keep the old house, not proud, yet weather-tight."

A trumpet-blast rang out: upon his horse
The brave man vaulted: from a trivial fray
Ere two hours passed they bare him back a corse:
The wife, the mother, met them on their way:
She raised her hand: they laid him down: wide-eyed
She gazed; upon his breast she sank, and died.

A month went by; three miles from Rome, and more,
A stately mansion, shrouded in a wood,
Caught on its roofs the sunset. At its door
Beauteous but weather-worn a stripling stood:
His form showed fourteen years at most: his mien
The bravest was, though gentlest, ever seen.

A crowd of slaves in raiment rich but old
Led him through galleries long and many a room
Spacious yet dim with walls of rusty gold
To where his grandsire sat in twofold gloom,
Within, of velvet hangings stifling sound,
Of ilex woods without, and miles around.

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The boy in reverence sank upon his knees
  Craving a blessing. Soon was told his tale:
The old man listened mute; by slow degrees
  He brightened like some hillside wan with hail
When sudden sunbeams flash from wintry skies:
And fires of days long dead were in his eyes.

"'Tis well! A missive from my son late sent
  Announced your coming. You are welcome, boy!
I had my wrongs, yet now in part repent—
  Your face is like your sire's; that gives me joy:
He might have lived the chiefest man in Rome:
Here you shall fill his place and find your home.

"I was too silent once in grief; in wrath
  Too loud. Your Father, boy, and I had words:
I held my own: the young man chose his path:
  He passed o'er seas and lands like passage birds:
I mused in this old chair nor told my pain;
Yon terrace paced: the footprints still remain."

Next morn the old man called from far and near
  The slaves that served his house or delved his lands
And bade them in that youthful guest revere
  Their future master. They with lifted hands
Shouted applause; then bowed their necks, and sware
True service to their lord and to his heir.

Day after day his grandsire gladdened more
  Gazing upon that boy: with honest pride
He clothed him in the garb young nobles wore
  When he himself was young, and bade him ride
His stubborn'st steed. "Who rules his horse," he said,
"Shall find the rule of man an art inbred."

He gave him best instructors, Romans each:
  "Read Varro, boy, read Ennius: these were ours;
Those gaudy scrolls from Hellas filched but teach
  That fancy-lore which saps the manlier powers:
Our younger nobles scarcely know to speak:
They mar Rome's tongue with babblings from the Greek."

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That grandsire to the boy was teacher best,
For still his speech was not from books, but life,
Life of old days in liveliest pictures dressed,
Huge dangers, rapturous victories, ceaseless strife:
At times his speech dealt warning, seemed to chide
Some latent weakness in the boy descried.

"A man must choose his friends; not less his foes;
Welcome rough truths; abhor a flatterer's praise:
He must not sail with every wind that blows,
Nor, vowed to virtue, walk in fortune's ways;
Nor seek contrarient Good. The knave that sues
Her lesser gifts her greater doth refuse."

Oft of old days he spake: "The Gracchi first
Let loose dissension's plague; that plague to bind
The Empire rose: it laid a hand accursed
On high and low, the keen-eyed and the blind.
There History ends: Ixion's wheel rolls round—
So ours." Once more he spake with sigh profound:

"That plague came earlier! Then when Carthage died
Her Conqueror, corse on corse, above her fell;
Scipio * was prophet: loud and oft he cried,
'Your rival slain, your vices will rebel;
First pride; then civil strife; then sloth and greed:
Compared with such worst foe were friend at need.'

"It proved so! Till that hour survived that awe
True patriots feel, which, like the thought of death,
Confirms laws civil by religious law:
Carthage consumed, Rome breathed the emasculate breath
Of Eastern climes; Capuan she lived since then:
Cornelia was the last of Roman *men*.

The Gracchi too were *men*, scorned all things base,
Pitied the poor, the slave: they erred through zeal:
In time they might have won the ruling race:
They to the popular passions made appeal:
They ranged 'gainst Rome the nobles' wrath and pride:
The last they might have lured to virtue's side.

* Scipio of Nasica.

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"The nobles with Pompeius fell; with them
Fell that republic theirs through virtuous might:
The Gods placed next the imperial diadem
On Cæsar's forehead. I deny their right!
My sentence here is Cato's *—"With the Gods,
Albeit religious, here I stand at odds."

Pancratius fixed in silent trance of thought
Full on his grandsire's face those lustrous eyes
Which beamed as if they ne'er had gazed on aught
Less splendid than the splendor of clear skies
When throned within them sits the noontide day:
He spake: "The Gods—my grandsire, what are they?"

His grandsire then: "The old teaching saith that Jove
Exists, and they, the rest. Our Cynics new
Flout that old faith, yet never can disprove:
Our Gods live ill; not less they may be true:
Till speaks that greater God, the All-Wise, All-Blest,
Let man await His voice, and be at rest."

The old man never from his wood emerged;
In his great Roman home refused to dwell;
Yet oft of Rome he spake, and ever urged
The boy he loved to learn her annals well.
"All History there," he said, "is summed; yet all
Her greatness past but aggravates her fall.

"Son, walk in Rome, but wisely choose thy way;
Seek first great Vesta's fane by Numa built:
Unnoted pass those trophies of the day,
Pillar or arch, that fawn on prosperous guilt:
The Augustan and the Adrian Tombs to thee
Be what those upstarts crowned to man shall be.

"Have thou no commerce with Mount Palatine;
Revere the Hill Saturnian's † templed crest;
Still to Tarpeia's Rock thy brows incline,
Ambition's latest leap and earliest rest:
Seek last that hallowed spot where regal pride
A second Brutus met, and Cæsar died.

* Causa victrix Diis placuit: Causa victa Catoni. † The Capitoline Hill.

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"Turn from that huge Pantheon's godless boast
Where all Gods met became, not one, but none;
That Coliseum by a captive host
Ill-raised, the ill-omened vaunt of deeds ill-done.
Trample such memories! To thy bosom fold—
In them high mysteries lurk—our records old.

"Romulus, that Sword of Mars, as warrior reigned;
Numa as priest. He served the Unnamed, the Unknown:
If lesser Powers he honored, he ordained
They should have image none in hue or stone.
He built the 'Fecial's House': until they swore
'This cause is just,' Rome dared not march to war.

Like Indian sage he lived: his thoughts were tuned—
His laws—to mystic strains beyond the skies;
One law was this: "Vintage of vine unpruned
Use not—'twere sacrilege—in sacrifice:"
That meant, Religion shorn of self-restraint
But mocks the God; not worship, but a feint.

"The great Republic honored still the Kings:
Long stood their statues on the Capitol:
From Kings our noblest Houses came: great things
Thus live though dead, while centuries onward roll.
Boy! he who for the present spurns the past
Shall reap no future while the world doth last.

"Rome had her poets, too: their work is done:
Her earlier history lived alone in verse:
The perils gladly braved, the triumphs won,
The songs alone were worthy to rehearse:
Not much the songs loved *us;* but them we prized:
In them the people's voice grew harmonized.

"Those songs were sung the banquet-hall to charm:
Coriolanus lived once more in them;
In them gray Cincinnatus left his farm;
In them King Tarquin's starry diadem
Fell to the earth; Camillus spurned the Gaul;
Attilius passed to death at duty's call.

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"To these we owe our best. Livius from these
Flung fire upon his many-colored page:
From them, the Aphrodite of new seas,
Rome's Latian Muse had risen some later age:
Our Civil Wars trampled that hope in blood:
The Empire came, and choked that blood in mud.

"Then Maro piped, and Flaccus: Rome turned Greek:
Barbaric now she turns, gloom lost in gloom:
My buried Rome if any care to seek,
Boy! let him seek it in the Scipios' Tomb!
Enough! My song is sung, and said my say:—
Numa his best Muse named his 'Tacita.'"

He rose: he gazed on that long cloud which barred,
Its crest alone still red, that dusking west:
At last he turned: with breath all thick and hard
He spake, his white head drooping t'ward his breast,
"'Twas not her pangs, her shames, that proved me most:
I thought of all Rome might have been, and lost."

That night beside a cabinet he stood
Musing; unlocked it next with carefulness;
Last, from a perfumed box of citron-wood
Drew slowly forth a lithe and golden tress;
Slowly he placed it in his grandson's hold:
"Your father's hair—cut off at three years old."

[END OF PART I.]

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OUR PRESENT TROUBLES.

IT has been truly said that life is a warfare. Such it undoubtedly is, both for the individual and for society. The human family, like the human body, passing its probationary existence, unconsciously imbibes the germs of disease, which quickly marshals its forces and eventually assails the very life of its habitat. On the other hand, society, in common with everything else in nature, resists disintegration to the best of its ability. Disease will not yield, society cannot; hence the struggle begins.

There must be government, and with government necessarily goes power; and power has been, and no doubt will continue to be, the apple of discord in the body politic. Power properly exercised is a heavy burden upon the shoulders of him who exercises it; power abused is an intolerable load upon those over whom it is wielded. The Saviour has said: "You know that the princes of the gentiles lord it over them: and they that are the greater exercise power upon them. It shall not be so among you, but whosoever will be the greater among you, let him be your minister: and he that will be first among you shall be your servant." He, therefore, spoke wisely and well who, while swaying supreme sceptre, called himself the "servant of the servants of God." All, however, do not think wisely, and hence all are not qualified to rule according to Christian ideas.

The governing and the governed are united by necessary bonds; and should the one stretch its prerogatives or the other its privileges, inevitably ensues the tug of war, in which the weaker must fall face downwards and incur, perhaps undeservedly, the odium of such a fall. Justice is not the arbiter of war. That offended goddess practically flies the battle-field. She is too self-respecting to gaze upon the bloody work which outrages committed against her have made necessary.

It has been said that tyranny is self-destructive; that, phœnix-like, it is at the same time incendiary and victim. May we not add that, still copying the phœnix, it springs up anew from the ashes it has made, and thus, by its death, establishes its claim to immortality? How often has the serf of one age become the tyrant of the succeeding? Let history answer.

If we examine the great revolutions that the world has seen we shall find that, though divergent in circumstances, they had

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all very much in common. They have all arisen from the fact that some one had what some other one wanted. This was the cardinal inspiration of the politico-religious movement of the sixteenth century. The church possessed fair lands, political power, and supreme spiritual control. It mattered not whence these came. A beautiful domain was not less beautiful because it was the charitable bequest of the dying faithful; political power was still power, though it came from public confidence in the wisdom and justice of him who wielded it; and in every age there is a Simon Magus who, by bribe, force, or fraud, would gladly seize the spiritual authority which God alone may confer. Spiritual authority gives prestige. It commands respect, reverence, and liberal endowment. For these, not for its own sake, have bad men sought it. In the sixteenth century the kings wanted, the lords wanted, restless monks wanted; the church had. Why should not they combine, make common cause against her, despoil her of what was hers whether by divine or human right? They did combine. They gained the sympathy of the ignorant masses by the cry of liberty. But history bears testimony to the insincerity of that cry. The tyrant grew more tyrannical, and the rebel monk, in the name of individual manhood, became the most insolent of autocrats. The freedom then sought was the freedom of the bandit.

In later times thrones have fallen, dynasties have disappeared, butcheries have been perpetrated, under the inspiration of the same great "want." Was liberty the goal of the revolutionist? The spirit that actuated him survives in France to-day. And in that unhappy land there is no liberty for those who forsake all, that under God they may serve and save their fellow-man.

We do not deny that abuses have preceded revolutions. We know that men who were bad or worthless have directed the destinies of nations. We know, too, that unworthy individuals have reached high places in the church of God. Furthermore, we admit that a bad man is usually something of a tyrant. The very fact that we cannot respect the person makes the authority burdensome. We believe that if lawful authority were unremittingly in the hands of good men there would be few revolutions. But, while admitting all this, it is still evident that the loud-mouthed revolutionist is no lover of true liberty; that he has no interest in the welfare of his fellow-man; that he is, in fact, a bandit, an incendiary, and an assassin.

The present revolution—for revolution it undoubtedly is—has in it much of what was seen in olden times. Like the others, it

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has been brooding for years. It would be hard to date or locate the first sowing of the seed. Society is volcanic in its action. Deep and hidden from the eye of superficial observation, the fire burns luridly. There are rumblings beneath, there is sulphur in the atmosphere. Still, we rest contentedly, because we have not yet learned the signs of the times. The discord, however, will not be ignored. The fire gradually gains strength, and eventually bursts with tremendous effect. Woe betide those who linger near the crater's walls!

It would prove tedious, though certainly interesting, to inquire into the causes that have combined in producing the present upheaval. The Radical and Socialist and Communist have done their parts, but they have not accomplished everything. Society in our day is too conservative to be moved by a flatulent grumbler who has no grievance. Some of our agitators have injured their cause. Still, we are profoundly agitated. We are a reading, and consequently a restless, people. We are keenly alive to every interest and to every injustice. Our governing and influential classes have not the privilege of seclusion. We watch their daily life, and ask, Are they worthy to rule over us? Again, as some new disturbance in earth or air has dissolved cherished theories of physical science, so discord in the body politic may sound the death-knell of hoary theories of social science. We remember the time when a man's right to unlimited territory was deemed as sacred as that of the laborer to his day's wages. It would be hard to resurrect that idea to-day. It perished in the late years of famine that afflicted poor Ireland; and Ireland may well be proud of her suffering and her triumph. So capital's right to enormous dividends has been frequently questioned. Every strike is a new protest. Still capital thrives. It may dodge, but it will not down. However, time there was when it would not even dodge. It sat in calm possession, and spurned or crushed the intruder. To-day its manners are more suave, though, we fear, not less selfish. We are indeed passing through a transition period. What the new era will be time alone will tell.

Many considerations unknown to European countries have, at present, a marked influence in our midst. With older peoples the rich are the heirs of wealth. Their property has come to them through ancestral generations. The peasant and the laborer grow up to look upon the existing state of things as natural. Here, however, matters are different. Colossal fortunes are comparatively the work of a day. The millionaire is one of ourselves, taken from among us, neither braver nor better informed

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than we are. We see his daily life and know him intimately. No doubt we cannot be as wealthy as he, but he cannot be wealthy without us. Our brains and hands have helped to make him rich as Dives, while we ourselves remain poor as Lazarus. Why should this be? In the sport and gambol of fortune why should we be forgotten?

Another consideration tends to aggravate the strife between property and poverty. The doctrine of equality is a cardinal principle of our institutions. We have neither lord nor master. Men are born free and equal. All this is true in theory, but what is the fact? We think it will be admitted that there is no power comparable with the power of wealth, no tyranny so crushing as the tyranny of monopoly. Millions are a brass wall, against which should you butt your head so much the worse for the head. Money is king, and nowhere more so than in America. What wonder, then, that they who are taught to esteem and appreciate individual dignity should rise up in their manhood against a power that threatens to rob them of their liberties? We witness the erection of a hostile fortress which, when completed, will be impregnable. Why should we await its completion?

Yet, notwithstanding the circumstances that embitter the lot of the poor in America, no agitation could be more orderly or rational than ours. We cannot, in justice, charge the workingman with the deplorable outrages which have recently shocked us. No one regrets them more than he; and with good reason, for no one is more injured by them. The injury to him would be still greater if, instead of the fair-minded, discriminating American, he had the stolid, imperious Englishman to deal with. Every excitement has its irresponsible ruffian, every agitation its unconscionable law-breaker. The anarchist, like Satan, fishes in troubled waters. Were we to condemn a movement because of individual excesses, there are few in history that would escape censure. Crimes have been committed in the name of liberty, but that glorious inheritance is not sullied by passing shadows which are not its own.

There is still another source of annoyance which the workingman's loyalty to the republic has served to diminish. It is asserted, and by many admitted, at least not denied, that legislation for years has been in favor of capital. No doubt it was necessary to encourage investment. The country's resources should be called forth. It was, therefore, wise to put a premium upon speculation. But, it is affirmed, the premium has assumed proportions to which justice cannot subscribe. For years the

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comic papers of the country have made dishonesty in high places the subject of their cartoons. And, rightly or wrongly, we have come to believe that many who, through our votes, have secured municipal, State, or national office have been untrue to our interests. If they have been false it was certainly in favor of those who could buy them. This, then, is the state of the case: We are educated to a full appreciation of our rights, to a keen sense of enjoyment, and to a curious scrutiny of man's ways and means. We see colossal fortunes grow more colossal. We recognize in them the fruit of our toil, and yet they are not ours. In fact, they are hostile to us. They are a menace to our liberties. They are fast becoming a resistless power, it may be, under the patronage of those who have sworn to protect our interests. Why should the workingman sit down and eat his crust in contentment in such a state of affairs? There is no law commanding him to do so. There is, indeed, a law forbidding him to be turbulent; but the same law demands that the powerful be just, and even merciful. Strict justice is not enough for power; mercy must temper it. The obligations of employer and employee are correlative. Each has his rights and his responsibilities. An incapacity for responsibility signifies also an incapacity for rights. Neglect of the one weakens the other. It would be hard, in our day, to revive the devotion which the employed of olden times frequently manifested, simply because the chivalrous generosity of some ancient masters is not easily found among our capitalists. When we read of the fidelity of those servants we are inclined to ask, Were they slaves? They were not. "Stone walls do not a prison make." Were such service as they rendered forced, their condition would, indeed, be slavery. But it was the free offering of contentment to generosity. The master might be rude, uncouth, perhaps savage, but to his servants he was noble. Hence he was nobly served.

What is there here to make the poor contented? There is wealth sufficient to excite their cupidity. Their hopes are stimulated by the success of others. Disappointment and unhappiness are the usual result. The laborer, as a rule, has no friendship, nor is he expected to have, for those whose fortunes he is building. He must, therefore, cease to be self-interested, and consequently human, if he be satisfied with his condition—unless, indeed, he has learned to despise riches. We can hardly expect such exalted self-abnegation from him. It is a lesson which no one in our day teaches; how, then, could he have learned it? Our ambition is to worship at the golden shrine "where Pleasure

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lies carelessly smiling at Fame." Honor, power, and enjoyment crown the worshipper; and when we have learned to despise these things perhaps we shall have learned to despise riches also. The appetite for wealth is insatiable. It begins with childhood, is aggravated as we grow old, and declines not with our declining strength. It never cries "enough," it never even ceases to crave. If you wish men to be contented in poverty you must offer them something better than riches. You must satisfy their natural cravings with something of superior value, and convince them that it is such. Teach them that they are "born for much more," and point out what the "much more" is. Has anything of the kind been attempted in this country? Henry George, who, with many debatable statements, tells considerable truth, says: "We make of life a gamble, and our institutions, our education, our literature, our ideals, and even our religion all foster the spirit. What, practically, is the lesson of Sunday-school and church? Is it not 'Be good, that you may die rich and leave a lot of money'?" Examine our different sources of education. They are the school, the newspaper, the public lecturer, and the church.

Who has ever heard in our schools even a breath against the "almighty dollar?" Is it not the professed and only object of these schools to prepare our youth for money-making? Is there any other ambition nurtured within these brick walls? With laudable fairness our system of education starts all equally in the race for gold. Catholic schools are, indeed, an important factor in the work of training the young. But their influence can scarcely be felt where the odds are so overwhelmingly against them. Besides, it is to be feared that they, too, have given unwarranted attention to the war-cry of the wealth-pursuer. Their very existence demands that, in common with others, they should awake the latent ambition of their votaries. For even the Catholic parent too often prefers arithmetic to religion, good figuring to good conduct.

The newspaper has, perhaps, become the most prominent of our educators. It educates the school and the pulpit. It tells the parent how he should train the child, and it tells the child how it should reverence the parent. It has taken the place of oratory and literature. Its criticism is effective, its ideals perfect, its judgment final. We are its patient pupils—indeed, its willing slaves. It is the most domineering of tyrants. There is none so influential as the unknown individual who wields the editorial quill. Has this educator of educators ever challenged the

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claims of temporal prosperity? Has it encouraged any ambition above that of being rich? We venture to say that its powerful advocacy has been consistently and uncompromisingly in favor of the gold stimulus. As we have Catholic schools, so we have a Catholic press. But who reads it? It says nothing of the reigning belles or the raging balls. It is no scandal-monger. It deals not in the spicy details of intrigue. In fact, it is intolerably dull.

The lecturer, when judiciously advertised, is still a power in the land. He does not, however, preach poverty. Indeed, the good man himself is usually trying to turn an honest penny. Hence he is rarely above catering to the popular taste.

We mention the church last. What its influence is it would be hard to say. But, such as it is, it is in favor of wealth. This is a Protestant land. We therefore refer our readers to an article, "Aristocratic Tendencies of Protestantism," written by a Protestant for the *North American Review*, February number. You will find there statements to which we can bear the most unqualified testimony. They will no doubt be questioned by interested parties. Very naturally so. For if one of the signs of the Saviour's presence among men was that the poor had the Gospel preached to them, keen logic might infer that he had abandoned the church of "aristocratic tendencies." Be this as it may, the fact remains that the church—meaning, of course, the Protestant—does not cast a benign smile upon poverty, whether voluntary or enforced. The prominent members of that church are not poor men. As to the minister, his salary is above the purse, and his oratory above the intelligence, of the laborer.

Go, therefore, where you will, and the same doctrine greets you: "Be rich or be despised." It comes from the stones of the palatial residence, from the cushioned pew and the elegant pulpit. It is the refrain of the school, the news-sheet, and the lecturer. The poor are social outcasts. There are but two places to which they are welcome—the polls on election-day and the saloons at all times. The friendly saloon receives them with open arms. They feel at home in it. For them it is an abode of comfort and good-fellowship. The anxious care of the florid proprietor has provided against the winter's frost and the summer's sun. Above the fetid air of tenement-life arise the exhilarating fumes of alcohol. Wife and children may watch and weep at home, but let us forget for a moment what a moment cannot mend. The saloonist is a genial fellow. He is the friend of the workingman, though he himself abhors work. We do not excuse the poor man's evenings in the saloon, but we can appre-

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ciate the causes which lead him thither. It is more friendly than the aristocratic church. That church sits above in an attitude of proud condescension. It invites the poor to essay its level; and when they shall have scaled the heights it will ask no impertinent questions about the means which secured success. But so long as they remain below it can only look down and utter an occasional pious platitude.

So long as ideas remain as they are we cannot expect any permanent improvement in our social condition. So long as gold is king and god, to which we must all pay tribute and offer incense, trouble shall continue. Money, though abundant, is too finite to be our deity. We must have a god who can be all to all. No matter how much we have, we want more, if more there be. Since the supply is limited, as one advances the other must retire. The passion for holding is certainly not less than the passion for grasping, and so the conflict begins. No doubt the conflict will be no more than intermittent. Peace is our natural condition; war is abnormal, and hence cannot continue for ever. Change is always momentous, attack reactionary. The imagination surrounds them with fictitious importance. Beginners become alarmed at what they have done, and usually pause that the logic of events may reply. Then, awaiting developments in the quiet of retirement, they gradually regain confidence and return to the shock. We expect, therefore, that after the present trouble is ended a deep calm will settle upon us—a calm, however, upon which it would be folly to rely. A better-organized, a more scientific conflict may at any time ensue. Legislation may for the moment satisfy the popular demands, but we doubt very much that it can permanently remedy the evil. Close some of the avenues leading to immense wealth, and others will open. Our resources are untold. Monopoly will still thrive. You may endeavor to check it; you may mark out for it a "thus far and no farther." Remember, the "no farther" must necessarily bound an extensive limit, which when the clever speculator shall have reached he will have power sufficient to drive his carriage through your statutory restrictions.

After all, what right have we to quarrel with the millionaire? Is he not the acme of our civilization, the heroic personification of our institutions? He has only done remarkably well what we are all taught to do to the best of our ability. Would not every one of us be Goulds if we could? Though he has outstripped us in a race which we have all entered, why should we abuse him? As well might the sporting fraternity denounce their champion

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boxer. We do not say that we may not lawfully strive to break down a dangerous power, although built up according to approved teaching and practice. A man may reduce his excessive avoirdupois, even though it be the result of too generous indulgence. By all means checkmate monopoly, if possible, but do not swear at the monopolist. He is your own flesh and blood.

We have heard it said, by one whose fame as a thinker is not confined to America, that the solution of the difficulty can ultimately come from conscience alone. We are thoroughly persuaded of the correctness of his view. If men are not imbued with a true sense of moral responsibility, law must remain a dead letter. Let Justice sit enthroned in the soul and guide the actions and aspirations of daily life. Unseat it, however, cast it adrift, make it a mere subject of declamation or gala attire for public parade, and legislation is nothing more than executive force.

The public conscience is very much in error upon the question of proprietary rights and obligations. This error has arisen from one still more fundamental—that which makes money the one thing necessary. We must have a higher ideal. Every age has its idol. You can read the history of the world in the features of the world's gods. Some of these present a revolting aspect. But the golden calf is the meanest divinity that ever laid claim to man's homage. It is hard to understand why this enlightened age should bend a knee before it. The explanation may, perhaps, be found in words addressed by St. Paul to a people not altogether unlike ourselves: "As they liked not to have God in their knowledge, God delivered them up to a reprobate sense." God is driven from the knowledge imparted to our youth, and I fear we shall pay the penalty of that impious ostracism. The remedy for all our ills will be found in training the child in the way he should go. Teach the commandments in the light of the eternal truths, and the coming generations will not fill up the thinned ranks of Anarchy and Socialism, nor will the heartlessness of power goad peaceful men to acts of violence.

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A CATHOLIC PEOPLE.

BRITTANY, with its picturesque scenery, its storm-beaten shores, the quaint costumes which some of its people still persist in wearing, its army of beggars, and its famous *Pardons*, or religious pilgrimages, is a land dear to the tourist, an El Dorado for the artist. On the other hand, practical, matter-of-fact wiseacres who care little for the picturesque and poetical, and still less for religious faith, denounce it as the land of poverty, ignorance, and superstition, where progress is unknown and liberty a meaningless word—as must clearly be the case in a priest-ridden country; for the old province is thoroughly Catholic.

These various charges are all susceptible of refutation or explanation save the reproach of a deep religious feeling, which, in this age of doubt and indifference, must certainly excite wonder. The Bretons are proud of being known as sincere Catholics. A people whose faith has resisted the attacks of infidelity during a century of political and religious revolutions, in which atheism was the recognized handmaid of a so-called liberty, must present an interesting study to the philosopher and the Christian. That they have not kept up with the rest of France in the march of progress is undoubtedly true, if we mean that progress which increases the material comforts of man; true, in a measure, also is the charge that they have been slow in showing the intellectual development which is the fruit of education. These two causes of inferiority arose, as I shall endeavor to show, from circumstances over which they may be said to have had no control. Not so the moral superiority which they may justly claim; to be faithful and true, to love God above all and our neighbors as ourselves, are not matters depending on circumstances, but acts of the will which, if persisted in amidst temptations and in spite of the pressure of example, reveal an enviable strength of mind and cleanliness of heart.

The soil of Brittany is poor, her coasts rugged and bleak. Until the last quarter of a century the want of good roads was a serious evil, which affected not only the prosperity of the agricultural districts, but interfered seriously with the establishment of public schools. The arable soil is cut up into infinitesimal parcels, and the proprietors were too poor to avail themselves of the improvements which mechanical art has introduced in imple-

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ments of husbandry. Agricultural labor was a continual hard struggle with nature. Yet the Breton peasant was not unhappy. His wants were few if his gains were small, and he rarely grumbled against his fate. A notable characteristic of the Breton is that he feels no inordinate desire to acquire wealth. The love of money does not enter his creed. One would be surprised to hear how small an income most of the large landed proprietors receive from their farmers. The latter generally have succeeded their fathers, generation after generation, on the same land, owned by the same families. Though their lease may be renewable every twenty years, it is but a matter of form; they have a sort of a right to the land which no landlord, except a newcomer who has purchased some ruined *gentilhomme's* estate, would think of disputing. The Breton peasant is not attached only to his province and to his particular locality; his love for the house where he was born is such that he has been known to object to his landlord pulling down the ruinous old building to put up a better one, though no increase in the rent was contemplated, and the change would have been to his greater benefit and comfort. "You shall not do it!" I have heard one of those "iron-heads" say—"not while I live. For two hundred years my family has farmed for yours. My father, and his before him, lived and died in this house. The souls of the ancestors speak to me through these old walls, through every familiar object within them. No, you cannot pull them down! You are a good master, but I can't let you have your way in this." The philanthropic landlord succumbed. "The obstinate old fool!" said he. "The house will tumble down on him one of these days. But what can I do?"

The obstinacy of the Breton is proverbial; it will give the key to most of his peculiarities. It makes him slow to accept new ideas, and stands in his light but too often; it becomes heroism when he is defending the right or resisting a wrong. The little incident I have quoted (not as an instance of heroism) reveals a peculiarity of the Breton character—his respect for established social distinctions, which makes him address his landlord as "master"; his self-esteem, and his appreciation of the rights of man, which authorize him to speak his mind with perfect independence. Even the Breton servant, always respectful, is never servile. There is something of the clan in the old province; the honor of the chief is the honor of the followers, and he cannot sully it without incurring their just reproaches. "I defend the honor of the house!" replied an old servant

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whose remonstrances displeased a young sprig of nobility about to make an escapade.

Though sincere in their love for France, governed by French laws, and speaking the French language, the Bretons will ever be a distinct people, as different from the rest of Frenchmen as the Irish are from the English. The fusion of the Briton immigrants with the native Armoricans—a fusion so thorough that historians are uncertain as to whether the new-comers conquered the natives and forced upon them their language and customs, or took those of the people who had given them a friendly welcome—was due to their similarity of character. Both races showed the same energy, the same extraordinary obstinacy in resistance and undaunted valor in attack. Both possessed the sturdy spirit of independence and the self-esteem that are now seen in the modern Breton. Says Mr. Loth, in his work on the Briton emigration to Armoric from the fifth century to the seventh: "The Kymry looked upon himself as belonging to a superior race, pure and unmixed, and destined to rule the whole island at some future time, after he had exterminated the hated Saxon." The Kymry found congenial minds in Armoric. Whether he obtained a foothold there by conquest or by sufferance is of little importance, since he soon became identified with the people, sharing their love for storm-beaten Armoric and their jealous distrust of foreigners. There was a similarity of language between them which made the assimilation still easier. The Breton language has resisted the invasion of the Latin tongue; centuries have elapsed since Brittany became part of France, and it is still spoken in the rural districts. The peasants use it entirely among themselves, and the landlords in their relations with their tenants. In some localities the rectors (as the parish priests are called) preach in Breton in order to be understood by their whole congregation; they do it the more willingly that they love the old language, which, says a writer of whom I shall have more to say, "has never served to insult God or his saints."

As with the language so with the character of the people. Neither the Romans nor the Franks, nor any of the barbarians who at different times invaded Gaul, could ever succeed in subduing the Bretons. Coercion is powerless with them. Patient in suffering evils that have a natural cause, they cannot submit to wrong or oppression. Their whole history shows this. The only power that ever could modify the Breton character, soften the cruel instincts of those warlike people, and turn their obstinacy

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into a virtue, was the Christian religion. The conquest, for being a peaceful one, was not the less difficult and slow. But when Christian truth was grasped by these untutored minds it was for ever; nothing could make them waver in their faith. There is a strange similitude between the Breton and the Irish in this unswerving fidelity in their allegiance to God. The one great obstacle to a perfect appreciation of the truth was the strong hold the Druidic mysteries had on the popular mind. Many of their practices were so dear to the people that they would Christianize them by blending them with, or adapting them to, Christian ceremonies, in despite of their condemnation by the clergy. For it is false that, as some writers have alleged, the church condoned these offences by giving a religious name to pagan practices which she could not abolish. Among others the cultus of springs and stones, so wide-spread in Brittany, gave much trouble; it was in vain that councils fulminated anathemas against it; as M. Baudrillat puts it forcibly: "Contrarily to the practice of other pagans, who on being converted turned iconoclasts, the Breton peasant planted the triumphant cross upon his *menhirs* and let them stand." This class of superstitions, of course, has long since ceased to prevail, though peasants may still be found who look with awe upon the *menhirs* and believe in certain virtues possessed by the Druidic stones. The mystery in which the origin of these monuments of an unknown age is shrouded has baffled scientists; and when these fail to agree it is no wonder that the popular mind, always fond of the marvellous, should have invented legends which explain the mystery by means of a miracle. Of such is the legend of the gigantic invaders turned into stone by a Breton saint. The belief in witchcraft is not quite extinct, and in many a cottage we may still hear of the pranks of some wicked sprite or be warned against the malefices of the withered old woman, at work in the next field, who casts spells on the flocks and crops. But this is only in some remote corner which civilization has hardly reached yet, and in this enlightened age of spirit-rapping and table-turning we need not go so far as Brittany or among ignorant peasants to find worse superstitions.

It is thirty years and more since I was in the old Catholic province. I remember well the simple ways and unostentatious virtues of these people; their proverbial honesty and respect for the given word, which renders a written document useless even between landlord and tenant; the rarity of lawsuits among them; the sanctity of their marriage vows; the chastity of their women

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(another trait of resemblance with the Irish), and their helpfulness to each other. In Brittany charity is not confined to the rich; the poorest of the poor will share his last crust with his brother-man. A touching custom used to prevail among the farmers: on festive occasions a portion of the good things was served as though an absent guest were expected. This was called "God's share," and was given to the first-comer, stranger or beggar, who knocked at the hospitable door. Methinks I see the good old rector, with his snow-white hair and rusty cassock, moving among "his children," as he termed his numerous flock; always ready with his advice and counsel, not only on spiritual matters but on any question about which his long experience was appealed to, taking a sincere interest in the well-being of all, sharing their joys and their troubles as he shared their poverty —for the good man, never tired of giving, had little left that he could call his own. Memory calls up the picture of the ancient chapel—too small, alas! for the ever-increasing population—filled to its utmost capacity on a dismal Sunday morning, and outside, stretching far out, a serried column of worshippers standing bareheaded or kneeling devoutly under the rain and snow. There was no room inside, but through the open door they could catch a glimpse of the altar, hear dimly the rector's voice, and join in chanting the responses.

Often, as I thought of these things and of the growth of infidelity in France, I have wondered whether that curse had not penetrated the Breton country in the wake of "modern progress," a terrible offset against the undeniable improvements that have been introduced there in these thirty years. Breton obstinacy had given way at last before the railroad, the press, and the school-teacher; a new era of prosperity had dawned upon the Armorican province; obsolete customs and old-fashioned prejudices were fast disappearing. But what of that precious religious faith, the guardian of the Breton virtues? Had it, too, been cast aside with the other relics of the ancestors? The farmer whose field was placed under the protection of some patron saint; the inhabitant of the coast who, piously superstitious, recognized the voices of the drowned in the moanings of the tempest and prayed for their repose; the fishermen whose little flotilla never went out to brave the perils of the sea without first receiving the blessing of the priest; the grateful sailors, saved from shipwreck, whose *ex-votos* could be seen hanging in every church of our seaports—all these men, who found in religion peace, comfort, courage in danger, and patience in adversity, had they learned the

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new law of doubt? Had the rugged old Breton language been tutored to deny and blaspheme God ere it fell in total disuse? Thank Heaven! these questions have been answered, and Bretagne is still *la terre d'honneur et de foi.*

Not very long ago an inquiry into the moral, intellectual, and economical conditions of some of the old provinces was undertaken under the auspices of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. One of the members of the commission entrusted with this task, M. Henri Baudrillat, leaving statistical tables and all such dry matter to the general report, wrote a series of interesting papers on the result of his observations, or rather of the work of the commission. These papers were published in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, those having particular reference to Brittany appearing last year. This report, which possesses official authority, though presented in a literary form, shows that while the Breton's material condition has been greatly benefited, and the increase in the number of children attending school since greater facilities of communication have been established justifies the hope that Brittany will soon cease to be the most illiterate province of France, the people have lost none of their time-honored virtues, nothing of their attachment to the faith of their fathers. At a time when the enlightened teachers of the people try to persuade them that the Catholic clergy fosters ignorance in the masses, it is curious to note, as M. Baudrillat has done, that the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine were the first to attempt to spread instruction by establishing a relatively large number of primary schools in Brittany (in the eighteenth century), and that their most decided opponent was La Chalotais, the hero of parliamentary independence, who held that they "had come to accomplish the nation's ruin by teaching people to read and write who should only learn to handle the plane and the saw; the good of society demanding that the knowledge of the people (*i.e.*, the working-classes) should extend no further than the requirements of their usual occupations." An opinion in which he was warmly supported and endorsed by Voltaire. Notwithstanding past and present opposition, the congregational schools are flourishing, and, says the report,

"The government cannot close them without doing much harm, even if the question be considered from a purely worldly point of view; for these schools, besides teaching religion and morals, are training-schools of trades and agriculture. Situated in the rural districts, they have done and are doing the greatest good."

Speaking of the old superstitions to which I have alluded, M.

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Baudrillat remarks that we must seek a more solid foundation in order to understand the strong religious character with which these people have clothed their many supernatural legends:

"We must go back to the very cradle of their agriculture. Saints have been its pioneers. These personages, all very real, whose true physiognomy and true rôle may be read through the legendary veil, have not done less towards breaking the virgin soil than towards converting the inhabitants. This character shines through every page of the lives of the Breton saints written by the Benedictines and in the Chronicles of Albert the Great. These saints—the objects of a veneration that still endures—St. Pol de Léon, St. Corentin, St. Cado, St. Tenock, and so many others, are always seen struggling with pestilential marshes and fantastic monsters; they represent the Hercules and Theseus of the Christian era. But a supernatural power comes to their assistance in the critical moment; a simple exorcism does the office of axe and club, and suffices to compel the foaming beast to rush into the sea. Those colonizing monks, those pious and hardy bishops, have to deal also with human monsters, with the ill-will of the little kings of the country, or with its rebellious inhabitants. One may read the whole agricultural legend of St. Anvel written in bright pictures on the stained-glass windows of the church of Locquenvel, in the diocese of Saint-Brieuc. Do you see that bandit stealing the saint's horse? It is the image of the brigandage of the period. The saint drives a plough to which a stag and a doe are harnessed. It is the passage from the hunter's life to that of the husbandman. Another picture shows us the saint preventing a wolf from devouring a flock of sheep. But here is another wolf—I mean a wicked lord, who is conquered. Kneeling before St. Anvel, he craves his pardon for having opposed the saint's first agricultural attempts. It is in this atmosphere these rural populations have lived. Such memories can never be effaced. More than one peasant in the Léonese country will speak of St. Pol as though the latter had lived in the last century. He was good, kind, hospitable, not at all proud, etc., etc. The steeple of Saint-Pol, which can be seen from a distance of several miles, spreads afar its still efficacious protection over the fields of that fertile country."

In another place M. Baudrillat bears testimony to the sincerity of the Breton's religious faith:

"At all events, religion has preserved its hold, scarcely diminished, in the Breton rural districts. The churches are filled with men as well as women on Sundays and feast-days. The religious feeling which is fed there is deep and serious, and practices, faithfully observed, tend to maintain it without interruption. It were unjust to deny the influence which this religious feeling has on the direction of thought and the conduct of life. The easily sceptical levity of certain races has no place here, nor have those compromises between a relaxed morality and superficial religious practices. The Breton has kept the integral sense of Christianity, the true spirit of the Gospel. He does not deceive himself as to what is wrong, even when he does wrong. He has no sophistry at his command to explain away the notion of duty. His moral code is clear and precise; it

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does not admit of hesitancy. He applies it with equal strictness whether he is judging others or judging himself. It is to be found altogether in the Commandments of God. In a festival devoted to childhood, which is celebrated principally in the mountain districts of Lower Brittany, and known as the Festival of the Little Herders, there is a grave song preserved to this day by usage, and which is sung by some aged herder. Among the verses we note these: 'Child, say thou in the morning: My God, I give you my body, my heart, and my soul. Make me grow an honest man, O my God, or let me die before I reach manhood.' This song of the young Christian Spartan will give us some idea of the manly religious teaching the Bretons receive.

"Notwithstanding a few symptoms, observed here and there, of laxity, of lukewarmness, and even of doubt, this faith still possesses, in the very large majority, a power with which it would not be prudent to begin a struggle. There are here too many roots that grow from the heart, a family worship of too great vitality, for the sceptic breath of our time to overcome easily an internal religion and habits which are part of life itself. It may be safely predicted that for a long time to come the Breton will continue to tread the path which leads from his rustic home to the church—the common, almost the only, centre of those scattered populations. For a long time to come he will love to hear, at least once a week, a voice that falls from a higher plane than does that which he hears every day. Besides the craving for an ideal raised above the vulgar realities of life, and which the divine word satisfies, going to church is to him a joy. That rustic altar with its scant ornaments, those sacred songs, those ceremonies which speak to the eye as well as to the soul, constitute for him a veritable feast. It would be cruelty to deprive him of those joys which he appreciates, as it would be to rob him of those hopes of a hereafter which comfort and strengthen him. As for the social advantage that might result from the change, it is not easy to see what it would be."

No greater homage could be paid to the Roman Catholic Church as a teacher of man and a promoter of human happiness than that which is contained in the foregoing extract from what must be taken as the truthful testimony of an honest man. And the people in whose daily lives God is made to enter, who look up to him for every good they receive and accept their troubles and woes with contrite hearts as mysterious manifestations of his will; the people who have but one measure for wrong, and who need no scientific interpretation of the Commandments, which they know by heart—that people may be called illiterate, it cannot be called ignorant. Nor should the learned philanthropists speak too pityingly of its poverty; it possesses a priceless treasure which all the mines of California could not buy—the divine truth, received long ago and preserved in all its purity through ages of sore trials and dire sufferings.

I would fain close here this picture of a truly Catholic people; yet one point remains which should be elucidated. It is a com-

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mon error to identify the terms Catholic and monarchist, and the Bretons are accused of being enemies of the republic. A closer study of their history will show this to be false. To say nothing of the many rebellions against the great feudal nobles, which testify to the Bretons' independent spirit and hatred of oppression and tyranny, their attitude in the beginning of the Revolution of 1789, and their course towards the present French republic, will prove this.

The people of Brittany showed themselves to be in sympathy with what was announced as a reform movement for the correction of long-standing abuses. When the Revolution raised the standard of religious persecution they made common cause with the nobles and the priests. Those "ignorant" peasants had a truer conception of the *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité* of the Republicans of 1793 than the descendants of the latter have even at this day. For them liberty was not synonymous with license; it meant the enjoyment of certain rights hitherto wrongfully denied. They could not admit that a fool was intellectually the equal of a wise man, or that the rogue and the honest man should be equally respected; they knew that all soils do not give as good crops, that all women are not handsome nor all men straight and strong; they concluded that the organization of society must admit of inequalities, since nature itself gave the example, but such inequalities were conventional and did not detract from the dignity and self-respect of man. They humbled themselves only before God. As to the *Fraternité* which sent thousands of fellow-creatures to the scaffold, they failed to recognize it as a pseudonym of the brotherly love which religion had inculcated in them, and which they practised every day of their lives. Then these poor people, into whose wild country the doctrines of the philosophers had not penetrated, could not understand how the Fatherhood of God and his very existence could be denied in the same breath that asserted the brotherhood of man.

In 1832 the attempt made by the Duchesse de Berri to revolutionize Brittany in favor of her son proved a miserable failure. Was it because the Breton peasants had learned, in two short years, to love Louis Philippe or to hate the Bourbons? No. Their sympathies were with the heroic princess and her cause, but it was only a political question, in which their conscience was not interested. The mistake of the duchess and her advisers was that, thinking of the heroism displayed by the Bretons of 1793 in defence of "the altar and the throne," they forgot that the cause of the "altar" was not at stake in 1832. The Bretons

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will never rise up in arms for a purely political motive. Even in strongly Legitimist districts the people prayed regularly for Henry V., but no conspiracy for his restoration was ever attempted, either during or after the empire of Napoleon III. The advent of the republic was favorably received; year after year the elections in Brittany showed steady gains for the Republicans, until the government adopted its anti-church policy. It took some time for the Bretons to understand that a war against religion was being inaugurated; when they did realize this fact they voted against the government candidates. The vote of October, 1885, did not mean a return to the royalist creed; it was a protest and a warning. The French radicals see in this opposition the result of priestly influence, and consequently another reason why the church should be made powerless. The priests have nothing to do with it beyond explaining, perhaps, to their illiterate flocks the measures adopted by an anti-clerical administration. Those measures are public, their object openly avowed. At a time when the railroad has placed the old province in close relation with the capital, when the newspaper has found its way to every village-inn in Brittany, it would be impossible for the parish priest, even if he were so inclined—which he is not—to hoodwink his parishioners and to misrepresent the government. If the proscriptive measures have not been applied with all their harshness in Brittany, the press has kept the people informed of what had been done elsewhere. God is denied and his servants denounced; that is sufficient for the Breton. It is for him now, as it was in 1793, simply a question of conscience. He may be law-abiding and full of respect for constituted authority; he may be an out-and-out Republican, hating the very name of king, but when his conscience is alarmed he knows of but one tribunal. The Commandments are his constitution, which needs of no learned interpretation. He may love his country, glory, wealth, and power, but the Lord God he loves above all. That emblem of Christianity which his fathers planted on the *menhirs* of their pagan ancestors, that symbol of redemption whose shadow falls alike on the dangerous approaches to his rock-guarded ports and on the barren fields he has fertilized with the sweat of his brow—the cross, in a word, is his coat-of-arms, and beneath the sacred image is the motto, "Touch not!" The free-thinkers of Paris will do wisely to let alone the Breton cross.

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OTTO ARLESBERG.

A MUSICIAN'S STORY.

My part in the concert was over, and as the orchestra was playing the last number on the programme I left the Academy by the stage door. I was pretty tired, but was well pleased with my evening's work. I always like to play the Brahm Concerto; and that night it went particularly well. My old Stradivarius spoke out like a living thing, and I was able to put a new meaning into some of the more obscure passages of the familiar composition. The audience was kind and appreciative, and gave me generous and sincere applause. So I was in an enviable frame of mind, and, as I passed out into the cold, fresh night-air, felt at peace with all the world.

Going down Fourteenth Street I passed a shabby, poor-looking young man, whose face, as I saw it in the glare of the street-lamp, hard and fierce as it was, seemed familiar. He apparently recognized me, so, although at a loss to place him, I stopped. Before I could speak he addressed me:

"Sir, I am hungry and have no money. You are a successful artist. I have failed. Will you help me?"

As soon as I heard his voice I knew him. A few years ago, when hard at work studying, I used to meet him at a restaurant where a number of young musicians came together once a week to smoke, drink beer, and indulge in talking over musical matters. His name was Otto Arlesberg, and at that time he was considered a singer of great promise as well as the prince of good fellows. There was a rumor that he was engaged to be married to a rich society girl, which gave him a kind of prestige among the boys. His inseparable companion was a fellow whom I knew fairly well, named Henry Gillen. Afterwards, when at Leipsic, I heard something about Arlesberg making a bad failure at his first concert, and being the aggressor in a very unpleasant scene on the stage at it. Curious to know how he had come to sink so low, and pitying his evident misery, I said:

"Why, Arlesberg, is that you? Of course I'll help you, if I can. I'm just going across the street to get something to eat. Come along with me and we'll have a chat over old times."

So we went over to Carl Theiss' place—Von Mühlbach's I

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think it is now—and were soon seated at a table in the inner room, with a hearty meal set before us. He must have been very hungry, for his appetite was almost insatiable. When we had at last finished and the dishes were replaced by a bottle of Rüdesheimer, I led him on to tell me the story of his life for the last few years. At first he rather avoided the subject, but after a little gentle questioning he yielded. Emptying his glass and lighting a cigar, he said:

"I suppose you remember that in the old days when you knew me I was studying for the stage. I had always had a good high baritone voice, and became convinced that it was better than good. Some people who ought to know told me that I had a fortune in it if I would develop it. I was in business at the time, in a fur house, and had a good position as salesman, with a certainty of advancement if I did my duty. As I had but a meagre private fortune, I hesitated a long time about giving up my place down-town and devoting myself to music.

"About that time I came to know Adelaide Archer. You remember her, don't you—a tall, dark-haired girl, with a beautiful, clear-cut, refined face? I met her at one of the Howard's musical evenings. Before I was presented I admired her, for she was far and away the most attractive-looking woman there. It so happened that after I had sung I found a seat near her and was introduced to her. We had a very pleasant chat, for she was bright and kind; and when I went away I carried the memory of her with me for many a day.

"The next time we met she seemed to be as glad to see me as I was to see her, and when we parted she gave me permission to call upon her. This I gladly took advantage of, and our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. There was a complete sympathy between us, founded on a rare community of tastes. We liked the same people and admired the same things for the same reasons. Not to make a long story of it, our friendship changed, on my part at least, to a true and lasting love. She became all and in all to me.

"I soon discovered that she was very ambitious, both for herself and for the man whom she would marry. He must rise above the average of his fellows, or she would have none of him. Artistic success was the eminence she prized most highly. She was an enthusiastic music-lover—music-mad, in fact. It was meat and drink to her, and she was no fool at it herself, either. I have seldom met a keener and a juster critic, whether of composition or performance. Her husband, she once told me, must

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be an acknowledged artist. And was it not the most natural thing in the world that under her influence—an influence which had become the most potent factor in my life—I gave up my place in the store and turned my whole attention to music? For as a musician I felt I would have a chance to win her; as a mere clerk, or even merchant, none.

"I soon found that Henry Gillen was my rival. He was an old lover of hers, and it was at her house that I came to know him. He was an accomplished man, intelligent and well read; and, besides, he was a superb pianist. You have heard him play, and know that I don't exaggerate when I say that he was by all odds the best amateur I ever heard. He was a rival to be feared. We soon became very intimate, he and I. There was just enough likeness and dissimilarity between us to make each find pleasure in the other's society. Of course the subject on which we were most heartily one—Miss Archer—was never mentioned between us; we avoided it by tacit consent. Yet I think it true, paradoxical as it may sound, that our love for the same woman rather drew us together than held us apart.

"When once I had abandoned business I studied hard. My voice developed beyond my expectations, especially in the upper register. This pleased me immensely, for she was particularly susceptible to a tenor voice; it seemed to have a peculiar physical effect on her. A very moderate tenor would fascinate and absorb her whole attention, while the most artistic bass or baritone, although commanding the admiration of her critical judgment, left her emotions untouched. So, with my life ordered as far as might be with reference to her, my chief ambition became to develop my voice into a tenor. People will tell you that a change of that sort is an impossibility. Don't believe them. I did it. It was not only that I gained first an A and then a B flat, but the timbre of my voice changed. It lost its heaviness, and slowly but surely became sweeter, clearer, and more liquid, acquiring the true tenor quality.

"Meanwhile my wooing proceeded finely, and I felt that I was gradually distancing Gillen. She was beginning to care for me, and was more and more interested in the progress of my studies. I noticed with exultation that his very best playing failed to have the effect on her that my singing would sometimes have. They were the best of friends, congenial and well matched socially and intellectually; but she once confessed to me, in one of those flattering little confidences which more than anything else inspired me with hope, that, long as she had known him and

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greatly as she admired his talents, she had never been able to give him her entire confidence; that beyond a certain point she had always a feeling of distrust in him. This she generously laid to her own imagination.

"She was very well able to distinguish the faults and virtues of the artist from those of the man. It was a double standard up to which he who was to win her hand must come. As artist Gillen had the better of me, but as a man I gloried that I had what he in all the years he had known her had never been able to gain—her full confidence. As yet neither of us could boast of her love; but between us we had driven away all her other suitors—and she had plenty of them, for she was as rich as she was beautiful. The race was between us, with the field nowhere.

"The relation existing between him and me was peculiar. We were intimate friends; I had unbounded confidence in him, and he in me. Of course there were many times when I wished him anywhere but where he was, for it was difficult to get a *tête-à-tête* with her; and I suppose he returned the compliment. But neither of us ever tried by any trick or device to place the other in a false position or to take any unfair advantage of him. I don't believe it ever occurred to one to backbite the other.

"After a while I felt I could venture to appear in public, so I made arrangements to give a concert in Steinway Hall. Up to this time I had told no one of the change in my voice, and had never sung any but songs of ordinary range. And, although I thought I could see its effect on her, I doubt if Adelaide herself realized the actual change in it. You see it came about so gradually. My motive was twofold: besides a wish to create a surprise of which I might take a fair advantage, I was anxious not to strain my new voice—the easiest thing in the world to do. As I have since found, a broken-down tenor voice is the least valuable of all possessions."

Here Arlesberg stopped. He was living over again those happy days, and I had not the heart to disturb him. So I sat quietly smoking, watching him. It was very pathetic to see how the hard lines in his face had softened. It had become gentle instead of fierce, and he looked years younger than when I first saw him on the street. Again I wondered what could have brought about so utter a change in him. After a while he roused himself, and, throwing away his cigar, which had gone out, he filled and emptied his glass a couple of times. He took a fresh cigar and lighted it, letting the smoke curl about his head.

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One could see from his enjoyment of the tobacco how long he had been deprived of it. After a few puffs he went on:

"I don't know how it came about, but somehow, without anything being said, it was understood between Adelaide and me that if I made a successful *début* I might ask her to be my wife, and she would not refuse. But, altogether apart from that, his first concert is an important thing to a musician. His future depends largely on it, and I was getting perilously near the bottom of my not too well-filled purse. So my concert became the one thing in the world for me.

"Of course you yourself, being a musician, know all about that, so I won't bother you with details of how I struggled to get good artists to help me, how I ran here and waited there. Gillen at once offered to play for me, and when it came out that I was not to have an orchestra—you know how much that adds to the expense—he volunteered to play my accompaniments as well. This was a real kindness on his part, and I gratefully accepted both offers. He was the best accompanist I ever heard. Neither too loud nor too soft, he always sustained the singer perfectly, and intelligently helped him make his points. He was quick to catch and skilful to aid in interpreting one's conception of a song, keeping the piano in perfect accord with the voice in time and expression. There was not a man in the country whom I would rather have accompany me. If I could not do well with him to play for me and her to listen—for, of course, Adelaide was to be there—I might as well give up. So I thought then.

"She took the greatest interest in it all—as much as if it were her future instead of mine which was at stake. Well, so it was, after a fashion. She sympathized with me, and advised me in all the thousand-and-one little worries which are incidental to such a performance. She wanted to arrange the programme herself, and was a good deal vexed because I would not tell her what I was going to sing. You see I had made up my mind to give her a royal surprise that night, so I parried her questions. But in another respect she did help me a good deal. She brought together just the right sort of an audience. This she was well able to do by her position both in society and as a well-known amateur. I also attributed some nice little anticipatory notices in the papers to her influence.

"Of course I had to take Gillen into my confidence, but under pledge of secrecy. When he heard what I was going to do he opened his eyes in astonishment.

"'Why, those are tenor songs, every one of them. My dear

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Otto, you 'll just ruin yourself for ever if you try anything like that. Be sensible, man, and take something within your compass.'

"'You play that accompaniment,' said I, putting Beethoven's 'Adelaide' on the piano-rack before him, 'and see whether or no I can sing it.'

"When he found that I could do it, and do it well, he was wonderfully surprised. Then I told him my secret, and how this concert was to be my very first appearance anywhere as a tenor singer. I think he suspected my scheme, for he suddenly asked me if Miss Archer was in the secret. I said no, and that she must be the last one to know it. He grew grave and silent at that. Like myself, he knew what the result might be.

"I was to come out twice, once in each half of the programme. The first time I had a couple of Schubert's songs to sing and the 'Adelaide,' the second time the great tenor aria from Grétry's 'Cœur de Lion,' which is a test for any tenor.

"You think my programme ambitious? Well, sir, I was ambitious; I felt I could do all I set before myself, and do it well, too. You were abroad at the time, but you may have heard of my failure?"

I nodded affirmatively. I hated to speak of it to him now.

"Well, my failure was not in the least due to my too ambitious choice of songs. If I had taken nothing but little love-songs by Sullivan the result would have been the same. The devil himself could not have surmounted the obstacles laid in my way.

"But to go on with my story. At last the evening of the concert came. Do you remember the day of your own *début*—how it seemed as it would never end? Then think how it must have been with me, with so much depending on it. On the one hand were success, fortune, and, above all, love; on the other failure and ruin. Well, the day passed somehow or other, and in the evening I found myself in the dressing-room at Steinway, waiting for my turn to come.

"As the hall filled the slamming of the seats did not sound as loud to me as my own heart-beats. I was thoroughly nervous; but when Gillen stopped to speak to me his presence acted like a tonic. If I failed he would win the prize; and at that thought my nerves stiffened and my fear left me. I might be beaten, but it would not be because I had not done my best. So when he left me to go on to play the opening number I was all right again.

"My turn came, and as I stepped upon the stage I received that moderate encouragement which is the usual greeting of a

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good-natured audience to an unknown performer. While it lasted I had time to look over the house. The hall was well filled. There were all the people whose faces are familiar and regular attendants at the Philharmonic and Symphony Concerts, and quite a number of fashionable people. Besides these there were a good many musicians and some of the leading critics. I could feel that, while disposed to be friendly, it was a critical house and one not too easily pleased. Yet it could be enthusiastic—the sort of audience, you know, that will bring out of a man the very best that is in him, and, if that best is really good, will appreciate it thoroughly.

"She was there, of course. Her seat was in the middle of the house, not far from the stage. She looked a little pale and anxious; she probably thought me crazy to have selected the songs I had chosen, and was worried as to how I could get through them.

"The Schubert songs went off well enough, and at the end of them I had lost every semblance of nervousness. The strained feeling in my throat which had bothered me at first had passed off, and I was in condition to do my very best. By this time Miss Archer's face had lost its anxious look; surprise and then pleasure had driven it away. Then came the 'Adelaide.' That song I sang to her, and to her alone, putting my whole heart and soul into it. I forgot the place, the audience, everything save her and the great love I had for her.

"Each repetition of her name, 'Adelaide,' I tried to make a declaration of all that name meant to me. All the while I felt that I was singing better than I ever dreamed I could sing. Everything conspired to throw me into a sort of ecstasy of which Beethoven's music was a perfect means of expression.

"When I had finished, and the last chord had been struck on the piano, there was a sort of luxurious hush for a moment. No one stirred hand or foot. From the time I was well into the song until then my eyes had not left her face. She had kept hers cast down, but in that moment she lifted them until they met mine, and she looked me straight in the face. She must have read there all I would say to her, the questions my soul was asking; she must have understood my song, for she flushed a rosy red, and in her face I read my answer—I had won.

"Of course all this happened in an instant, in a great deal less time than it takes to tell it, and then the pause was broken by a storm of applause. I had pleased them away beyond their expectations. What a glorious thing that enthusiastic applause is!

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How it thrills one! There is no such intoxicating draught in all the world.

"As I was leaving the stage I happened to look at Gillen. I was startled at the change in his face; it was livid with rage. For a second I thought there would be a scene, he looked so like a murderer. Then I knew that he, too, had seen her face and had read its expression as I had done. I must have shown how shocked I was, for, with an apparent effort, he regained his self-possession and managed to say a few congratulatory words to me.

"I didn't care to sing a second time. I wanted to get away by myself for a while to realize what I had done, but the audience insisted on my coming out again, so I sang an *encore*.

"When at last I did find myself alone my brain was in a whirl of exaltation. My very last wish was gratified. My first appearance had been a great success, and I was well launched on my chosen career. Having won the unbounded applause of a critical audience, I felt that I had settled the bread-and-butter question and was on the road to fame. Pleasant, more than pleasant, as that was, it was as nothing compared to the joy that thrilled me when I realized that at last, at last, I had won her whom to win I would have given my dearest possession.

"I found that my voice was a little tired. I was not used to singing in so large a room, and had used it unsparingly in the 'Adelaide'; so it felt the effects of it. But I had no idea of any danger in my last song, difficult though it was. Had I been wiser the sight of Gillen intently studying the score of the aria —music he was perfectly familiar with—might have made me suspicious. But I judged him by myself, and the idea of treachery never entered my head.

"When the intermission came I was surrounded by friends, who crowded into the dressing-room to congratulate me on what they were kind enough to call my great success. Among them were some of those modern Memnons who, dumb to darkness and obscurity, never fail to greet the rising sun with songs of praise. You know the sort of people I mean—whose creed is 'I believe in success; failure I denounce.' I have a hearty contempt for them, yet I was glad enough to see them; for by their cordiality I knew that, in the popular judgment, my success was assured.

"But the best of all was when an usher brought me a few red roses. There was no message nor card with them; but I knew where they came from, and to me they spoke volumes. The

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intermission was soon over, and the last part of the concert began. Before long I had to make my second appearance; this time no longer as an aspirant, but as an artist.

"Gillen played a dashing, brilliant improvisation for a prelude before he struck into the aria itself; and this, totally unexpected, somehow upset my self-possession and made me uneasy. Then I began the recitative. Before I had sang a bar I realized that something was wrong. The notes came with much greater difficulty than usual. I noticed in my voice a decided tendency to flat. The music seemed much higher than I expected. At first I thought I must have strained my voice in the first part of the programme. Then I happened to look at the piano. From where I stood I could see the key-board, and, watching Gillen's fingers, the reason of it flashed upon me. He was playing the music *two tones higher than it was written;* so that the song, a test tenor aria originally, was completely out of my reach as he was transposing it. In a second my nerves were all unstrung. I felt the horrors of stage-fright coming over me. I could not believe that he was doing it intentionally. Then I remembered the expression of his face a little before, and I realized his infernal scheme to cause me the disgrace of a public failure and to ruin me in Adelaide's eyes.

"The only wise thing for me to have done was to stop then and there and explain to the audience the treacherous trick played on me. But I was in no condition to reason calmly; besides, I had a feeling that the good Lord would not permit such perfidy to be successful, and that somehow or other I would get through—I *must* succeed. Then came the few seconds' pause between the recitative and the fiery *appassionata.* I think it was the sight of Adelaide, now pale and anxious, that drove me on. The audience felt that something was wrong, and that ominous stillness crept over the house which comes like a death-chill when it is realized that a performer is going to break down. The blood surged up into my head, my brain was on fire, and my ears were filled with inarticulate noise.

"I recklessly attacked the first phase of the allegro, straining every nerve and muscle to reach the notes. But it was useless; I could not do it. My throat began to give way, my tones came false and out of tune, and at last, at one of the finest climaxes, my voice broke utterly and went all to pieces. I stood stupefied on the stage, and the well-bred audience quietly rose and began to leave the house.

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"I heard the voice of Gillen hissing in my ear, 'Otto, I told you that aria was too much for you. Why didn't—'

"At that all the man that was in me leaped up, and I cried to him: 'Curse you!' I denounced his treachery and called him the miserable cur that he was. I appealed wildly to the audience, and, every feeling swallowed in a burning sense of wrong, I implored them to do me justice. But I might as well have cried out to space. I have a confused recollection of being at length forcibly led off the stage by some of my acquaintances and of being taken home. That night—I can never forget it—I realized what I had lost."

Arlesberg ceased and covered his face with his hands. Pity and sympathy welled up in my heart like a flood. But how could I soothe him? What good could any words of mine do? I am an artist myself, and know what it must have been to lose what he had lost. The mere thought of it makes me shiver. And by the hand of his friend!

After a little he looked up again, his face pale and haggard as when I had first seen him on the street, and said:

"Do you care to hear the rest? Next day the papers published notices of my concert, deploring the fact that a young singer of such promise should be so sadly afflicted; saying that 'a fit of insanity, a misfortune with which he had before been threatened, had attacked him on the stage after he had made a bad failure of his last song,' and that 'he had turned violently upon the gentleman who played his accompaniments, and caused a most painful scene.'

"It was Gillen's work. He was making assurance doubly sure. I did all I could to correct the cruel slander, but it was of no use. Gillen had been so long my most intimate friend that what he said had great weight, and everywhere his influence met me. He and Miss Archer had monopolized between them all my leisure; I had so neglected my other friends that I had no claim on the especial interest of any of them. Some, indeed, listened to me patiently, but no one believed my accusation against Gillen, and the more I said the more I confirmed the report of my insanity which he so industriously circulated.

"The blow that crushed me utterly came from her on whose faithfulness I had foolishly relied. Miss Archer refused to see me when I called on her to give her the true story of my fiasco. She sent down word that 'Miss Archer is not at home to Mr. Arlesberg.' I wrote her, imploring a hearing. My letter was returned unopened. This was the hardest to bear of all. But

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what would you have? I had always known her to be the proudest of women. It was only natural that she should cut herself loose from me, a failure and under a dark shadow.

"My money was gone. I had nothing to do but brood over my troubles; and the thought of Gillen, now daily with Adelaide, made me furious. I suppose I should have left New York and found work somewhere else. I knew my old business well enough to get a good living out of it if I could once get a start. But I could not force myself away from her neighborhood. In the hope that by some accident I might be able to speak to her, that she would relent and listen to me, I hung about the house where she lived, and was rewarded with the sight of Gillen going in and out.

"Once I met her face to face, the only time I have seen her since my concert. It was on the street, and she passed me by without a sign of recognition. But for the quick paling of her face and the firmer set of her proud mouth I could not have known whether she saw me or not.

"Shortly after that Gillen spoke to me on the street one day. I tried hard to pay no attention to him. But when he dared to offer me money to leave the city and to promise never to come back, my wrath overcame my self-control and I sprang for his throat. He was no match for me physically, and we would have settled our account then and there if they had not parted us. Thank God for it! for I should have killed him with my hands if we had been alone.

"The next three months I spent in the Tombs awaiting my trial. Have you any idea what that means? Then came the trial. Gillen still stuck to his old lie about my insanity, and that, I suppose, saved me a term in prison. For I was acquitted on that ground. But it sent me to the insane ward of the county poor-house on Blackwell's Island. I can't tell you what I suffered there. It was a perfect hell on earth. I have often since wondered that my reason did not give way and make me what they thought me.

"After a while, when they found that there was really no reason why they should detain me longer, I was released, to become what I am. She had married him while I was in the asylum, and now I am an outcast, a beggar. But you don't believe me. Like the others, you think, He is a poor lunatic. But you have been kind and patient, anyway, to have listened to me. And if you don't believe me I thank you that you have been too good to say so."

And he made a motion as if to rise and leave me. But I did

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believe what he told me; and the pity I had felt for him when I first saw his hopeless, haggard face had increased as he told me his story. I made up my mind to help him on his feet again, if I could. Now was the time, if ever. So I said:

"I don't see why I should doubt your story, or your sanity either, unless you give me cause to do so. Stranger things than anything you have told me have happened before this. No, I wouldn't take any more wine if I were you. Tell me, is there anything left of your voice?"

He had always been a sensitive, enthusiastic sort of fellow, almost femininely so, and now the little interest and sympathy my words showed were too much for him. At first he couldn't speak, but silently held out his hand for me to grasp. When he recovered enough to be able to articulate he said:

"I thank you. My voice? Why, there is nothing left of it. Jails and madhouses do not foster musical tones. And, anyhow, who could ever endure to hear a cracked tenor?"

"Cracked tenor—no. But how about the voice nature gave you, that good baritone I remember? To tell you the truth, I don't think you could ever have made a good tenor of it. Dame Nature is autocratic in her way, and, while I don't doubt you acquired the notes you spoke of, I am not at all sure about your having really changed the quality of your voice. The chances are that you could not long have stood the strain of singing in an unnatural register, even if your concert had been a perfect success. Your baritone, as I recollect it, was too rich and strong to be easily destroyed. You may have more of it left than you think."

"Do you mean that there is still the ghost of a chance for me?" he asked eagerly.

"Come around to my rooms to-morrow afternoon and we'll see. And now I must be going. It's after one o'clock, and I have plenty of work to do to-morrow. I can't afford to lose much sleep. It uses me all up."

It was not easy for me to offer him the money I knew he needed, and I don't suppose he found it very easy to take it. But I knew he was penniless.

When he left me and turned down towards Third Avenue I noticed with surprise how his newly awakened hopes altered his whole bearing. He walked like a man, not like a beggar.

I was astonished at what he told me of the Gillens. I knew both Henry and his wife pretty well. She was certainly very beautiful, and one of the proudest women I ever met, but I

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never would have thought her pride could make her false to her better self. While as for him, I was amazed! He had the reputation of being an honorable man. Some of his friends said he had changed since his marriage—sobered down they called it. I didn't wonder at it, if he had played so vile a part in Arlesberg's affairs. His memory—even if he had no conscience or sense of honor—could not always be a very pleasant companion. There was some satisfaction in the thought that he and she, being what I now knew them to be, could not be thoroughly blissful in each other's society. And the thought of partially thwarting the wretch added new zest to my intention to do what I could for Arlesberg.

When he came to me the next day I saw that it would not be wise to ask him to sing at once. He was nervous, self-conscious, and fidgety. Hope and ambition, long dead, had waked in him. I first tried to make him forget himself, and led the talk gradually up to the point I wanted. So I played over some new music I had just received from Berlin, and interested him in a chat about Germany and the musicians I had met there; then I got him to criticise a little thing I was studying. To illustrate something I was saying I laid my violin aside and sat down at the piano. Soon I ran into the accompaniment of a German student-song that I remembered was a favorite of his in the old days. He hummed the words to himself, and presently he began to sing, softly at first, and then with the full voice. I listened anxiously as he sang—almost as anxiously as if it were my voice which had been lost and was at last found. Without speaking to him I struck into another song. He took it up eagerly and sang with a touch of his old vigor.

His natural voice had been badly damaged, but it was not destroyed. I saw that it needed care and careful handling, but believed that, with them, he would gain it once more. Not caring to have him sing too much, I stopped at the end of the second song, and, looking up to him, said:

"Well done! Why, that's immense!"

At that he was quite overcome. He was frightened at his own success, and could hardly believe that he actually had sung again. And when I told him that I believed he would get back his old powers it was really touching to see how overjoyed and thankful he was. One would have thought that I had given him his voice as a present.

In the most matter-of-fact way I could muster I began to talk business with him. He was to copy a lot of music for me; mean-

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while I advanced him enough money on account to take lessons from a teacher I recommended. This man was a new-comer to the city, an enthusiast in his profession, and a master of it. He was just the one for us. I would not have believed that I could feel for any one the interest I had in Otto's new career. Each advance he made was as pleasant to me, almost, as to himself. Well, in time he could sing. Indeed, all he had suffered may have put a something into his voice which he could have gained in no other way. At times it had a wonderfully sympathetic, moving quality.

We soon found that he could never do anything in opera, for he had a nervous dread of operatic arias, at which one could not wonder; and all passionate love-songs, before his strong point, upset him terribly. But he turned eagerly to oratorio and church music, and in that sort of thing he developed a noble style.

At length the time came when we felt it safe to try Arlesberg before an audience. He assumed a stage name—a precaution he had better have taken before he risked making a failure in his own name—and I got him a concert engagement in one of the smaller New England cities where he would be fairly criticised.

The hit he made gratified our fondest hopes. Everything went like a charm, and the critics did him justice. In the spring I had the satisfaction of hearing him sing before the music committee of one of our richest churches. He succeeded in getting the engagement for a year at a salary that at once put him above want.

His first Sunday in his new place was a memorable one. You see, I knew that Gillen and his wife were regular attendants there—a fact I carefully kept from Otto. I saw them as they came in—she prouder-looking and handsomer than ever, and he with a little touch of watchfulness, almost of suspicion, in his manner towards her, which I had fancied I could sometimes see.

I took a seat where I could see them and watch the choir as well. Arlesberg had a solo during the offertory. And with the first notes of his selection from the "Elijah"—my liking for which has survived my modern training—I had the extreme satisfaction of seeing an odd, startled look come over the woman's face. Her sense of decorum, and perhaps her pride, kept her eyes lowered for a while; but as the unseen singer went on, throwing more and more of his soul into the music, she turned fairly around and stared at him as if fascinated, and so continued until he ceased, as though she saw one come back from the dead. Gillen, who

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had been covertly watching her, turned too. I could read what he felt in his face. His eyes met his wife's. Her face I could not see, but his expression was not very pleasant to look at.

In it all I saw the hand of retribution. She was unhappy. Her pride, which had governed her better nature, could not now satisfy it. The man whom she had married was that most wretched of men—a jealous husband with an unquiet conscience.

I never saw them after, but heard that they had gone abroad, and that no time was set for their return.

Arlesberg does not know what I saw that Sunday. It was best that he should not. He is rising steadily in his profession, and is a conscientious student. I wish he would mix a little more in society and interest himself in outside things. But, after all, one could hardly expect that.

As for me, his gratitude and devotion are a great deal more than I have deserved, but they are not on that account any the less pleasant.

SONGS OF SUMMER.

O TINY flower-bells that ring!
What music's in your ringing?
O all ye myriad birds that sing!
What words are in your singing?
What tidings do the breezes sigh?
What seeks the golden butterfly,
So like a spirit flitting by?
Do brooklets murmur as they flow,
Do waving grasses whisper low,
And, angel-like, the zephyrs sweet
Oft tell of Him whose blessèd feet
Of yore the vale of Juda trod—
A child, yet Saviour, Christ, and God?
Oh! dream to bless each summer day—
  The little Christ-Child playing!
Oh! thought to aid us when we pray—
  The holy Child-God praying!
Do flower-bells his praises ring?
His canticles do birdlings sing?
Do breezes o'er his sorrow sigh?
Dost seek him still, thou butterfly,
As soars the soul to him on high?

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THE CHILDREN AT WORK.

IT is a bad tendency in American labor markets which seeks all opportunities to substitute for the hardy muscles of grown men the tender sinews of the children, and, bad as it is, it has increased in strength with every year, until the evil of child-labor has come to be one which cries out strongly for instant and thorough suppression. How great it is, what havoc it has made and makes among the numerous poor, what ravages of disease and suffering it has inflicted on them, is not known even to the benevolent societies which seek the welfare of the children. The citizens of those cities where it is most rife, the Christian superintendents of the concerns which most favor it, the parents who permit it, the clergy who might do much towards its final stamping-out, are hardly aware of its real extent and dreadful results; for the children are patient and ignorant of their own evil condition, and the results are so slow in arriving, so secret in manifesting themselves, that glib argument can trace them to other causes than hard work and long confinement in tender childhood. And glib argument is doing this every day. Custom has staled the consciences of the authorities and sealed the lips of those who are bound to speak. The children are dying by hundreds through our country, are maimed in limbs, are stunted in body and soul, are transmitting, if they reach a feeble maturity, to their sickly offspring diseased constitutions, and people shut their eyes to the facts because some responsible party paints in bright colors the prosperity of the community to which they belong.

Mr. John Swinton has pictured very clearly the condition of the work-children of New York City, lead-poisoned and otherwise poisoned in the reeking atmospheres of the metropolitan manufactories. A few sympathetic pens have described the woes of the miserable children in Pennsylvania mines, who pick slate from the coal in a stooped attitude longer than nature can endure, and drive vicious mules at momentary risk of their lives for eleven hours a day. My recital is less horrifying and tragic, and may be described as the story of ten thousand children who work sixty-five hours a week for the sum of two and a half, at most four and a half, cents an hour, who run a constant risk of mutilation of their little bodies, and in whose frames are planted the seeds of premature decay. Personally I have seen the condi-

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tions under which two thousand of these unfortunates wear away their lives for nobody's benefit and the country's loss, and it may safely be presumed that their fate represents the fate of all. They are the children of the cotton and woollen manufactories of the East—children blessed with the care of fathers and mothers, living in the neighborhood of churches, and dying under the observation of intelligent physicians, clergymen, and philanthropists. Yet how few the voices raised in their behalf, how rare the legislation which might aid them! A tacit conspiracy exists among parents, officials, and theorists to say as little about them as possible, under the mistaken though charitable notion that greater distress might follow a change of conditions.

The age of the work-children of whom I write varies from seven years to fourteen. At six o'clock of every work-day morning they are hustled, coaxed, scolded, or beaten out of bed, stuffed with breakfast as a chicken is fattened, and hurried off to work. They can be seen in any of the manufacturing towns of the State, running along in twos and fours, half-asleep if it is summer, wide-awake and shivering in the winter, afraid in the darkness of a winter morning, some of them still weeping, the little faces pale and pinched, the eyes heavy and shadowed, the little bodies lean and big-jointed like an ancient miner's. The babies of seven, eight, and nine are usually in charge of older children. They walk prim and precise as old men; the baby faces are grave, sedate, and energetic, and the baby mouths have a command of profanity and vigorous though vile expression which is surprising in infancy. The big mills are in motion at half-past six, and every child is in his place at the right moment, assisted to it occasionally by a kick or a blow from some petty mill tyrant. For twelve hours they are swallowed up in the roar, dirt, jar, and general hideousness of spinning-rooms. At noon a half-hour is granted for dinner, which many of the children never eat at home, warm from the kitchen, as children should eat the principal meal.

The atmosphere of spinning-rooms might be easily boxed and expressed to Australia without losing a particle of its peculiar strength. The fresh air could not absorb it. It is composed of equal parts of cotton, tallow, machine-oil, and human expirations, heated to a temperature of seventy-five degrees. Ears, eyes, mouth, and nostrils are assailed by it. Sickening and offensive, heavy and palpable, it is the atmosphere breathed by the children for half their unnatural lives. The oil from the flying machinery falls like fountain-spray through the room. It saturates the cloth-

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ing and plugs every pore of the body with the aid of the cotton-dust. The machinery is heavy, armed with dangerous gearing, belting, and pulleys. Simple accidents are common. First joints of little fingers often disappear in the cruel irons, a whole finger sometimes, at long intervals a hand or an arm. Too often a little body is seized by the powerful mass and flung back to its horrified fellows lifeless, shamefully mangled. The children do not mind these things, since they are risks common to all, and their friends and advocates will not see the sinfulness of exposing the naturally heedless child to risk of mutilation. Long hours, bad air, bodily risks, and hard labor are supplemented by the dangers of evil company. Boys and girls work together under the supervision of a foreman and a few assistants. There are no restraints. In the selection of the children necessity and fitness are the only limitations. The wolf and the lamb are thrown together, children of good parents with those of evil parents, the vicious and the virtuous. The weak are bullied, the good destroyed. Honest natures are perverted, innocence corrupted. Good children and children of virtuous parents belie their goodness and early training in later years, and people are surprised at the change.

Hard labor, long hours, bad air, bodily risk, and moral death are the demons to whom the children are handed over for the sum of one dollar and a half a week, with the hope of increasing that wage by two dollars when years and skill have been given to them. What a miserable sum! The bodies and souls, the time, the labor, the youth, the innocence of children have a market value of one dollar and a half in the United States! Higher than in Europe, to be sure, where they are not included in commercial values, but still too small a price for the choicest jewels of the human race. What individual wrongs and miseries are endured by the little ones God alone knows. When fathers and mothers are careless and grasping, so that home but adds to their sorrows; when the child is too weakly and timid to battle with the bullies among his companions and to resist the brutality of foremen; when he is not warmly clothed and well fed, and thoroughly washed at decent intervals, then indeed his condition is one of absolute misery. He meets with no compassion. He is blamed for his own ill-success and ill-condition, and turns vagabond.

The actual condition of the children has, as one can easily see, tremendous effect upon the years of their maturity. Hard labor for a child's soft body, borne through eleven hours every day for ten years or twenty years, half his life spent in a foul atmosphere,

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his system jarred out of tune by the moving machinery, are causes which must produce serious effects in proper time. After twenty years of labor in the mills the vitality of the worker who began to work in his tenth year is completely gone. He can be picked out readily from his comrades by his skinny frame, cadaverous face, and crooked limbs. He may be the father of sickly children; usually the power of reproduction is dead. His greatest foe is consumption, which makes terrible ravages in a factory population. I have now in my memory ten families, of whose eighty-five souls only forty are now living, and the forty-five who died were carried off by consumption and typhoid fever before they had reached the age of twenty-five years. I also recall six families whose children by great care escaped annihilation, but whose present existence is made wretched by the constant ill-health of a factory victim. The tragedy of annihilation is painfully frequent. It is not an uncommon experience to see two members of the same family together undergoing the agony of a fatal disease, and in a small circle might easily be pointed out five or six mothers who had buried every child of theirs as soon as they reached their majority. Strangely enough, I never heard the real cause of this mortality stated by the parties concerned. Hereditary consumption, too much water in the town, bad drainage, and a few other things were mentioned, it being the general belief that the town was very unhealthy.

Lately it has begun to be suspected among English-speaking work-people that the mills might be quite as unhealthy as the towns, and manufacturers have been forced to draw largely on the French-Canadian population, and slightly on the Swedes, owing to the withdrawal of the first-named class from the mills. The mortality among the new-comers has been larger than ordinary, but has received less attention, while the evil of child-labor among them has steadily increased.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the moral results of child-labor. They are evident from the picture I have given of the manner in which the children live, but are not startling or unexpected. The church has done good work among the factory-people in the East. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York the factory populations are the mainstay financially of the best parishes, but their graveyards are crowded with the overworked children. And the elders themselves, after a decade or two, are forced into other employments less harmful and confined. Their places are taken by country-people, who pass through the same lamentable process of decima-

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tion, adding their quota to the graveyards before making way for their successors. In this way the deadly work continues; the ignorance of the workers as to the real cause of the mortality amongst them is equalled only by the apathy of their friends and sworn protectors.

Of course there is a remedy for this state of things, and already a few have been offered of many degrees of uselessness and efficiency, some radical and all unwieldy, which no more touch upon the root of the evil than this article will touch the sympathies of the people whose office it is to sympathize. There are laws enough on the statute-book to reach the evil, but who cares to use them? The New England States, I believe, have a compulsory education law which gives the children three months of education, fresh air, and freedom every year until their sixteenth year has been reached, but hundreds of children in the East never get the benefit of the law. Its execution depends altogether on town officials, and town officials, without a strong public opinion to goad them into action, are the most helpless souls in office. New York and New Jersey have also enacted laws whose efficiency has yet to be tested. No doubt they are good enough, if any one takes them in hand and lashes the bare backs of parents and of greedy capitalists with them. But, at all events, the best of them, in my opinion, are but a slight help to the children.

It is a hard task to legislate greedy and indifferent parents into the strict performance of their duty in a money matter, and harder still to invent a law strong enough to bind the great corporations. These two forces are the giants who hold the children in a worse than penal servitude; and while the former are at present stung by necessity into permitting the evil, the latter find it too profitable to lose altogether. The work done by the children of seven, nine, and eleven years at the rate of two dollars a week, if done by an adult would cost the manufacturer at least four dollars, with the added difficulty of getting adult laborers easily; and this fact has induced the cotton and woollen capitalists to bring about a grave and important change in the character of their employees. *These are for the most part young people.* Mature women are not employed at all, and men of forty are a rare sight about the mills. Whenever a child or a youth can replace the father or mother of a family the latter is instantly dismissed. This course has put a premium on youthful labor, so that manufacturing towns are notorious for the number of idle and lazy fathers which they contain, and for the low state of education among the people. It can be seen, therefore, how interested manufacturers

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are in maintaining to its fullest extent the abuse of child-labor, and how thoroughly the system has been fixed in the necessities of the people. The children are ill-paid, which makes their employment at an early age quite necessary; and the father is ill-paid or not employed at all, which forces him to seek the aid of the children. Thus the conditions of father and child have a harmful effect on each other. The capitalist alone derives any benefit from their debasement. Labor unions, therefore, are not doing a communistic work in forcing the rise of wages to such a mark that a father can support a family decently for a certain term of years.

The wages of the father is the bottom fact in the question of reform; but it is not the only one. Give the father good wages and you destroy the artificial necessity which now exists for putting children to hard labor; but good wages does not destroy the greed of the parent nor the greed of corporations. Some barrier must be raised between this greed and the children, and the only barrier we have at present is the law. We must have laws in every State where child-labor is rampant which shall forbid the employment of any child under twelve years of age. It is the simplest and most thorough weapon for slaying at sight the greatest abuse of the time, and if its wielding is placed in the hand of a labor society or entrusted to the P. C. C. Society, no fear but that in a few years a sound, vigorous, and thriving sentiment against the abomination will arise. This is a case where the law must come first and public opinion afterward.

Such a law in its first years, owing to the general upset it would threaten to families and corporations depending on child-labor, would be practically inoperative. It would take the best energies of strong societies to make it a living letter, and the work would perforce be continuous, persistent, and universal. The law, no doubt, would cause individual hardships. Widows, invalid fathers, and such, reasonably dependent on the children for support, would be all at once deprived of a decent livelihood. In rooting out an abuse some one must suffer, and the executors of the reform law must look rather to the innumerable sufferings relieved than to the few occasioned by its enforcement. Yet, while I favor the passage of such a law, I cannot but remember how partial and slow it must be for many years after enactment, and I turn with more hopefulness to the present agitation for an eight-hour limit to days of labor as one of the most helpful solutions of the child-labor question that has yet been offered. It seems to me that eight hours of labor, nine of sleep, and seven of

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various recreations is the fairest division of time for children between the ages of twelve and twenty. Eight hours of confinement in a room with no ventilation, overheated, subject to constant jarring, might be nicely met with seven hours of fresh air, bathing, study, recreation, and nine of refreshing, healthful sleep. The children would then possess opportunities for self-improvement which are now denied to them. There would no longer exist the bitter and hateful struggle between hard, poorly-paid labor and weak, ruined bodies.

To sum up, I have here presented the case of some thousands of children to the public in the hope that greater attention might be drawn to unfortunates whom employers and employees alike ill-treat. The picture which I have given of their condition is very tame compared with the actual condition itself, and yet without doubt it will shock many good persons who have been teaching catechism and distributing tracts to factory-children for many years. They have never heard these innocents complain of their hard lot, nor did they think it unnatural in the little ones to have pale, thin faces and maimed or crooked limbs. *The poor are used to these things.* Although there is no reason why they should be if laws were justly administered.

I have recommended as a help to the children at work that a law be passed in the proper places which would secure them a child's liberty up to their twelfth year, and after that an eight-hour law to save them from the greed and tyranny of wicked parents and hard-hearted strangers. To those who doubt the necessity or wisdom of such laws I recommend a trip to Lowell, to Manchester, to Fall River, or to Cohoes—great manufacturing centres—in the month of January. At six o'clock of a winter's morning, the mercury ten degrees below zero, little figures can be seen tottering through the snow and the darkness to work for twelve hours, by gaslight and daylight, at labor that would tire and disgust grown men not used to it. Our fathers were of the notion that at such an hour and in such a month the children should be in bed.

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SAINTS AND SHRINES OF SWITZERLAND.

No one who has not seen Switzerland in the spring-time can thoroughly appreciate the beauty of this lovely country. In July, August, and September the swarms of tourists, spreading far and wide on their locust-like march, invade every secluded valley, scale every Alpine height, making solitude an empty name, peace and quiet a vain vision. The foliage has lost the tender freshness of spring; the brilliancy of the flowers has faded; the melodious throb of the nightingale, the cheerful note of the cuckoo, are silent; the very air seems less pure and clear, and the melancholy glory of the autumnal leaves is the only compensation for the faded loveliness. One of the great joys of an Alpine spring is the finding of the early flowers as their winter covering of snow melts away. The crocuses have more right to the French name "perce-neige" than the snowdrop itself; for as the last sprinkle of snow dissolves slowly on the green slope under the mild spring sunshine, it discovers the tiny, pale-gold flames and the delicately-veined white petals, while close to sheltered nooks where the snow still lies the hepatica puts out her star-like flowers. Another charm of the Alpine spring is her unexpected changes and variations. Everything is in full vegetation, the fruit-trees covered with blossom, the birds building nests and hatching young, the firs all speckled with their bright new shoots, the upper pastures brilliant with that vivid green which is seen nowhere but in Switzerland, and which looks so unnatural in the pictured representations of the country. All of a sudden this luxuriance of sunshine will be interrupted by a day or afternoon of rain in the valleys, and when the obscuring veil of mist rises and the sun breaks out next morning the mountains are seen to have donned fresh suits of ermine; and even in her own month of May the shrine of "Our Lady of the Snow" on Rigi is still aptly named. I wonder if many of the tourists who ascend the "Regina Montium" for the sake of its singular railway and marvellous prospect think of the story of the mountain itself? It was always renowned, not only for its commanding position above the three lakes of Lucerne, Zug, and Lowerz, but also for the beauty of its woods and the fertility of its slopes and shores, where Weggis, Vitznau, and the tiny pseudo-republic of Gersau nestle in their bowers of or-

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chards and gardens. The "Queen of Mountains" needed but the consecration of sanctity to complete her attractions, and this came to her so far back as the fourteenth century, when the Swiss were still groaning under the Austrian yoke, represented by the governors, Gessler of Bruneck and Beringer of Landenberg. The followers of these two petty tyrants overran the hapless cantons, and having, like their masters, no patrimony of their own, calmly possessed themselves of the strongholds of the country, living in them like birds of prey in their eyries, and swooping down to desolate the homes of the peasants by murder and rapine. Their acts of violence produced those of retaliation even before the spirit of liberty fully awoke to action in Tell and the confederates of Uri.

One of the quaint and interesting pictures on the Chapel Bridge at Lucerne tells the story of a young libertine, the "bailli" of Wolfenschiessen, killed in his bath by the outraged husband of a woman he had attempted to seduce. A gang had taken up their abode in the beautiful château of Hirtenstein, near Weggis, and by their orgies and cruelties spread terror through the neighborhood. Nothing was safe from their rapacity; they seized the crops and even the beasts of burden, replying to the remonstrances of the owners in the same spirit as the archer of Gessler, who told the peasants that when they wanted corn they might harness themselves to the plough. No woman, maid or married, was spared their evil gaze, and the clattering of their horses' hoofs as they rode out to hawk or hunt was the signal for all to keep indoors. They had made a plot to carry off to their castle the three pretty daughters of Walter Greter, of Greppen. The young girls, fortunately warned in time, resolved to fly, and as soon as the moon was high enough in the heavens to light them on their way they secretly left their home. After passing through the dense woods which covered the base of the Rigiberg they began to ascend the rugged slopes, undaunted by the rough path and the yawning precipices. When morning broke they found themselves on the ridge called the Stuzberg, where they sheltered in the hut of a herdsman, sending a child thence to reassure their father as to their safety. But even at this height they still feared pursuit, and so continued to climb till they reached the "Ränzeli." Here they found shelter in a cavern, and, falling on their knees, thanked God for the refuge he had provided for them among his eternal hills. Safe at last from pursuit and peril, they passed their time in prayer, thanksgiving, and meditation on the mar-

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vellous works of God which surrounded them, finding in this Alpine fastness such peace and repose that, when the days of danger were passed and a happy security was given to Switzerland in reward for her bloodless revolt, the three fair sisters had become convinced that no joys of the world could equal those of their beloved solitudes, and elected to pass the rest of their lives in the spot endeared to them by its tranquil and pious associations.

When, after long years of saintly life, during which they were venerated by all the people of the surrounding districts, the last survivor of the aged trio passed to her long rest, a source of pure water gushed from the rock which had served her as a pillow, and the simple and believing country-folk, seeing the purity of the health-giving spring, attributed its origin to the sisters' prayers, and called it the "Schwesternborn." Among those who came to visit the grotto and drink of the well was a pious man of Weggis, Heinrich Joler, crippled by long years of rheumatism. His faith in the efficacy of the sisters' prayers impelled him not only to drink but to lave his suffering limbs in the stream, and he found immediate relief and ultimate cure. His example was speedily followed; every summer crowds of believing pilgrims climbed the slopes of Rigi. A chapel was built in 1585, and soon such throngs frequented the shrine that there was no room for them, and disputes arose between the inhabitants of the different cantons, till at last, in 1689, Sebastian Zay built another sanctuary further up the mountain, consecrating it to "Our Lady of the Snow." A rough hut was erected for the monks who served the chapel, a few others for the accommodation of the pilgrims; both monkish and lay inhabitants gradually increased, and this was the origin of Rigi-Klösterli, just as Rigi-Kaltbad arose from the "Source of the Sisters." In 1798, when the conquering army of the French invaded the peaceful homes of the ancient republic —on whose pure and bloodless model they were so far from founding their own—the unhappy women and children of Schwyz took refuge in the sanctuaries of the Rigi; but though Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity were the much-vaunted watchwords of the invaders, they applied them in action to themselves alone, and the Capuchins were not only forbidden to receive the refugees, but were even themselves driven from their own peaceful home in a mere wanton spirit of intolerance, since no spoil or advantage could be gained from their simple and poor abode. In a few years, however, they once more returned to their beloved sanctuary, and the pilgrims quickly followed in their train; for the

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dwellers in the four cantons surrounding the lovely lake to which they give its name were then and still are simple, God-fearing folk. In all the nooks and windings of the shores, in tiny coves sheltered by the fringing boughs of beech and chestnut, on jutting promontories and tiny islets where coot and wild-duck breed, a little shrine is fixed to or sculptured in the rock, where St. Nicholas raises his hand in benediction or the Holy Mother and Child look out over the tranquil waters.

The devout profit by the long summer days to make pilgrimages to the mountain shrines; and in the newspapers one sees such advertisements as the following:

"Divine Service at Maria-Richenbach, Nidwalden.

"Next Monday, 13th July (Heumonat), 'an eight hours' prayer' will be held with solemn service in the Pilgrim chapel of this place, to begin at seven in the morning and to end at three in the afternoon. Every one is affectionately (*freundlichst*) invited, for the welfare of his soul."

The canton of Lucerne has eighteen places of pilgrimage; and if she cannot rival the thirty shrines of canton Fribourg and the forty of the Valais, at least she presents a happy contrast to her neighbor Zurich, once also rich in holy places, now with but one left—if one may still count as such the famous and historic abbey of Rheinau. Schwyz possesses only three places of pilgrimage, but then one of them, Einsiedeln, "St. Meinrad's Cell," is by far the most important of the 213-odd shrines of Switzerland.

Canton Solothurn, one of those least frequented by tourists, where ancient customs and costumes still linger, jealously keeps also her ancient faith and possesses no less than twenty holy places. Close to its northwest frontier, picturesquely situated, where a wild gorge runs up into the fir-clad mountains of the Jura, is "Mariastein," frequented by pilgrims since, more than four centuries ago, the Blessed Virgin gave there one of her many proofs of care for those little ones whose "angels in heaven" "sit at Mary's feet." On a hot summer's day the châtelaine of the neighboring castle of Rothberg wandered out in the shade of the forest with her little child. Wearied by the heat, they lay down on the mossy turf and were soon asleep. When the mother awoke the child was gone, and on looking for it she found to her horror that they had been lying on the very brink of a precipice, hidden by brushwood and hanging creepers. Nothing but a mother's love and despair could have nerved her to descend its steep sides, and when she at last reached the ravine below what was her joy and bewilderment to see her darling seated on

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a bed of lilies-of-the-valley, holding out one tiny hand to her while the other clasped a wreath of flowers. This, he said, had been given him by a lovely lady, into whose arms he fell, who caressed and comforted him, telling him she was the Blessed Virgin and that these wild rocks were one of her favorite abodes. In a fervor of gratitude the châtelaine of Rothberg fell on her knees, vowing the dedication of a shrine in remembrance of Our Lady's tender protection and love. No wonder that pilgrims flocked to so sacred a spot. Mariastein is situated in a part of Switzerland comparatively little frequented, though worthy of being better known. The railway carries travellers so swiftly through this "Münsterthal" that they have no time to appreciate its beauty or the quaint, old-world character of its towns. Soleure, for example, in pre-railroad days was the first genuine Swiss town at which one halted on entering the country by Alsace, and from an eminence in the neighborhood of which one got the first view of the glorious giants of the Oberland. The railway from Soleure to Lucerne runs through the Emmenthal, another valley much traversed but little known. Yet its peaceful, smiling aspect is enough to tempt the traveller to linger, and quaint legends and customs still extant among the peasantry may reward his curious inquiries. On the last Monday in Carnival, for instance, the mountaineers of the Entlebuch district select their best "literati," and send them among the neighboring villages to recite doggerel verses making satiric fun of all the doings of the past year. The freest personalities are indulged in without ceremony; but as no offence is meant, none is taken. In former days it would seem that the river Emme brought down gold from the mountains, as a recluse who lived among the ruins of the castle of Wirthenstein is said to have gained a livelihood by washing particles of gold out of the soil of the river-bed. His pious and charitable life gained for him the appellation of "le pieux frère" among the peasantry. This nameless stranger was, however, deemed worthy of a manifestation from heaven. One day when engaged at his devotions he perceived a flame of no earthly brilliancy hovering above some bushes. He searched the spot and discovered there a picture of the Blessed Virgin. To shelter the miraculous image the country-people soon erected a tiny chapel; the pilgrimage quickly became popular, and on the spot arose the handsome monastery of the "Cordeliers," still in existence, but now used as an asylum for the deaf and dumb.

Frequent as have been the bloodless invasions of all parts of

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Switzerland by the English, it is only to this region that they ever came as real invaders, and then they were conquered—as they deserved to be for attacking a harmless people defending homes and hearths. In 1375 Ingelgram, Duc de Courcy, son-in-law of the King of England, claimed Argovia as part of the dowry of his mother, and, the Swiss refusing to allow his claim, he tried to enforce it by the sword. Aided by his English allies he entered Switzerland at Bâle, devastated Argovia, and advanced till the hardy mountaineers of Entlebuch, lying in ambush for the invading army, entirely defeated it on the heights of Büttisholz.

In this neighborhood is the village of Willisau, with its church of the Holy Blood, once a much-frequented pilgrimage, and the scene of the story of the Three Gamblers depicted on the Chapel Bridge at Lucerne.

Here on the 7th of June, 1392, Ulli Schroeter, with two boon companions in debauchery and impiety, sat down at a table outside the village tavern to drink and gamble. Schroeter lost heavily, and at every loss his blasphemies grew more and more horrible. Reduced to his last stake, he swore, in a wild frenzy of impiety, that if he lost it he would stab God himself! Once more he threw the dice, and, losing, flung his dagger up against the heavens with a frightful imprecation. Hardly had he done so when five drops of blood fell from the pure blue sky, splashing on the wooden table before the now terror-stricken gamblers, and at the same moment a demon, in the shape of a winged dragon, seized the blasphemer and bore him away through the air, nor was anything more seen of him save torn portions of his clothes found scattered here and there. His comrades, aghast at his fate, and fearing the results for themselves of its discovery, resolved to conceal it, and, carrying the table to a neighboring brook, set to work to wash away the five miraculous blood-stains; but these only sank deeper into the wood, defying all efforts to remove them. Desperate at their failure, each charged the other with being the cause of it; from words they passed to blows, and one soon lay lifeless at the other's feet. The murderer flew from the spot, but had hardly gone a few steps before he found his body had become a prey to the most loathsome vermin and ghastly corruption. Sinking on a dung-heap, he had just time to send for a priest and make a full confession before he breathed out his miserable soul. The priest, accompanied by all his parishioners, proceeded to the spot where the table had been left, and carefully cut away the piece of wood which bore the sacred stains, placing it in a silver vase within the church. But as,

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over the spot where the miracle took place, a tiny, fivefold flame was seen to hover every night, a chapel in wood was built there, and this was, in 1499, replaced by one in stone, the result of the contributions of pilgrims. Such is the strange story depicted on the bridge at Lucerne. And, indeed, the whole series of pictures there is very curious, perhaps unique, illustrating a number of episodes in Swiss history, ecclesiastical, civil, and military. They were painted in the seventeenth century, each burgher taking his share of the expense, and often presenting the whole panel himself.

As the passenger descends from the bridge on the north or city side, he sees facing him, on the wall of St. Peter's Church, a life-sized representation of a man of meagre frame in a religious dress. The inscription below records that this is the Holy Nicholas der Flüe, of all the saints of Switzerland the most genuinely Swiss, having played an important part in the annals of his country.

Those who have driven from Lucerne to Interlaken will remember the pretty little lake of Sarnen, and among the peaceful villages on its banks will, perhaps, recall that of Sachseln. There, in the village church of his native place, lie the bones of the hermit whose picture is constantly seen on wayside shrines and on the walls of cottage homes. He was born on the 21st of March, 1417, and was brought up to labor in the fields, as his father and grandfather had done before him. Although unable to read or write, he showed from earliest boyhood a singularly intelligent and pious disposition. In the wars which Switzerland was constantly waging throughout the century he distinguished himself by his courage and humanity as much as by his sagacity and probity when later he was made a counsellor of his canton. Having thus served his country, and having seen his five sons and five daughters provided for, he felt that he might at last indulge the longing of his soul after peaceful prayer and meditation, and, taking a tender farewell of his family, he retired into the fastnesses of the Jura. After a time that love of his canton which distinguishes all true Switzers drew him back to his native valley, and he established himself within a short distance of his former home. On the Ranft, a rocky height from which he received his appellation of "Flüe" (rock), he built himself a little wooden hut. Opposite stood the church of his patron saint, said to be the first Christian church erected in this district, and the valley lying at his feet was the "Melchthal," which gave birth and name to the Arnold who represented the spirit of the men of Unterwalden at

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the Grütli. Here, sleeping on the bare wood, with a stone for his pillow, he gave himself up with such fervency to good works and prayer that, the divine grace filling his body more and more, he was at last so entirely nourished and sustained by it that for twenty years no other sustenance than that of the Holy Elements passed his lips. We may be sure that by his prayers for his beloved countrymen they were aided in that gallant struggle with Charles the Bold which led to the three great battles, Grandson, Morat, and Nancy, won against such tremendous odds. When peace at last settled down on the land the representatives of the cantons met at Stanz to settle the division of the spoil—always a difficult question, and the more complicated on this occasion because, although the cantons of Fribourg and Soleure had fought gallantly by the side of their brother-mountaineers, they did not, by law, form part of the League. They had, indeed, petitioned to be admitted, but the original cantons repulsed their claim, and dissensions so serious broke forth in the Diet that the very day which should have been sacred to "peace and good-will on earth" found them in hot and menacing dispute. On that day, the 25th of December, 1481, some Heaven-inspired soul sent to implore "Brother Klaus" to exert his wise and pious influence on these turbulent spirits. Strong in prayer and patriotism, the aged man stood among the tumultuous, unruly throng, and such was the force of his ascendency that his simple word carried conviction direct to the hearts of his listeners, and Fribourg and Soleure were admitted to form part of that League in whose defence they had so bravely fought and suffered. This moral victory heightened the veneration of the people for the hermit, who, his mission accomplished, returned immediately to his "blessed solitude," never again to leave it. In 1487, on the 21st of March—his birthday—he died there, surrounded by his family and friends, summoned to witness his last peaceful moments, and miracles performed at his tomb confirmed the people in their belief in his sanctity—a belief which was formally recognized by his beatification in 1669 by Pope Clement XI. It was not surprising that so bright an example should have found imitators among his descendants, and his daughter's son, Konrad Schrieber, felt himself also impelled to retire from the world. Under the porch of the charmingly-situated church of Wolfenschiessen a series of half-effaced pictures, with barely legible Platt-Deutsch inscriptions below them, still illustrate with most amusing and naïve quaintness scenes from the lives of Konrad

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and his famous grandfather. A ruddy glow streaming in through an open window on Konrad alone of the assembled group indicates his inspiration to leave the world. In another scene he is taking farewell of his weeping but unattractive family; he proceeds to build his hermitage under all sorts of difficulties, and insidious attacks from demons who overcome him by cowardly force of numbers, and the poor "heilige," helpless and bleeding, lies on the ground, kicked, prodded, and buffeted by a grotesque crew of devils. In the next picture, however, he comes up calm and smiling in the exercise of various miracles. Within the church, in front of the high altar, lie his remains, and above them a small, recumbent stone effigy of a long-bearded, shrewd-faced man, with rosary and gown of recluse, who went to his rest, as the inscription below records, in 1559.

But in our admiration for these mediæval saints—who, whatever their lives of privation may have been, at least ended them by peaceful deaths—we must not forget those earlier saints who gave to the soil of Switzerland the holy baptism of blood. Foremost among them stands that valiant Theban band whose leader was the noble Mauritius. The faith which they had learnt under the shadow of the vast temples of Thebes—from Christian confessors who probably laid the foundations of the still existing Coptic Church—they brought with them to Europe when Maximien enrolled them beneath his pagan banners. Few of the travellers who pass through canton Valais will forget the picturesque aspect of the town which owes its name to the noble Egyptian. They had been ordered, perhaps in ignorance of their faith, to massacre their fellow-believers, and their steadfast refusal to do so first roused Maximien's wrath, which was increased by the answer the augurs gave to account for the failure of the expedition against the Persian Narses. The gods, they said, were deaf to invocations because the army and the temples were polluted by the presence of so many of the accursed sect of Christians. With the customary imperial and imperious spirit, Maximien, worthy co-ruler with Diocletian, ordered the Theban Legion to renounce their faith. With the customary Christian spirit of those times, they refused to do so, and retired into the gorges and defiles behind Agaunum. Maximien sent some pagan troops on whom he could rely to destroy a certain number of the Egyptians, to be chosen by lot, hoping thus to strike terror into the rest. But as this had no effect on their resolution a second massacre was ordered. Its only result was a dignified pro-

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test drawn up by the captains, Mauritius, Exuperus, Candidus, etc., and sent to Maximien, who was then himself close to the spot—*i.e.*, at Octodurus, now Martigny. The tyrant, furious, ordered the instant destruction of the whole Legion. And these brave Christian soldiers unresistingly faced death in cold blood as courageously as they had often done in the heat of combat, encouraging each other by words and example.

"Je crois volontiers," says Pascal, "les histoires dont les témoins se font égorger."

Less than half a century later the faith they had died for was sufficiently established in the place of their martyrdom for the good and learned Theodorus to be named bishop of the Valais, and he caused a chapel to be erected on the plain of Verolliez, the scene of the massacre. Fifty years later, in 386, St. Martin of Tours, returning from Rome, halted at Agaunum and craved from the fathers of the monastery some relics of the Theban Legion. Habited as a simple pilgrim, the holy bishop was not recognized by the monks, and, more curtly than politely, they refused to dispossess themselves of any of the precious relics in favor of this unknown stranger.

St. Martin, with more belief in the generosity of Heaven than of man, did not lose heart, but, repairing to the field of Verolliez, fell on his knees and prayed God that he would manifest the glory of his servants by causing some drops of their blood to spring again fresh from the soil which had absorbed it. He then cut a piece of the grassy earth, and the blood appeared instantly thick as dew, and continued welling up till it filled two vials, which he carried off to enrich his beloved city of Tours. Other well-known names among the Egyptian Christians are those of St. Felix and his sister, St. Regula, who were martyred near Zurich, and were the patron saints of that city in the days when she was happy enough to possess patron saints. St. Ursus and St. Victor were beheaded and thrown into the Aar at Soleure, which still retains the relics of the former; while those of St. Victor, stolen or removed at an unknown date, were discovered at Geneva through a vision vouchsafed to Arconius, Bishop of Maurienne. A church dedicated to St. Victor was erected where now stands the "Glacis," during the construction of which, in 1735, some curious and interesting remains of the ancient church were found. St. Verena, too, was connected by ties of blood with these faithful Thebans, and it was to visit the graves of her relations, St. Maurice and St. Victor, that she crossed the Alps from Milan,

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whither she had gone to tend her suffering fellow-Christians. In the neighborhood of Soleure she henceforth lived, not without persecution, and died at Zurzach, in the canton of Zurich.

Space fails, and still a long list of saintly names and holy places remains worthy of mention. Yet, slight as this notice is, it cannot be closed without a word of homage to him who may be called, with even more reason than St. Gall himself, the apostle of Switzerland—the Briton Svetonius, who, baptized in Cyprus by Barnabas, was given, as if in a prophetic spirit, the name of Beatus. Rich, young, handsome, St. Beatus, unlike the young man who went away from Jesus sorrowing, gave up all to follow his blessed Lord, and, after having repaired to Rome to obtain the benediction of St. Peter, he was ordained a priest at fourteen and sent as a missionary to Helvetia. There he penetrated through the dreary fastnesses, carrying the light and hope of his faith into the wildest regions, and at last, choosing a cavern in so grim a solitude that it had been inhabited by a dragon (his conflict with which is depicted on the bridge at Lucerne), he closed his long career of evangelization and renunciation at the age of ninety.

Surely it should be another link between the English and the country they like so well and frequent so much to think, as they gaze on the glorious chain of the Bernese Oberland from the peaceful valley of St. Beatenberg, that the first to bring hope and faith to this remote region came from the distant shores of Britain.

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MARY STUART.

INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE CHARGES AGAINST HER MORAL CHARACTER.

THE historian Chalmers correctly described Mary Stuart's reign as a reign of plots and pardons. If she had possessed the character of Elizabeth of England she would not have been the constant victim of those successive plots, because she would not have been so prodigal of pardons. The timely chopping-off of a few traitors' heads would have saved her crown and her life.

She was six years old when she was sent to France, and she returned to Scotland at the age of eighteen to take possession of a kingdom disturbed and torn by political and religious dissensions of the fiercest nature. Her throne was a centre round which there was nothing but a vortex of bloody anarchy. As soon as she landed she found herself surrounded by a feudal nobility that was the most turbulent, the most daring, and the most unscrupulous in Europe. Immediately there was a furious and unceasing struggle between inveterate and rival factions to rule under her, or rather to dispossess her of all power and merely use her as a convenient tool. Those who became discontented and hopeless naturally resorted to every possible means and to calumnies to weaken her and her partisans. Thus she, whose character had never been impeached in Paris when Queen of France, was soon denounced in Edinburgh as one of the loosest of women. First it was the story of Chatelard, her pretended lover, who was reported, in the language of the historian Froude, as "passionately sighing at her feet during the sea-voyage from France to Scotland." In what secret part of the ship did those amorous scenes occur, and, if secretly done, how could Mr. Froude know of it? Who witnessed those scenes? Who heard those sighs? Was it in the presence of Mary's three uncles, the mighty and not very accommodating princes of Lorraine, who accompanied her? Was it in the presence of a numerous escort of French ladies in attendance on her person? Was it in the presence of more than a hundred French noblemen, of Marshal d'Amville, of Brantôme the historian, and other distinguished people, including a doctor of theology, two physicians, and all her Scotch household retinue? Are we to believe such disgraceful improbabilities under such circumstances? Are we to believe

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such sudden departure from the most ordinary decorum in an ex-queen of France, in a queen of Scotland, in a young woman hitherto stainless, whose exalted sense of dignity and self-respect never was known, according to the testimony of many witnesses, to have failed her during the various ordeals of her calamitous life? This is a too ridiculous and silly scandal even for lackey gossiping below-stairs. Brantôme, an eye-witness, relates how Chatelard behaved on board of the ship, and does not appear to have discovered anything improper in the open admiration of that young gentleman for Mary Stuart. Chatelard went back to France with Marshal d'Amville, to whose suite he belonged. Shortly after, on his return to Edinburgh, he acted as madly as the insane Scotch Earl of Arran, who attempted to take forcible possession of the queen. After several freaks of incredible audacity, for which he was generously pardoned, probably in consequence of his youth, he one day endeavored, with some degree of violence, to enter the private apartment of her majesty. Her indignation was so intense that she ordered one of her male attendants to "stick" him on the spot. Her brother Murray, who had been attracted by the tumult, calmed her, and persuaded her to deliver the culprit to the lawful authorities of the country. Chatelard was tried and executed. Does this look as if Mary had reciprocated his infatuation?

The sober fact is that Mary Stuart, as the very young woman that she was, cried and sobbed bitterly on her departure from France; that she continued to weep and sob on board of the ship, where she slept on deck; that she was sick almost all the time during her sea-voyage, and that she was fearfully apprehensive of being intercepted and captured by the fleet of Elizabeth.

Her amours with Rizzio—or rather Riccio, as he signed his name—are quite as apocryphal, and no decent historian *now* refers seriously to such an unfounded tale. Froude calls him a "youth" and a "wandering musician," leaving us to suppose that he was a handsome troubadour. The truth is that Riccio was a man of solid acquirements, an able and accomplished statesman. He had served several distinguished personages, ambassadors and others, as secretary, and was entrusted with the preparation of their most important despatches. He had become secretary to the queen for the French correspondence, and was thoroughly versed in the languages as well as in the troubled politics of the day. He was, moreover, devotedly loyal, and inspired Mary with the utmost confidence in his integrity. And how could he be otherwise than devoted and loyal? He was a stranger in the land;

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he knew that he was surrounded by jealous and powerful enemies, and that Mary was the only person on whose protection he could rely. Sir Walter Scott, in his *History of Scotland*, says "that a person like him, skilled in languages and in business, was essential to the queen," and adds: "No such agent was likely to be found in Scotland, unless she had chosen a Catholic priest, who would have given more offence to her Protestant subjects." "The queen," wrote John Knox, "uses him for things that appertain to her secret affairs in France and elsewhere." Burton says: "That he was old, deformed, and strikingly ugly has been universally accepted by historians." "It is easy to assert," says the historian Hosack, "that it was indiscreet to repose such confidence in this friendless foreigner; it is less easy to point out among her turbulent and treacherous nobles a single man whom she could trust." Away, then, with this discreditable and discredited story! But then why was Riccio murdered? We will soon answer this question.

Meanwhile, let us come to the marriage of Mary Stuart with Darnley in July, 1565. It was the result of a court intrigue. A faction among the nobles hoped to rule the queen through her husband. It was necessary, besides, that the queen should marry. Darnley was very handsome, and Mary, who did not know his real character, fell in love with him. He was the son and heir of the Earl of Lennox, one of the most powerful and most unscrupulous of the magnates of Scotland. And that son, on his becoming king-consort, soon showed himself the meanest among the mean, and the most worthless among the worthless.

All Scotch writers describe Darnley as a drunkard, a babbler, a debauchee of the lowest order, an abject fool, universally hated and despised. It may be safely asserted that there is hardly a woman of refinement who could have so debased herself as to consent to live a week with so abominable and disgusting a wretch, if she could have done otherwise. Even Froude describes him as "left to wander alone about the country as if the curse of Cain was clinging to him." "That very power," says Robertson, "which, with liberal and unscrupulous fondness, Mary had conferred upon him, he, Darnley, had employed to insult her authority, to limit her prerogative, and to endanger her person." Tytler says: "He was convicted as a traitor and a liar, false to his own honor, false to her (the queen and wife), false to his associates in crime."

The Englishman Melville, the French ambassador Du Croe (this name is spelt in different ways), and other eye-witnesses have

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given posterity vivid pictures of the keen suffering and poignant grief caused Mary by her disappointment in the handsome youth on whom she had lavished her affections. It was a grief a hundredfold increased by the silence which love for Darnley and respect for herself imposed upon her. "She is still sick," writes Du Croe to his government, "and again she says she wishes she were dead." Such was the connubial felicity which Mary Stuart enjoyed with Darnley.

Her illegitimate brother, the Earl of Murray, in whom she had implicitly trusted, whom she had loved from her infancy, and whom she had made one of the most powerful lords of Scotland, had been opposed to her marriage with Darnley. He had rebelled against her, had taken arms, and been compelled to fly to England. He was to be tried for treason before the Scotch Parliament, and it was very important for him and his associates to escape an attainder by which all their property would be forfeited. Hence he lost no time in setting himself to work, and a plot was hatched that led to the assassination of Riccio—which deed was, after all, but a collateral incident, and far from being the main point the conspirators had in view.

A month before that event Randolph, the English ambassador at Edinburgh, wrote to the Earl of Leicester, for Elizabeth's eyes:

"I know that there are practices in hand, contrived between father and son [Lennox and Darnley]. I know that if this take the effect which is intended, David [Riccio], with the consent of the king, shall have his throat cut within those ten days. Many things grievouser and worse than these are brought to my ears; yea, of things intended against her own person."

It is clear from Randolph's letter that the result to Mary from this conspiracy would be most certainly the loss of her crown, and most probably the lives of herself and her unborn babe. The details were all known in England before the blow was struck. Murray's name was the first on the bond or reciprocal engagement which they signed for the slaughter of Riccio. Generally the objects of the conspirators were: "The establishment and maintenance of religion," the return of Murray and the other rebel lords, the deposition of the queen and the elevation of Darnley to the vacant throne, where the idiot would be a puppet in their hands, to keep there or break, as best might suit them. Riccio had been the personal friend of the dastardly Darnley, and had done everything in his power to promote the marriage, but could not be brought over to Darnley's views for obtaining the crown. This was a sufficient reason for Darnley to get rid of him.

As to the other conspirators, besides personal causes of hos-

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tility to Riccio, they knew that he was Mary's only loyal and reliable friend; that he was a man of great abilities; that he was to her a sound adviser; that he was acquainted with many secrets, probably with all their intrigues and schemes, and that, on account of the extensive relations he kept up on Mary's behalf with her numerous friends abroad and with foreign governments, he would be troublesome and even dangerous. This was enough to put him out of the way. He could easily have been despatched anywhere else with less danger and shame to themselves than in Mary's presence, but it was determined otherwise. There was a reason for it, apparent, we think, although not inserted in the bond or covenant. The queen was then expecting the birth of an heir to the crown. Armed men suddenly rushing into her private apartment and slaying one of her faithful servants before her eyes created a possibility that neither she nor the expected heir would survive it. This is not a mere conjecture on our part, for the assassins had expressly provided for that contingency by these words in their bond: "That failing of succession of our sovereign lady, the just title of the said noble prince [Darnley] to the crown of Scotland should be maintained."

This explains the wherefore of Riccio's foul death, and the question which the reader might be tempted to ask, Why the shedding of his blood, if not on account of adultery with the queen? is fully answered. The very ejaculation of Mary at the moment of the slaughter of Riccio shows the nature of the relations existing between them: "Poor David!" she exclaimed. "Good and faithful servant! May God have mercy on your soul!"

On the 6th of March, 1566, Bedford and Randolph, the agents of Elizabeth, had written to Cecil all the details of a conspiracy designed with diabolical ingenuity, not only for the destruction of Riccio, but also of the queen, her offspring, and her husband. On the 9th, three days later, Riccio was killed. As to Darnley, his fate remained in suspense not more than one year after this event. But the letter which we have quoted shows that at the time it was written there were already some of Darnley's associates who were planning his death, notwithstanding the protection which he might have expected from his being their companion in conspiracy, in rebellion, and in murder. Poor Mary! Both her brother and her husband were untrue to her, projected her dethronement and death, and both deserved to die a traitor's ignominious death on the scaffold!

Now let us see what historians say of this affair. Malcolm

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Laing, one of the most unfavorable to Mary Stuart, writes: "I inquire not in Riccio's familiarity with Mary. Of that there is no proof now but her husband's suspicion." Tytler says: "Darnley had the folly to become the dupe of a more absurd delusion: he became jealous of the Italian secretary." Hume speaks of the belief "as unreasonable, if not absurd," and Burton is of the opinion that "further than fascinating Riccio she is not likely to have gone." Even John Knox, so bitter against Mary, says not a word to intimate guilt between her and Riccio. Robertson says: "Of all our historians Buchanan alone accuses Mary of a criminal love for Riccio." Buchanan was servilely followed by the French historians De Thou, Mignet, and others; but we will show in due time who Buchanan was. The Protestant Episcopal Bishop Keith says: "The vile aspersion of the queen's honor as entertaining a criminal familiarity with the ugly, ill-favored Riccio deserves not to be regarded." Sir Walter Scott treats it as "a gross impeachment, as a fiction of later date," and declares "the queen's name untainted with reproach till it was connected with that of Bothwell."

Well, let us now proceed to examine the nature of her connection with Bothwell.

Froude informs us that for months before the baptism of the crown prince Mary and Bothwell were living in adultery in a public and notorious manner, and not fearing in the least that their wickedness should be known. This being the case, there ought to be no difficulty in producing abundant contemporary evidence to establish it beyond any doubt. But not a tittle of proof exists that even reports of that nature were in circulation until after Darnley's death. During all the period referred to by Froude the despatches of the French and the English ambassadors contain almost day by day the fullest accounts of everything, even matters of the most private nature, that took place at the Scotch court. But neither the letters of the Earl of Bedford nor of Du Croe contain the slightest hint as to those amours, which would have been delicious dainties for the palate of Catherine de Médicis and of Elizabeth, who both detested Mary Stuart.

Nothing of the kind was elicited from numerous spies and from public rumor. In this connection it may be remarked that this criminal charge is made against a woman who, from her position as a sovereign, could never have obtained the privacy and shelter from observation which are always at the command of persons in private life. Thus it is of value that of all the numerous household of Mary—Scotch, French, and English, men, wo-

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men, boys and girls, Protestants and Catholics—not a solitary witness was ever produced against her when dethroned, powerless, and put on her trial, at least before the tribunal of public opinion, if not before a court of justice. It was precisely during the time to which Froude refers that Du Croe represents Mary as never standing higher in public estimation, and that Queen Elizabeth herself was deeply angered at finding her English subjects of the same opinion, and at discovering the strength of Mary both in the House of Commons and the House of Lords. De Silva, the Spanish ambassador, wrote to his government: "The queen [Mary] has so much credit over the good-will all over the realm that the blame is chiefly laid on the Lord Darnley." Melville reports that "all England bore her majesty great reverence." Great reverence at the time when, according to Froude, Mary delighted in making a shameless parade of adultery!

Darnley happened to fall sick of the small-pox at Glasgow, for which place, says Froude, the queen started from Edinburgh on the 24th of January, 1567, with her paramour, Bothwell. According to the same authority they spent the night together at Callander. This, if true, would look suspicious. But it happens to be ascertained that Mary Stuart departed from Edinburgh, escorted by her lord-chancellor, the Earl of Huntly, and a large retinue, and spent the night spoken of, not at that equivocal place called Callander, but at the castle of Lord and Lady Livingston, who were among the most faithful of her Protestant nobility, and for whose infant she had stood godmother a few months before. "Mary," says Froude, "continued her journey"—from Callander, of course, and not from Lord Livingston's residence! And accompanied by whom? Was it again by Bothwell? No—Bothwell had disappeared, it seems—but by Bothwell's French servant named Paris! This cavalcading of the queen with a French servant is really too fanciful. The truth is that Mary pursued her journey attended by the Earl of Huntly, Lord Livingston, the Hamiltons and their followers, and numerous other gentlemen, so that before she reached Glasgow her train amounted to nearly five hundred horsemen.

Almost a year had elapsed since the murder of Riccio; an heir had been born to the crown of Scotland, but the domestic troubles before existing between the queen and Darnley, whose conduct was abominable, had not discontinued and had led to temporary separations and reconciliations. Meanwhile Darnley had not been as pliant and serviceable a tool as had been expected by his associates in the last plot. Therefore it was de-

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termined to suppress him altogether instead of making him a puppet-king, to divide among the participators in the new plot all the spoils that could be got, and to give the queen to Bothwell as his share in the booty. These stipulations were all embodied in a duly-signed bond. Such was the plan agreed upon when Darnley was carried from Glasgow to Edinburgh in four days, and not in two, as Froude relates, intimating that the rate of travelling was improperly hurried and showed very little regard for the patient's health. The question whether the queen had any participation in this plot is the one which we shall now briefly examine.

The convalescent king was lodged at Kirk-o'-Field, at one extremity of Edinburgh, and the queen at the other, where the royal residence of Holyrood stood. The queen paid him frequent visits. Darnley was murdered in the night of the 9th of March, 1567, at three o'clock in the morning. Mary, says Mr. Froude—who makes her an accomplice in the crime—after having been present at the marriage ceremony of one of her attendants, took an early supper with Lady Argyle, the wife of the Earl of Argyle, one of the conspirators, and, accompanied only by three lords, including Argyle himself, went as usual to spend the evening with her husband. She professed, as Froude relates, to intend to spend the night with him; "she was uncommonly tender in her demonstrations, and Darnley was absorbed in her caresses."

These are sensational details, but they are not correct. The queen had not taken an early supper with Lady Argyle, the wife of one of her pretended associates in guilt, but had attended a state banquet given to the ambassador of Savoy, who was departing the next day. As related by the ambassador of France to his government, she visited her husband at seven o'clock in the evening, escorted, not by three lords, but by the principal lords of her court; and after remaining with him two or three hours, she withdrew to be present at the bridal of one of her gentlemen, according to her promise. Therefore the marriage had not taken place, as stated by Froude, before the early supper with Lady Argyle, and there was not even any early supper whatever; and, adds the French ambassador, "If she had not made that promise to attend the marriage, it is believed that she would have remained until twelve or one o'clock with him, seeing the good understanding and union in which the said lady queen and the king, her husband, had been living for the last three weeks."

Who heard the pretended and deceitful professions to stay

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the whole night, except Mr. Froude? Who saw "the absorbing caresses"? The queen, having departed at about ten o'clock, sent back to fetch a fur wrapper, "which," says Mr. Froude, "she thought too pretty to be spoiled by the expected explosion." But who could have known the thought of Mary at the time, or ever since? On this point an English writer justly remarks: "This is making her, not the most wicked of women, but an incarnate fiend. Where is the proof that her reason for sending back [for the fur wrapper] was not simply that the night was cold?" It is certainly not possible for credulity itself to have the slightest faith in so prejudiced and unscrupulous a historian, or rather a romancer.

Froude says that Mary, who knew that Darnley was to be murdered that very night, lay down upon her bed to sleep, doubtless with the soft tranquillity of an innocent child. This is evidently a diabolical fancy-sketch. What does he know about Mary's sleeping or not sleeping at all? Was he in that chamber? Whence his authority? This historian goes on to say that, between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, Mary's room was already hung with black and lighted with candles—a proof that she knew what was to happen and had prepared for the contingency. But then what time had she "to sleep with the soft tranquillity of an innocent child"? She left her husband at ten in the evening, she went to attend the festivities of a marriage, the explosion took place at three o'clock in the morning, and early on that same day her chamber was already hung with black and lighted with candles! All this could not be done in a twinkling of the eye. Then, we repeat it, what time had she to sleep? "She ate composedly the next day," says Froude—which means that she felt no grief. But on that very day the French ambassador wrote: "Darnley's death being communicated to the queen, one can scarcely conceive what distress and agony it has thrown her into."

Froude omits entirely to mention that the queen ordered a proclamation to be immediately issued, offering a reward of two thousand pounds—a large sum at the time—and a pension for life as a reward for the discovery of the murderers, with promise of "free pardon" even to an actual partaker in the crime, it being added in the proclamation "that the queen's majesty, with whom of all others the case was most grievous, would rather lose her life and all than that it should remain unpunished."

It is universally admitted that, setting aside the evidence of

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Paris, the French servant of Bothwell, there is not a particle of evidence to implicate the queen in the murder of Darnley. Paris is the only witness made to charge the queen directly with adultery and murder. When arrested in Denmark by the enemies of the queen and placed in the hands of Murray, his deposition, given voluntarily, did not touch the queen. This was not what was desired, and therefore he was tortured into making such declarations as were wanted. Paris could not sign this second deposition, nor verify what was committed to paper as his declarations, and for a very good reason—because he could neither read nor write. The deposition was taken down by one Robert Ramsay, a servant to Murray, who was then *regent*, and witnessed by two other of Murray's dependants, both, like himself, pensioners of Elizabeth and prominent among the court enemies of Mary. All others arrested for the Darnley murder were tried and executed at Edinburgh; but Paris was secretly taken away from that city, secretly tortured, secretly tried, if tried at all, by Murray's orders, and finally executed at Murray's own castle.

On the scaffold Paris declared before God and man that he never carried such letters as he was accused of, and solemnly asseverated that the queen was not participant or of counsel in the murder of Darnley. There is no record of his trial, no statement as to who interrogated him nor by what court he was condemned. When the depositions were taken, the *first* one, which did not inculpate Mary, was made known, but the *second*, which testified to her adultery with Bothwell and to their joint murder of Darnley, was concealed, filed away among the papers of Cecil, that famous and devoted minister of Elizabeth, and was not made public before 1725. Can a charge of crime kept back one hundred and fifty-six years be accepted as evidence? Why did not Cecil, the most bitter of Mary's enemies, lay that document before the Scotch and English commissioners who were jointly to sift the proofs of her guilt? Can any other reason be given than that such an astute and experienced man knew that the pretended evidence was worth nothing?

Referring to this deposition of Paris, the *North American Review*, vol. xxxiv., says:

"It was wrung from him by torture, by those who were most deeply interested in finding Mary guilty. Under such circumstances, so suspicious throughout, such evidence could not now be admitted by a country justice in a case of trover."

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"Such testimony as that of Paris," says Bishop Keith, Primate of the Scottish Episcopal Church, "is justly rejected by the Roman and our own Scottish laws." He further exposes its inconsistencies in detail, and adds: "His very declaration, hammered out as it now stands, carries along some things which have not the best aspect in the world." It is difficult not to agree with the learned bishop.

Therefore it is not strange that this deposition, now looked upon as of value by Mr. Froude, was not brought out at the time against the queen. It would immediately have given rise to this question: Why has not the witness who is alleged to have made so important a deposition been produced alive? Why so abruptly put him to death and thus silence him for ever? The next reason for suppressing this deposition for more than a century and a half was because it is so full of improbable details and of inconsistencies that it would impose on nobody except Mr. Froude. Its form showed fraud; given under torture, it was of no value; the dates were at variance with themselves and also with those of Murray's journal. Thus Paris, in his deposition given under the gentle influence of the screws and other implements of torture, and whose authenticity has even been stoutly contested, is made to have carried a letter from the queen at Glasgow to Bothwell at Edinburgh on a certain Sunday when, according to Murray's own diary, Bothwell was seventy miles away from that city. The exposure of such irreconcilable inconsistencies as these could be continued almost indefinitely. It was these flagrant contradictions which, no doubt, prevented the use of the Paris deposition at the time; and now, after a lapse of about three hundred and twenty years, Mr. Froude relies on such evidence to blacken the memory of a woman who, even if guilty, suffered enough to almost disarm the sternest justice!

It may be looked upon as clearly ascertained that before Darnley came to Kirk-o'-Field the foundations were undermined and powder placed under the ground, under the angular stones, and within the vaults in the low and dark parts of the building. If Mary was the accomplice of those who planned the explosion, would she, when Darnley occupied the ill-fated edifice, have left Holyrood to go there and pass several nights in succession over that slumbering volcano, when she must have known, if she was the keen-witted woman whom Mr. Froude represents her to be, that among the conspirators, of whom some were the most pow-

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erful barons of Scotland, there was more than one anxious to get rid not only of Darnley but also of herself, in order to have Murray appointed regent during the minority of her son, as they actually did in the end?

There can be no doubt for an impartial student of the history of Scotland that Murray was one of the accomplices and abettors of the murder of Darnley, to whose marriage with the queen he had been violently opposed. Dalgleish, Powne, Hay, and Hepburn, when Mary was dethroned and in the clutches of Elizabeth, were caused by the omnipotent Murray to be tried and executed on the same day. They all affirmed on the scaffold that the queen knew nothing of the plot, and they revealed the names of the lords who were engaged in it, and those lords were the friends of Murray. At a convention of Scotch magnates in September, 1568, when the queen was captive in England, seven earls, twelve lords, and sixteen prelates declared Mary innocent.

After the death of Darnley, Mary shut herself up at Edinburgh Castle in a close room hung with black and lighted by tapers, as long as this confinement was allowed by her physicians. On their representations the privy council urged her "to repair to some good, open, and wholesome air," and accordingly she went to Seton Castle, accompanied by a numerous retinue. Mr. Froude, who has Mary's pretended adultery on the brain, gives, of course, to Bothwell a prominent position in that retinue. But it is completely proved that Bothwell never went to Seton at all. Froude says that at Seton "the days were spent in hunting and shooting, and the queen was amusing herself with her cavaliers." But Drury, Elizabeth's spy, in a letter to Cecil writes:

"She hath been for the most part either melancholy or sickly ever since, especially this week; upon Tuesday and Wednesday often swooned. The queen breaketh very much. Upon Sunday last divers were witnesses; for there was a Mass of Requiem and Dirge for the king's soul. . . . The queen went on Friday night, with two gentlewomen, unto the chapel about eleven, and tarried there till near unto three of the clock."

Far from desiring to remain in Scotland with Bothwell, the queen made in secret the most strenuous efforts to arrange for her retirement in France, and was only prevented from executing her purpose by the opposition of Catherine de Médicis, her most inveterate enemy, who was omnipotent under the reign of Charles IX., her son. See the letter of the Spanish ambassador at Paris to the King of Spain, 15th of March, 1567.

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Murray was at least participant in the murder of Darnley, if not the leading spirit. It was certainly done in furtherance of his ambitious views and of those of his associates, who, every one of them, had signed the famous historical bond or compact. He knew that the queen was the prize coveted by Bothwell, and that she had been awarded to him by the nobles, his compeers in crime, as his share of the plunder. After Darnley's murder the queen had solicited Murray with passionate tears and prayers to come to her relief. But instead of giving any assistance to his sister, and probably to avoid being present to witness the infamies which were soon to take place, he departed, pretending to go to France, but going straight to England to consult with Elizabeth. Before his departure he privately executed a testament, dated on the 3d of April, 1567, in which he appointed Mary Stuart, his sister, to the charge of his only child, and that child a daughter, and, in his own words, "to see that all things be handled and ruled for the well-being of my said daughter."

What sort of man was the stainless Murray, as Froude calls him, if he selected an adulteress and a murderess to be the guardian of his only child after his death, and that child a daughter? Is such a monstrosity possible? Does not human nature revolt at it? This demonstrates that there were two men in Murray—the prudent father and the unscrupulous politician. The *father*, when providing for his daughter's welfare by putting her in safe hands, indirectly testified to Mary's innocence in his last will. The *politician* did not shrink from perjury and forgery to blacken her fame, and proclaimed her guilty for no other purpose than to serve the execrable designs of his unbridled ambition.

Bothwell went to attend his trial for the murder of Darnley at the head of four thousand gentlemen and two hundred soldiers. That trial was a farce. The cause of Bothwell was at that time no other than also the cause of a large number of the nobility, his confederates in the murder, who formed the court and jury about to try him for a crime of which they were equally guilty. Of course he was promptly acquitted, and the Scotch Parliament, which had been hastily summoned, confirmed the grants obtained by the murderers, and which Darnley was suspected of a design to cause to be revoked. These grants comprehended two-thirds of the crown's lands, with castles, towns, villages, etc. This was of too much value not to be retained by fair or foul means.

Now we come to the manner in which Bothwell contrived to

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put himself in possession of his share of the plunder, according to the stipulations of the *bond*. It was the person of the queen. How was this to be accomplished? Was it to be with her consent or by violence? This shall be examined in a separate article.

TRUE LOVE.

Two lovers made love to Beauty,
Lord Sentiment and loyal Duty.
The first gazed wildly into the skies
Which smiled through Beauty's eyes,
And, forward made by lawless fire,
And heedless to her deep abhorring,
Seized the queen rudely by her attire,
  Now chiding, now imploring.
But Duty watched her lily hand,
Content to die at her command,
  Content to live adoring.

Then came to my soul a revealing—
That fealty is better than feeling.
For as Nature throws aside her cloak
When the north frost is broke,
  And steps into the summer,
  So Beauty, changing humor,
Stepped smiling from her virgin throne,
And stood revealed in golden zone,
  With her mantle fallen from her.

And, in the glow of a far light
That gleamed through the tissues of starlight,
She shewed me, close folded to her breast,
Meek Duty, a cherished guest,
  With his head on her bosom lying.
Came then a voice, like the coo of a dove:
"Who dies for me shall be my love,
  And find his life in dying!"

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DR. HAMMOND AS AN AMATEUR THEOLOGIAN.

THIS distinguished specialist in diseases of the brain has been recently astonishing the public by writing in a metropolitan magazine articles full of blunders in theology, church history, and canon law. People wonder that a man who, in the fulness of his mental powers, made a public profession of Catholic faith should suddenly find pleasure in assailing its discipline and sourly criticising its laws. Whatever be the reason of his conduct, no one who has read his recent article on the "Evolution of the Boycott" will say that excess of information has had anything to do with the change. Can the irritability shown by the gentleman in the present case be caused by the consciousness that there is a buried city in his soul, continually reminding him of the past? Or is it because a writer in the *Sun* exposed his recent attempt to palm off on the public a forged bull of Boniface IV.? Is it wounded vanity? The irascibility of his rejoinder to "Canonist's" exposure of his lack of knowledge is fully developed in his latest production. His boast that he knows nothing about old books of theology, and that he would not "waste time" in their perusal, is now seen to be no vain one. But why write on theology, if he spurns to study it; or why "waste his time" in writing about what he does not understand, and which he refuses to study so that he may understand? Only a specialist in diseases of the brain can comprehend this conduct or fathom the purpose and explain the mistakes of the article on the "Evolution of the Boycott."

The boycott, writes the great specialist, "has an ecclesiastical origin"; and therefore he is going to vituperate that origin because it is ecclesiastical. But his idea of what is ecclesiastical is vague. The epithet is applied by him to the religious acts of the pagan Druids,* of the Greeks, of the Romans, and of the Jews, as well as of Catholic Christians. The exclusion of offenders from the Druidic rites, the separation from the synagogue enforced against malefactors by the Jews, the imperial and feudal ban and Grecian ostracism, are all "ecclesiastical," according to him, and signify "that peculiar species of outrage by which the innocent are punished for the real or supposed crime of others."

* Cæsar, *De Bell. Gall.*, lib. vi. cap. 13.

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Proceeding from this standpoint, the great specialist, whose hand is so deft at trephining skulls, whose nerve is so steady in plunging the lancet into his patients' sores, who never blanches when he wields his trenchant scalpel, who stands smiling and self-possessed while he applies the terrible *moxa* to the spinal column of writhing, hysterical women, bursts into tears of sympathy over the victims of Catholic excommunication and of the interdict. His own profession should teach him that violent remedies are necessary for violent diseases, and that the excommunication and the interdict may be in the moral what the lancet and *moxa* are in the physical order.

A little reflection would show him that the boycott, although often abused and seldom to be used, is sometimes a necessity; that nature suggests it, and that civil society could not exist without it. To avoid what is noxious, to shun what is injurious, to put a wall of separation between our safety and what imperils it, is a natural instinct. The impulse that prompts a man to shun a rattlesnake or put on a chest-protector, when evolved becomes the "boycott," the excommunication, or the interdict. Do we not "boycott" thieves? Do we not shun evil company and force our wives and children by interdict to keep away from it? The strap or the slipper which the careful mother uses to punish her son who has violated her commands is a very effectual excommunication and interdict. It makes him shun the boys who smoke and swear, and keep away from the river in which his companion was drowned. Is there not a perpetual interdict at every gentleman's door barring the way to the thief and the libertine?

Does not the doctor's own profession practise the "boycott"? Are not quacks and abortionists put under the medical ban? Do not the allopaths excommunicate and interdict the homœopaths? Do not the two schools mutually curse each other? Does not every family, every profession, every society protect itself by a system of pains and penalties which are similar in general character to the excommunication and interdict of the Catholic Church? What is the sentence of expulsion from home of the son or daughter who has tarnished the good name of the family but a sentence of excommunication? When the angry father forbids his daughters to speak to the prodigal who has brought dishonor to a once happy home, forbids the mother to hold communion with her sinning child, are not the innocent punished? When the state tears the malefactor from the arms of his wife and family, who love him in spite of his crimes, and

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bars the prison to their approach, do not the innocent necessarily suffer for the guilty?

When the doctor probes a sore does not the whole innocent frame of his subject suffer, although only a mere atom of it requires the remedy? What is the quarantine for cholera, or yellow-fever, or the isolation required for leprosy, small-pox, or scarlet fever, but a species of excommunication or interdict? Is not the whole school sometimes put under the ban because one child in it has the measles or the scarlet-fever, and thus are not all the sound children interdicted for the misfortune of one? How many a healthy lady has stamped her foot on the deck of the quarantined steamer and tapped its bulwarks with her angry fan, and denounced the interdict which the State imposes as a measure of public safety against persons coming from an infected port, just as our doctor denounces the interdicts and excommunications launched by mediæval churchmen against the moral lepers of their time?

Such is the impossibility of separating the innocent from the guilty in this world that often both suffer together. The wheat and cockle grow side by side. The punishment is not intended for the innocent, but it affects them indirectly on account of their living with the guilty. The innocent are often interdicted for their own good from associating with the guilty. The punishment may be painful, but it is beneficent. Often the innocent suffer that the wicked may be converted or forced into respect for law. Without entering into detailed statements, examples of this simultaneous punishment of the innocent and of the guilty are found under every law. It is impossible for the law-giver to discriminate or take note of individual cases. Law is universal and not particular. The innocent are bound by charity and by the necessities of social life to submit to the inconvenience of the law or the punishment intended directly for the correction of the wicked and the suppression of evil. An application of these simple principles to the interdicts and excommunications of the church would show at once how unjust is the doctor's vituperation. That there are abuses in the application of the boycott we grant; but even the doctor is in favor of the principle, for at the end of his article he urges that "all liberty-loving persons with a spark of true manhood in their hearts should regard such wretched slaves [the boycotters] with the contempt and detestation they deserve, and should make them feel their shame in the only place they would be likely to experience such a sensation—their pockets." But if you show these people "contempt and detestation"

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are you not boycotting them? And if you cut off their supplies by making them feel in "their pockets"—that is, by starving "the wretched slaves"—are you not doing the very thing you condemn? In fact the doctor writes as if he were in favor of a minor excommunication for the boycotters, although he would not go so far as the major excommunication and the interdict. But we wish to inform him that Pius IX. abolished minor excommunications formerly incurred by association with those publicly under the ban of the church, and Rome is not likely to reinstate them to gratify the doctor's angry feelings.

That there were abuses in certain places and times and by certain individuals in the application of the sentence of excommunication and of the interdict we readily concede. No one undertakes to defend the action of every feudal bishop of the days of the Merovingians or of the Carlovingians. In the words of the doctor's favorite author, Lea—and, by the way, we congratulate the distinguished specialist for quoting at least some authority to sanction his usually ill-founded assertions—church and state "were inextricably mixed" in those days. The bishops were often the creatures of the court, and abused their power at its dictation; sometimes they were feudal barons in rebellion against the prince, and used the sword while they abused the crosier to carry out their purpose. Hence the popes repeatedly interfered and shortened the episcopal arm. Thus the very sentence of excommunication quoted by the doctor from Lea is of an archbishop of Sens, "probably of the seventh century,"* and not a papal sentence. Lea further tells us that Pope Gregory the Great "sternly reproved Januarius, Archbishop of Cagliari, for excommunicating and anathematizing a layman for some insulting words, assuring him that the rules of the church forbade the use of its censures to avenge personal injuries."† And that which Gregory did in the case of Januarius many another pope did in the case of other bishops who were tyrannical in the use of their power.

It is quite easy, therefore, to find instances of unjust sentence of excommunication or other scandals among the archives of the middle ages. But there is so much that is great and noble in them and their bishops that they can well afford to discount the opprobrium cast on them by an occasional abuse of the censures of the church.

The language employed in those censures is Scriptural. In the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Deuteronomy all the

* Lea, *Studies in Church History*, p. 502. † Ib. p. 304.

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words used in the most energetic sentence of excommunication are found. The practice of excommunication is as old as St. Paul, who excommunicated the incestuous Corinthian. St. John tells us that false teachers are to be shunned: "If any man come to you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into the house, nor say to him, God speed you" (2 John x. 10). All the so-called reformed sects have practised excommunication. It is not necessary to go to the middle ages for specimens of dreadful forms of anathematizing. Has Dr. Hammond ever read Trumbull's *Blue Laws of New England?* Does he know the history of his own country, in the most enlightened portion of which men were excommunicated and interdicted, not, as in the middle ages, for murder, adultery, and tyranny, but for smoking tobacco, drinking wine, or dancing a jig on Sunday? Has he not read Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, to find there the fearful interdict put on the unfortunate woman who had sinned—a sentence as hard as any Frankish or German feudal bishop ever pronounced against a *percussor cleri* or an *oppressor plebis?*

If the doctor had only gone slowly over his favorite pasture, if he had imitated the "lowing herd that wound slowly o'er the *lea*," he would have perceived in it many things that evidently escaped his notice in his hasty gallop over the plain. Lea* would show him that "the interdict varied at different times and under different circumstances," and that the condition of the half-converted savages of the early portion of the middle ages required the use of strong measures. The bishops had a very hard task to civilize the Teutons, Franks, Goths, and Huns. They were brutalized by paganism, and even after their conversion they were continually falling back into their old vices. Measures that seem harsh to our cultivated tastes and ears were the only effectual remedy for the backsliding barbarians. It is unfair, therefore, to test by our modern standards the language or the punishments used when the iron age prevailed in state and church. After the church had civilized and softened the manners of the people she laid aside the iron rod.

And when did she use it? We do not speak of the abuse of it by this or that bishop, but we ask, When did the supreme authority in the church—when did the popes, use the *virga ferrea?* Was it not nearly always to protect the people from an oppressor, to punish a royal or a princely tyrant, to protect women from the lust of the great, or the fold from the wolf who would destroy the faith or the morals of the people? Will Dr. Ham-

* Lea, p. 383.

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mond tell us, when the serfs stood disarmed before the petty tyrants of the middle ages and when women lay helpless before royal lust, who most frequently intervened to protect poverty and innocence? Who belled the cats in the middle ages? The popes. They were the true "Bell-the-Cats" in the days before the printing-press. The scene in *Richelieu* in which he is represented as threatening the curse of Rome upon those panders to royal lust who tried to carry off his ward, is not merely dramatic. It is historical, and almost every age shows a pope doing what the great cardinal effectually did.

The very instances quoted by the doctor prove our case.

Benedict VIII., one of the most energetic reformers of the early portion of the eleventh century, used the iron rod on thieves who stole property from the monastery of St. Giles. Dr. Hammond tries to make light of the case; but the fact is that the excommunication which he quotes shows that, in an age when the plunder of church property by robber-barons was a common occurrence, the pope put the robbers under the ban and thus protected the rights of property and enforced the divine command, "Thou shalt not steal."

Another instance given by the doctor is that of Robert II. of France. According to Lea, this king was excommunicated for incest with his cousin Bertha, widow of Otho, Count of Blois. This same king had uncanonically and unjustly deposed and imprisoned the Archbishop of Rheims and put an intruder into his see. Certainly there was cause enough here for the infliction of censure by Pope Gregory V.* Nor is it true, as the doctor asserts, that when the pope excommunicated Robert II. of France he, as was usual in such cases, absolved all subjects of the king from their allegiance. Gregory V. imposed a penance of seven years on the king, but did not depose him. The king gave up his concubine and reigned afterwards as a good Christian.†

Equally unfortunate is the doctor in quoting the censures inflicted on Philip Augustus of France, another adulterer, and John Lackland of England, who every schoolboy knows was probably a usurper, and certainly the cruel foe of the liberties of the church and of the people. Does the doctor blame the popes for having the courage to excommunicate royal adulterers and tyrants? Is not this a form of the "boycott" which men of morals and freemen should applaud?

* Lea, p. 349.

† Cardinal Hergenroether's *Catholic Church and Christian State*, London, Burns & Oates, A D. 1876, pp. 339, 340.

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But if the distinguished specialist in diseases of the brain trips when he quotes history, he falls prone when he dabbles in theology and canon law. Hear him: The interdict "consisted in the closing of the churches, the suspension of public worship and of all the sacraments of the church, except that of Extreme Unction given to the dying. There were no marriages, and no burials in consecrated ground." We shall not laugh at the doctor; we only pity him. We shall not quote for him the old books of theology which he "thanks God he never reads," but present him with the authority of a new one—a brand-new one, with a new cover. Lehmkuhl's *Moral Theology*, issued at Freiburg this very year 1886, will tell him all about the nature of an interdict. He can learn in this work that there are different kinds of interdicts: some are local general, some local special; some personal general, and others personal special. Indeed, he will have to read much and thoroughly to understand this subject.

Now, unless the minister or the recipient of the sacraments be *specially* interdicted, he can give or receive, 1st, even solemn baptism; 2d, confirmation; 3d, penance; 4th, Extreme Unction, when no other sacrament can be safely given; 5th, the Eucharist by way of viaticum. Therefore the interdict did not consist in "the suspension of all the sacraments of the church," as the doctor dogmatically asserts.

The divine offices are allowed, in places interdicted, on the more solemn feasts, in the churches publicly and with open doors, admission being given even to the parties interdicted. The more solemn feasts are Christmas; Easter, beginning from Easter Saturday, and Pentecost, beginning with its vigil; the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and the feast of Corpus Christi, including the whole octave. Thus there were many concessions during the time of interdict. Even in a church specially interdicted Mass can be privately said once a week, or more frequently if necessary for the consecration of the Eucharist for the dying. Therefore the doctor is in error when he says that the interdict consisted in "the closing of the churches and the suspension of public worship." There are many exceptions of persons and places in this matter of interdicts too numerous to specify; but we have given enough to show that the doctor should not despise books of theology if he undertakes to write again on these or similar matters.

Nor is it true, as a general statement, that "the dead lay in the houses or on the roadside to putrefy and give out pesti-

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lential emanations to the living." One of the punishments of criminals and traitors to the church was, indeed, to exclude them from ecclesiastical sepulture; but she was never so severe as the state, which hanged, drew, and quartered them, left their bodies hanging on gibbets, or affixed their heads to the gates of towns. This system of post-mortem punishment flourished in Protestant England long after the glorious Reformation had freed her from the restraints of papal interdict and excommunication.

But even when the custom, rather civil than ecclesiastical—so "inextricably mixed" were the two in those olden times—of leaving the dead without burial in time of interdict prevailed, there were many exemptions from the law. Thus children and other innocents were exempt.

Even when the bodies of great criminals were thrown out on the public highways a custom prevailed of which Ducange speaks: *

> "Lest the odor should offend the nostrils, or the appearance of the corpses excite horror, they were most frequently put into the ground or were covered by piles of stones; and hence the word *imbloccare* was used to designate such form of burial. The word *bloc* meant a rather high mound."

Such burial is called by the Council of Rheims, A.D. 900, "the burial of the ass." We beg the doctor's pardon for quoting these old authorities. For the sake of certain writers we hope this form of burial will never be revived. Even the doctor's favorite author disagrees with him, for Lea writes about the interdict as described in the Council of Limoges in 1031: "The laity were admitted to the sacraments of baptism, penance, and the viaticum." †

The doctor forgets also that the interdict, although it sometimes inconvenienced the people, was their greatest protection against regal tyranny. The king who robbed his subjects with impunity, or who lived in open adultery like Philip Augustus of France after unjustly divorcing Ingelburga, had nothing to fear from newspapers, voters, or parliaments in those days. The masses of the people were disfranchised and helpless before the baron or the king. The church alone protected the masses. She was a power whom all feared. The king laughed at baronial threats, but he never smiled at a sentence of excommunication. When he saw his kingdom put under an interdict, and the whole populace clamoring for the exercise of divine worship, and for the general

* *Glossarium*, Paris, A.D. 1733. † Lea, p. 383.

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use of the sacraments, restricted through his fault or that of his evil courtiers, he began to tremble. He ceased to play the despot. He was forced to do penance for murder, like Henry II. of England; or to dismiss his mistress, like Robert or Philip Augustus of France; or he went to Canossa, like the despotic German emperors. Thus the innocent people were used as a whip to bring the guilty kings to repentance. What is done now by a bloody revolution was then effected by the peaceful intervention of the church. Will reason answer which is the better means?

A final word with the distinguished specialist on diseases of the brain. He says "the interdict is no longer heard of." Why, it is only the other day that the bishop of Detroit interdicted a Polish church in his diocese; and other instances of its use are common even in our own land. The power and right to excommunicate or interdict are as strong in the church to-day as ever; for this power is divine. It has never been renounced and never will be, consequently the doctor's remark, "to revive it in our own days is a barbarism and an anachronism," is sheer nonsense. The right of the church to cut off disobedient children from her communion or punish with censure those convicted of crime needs no vindication for any one who has ever studied the Catholic Catechism. We recommend its perusal in all charity to the doctor. If he does not like an old one he can take the new one recently published by order of the last Baltimore Council. We further advise him to write no more theology till he reads some of the old books he so much despises, and to remember the old precept, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, which may be freely translated, *Doctor, stick to the moxa.*

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MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY—A TALE OF THE SOUTH TYROL.

I HAVE been married to Ernst twelve years to-day. Grandmamma arranged the match, and I bless her for it every day of my life. But for her how wretched I might have been! Ernst is a far-away cousin, so remote a one that there was no religious or other objection to our marriage. And, by one of those strange freaks of race which one sees sometimes, he is said to be the image of my grandfather as he was in his splendid youth. To my mind Ernst is handsomer than my grandfather could ever have been, inasmuch as he has dark eyes and dark hair, whereas my grandfather was blue-eyed and, in his youth, fair-haired. I know that grandmamma would never have admitted that there could be any comparison between the two men; but then of course one must make allowance for her adoration for my grandfather. And yet she was so fond of Ernst, too! She appreciated him when I did not; and even now a pang shoots through me as I remember that there ever was a time in which he was not all in all to me—that I even wanted to marry some one else! I blush and shudder when I think of that. Thank God! And may God bless and reward you, dearest grandmamma, in that far-away abode of the dead, for having secured my happiness! Whenever the pause is made in the Mass for the remembrance of "those that rest in Christ," my thoughts and prayers overleap the barriers of death and time, and wing their way to you in gratitude. And often, in the shadow of the old cathedral stalls in which the Romanellis have knelt for centuries, Ernst puts out his hand and clasps mine when that petition is offered up. He, too, is grateful to grandmamma. As I write they both rise before me, grandpapa and grandmamma. Distinct and brilliant as was the individuality of each, they were so absolutely one, in heart, in mind, in purpose, that I doubt if any one of their descendants ever think of them apart. They were a singularly handsome couple—grandpapa the very model of a Tyrolese nobleman, tall, spare, erect, and vigorous, white-haired, white-bearded, with beautiful dark-blue eyes which were clear and benignant to the last, and with a manner which was at once strong and gentle. Grandmamma was altogether different. She must have been a lovely creature in her youth before years and sorrows had traced a net-

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work of wrinkles on her fair, smooth skin or whitened the hair which grandpapa once told me had been a rich golden brown. Even as I first remember her, when she must have been about sixty, she still retained her slender shape, her stately grace, and the fire of her magnificent dark eyes—eyes which I have seen melt and grow misty, like those of a young girl in love, when she looked at grandpapa. I fancy that there must have been an immense spirit and haughtiness about her in her early youth, but it was softened and chastened not only by those cares of life which come even to the most fortunate, but by the mellowing power of a great love and trust. She was an Englishwoman by birth, but she had fused her whole being so completely in her husband's that there was nothing but the faint, almost indistinguishable foreign accent to recall the fact that she was not born in the dear Tyrol.

No imported foreign habits of luxury or irregularity were allowed at Schloss Romanelli. The life was austere in its unbending regularity and punctuality, but pleasant enough in other ways, the household being a model of Tyrolese devotion to duty and serious industry, but with the pleasantest possible undercurrent of cheery contentment. The day began with Mass in the castle chapel, and ended with the Rosenkrantz, said also in the same chapel, every member of the family and household being present at both offices. The rest of the day was laid out in equally precise fashion, so that one could always tell where to find the master and mistress at any given moment.

Even on hunting-days (grandpapa was a great huntsman, and to the very last used to come in, after a long day's sport, looking as fresh and unwearied as a boy)—even then, as I say, grandmamma walked with him part of the way, and at sunset always stood waiting on the balcony of her own particular turret until he came in sight. And he was always punctual—a sacrifice which, my Ernst says, no one but a huntsman can appreciate.

"You are afraid you will lose him?" I said once as I stood on the balcony with her.

And then such a beautiful softness and light came into her eyes that, little child as I was, I have never forgotten it.

"Yes, my little pet," she said, stroking my curly head—"yes, I have been afraid of that for forty years."

I do not think the young often sympathize with the old. They are apt to think not only that they have outlived their emotions, but that they have forgotten them. It is due to no merit of mine that from the moment of which I have spoken I began to dread the separation which I knew must sooner or

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later be inevitable. Probably the impression made upon my mind was deepened by the fact that that year I was the grandchild chosen to accompany my grandparents to the shrine of Ober-Ratzes. This was an expedition which my grandparents made every year on the 23d of October. Ordinarily they went alone, but I have found, on comparing notes with my sisters and cousins, that each grandchild had been privileged to accompany them, as I did, *once*—no more.

It was a long walk to Ober-Ratzes—a walk of hours (we do not count by miles in the Tyrol), through the deep woods which clothe the mountain-spurs at first, and then, still upward, along the rocky pathway which winds round the cliff like an escarpment until the topmost point is reached. There, in a niche of the rock, well above the mountain pathway, is set a crucifix, and below, level with the pathway, but standing a little back, is a rather deep shrine containing a carved group of the Resurrection. Before this shrine my grandparents knelt hand-in-hand; then, after a long prayer, they rose, placed a wreath at the foot of the shrine, lighted a lamp above it, and then turned and looked at the vast valley which lay so far below them that the roaring Eysack was quite inaudible, and its madly hurrying waves seemed but a narrow, glittering ribbon flung on the green turf.

Meanwhile, sitting on the pathway, I busied myself in making a bouquet of the wonderful wild flowers which I had gathered along the route. They were so numerous and beautiful that each step of the way had been a fresh surprise to me, and the delight of gathering the flowers, and of watching the castle disappear and reappear as we wound round the mountain, had so absorbed me that I had hardly glanced at my grandparents at all. The significance of the scene quite escaped me: I was only nine years old, and regarded this prayer and decoration of the shrine as a simple religious observance—nothing more.

In after-years, as I grew toward girlhood, I often used to watch my grandparents as they climbed the pathway to Ober-Ratzes, but I never accompanied them again. Yet a day came when all was explained to me, when I knew what sorrow and what joy were commemorated in the mountain shrine, and when —in a crisis of my life—I, too, knelt before it in deepest gratitude.

I have said that my Ernst is a Romanelli, as we all are. But he is a far-away cousin and grew up in Bavaria, near his mother's family. When he first came into the Tyrol it was to enter

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the Austrian army, and I did not see him until I was nineteen and he was twenty-three. I was then a romantic goose, who had formed an ideal of a grand, gloomy, and mysterious character, and imagined that I had found it in a man who would have made me unutterably wretched. For a whole year I had persisted in this fancy—I will not call it an attachment—to the great displeasure and distress of my parents and grandparents, when grandpapa died, quite suddenly. To the last he was as he had ever been. Age had taken nothing from him but the freshness of youth, and so we grieved for him and missed him as few old people are ever grieved for or missed. My own sorrow had a peculiar sting in it, for I knew how much pain I had given him —the last pain, probably, that he had ever known.

Youth is often deceived by fictitious emotions, and nothing so reveals their falsity as contact with a real sorrow. Now, as I felt my own pain, as I looked at grandmamma's pale face and watched her mute, motionless anguish—she would sit for hours looking before her, without a tear or sigh, yet taking on gradually the ghastly and sunken aspect of one bleeding to death—then, in the deep rush of genuine love and pity, my poor little fancy for being Graf B——'s earthly saviour was swallowed up and lost. Yet I persisted.

I was standing one morning at the window of my room, feeling, as usual, listless and dissatisfied, when I was summoned to my grandmother. She rose as I entered her room, and, taking up her stick and a wreath which lay near her, told me that she was going to the shrine at Ober-Ratzes, and that I must accompany her.

It was a long, sad walk; the dogs who accompanied us looked wistfully in our faces now and then, as if to ask where the master had gone, and each time grandmamma shuddered visibly. But she maintained her self-control until the shrine came in sight. Then for a moment her face was convulsed as she hung up the wreath and lit the lamp, for the first time alone; and slowly turning to look down upon the valley, she murmured, "I shall never see it again." She pressed her handkerchief against her dim eyes —since her sorrow the light had left them, as if an inner lamp had been extinguished—and, sitting down, motioned me to place myself near her. There was a moment's silence, then she began resolutely: "You remind me sometimes of myself, Hildegarde; I know, therefore, what mistakes you are likely to make, and yet the effort to save you costs me so much—"

She paused; a look of anguish crossed her face; then she con-

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tinued: "But you are my Ernst's grandchild, too. I must save you if I can. Child, you have visions of being Graf B——'s saving angel. It is a dangerous vision—useless. I had such a vision once. Yes," she repeated, as I started and looked at her earnestly. "Be warned by me, Hildegarde. You cannot understand—I hope you never may—what misery it is to me to revive that dreadful past; to confess that I have not always belonged to the being I loved and honored above all others; that once I was the wife of another man. For your sake I do it. What you wish to do now I did once. I was married when I was seventeen to a bad man, whose earthly saviour I hoped to be. I cannot go into particulars of my life with him. It is enough to say that it was one long agony—so long, so dreadful that nothing but the knowledge that it was the result of my own mad folly, and must be accepted, could ever have nerved me to bear it. He did not grow better—rather worse and worse. And I had thought I could save that man! My child, no woman ever yet saved any man, nor ever will. It may be—I do not know; even of that I would speak with diffidence—that a good man may sometimes save a weak woman. But the old, old truth that the man is the head of the woman is shown in this, that if a man will not save himself no woman can save him. To win a woman a man will do much, but when she is won—he will again be what he was before, rather worse than better. And let a woman strive as she may, even do her duty to the utmost, the sense of degradation steals over the soul at times like a blight. It is hard to live with what one despises. And a disappointment so complete as mine destroys the past as well as the present. During those years—eight in all—I was as one walking through ever-deepening shadows, yet still striving to do my duty and to rest my soul on God. And—I must speak truth—as every hope or wish that I had had faded into dull endurance, as troubles thickened and darkness surrounded me, faith in God, trust in God, rose in my soul like stars in the night, and so I was supported. All this time he, the wretched man I had married—brutal, sensual, devilish—grew worse and worse. We were living together exactly as we had lived for years. I had never left him, but in mind, oh what a gulf parted us! Always violent and imperious, he now became cruel; it was as if he felt, through all my unfailing gentleness and submission, that he had ceased to be anything to me but a burden. He threatened me continually, and often when he slept I used to look at him and think (it was only a thought, not even a wish, thank God!) that he was in my power,

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that I could kill him if I chose; and then I used to bow my head and pray God to give me the courage to endure. So I struggled on.

"We travelled a great deal in those days, and it happened that in the early autumn of 1815 we were on the way from Italy to North Germany. We had a large, luxurious travelling-carriage built in such a way that a bed could be arranged in it at night, as we usually travelled fast. The carriage also had a covered rumble behind for servants. We travelled ordinarily with several servants, but on the night of which I speak we were alone. The servants had been left at a post-town on the frontier with sealed directions, which, as I afterward found, obliged them to travel to England without delay. The coachman alone remained. But at the first post-town beyond the frontier he was exchanged for a stranger. I scarcely noticed these things at the time, because I was too worn in mind and body to care for anything. One longing I had, and only one—to rest. I had never rested for eight long years! And then my weary head fell against the side of the carriage and I slept.

"But not for long. A brutal blow on the head awakened me, and, with a volley of curses, I was told that no man wished to travel with a mute. I roused myself, as I had done a hundred times before, and strove to amuse him. I had often succeeded, but I did not now. He threw off a heavy travelling-coat he wore, and came and sat opposite to me. The light of the carriage-lamp suspended above us fell full upon his colorless face, his narrow, cruel, gleaming eyes, his loose, sensual lips. Once I had thought him so handsome! Now his face, coarsened by dissipation and darkened by evil passions, seemed the face of a fiend. He threatened to kill me (I have been told since that he was mad, poor wretch!), but that he had often done before. Now, drawing from the pocket of his coat a package, he extracted from it a small, gleaming, deadly-looking dagger, and poised it in his fingers. Even then I was resolved not to cry out or to leave him. I felt that I had reached the utmost edge of endurance. Let me but hold out a little longer and God would save me. So I sat still and waited. I did not hope for life, I did not think of life. Our existence here on earth narrowed itself to a brief point of the soul's long life, and for all I could trust in God.

"The dagger was pointed at my heart, once, twice, then with a cruel laugh it was tossed aside and I was told that I could wait. The moments crept on, grew into hours; still he played with me as a cat plays with a mouse. I was unutterably weary

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in body, but my soul was unshaken, enclosed as if in an impregnable citadel. I knew that God would sustain me through that last agony as through all before. Yet I also felt that it was required of me to endure in patience. So the night wore on. We were passing along a level road; I could see dimly by the carriage-lamps the dark wall of a mountain rising on the one side, while on the other I heard the roar of a torrent hurrying to the sea. It was a dark, stormy night, and the lights in the different châlets had long been extinguished. I was cold, and I drew round me a thick furred mantle and pulled the hood over my head. Then I took my dressing-case in my hand. I meant only to take out a silk handkerchief which it contained, but the movement suggested to him the thought that I wished to escape. With glaring eyes he sprang upon me; then, suddenly throwing the dagger aside, he thrust me out of the carriage. It was all done so quickly, so noiselessly that the coachman never turned his head. I sank on the ground, the carriage rolled on; in a few moments more it was out of sight, and with a wild leap of the heart I felt that I was free, that we were parted for ever, and not by my act but by his. Then, with a strange mental reaction, a mortal terror swept over me. I did not fear my loneliness, nor the dark, stormy night, nor any dread possibility that life contained, save one—the possibility that that man might find me again. As I thought of this, fatigue was swallowed up in terror, and I plunged into the woods and began to ascend the mountain. I of course knew no path, and it was too dark to have found one, even if I had known the woods well. But I climbed on through the darkness, dragging myself up by the trees and shrubs, and blindly obeying the instinct which bade me go upward. At last, even through the darkness, I could feel that I had struck a paved pathway. I felt the mountain-wall on one side, and, conjecturing that on the other there must be a precipice, I still pressed on, keeping close to the mountain and following the pathway, which wound steadily upward. Thick night still encompassed me, but the wind had risen and drove gusts of wind in my face, and I could hear the muttering of thunder. Still I made my way upward. Then, all in a moment, the storm was upon me. The rain swept down in torrents, the wind tore at my hair and garments like a thing of life, the thunder crashed above my head, the vast expanse of dark sky blazed suddenly from pole to pole. Instinctively I cowered against the mountain for shelter, and then came another flash, bright and vivid as day, revealing the mountain-wall rising dark above me, and a crucifix planted in

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a niche of the rock which overhung the pathway. Then black darkness, and then another flash, illuminating the great valley below, and midway between the valley and my place of refuge a castle crowning a bold promontory, while at my side—O God! what was that dark figure in a cloak? Had he pursued me even here? Had I had the fortitude to wait for another flash of lightning, I should have seen that what so terrified me was nothing but a peculiar shadow cast by a jagged mass of rock close by. But I sprang away in terror, swerved, and fell. I remember no more.

"When I came to myself the vast valley below was slowly revealing itself in the pale gray dawn. High above me rose the mountain-wall bearing in a niche of its rocky front the image of the dying Christ. To the north I could see a dark belt of mountains, relieved against the white peaks behind, which lifted themselves into the sky. And below me? I hung suspended in the air, yet held secure and safe. I had fallen into a tree which grew below the pathway, and which jutted horizontally over the valley. I lay, therefore, along the trunk, and was held by the branches. It was just one chance in a million that could have saved any one who fell there, and that one chance had fallen to me.

"Do not think that I understood all this in a moment. It was explained to me afterward. Then I only glanced about me, felt that the support beneath me was secure, and once more sank into the sleep—or swoon—of exhaustion.

"When I opened my eyes again the sun had risen. It was shining directly in my face, and a high wind was blowing, which swept my loosened hair about me. I felt now, and instantly, the insecurity and the danger of my position, but I could not move or even raise my hand. My weary eyes rested upon a huntsman who was kneeling bareheaded before the crucifix, and as he rose and slung his gun about him he turned and saw me. With his great height, his fair hair and beard, already streaked with silver, and his beautiful, noble face, he looked like some strong angel. And so he was, then and always, to me. It was characteristic of him that I saw no surprise, nothing but the gentlest pity and protection, in his glance. And that deep, musical voice of his did not fall upon my ear as strange as he bade me remain quite still, and promised that I should soon be placed in safety.

"Drawing a silver whistle from the pocket of his coat, he blew a long, shrill note. Then he wrote some words on a tablet and fastened it round the neck of one of his dogs, and after a word or two of command the intelligent creature sprang away.

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"Then, as he walked up and down the cliff, he spoke to me from time to time, gently and encouragingly. But I soon lost consciousness again, and knew and felt nothing more until a rope was passed under me and the tree swayed and trembled. As I started, however, the same deep voice rang in my ears.

"'Lie quite still,' said the musical tones, this time in good English, but with a foreign accent. 'I promise that you shall not fall.' And I obeyed him absolutely.

"After I had been placed on the litter which had been prepared for me he spoke to me again, always in English, saying that he had found, on examining my dressing-case which lay on the pathway, that I was an Englishwoman, and had so told the story of his finding me that it would create no surprise; that I was supposed to be accidentally separated from my party, and that if I would tell him where to write he would summon whom I pleased, and would summon *no one else.*

"It was with difficulty that I could collect my scattered senses sufficiently to listen and reply. But I did so, and gave him my guardian's address. I had no relations. Long weeks of stupor and prostration followed, and familiar faces and voices were about me for many days before I recovered consciousness and opened my eyes on the white-washed walls and boarded floor of the humble Tyrolese châlet into which I had been carried. And for long after I lay in so weak a state that I had been six months a widow before it was judged safe to tell me that my past tortures were over for ever, and that the unhappy being who had threatened my life had been found dead in the carriage at the next halting-place. The stain of suicide did not, thank God! rest upon him. He had died of lesion of the brain. I was far on my way to England when I heard this. During my illness I had been repeatedly assured that I was safe, and at the moment that assurance was enough for me. I lay day after day in a delicious languor, able to rest for the first time for years, and listening with a childish pleasure to my peasant nurse's conversation. Simple, pleasant talk it was, which could not wound me, for she knew nothing of my past. She supposed that my guardian and his wife were the relations from whom I had been separated, and never dreamed—I looked younger than I really was—of all I had known and suffered.

"Every morning daily a firm step used to echo on the path without, and a deep, musical voice used to inquire for Gretchen. And then Gretchen invariably hurried out joyously, and used to come in smiling and radiant, with a bouquet of Alpine flowers in her hand, and the news that the Herr Baron had come to ask

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how I was. She was very fond of talking of the Romanellis in general, and of Baron Ernst in particular, and never wearied of telling stories of his bravery, his goodness, his kindness to others and his austerity to himself, of his devotion to religion, his generosity to the poor, and so on. I can hardly tell you with what feelings I listened to all this. To me it was a revelation of a new world. There could be such men, then, here on this earth? I never wearied of hearing Gretchen talk. When I was able to be moved into the outer room Baron von Romanelli came to see me almost daily. From the first our acquaintance seemed like a recognition (it must be remembered that he knew that I was a widow, though I did not), and it progressed rapidly. And then suddenly I had a relapse and was once more shut up in my room. When I was again able to go out Baron Romanelli had gone to another part of the Tyrol. I had now come to dread seeing him, for as strength returned the sad consciousness of my hopelessly spoiled life returned with it. And though my guardian and his wife were with me constantly, they had not yet ventured to tell me that I was a widow. When they did tell me I was, as I have said, already far on my way to England. My loss of fortune was considerable, for nothing had been left to me, and everything of mine which had not been securely settled upon me at the time of my marriage had been squandered. Still, thanks to my guardian's good management, I was not quite without fortune, and by selling all the jewels which had been given to me at the time of my wedding I was enabled to pay some outlying debts, and to begin the world again on a different footing and with nothing to remind me of the past. When this had been arranged I wrote to the priest at Ober-Ratzes to enclose some money for the poor of the parish, and to say that I wished to purchase the tree into which I had fallen. After some delay the answer came back. The tree had been cut down by Baron von Romanelli, to whom the Ober-Ratzes woods belonged, but who, hearing of my wish, had at once sent it to the priest, where it was, awaiting my orders. I had it sent to St. Ulrich, and from it was carved the group which you see on the shrine.

"When the year came round again I once more climbed the path to Ober-Ratzes. The shrine had been built as I directed (under the crucifix where I had taken refuge), and the group was already placed within it. I had chosen the Resurrection, because I felt as if I had died and come to life again on the night when I fell from the cliff into the tree below it.

"The group seemed to me very beautiful then, as it does now

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after a lapse of more than forty years. Everything was in perfect order, and before I knelt down I turned and looked long at the valley, and the dark woods which clothed the mountain-side up which I had struggled in my despairing terror. I felt then, I know now, that God helped me and sent his holy angels to guide me to the place where my beloved found me.

"At last I knelt down to pray. And I knelt long, so absorbed that I did not hear a footstep, did not even feel, strange to say, that some one was kneeling beside me. He had risen before I did, and his glance met mine as I rose. There was no need of words. When I placed my hand in his I felt that it was for life. With gentlest homage he raised my hand to his lips. Then he drew me to him and whispered:

"'God willing, we shall be together always—is it not so?'

"We were married a month afterward, and my only fear since then has been that I might lose him. My sustaining hope now is that I may find him again in the life to come. Oh! may God grant it—may God grant it!"

For the first time since her great sorrow she burst into a passion of tears. And as I clung about her, weeping with her, I whispered that her story had not been told me in vain.

GABRIEL TELLEZ.

THE decadence of Spain, both politically and intellectually, is one of the most awful rebukes to bigotry and narrow statesmanship contained in the annals of history. The banishment of the Moriscos (1605–11), under Philip III., paralyzed an agriculture and a manufacture already crippled by enormous taxes, which were in some cases so doubled and tripled as to absorb the whole value of the article taxed. Before this, commerce had been slaughtered by a most ingenious system of import and export duties, so that in 1606 the yearly value of imports had run up to 39,500,000 ducats, while the exports had sunk to 19,500,000, the ducat of that day being worth about five dollars of our present money. All these political iniquities, and many more which we have not time to point out, were brought about by Philip III.'s unscrupulous and all-powerful counsellor, the Duke of Lerma; and by what means may be read at large in Dr. Philippsen's *Henry IV. and Philip III.*

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The decline of Spain in political power—exemplified in the peace of the Netherlands—and in material wealth, as the above figures too clearly indicate, but kept pace with her decline in intellectual influence. In France, said Cervantes, there is no man or woman who does not learn Spanish. So far was this from being the case in the seventeenth century that then the name of Spaniard was execrated and mocked at all over Europe, alike in Catholic and Protestant nations. The abject poverty and haughty bearing of Spain's population extorted at once the complaints of her most loyal writers and the ridicule of foreign observers, the latter of whom said that *Espagne* should be called *Espargne*. It will be seen that the subject of such mockery could not maintain the intellectual supremacy which one century before had accompanied the predominance of Spanish power in Europe.

Just between these two periods the literary culture of the Iberian peninsula had reached its climax. Intellectual power is the last to feel the throes of expiring greatness, and still stands upright amid the wreck of departing empire. With England, Spain shares pre-eminence in the drama of modern times. There is no Spanish dramatist to vie with "many-minded" Shakspere, but, on the other hand, while Shakspere soars a great distance above all English dramatists, a host of Spanish dramatists just fail to attain his height. On the contrary, they supplement one another in the departments of human observation, so that, on the whole, in the eyes of the impartial observer, the drama of Spain must be given the first place in modern literature, sharing in this respect the glorious eminence of the ancient Greeks.

One cause of this literary power lies in the Spanish language. Whoever will take the trouble to read the gliding cadences of Lope de Vega's *Dragontea*, the Ciceronian eloquence of Cervantes, or the finished periods of Saavedra Faxardo, not to speak of the polished sentences and deep, informing spirit of Calderon's lines, will obtain some idea of the scorn with which the Spaniard regarded the rough speech and uncouth efforts of more northern nations. In spite of the advances of the English-speaking races in physical science, we may well excuse the Spaniard, familiar with his own beautiful dialect, if he turns with loathing from the clumsy prose and prosaic verse of the present day to the masterpieces of his own sonorous tongue. In truth, a Spanish artisan or peasant would be ashamed to write like our learned scientists, or to speak in the slipshod fashion of our Congressmen.

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But the repugnance was not mutual. From the early days of Elizabeth Spanish novels and dramas were read and studied in England. Says Stephen Gosson in 1581, writing in the spirit of that puritanical narrowness destined soon after to play such a conspicuous part in English history: "The *Palace of Pleasure*, the *Golden Ass*, the *Ethiopian History*, *Amadis of France*, and the *Round Table*, indecent histories in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, have been thoroughly ransacked to furnish the play-houses of London." Robert Green, one of the most eminent of Shakspere's predecessors, tells us that he had travelled in Spain. Many expressions in the immortal bard of Avon indicate an intimate acquaintance with Spanish literature—as, for instance, "this is miching mallecho," a corruption of "mucho malhecho." The *Taming of the Shrew* has a Spanish origin. From a Spanish model, without a doubt, the alternate rhymes of *Love's Labor Lost* were taken. The advice of Polonius to his son is said to be a literal translation from a Spanish drama. The resemblance between *La Española in Florencia* and *Twelfth Night* is too striking to be merely casual. Shakspere was acquainted with French, and has inserted many French passages in his plays—as in the *Tempest* there are several paraphrases of Montaigne; and Spanish being the most popular of foreign languages in England, and also containing more to stimulate and reward the labor of the student, it is highly improbable that Shakspere was ignorant of it. It may be well to remark here that Lope de Vega—that "monster of nature," as Cervantes styled him—was born (at Madrid, November 25, 1562) just two years before Shakspere. Pursuing the inquiry as to Spanish influence on English literature, we find a wonderful resemblance between the following plays—in all instances the Spanish play preceding the English: Calderon's *De una Causa dos Efectos* ("Two Effects from one Cause") and Fletcher's beautiful play of the *Elder Brother;* Lope de Vega's *Quinta de Florencia* and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid of the Mill;* Vega's *Mayor Domo de la Duquesa de Malfi* and Webster's *Duchess of Malfi.* In addition to which it may be added that from *Señora Cornelia*, a novel of Cervantes', was taken the brilliant play of *Chances.* The third scene of the third act of the *Little French Lawyer* is drawn from the second part of the first book of Aleman's *Guzman d'Alfarache. Don Quixote* was commonly read in England, as shown by the welcome extended to *The Knight of the Burning Perkle.* From the *Fuerza de la Sangre* and *Gitanilla* of Cervantes, Middleton and Rowley borrowed their *Spanish Gipsy* and Fletcher his *Beggar's Bush;* and from the *Dos*

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Doncellas of the same author the plan of *Love's Pilgrimage* is derived. The *Spanish Curate* is taken from the *Gerardo* of Gonzalo de Cerpedes. *The History of Alphonso; or, a Wife for a Month*, is related by many Spanish writers of Sancho, the eighth king of Leon. In 1663 was printed *The Adventures of Five Hours*, from the Spanish comedy, *Los Empenos de Seis Horas*. Lord Digby derived his three plays, *'Tis better than it was, Worse and Worse*, and *Elvira; or, The Worst not always True*, from Calderon's *Mejor esta que Estaba, Peor esta que estaba*, and *No siempre lo Peor es Cierto*. But, as that accomplished and careful writer, Shack, remarks in his work on the Spanish stage, the writer most familiar in England, and that, too, in a host of his multitudinous works, was the versatile Lope de Vega. And to this list may be added a significant passage from Milton's *Areopagita*, in which Spanish poetry is casually alluded to in the same breath, and as if it were as familiar, as the ancient classics: "The villages also must have *their* visitors, to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, even to the gamut of every municipal fiddler; for *these* are the countryman's Arcadias and his Monte Mayors."

Not that direct copying of the Spanish drama has ever been attempted on the English stage. The rapid intrigue, the brilliant accumulation of incidents, the classical allusions, all displayed in scenic representation, which form the delight of the southern peasant, and which he follows with the greatest ease, would but bewilder and stupefy the best-educated audience of northern Europe. Try to read one of Calderon's most pleasant plays, *Tambien hay duelo en las Damas*, and in the quiet of the study the brain grows dizzy over the complicated intrigue it describes. On the other hand, while he tolerated the greatest freedom, the Spanish peasant would not endure for a moment the brutal cynicism, the shameless immorality, and the coarse jests that disfigure too many English dramas, notably those of Congreve and his school.

Many attempts were made to suppress the Spanish drama, especially in the period when the accredited teachers of morality thought it transgressed the bounds of freedom and invaded the domain of license. It was for a while, no doubt, so infected, and the charges of its opponents were only too true. But the people clung tenaciously to their greatest delight, and it could be triumphantly asserted that it was adorned with great names. The very worst plays were far above the level of the majority of plays in other countries. Difficult would it be to point out a single line of Lope de Vega or of Calderon in which some redeeming

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quality—happy incidents, or fiery invective, or beautiful language —does not appear. On a level with those two, and sharing with them an imperishable fame, we do not hesitate to place Gabriel Tellez, who wrote under the name of Tirso de Molina.

Gabriel Tellez was considerably younger than Lope de Vega; he was born about 1570. Little is known of his early life. He became a monk at Madrid, and attained the degree of doctor of theology. In 1648 he died, prior of the monastery of Soria. His comedies are prodigious in number, but the work we shall first notice is a very ingenious defence of the Spanish drama. This was written, in the form of a dialogue, twelve years before the *Cid* of Corneille, and so anticipated the controversy about the unities, to which we are apt to assign a later and Gallic origin. The following are extracts from this incisive vindication:

"The delightful interest excited by the drama, the skill of the actors, and the succession of various incidents make the time appear so short that no man, though the representation lasted three hours, would find aught to censure but its brevity. This at least was the judgment of the unprejudiced—I mean of those who attend a dramatic representation not so much to find fault as to procure for themselves a poetical gratification. The drones who do not themselves know how to labor, but how to rob the industrious bees, could not, indeed, renounce their nature, and plunged their stings with a malignant hum into the honey treasures of genius. One says the piece is too intolerably long; another says it is unseemly; a pedantic historian says the poet should be chastised because he has, against the truth of Portuguese history, made the Duke Pedro of Coimbra a shepherd—though he was in fact slain in battle against his cousin, King Alonzo, and left no posterity. . . . As if the liberties of Apollo were tethered to historical accuracy, and might not raise a fabric of fiction on true historical foundations.

"'But,' says the critic to be refuted, 'among many absurdities it has most shocked me to observe the impudence with which the poet has transgressed the limits assigned to his art by the inventors of the drama. For though the action required by them is one which is complete in twenty-four hours at the most, he has crowded months into his play, crammed with love adventures; and even that time is not long enough for ladies of rank and education to fall blindly in love with a shepherd, to make him their secretary, and to enable him to decipher their real purpose amid the riddles with which it is expressed. . . . Moreover, I am at a loss to comprehend with what propriety a piece in which dukes and counts make their appearance can be called a comedy.'"

The malignant censor is here interrupted by Don Alejo, the other speaker in the dialogue:

"'I cannot assent to your opinion, inasmuch as, setting aside the rule that in common courtesy the guest is bound not to quarrel with the viands set before him, this particular comedy does not comply with the rules

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which are still valid. In my opinion, which is common to all who are free from prejudice with myself, the dramas actually represented in our Spain have a great advantage over those of antiquity, although they depart from the rules laid down by the creators of the stage. If they establish this principle, that a play should only represent such actions as can by possibility be compressed within the space of twenty-four hours, can there be a more flagrant absurdity than that a man in his senses should, in so short a period, fall passionately in love with a woman equally in possession of hers, and carry on the matter so rapidly that the love which is announced in the morning ends in a marriage at night? Is that time enough to represent jealousy, despair, hope—in short, all the passions and incidents without which love is a mere word devoid of signification? These evils are, according to the judgment of all persons competent to form an opinion, far greater than those arising from the circumstance that the spectators, without rising from their seats, see and hear things which must occupy several days. For as he who reads a history of a few pages informs himself of events which have occurred in remote countries during many centuries, even so may comedy, which is the image and representation of that on which it is founded, in describing the events which befall two lovers, paint in the most vivid colors all that can take place on such an occasion; and, as it is improbable that all these incidents should occur in one day, may also feign for itself the longer time of which it stands in need. As the pencil represents on a few feet of canvas remote distances, which cheat the eye with an appearance of reality, so must the same privilege be conceded to the pen. Nay, the case is stronger, for the latter is incomparably more energetic than the former, inasmuch as articulated syllables are more intelligible than silent images which can explain thought by signs only. And if you object to me that, under pain of being esteemed presumptuous and ungrateful, we must obey the precepts of the first inventors of the drama, I reply to you that we owe them indeed reverence for having triumphed over the difficulties which belong to a beginning in any matter, but that we are bound to bring what they discovered nearer to perfection. Without impairing the substance, we may change the manner of proceeding and improve it by the lessons of experience.

"It were indeed a precious state of things if the musician, because the inventors of music studied harmony of sound from the blows of the hammer on the anvil, were at the present day to use the instruments of Vulcan, and incur censure because they introduced a harp with strings and thus brought to perfection what originally was imperfect. Herein it is that art differs from nature, because what the one has established since the creation remains immutable—as the pear-tree always produces pears and the oak acorns; while in art, the roots of which grow in the shifting qualities of men, use causes the most important changes and modifications. What reason is there for surprise, then, if comedy transgresses the rules of our forefathers, and, according to the analogy of nature and of art, grafts the comic on the tragic, while it combines the opposite qualities of poetry in a fascinating whole, in which sometimes the serious characters of the one, sometimes the ludicrous and playful characters of the other, make their appearance?

"'Moreover, if the pre-eminence of Æschylus and Menander in Greece,

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and of Terence and Seneca in Rome, were sufficient to make their rules immutable, the excellence of our Lope de Vega, the pearl of the Manzanares, the Tully of Castile, the phœnix of our nation, so far surpasses these in the quantity as well as the quality of his writings that his authority is sufficient to weigh down the doctrine I have cited. As he has brought comedy to the perfection and consummate refinement in which we now behold it, we must think ourselves fortunate in having such a teacher, and zealously defend his school of poetry against its passionate antagonists. For where he says, in many passages of his writings, that he has deviated from the rules of the ancients only out of condescension to the taste of the multitude, he really speaks from the modesty of his nature, and in order that the malevolence of the ignorant should not ascribe that to arrogance which is in fact aiming at perfection. But it is incumbent on us who are his followers, for the reasons which I have enumerated, as well as many others which I will not now allege, to look upon him as the reformer of the new comedy, and to hold in honor modern writers as more beautiful and more instructive than those of former ages.' "

It is difficult to conceive a more ingenious and solid defence of the modern drama, anticipating in many respects the broader and higher criticism of the nineteenth century. And it saves us many a line of explanation, in showing the spirit which animated the Spanish dramatists of that time; for, save in the undue exaltation of Lope de Vega, the critique of Tellez may be accepted as true and substantial. But it is time to examine how far the practice of our dramatist exemplified his theories.

It may surprise some of our readers who are not special students of the Spanish drama to learn that Gabriel Tellez was the first to bring Don Juan and the famous story of the statue-guest upon the stage. The title of his play was the *Burlador de Seville*, or the *Convidado de Piedra*. The hero was Don Juan Tenorio. The story still lives in the traditions of Seville, in which city the Tenorios were a distinguished race, though the name exists no longer. The legend was one of the famous twenty-four, the *veinti-cuatros* of Seville. The outlines may be conveyed in a few words. Don Juan, after dishonoring the daughter of the Comendador Ulloa, killed the father, who was buried in the convent of San Francisco. Don Juan's birth and connections placed him above legal punishment. But the monks of San Francisco contrived to get him within their walls, where they put him to death. The rumor was then circulated abroad that Don Juan had gone to the chapel in which the statue of the Comendador was placed, for the purpose of insulting his memory, when the statue seized him and hurled him into the infernal regions. Such is the legend on which rests *El Burlador de Sevilla*. The play was extremely popular in Spain, and even more so in foreign countries.

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It was transplanted (1620) to the Italian stage. Into French it has had three translations, under the tawdry title of *Festin de Pierre*—in 1659 by De Villiers, in 1661 by Dorimon, and in 1665 by Molière. The same subject was again dramatized in Spain by Zamora, whose play still keeps possession of the stage.

But the peculiar qualities of Tellez are better displayed in a comedy called *Martha la Piadosa* ("The Pious Martha"), in which, long before Tartuffe, and in Spain, hypocrisy is exposed with a trenchant pen. A girl, in order to get rid of a rich and aged suitor, pretends to be seized with a fit of piety and an aversion to marriage. Her father resists at first, but at last consents to allow her to follow the bent of her mind without restraint, under pretence of visiting the sick in hospitals. She thus contrives to obtain repeated interviews with her favored lover, who has killed her brother in a duel (*sic!*). Finally she obtains admittance for him, under the guise of a sick and palsied student, into her father's house to teach her the Latin grammar. Some of the scenes are in the highest vein of comedy. In one the student pretends to faint from weakness, and her father desires her to lift him up, and bids him to lean upon her without scruple. In another the lady, having given vent to her jealousy in a very vivid exclamation which is overheard by her father, escapes from the detection of her hypocrisy by pretending that the student had said it, and that she is repeating it in anger. The expression is equivalent to "By heavens!" (*vive Dios!*), and the father tells her she is too severe. The lover pretends that his feelings are too much hurt to allow him to stay in the house any longer. The father bids his daughter to appease him; and the scene that follows equals the wit of Molière:

"MARTHA. Forgive me, brother; stay.
FELIP. Yes, if you kiss upon your knees my hand. [*Martha kneels.*]
MARTHA. This is an act to mortify the flesh.
THE FATHER. What matchless virtue!
MARTHA (*aside*). Were I to say the truth, the kiss was honey."

In the false position, and consequent hypocrisy, produced by scheming for an unequal and loveless marriage, and the scorn expressed for the actors therein, we seem to see a forecast of Thackeray; though there was that balance in the Spaniard which enabled him to judge matters from an ethical standpoint rather than from the mere personal like or dislike which too often sways the Englishman.

We must be permitted to add another specimen of Molina's

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style. The lover had a friend named Pastrana, a man full of dry wit, and both of them are present at a bull-fight:

"PASTRANA. Think not to see me at the bull-fight here,
Unless, indeed, upon the platform perched,
Or looking from a window.
FELIP. Friend Pastrana,
That is a woman's post, and not a man's,
Unless he's wool and water. Let us dare
What fate may bring us, so we may acquire,
Perchance, eternal blazon and renown.
PASTRANA. No, brother; Death sits on the pointed horn.
FELIP. Talk not so fondly; but that well I knew
Your lofty spirit and your courage tried,
I'd call it cowardice.
PASTRANA. I give you leave.
Call my resolve by any name you please,
So long as we remain no longer here.
FELIP. And can it be that you, who swallow men,
Now tremble at a beast?
PASTRANA. 'Tis true indeed.
Wonder at my opinion as you may,
To fight with two men or with three men oft
Is valor rather than temerity,
Since courtesy or valor furnish means
Of safety—and much more the cunning art
Taught by Caranza of the dexterous thrust,
Straight or oblique—the science of revenge.
Then one may say, if one is hardly pressed:
'Sir, my experience shows me that your worship
Is an epitome of human valor;
So I will never haunt this street again,
Nor speak with Donna Mencia any more;
And, if you will accept me as a friend,
My services attend you from this day.'
Words soft as these control the gentleman—
Money the robber. If your foe be brave,
He must to greater pride and courage yield.
In short, there's always hope, however fierce
His wrath and keen his passion for revenge,
To soothe the fury of the incensed *man*,
If he be one whom gold or breeding win.
But when a *bull* has rent your cloak to shreds,
And bellows at the shoulders of its owner,
In hot pursuit, then try your time—advance,
And whisper in the yelling monster's ear:
'Sir Bull, a gentle breeding sets off valor;
Put some restraint upon your boiling rage.
Indeed, that constant tossing of the head
Can only suit a madman or a fool'—

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And you will see the fruit of your advice!
Offer your friendship to him, turn your head,
You'll find the light at once shine through your back,
Through two clear holes, each half a yard in length."

By far the most popular of the plays of Tellez, and one which is still always received with rapturous applause, is *Gil de las Calzas Verdes* ("Gil of the Green Trousers"). A lady has been abandoned by her lover for a rich Madrid beauty. She first torments him by letters from the convent where he supposes her to be, describing her suffering, her illness, and at last her death. She then dresses in male attire, of which the green trousers are a conspicuous feature, and, under the name of Don Gil, follows him to the capital. She interrupts his remittances, destroys his credit, carries off his mistress, who falls desperately in love with her; thwarts him at every turn, till he comes to believe that he is really haunted by the ghost of her whom he has wronged; and at last causes him to be arrested for her murder. The rage, amazement, confusion, repentance, and despair of the faithless lover are drawn in the most vivid colors. Do or mean what he will, attempt what he will, Gil of the Green Trousers, though always invisible to him, has been beforehand. He goes to his banker's: the check has been paid to Don Gil of the Green Trousers. He tries to mislead his intended father-in-law: the plot is unravelled by Don Gil of the Green Trousers. He endeavors to soften his mistress: she raves of nothing but Don Gil of the Green Trousers. As Don Gil is so successful with green trousers, the other suitors of the Madrid lady dress in green trousers, and assume his name in the dark under her window. At one time there are four persons in the street, each calling himself Gil of the Green Trousers. The climax of this truly laughable scene is reached when the faithless lover appears, also masquerading in the favorite color and under the favorite name. One of his rivals challenges him; but no sooner do his eyes rest upon the fatal garment than his conscience smites him, and he addresses the gentleman as the ghost of his murdered mistress:

"O soul most innocent, by that sweet love
Which once thou cherished for me, and which now
Delights my memory, I charge thee, rest.
My punishment, thy rigor, are complete.
If haply to disturb my present love
Thou hast assumed a body here on earth,
And at Madrid, calling thyself Don Gil,

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In such attire and bearing such a name,
Dost meditate to wreak revenge on me,
. . . . . .
Oh! cease, blest spirit, from thy fierce pursuit."

Hearing this grotesque invocation, the other lover thinks it a mere trick to escape a duel, and overwhelms him with every term of abuse. The play ends by the marriage of Don Gil with her fickle suitor.

While he has not the refinement of Calderon or Lope de Vega, Tellez surpasses them both in his verse and gayety. Calderon has often to be studied rather than read, and his plays are mostly unfitted for acting. He dealt too often with the grand ultimate passions of men, exposed in all their hideous ghastliness, and the absence of *humor*, which his themes necessarily excluded, makes him rather dry reading. It is true his earnestness and faith elevate his fearless dealing with things which, in the hands of any other man—as, for instance, in the hands of his worldly imitator, the elder Dumas—become terrible mockeries. For general reading comedy is always preferable to tragedy, especially modern comedy, in which a tragic element mixes, and from which burlesque is excluded. And of all modern comedy that of Spain occupies the front rank; and of all Spanish comedy Lope de Vega and Gabriel Tellez are the brightest exemplars. Both deal usually, not with the tragic passions, but with those follies and superficial vices which are characteristic of an advanced civilization. Tellez abounds in the subtle, half-sympathetic satire which is the closest definition that can be given of humor. He spares neither the authorities of earth nor the ministers of Heaven—nay, he does not even spare bull-fighting! Epigram after epigram slips from his prodigal pen; his "malice" is inexhaustible.

Nor was the fecundity of his genius the least astonishing part of the man. Second only to Lope de Vega's was the number of his comedies, and their versatility surpassed even those of that celebrated writer. But still more astonishing is the attitude of the critics towards him. Bouterwek never once mentions this extraordinary dramatist; and Schlegel, though claiming such a profound acquaintance with the Spanish drama, merely mentions his name. Even Ticknor, in his careful and accurate work, passes him over coldly. Shack alone, in his useful and appreciative dissertation, does him justice as standing on a level with Lope de Vega and Calderon, both as identified with the drama of his country and as bearing the true impress of Castilian genius.

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THE CATHOLIC CHARITIES OF NEW YORK.

NINETY-SEVEN years have elapsed since the erection of the episcopal see of Baltimore, which event may be fairly considered as the normal and effective starting-point of the Catholic Church in the United States; and but fifteen years separate us from the close of the nineteenth century. It seems, therefore, opportune to now examine into, and, as it were, take inventory of, what has been done up to the present time towards founding Catholic charities in this metropolis, where Catholics are far more numerous than at any other point in the Union. This gratifying reflection occurs in connection with the subject: that what New York has now to show is due, aside from municipal or State assistance in which Catholics have shared along with other religious denominations, for the very greater part to charitable offerings from Catholics alone, the poor doing their share as well as the rich. However deserving and efficient our charitable institutions may with time have proved themselves to be, they have very rarely derived legacies from other than Catholic sources.

The subject has been divided into two parts, the first embracing charities for the benefit of children, the other those for the relief of adults. For the present I shall treat of the former. Notwithstanding best care to make the account as correct as possible, some errors may nevertheless be discovered in it. For such, wherever found, the kind indulgence of the institutions which they may concern is invoked, in confidence that they will make allowance for the difficulties manifestly inherent to the work, which has involved taking down rapidly a great deal of matter under dictation.

The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, being the oldest institution in the city, deserves to head the list and to have more extended mention than any other. By an act dated April 15, 1817, "The Roman Catholic Benevolent Society in the City of New York" was incorporated "for the humane and laudable purpose of assisting and relieving the poor and of protecting and educating orphan children." I am informed that Mr. Marc Desabaye, a French resident, was very prominent in suggesting and promoting the formation of the society.* The first president and

* Madame Chegaray, who is still in life and ninety-five years old, recollects that her brother, Mr. Desabaye, and Mr. Lemoyne were spending the evening at her house when the

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secretary were Stephen P. Lemoyne * and Marc Desabaye; Cornelius Heeney and others managers, all diversely belonging to French, Irish, Italian, Spanish, and German nationalities, which were in this way all represented in the foundation. Cornelius Heeney, who proved its greatest benefactor, was an Irish merchant, who prospered in his business, from which he retired about 1835. He resided in the lower part of Water Street, and had his country-seat in what is now a populous quarter of the city of Brooklyn. He was never married. He gave the society land on Prince Street, between Mulberry and Mott, on which, in 1825, the first well known building of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum was erected, for the reception of male and female orphans, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. On April 1, 1820, an act was passed giving the Roman Catholic Benevolent Society power to bind out children, also part of the school moneys, and the right of the State in the property of Robert Finn, who by his will had devised real and personal estate to the society. In 1836, April 29, the Roman Catholic Benevolent Society was changed into the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, which was to last twenty years. A few years before an association for the special assistance of half-orphans had been formed, which began its work in a hired building near to the asylum. On May 2, 1835, it was incorporated as the "Asylum for the relief of the children of poor widowers and widows in Greenwich Village, in the city of New York," and it erected in Eleventh Street an asylum solely for male and female half-orphans. Right Rev. John Dubois, Cornelius Heeney, Dennis McCarthy, Thomas Glover, and others were the original incorporators. It passed through severe money straits, funds in the treasury, as I learn on good authority, having got at one time as low as two shillings and sixpence, or thirty-one cents! By an act dated April 13, 1852, the two asylums were united into "The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum of New York," as existing at present. Some

need for a Catholic orphan asylum in New York became the subject of earnest conversation. Mr. D. exclaimed that an attempt to begin ought to be made, and that he would get up a concert to raise money for the purpose. Mr. Lemoyne promised to get up an oratorio. The two entertainments were given, and $900 realized from them. Mr. Cornelius Heeney contributed the use of a frame building near the cathedral, and the institution was started, and placed by the bishop in charge of two Sisters of Charity brought from Emmittsburg. Mr. Desabaye and his entire family were lost in the shipwreck of the steamer *Home*, bound for Charleston. On his way to the steamer he stopped at the orphan asylum, rang the bell, and handed the sister in attendance $10, which was to be his last gift.

* He was a lawyer of distinction, with whom at one time the late Charles O'Conor was connected in business. He died at the early age of thirty-one, and his tomb in St. Patrick's Cemetery bears an inscription to the effect that "he originated and perfected the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum of this city."

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years before the city of New York had granted in perpetuity to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum the block bounded by Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets and Fourth and Fifth Avenues, for the use and purposes of an asylum, and the Male Orphan Asylum on Fifth Avenue was the first one built. But Archbishop Hughes would not allow it to be occupied until it was entirely free from debt, which was fortunately accomplished through a legacy of $25,000 under the will of Peter Harmony, a wealthy Spanish merchant. By special statute the asylum is entitled to share in the money appropriations of the Board of Education. It has been the beneficiary for many years past of devises of real estate and of legacies, varying in amount, many not exceeding one hundred dollars, but all aggregating an important sum. About 1865 Peter Boland left the asylum quite a large sum for the establishment and maintenance of a farm or industrial school, which intention of the testator was carried out by the purchase of the Boland Farm near Peekskill, at present under the charge of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. In 1856, for reasons judged sufficient, the Half-Orphan Asylum building in Eleventh Street was first rented and afterwards sold to the Sisters of Charity, and became the present St. Vincent's Hospital. The asylum now includes the Male Orphan Asylum on Fifth Avenue, the Female Orphan Asylum on Madison Avenue, and the Boland Farm above referred to. Half-orphans as well as orphans are received in all three institutions. At the close of the official year ending September 30, 1885, there was an aggregate total of 964 inmates—273 orphans and 691 half-orphans.

The Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul, No. 215 West Thirty-ninth Street, was incorporated November 5, 1868, under the statute of April 12, 1848, and is managed by a board of nine trustees, elected annually, of whom the rector of the church of St. Vincent de Paul, in West Twenty-third Street, is by consent and usage *ex-officio* president. The objects of this institution, as declared by article i. section 1 of its by-laws, "are to provide for destitute and unprotected orphan and half-orphan children of both sexes, of French birth or parentage, and others, and to educate them in the Roman Catholic faith."

The house is in charge of the Sœurs Marianites de Ste. Croix, whose mother-house is at Mans, in France. The building now being completed will have room for 100 boys and 150 girls. The foundation of this asylum is owing, under the blessing of God, to the zeal and devotedness of Father Annet Lafont, of the Congre-

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gation of the Priests of Mercy, whose mother-house is in Paris. Father Lafont was sent in 1843 to take charge of the church of St. Vincent de Paul—then in Canal Street, since removed to West Twenty-third Street—which has under its care "the French Parish," that is to say, all French Catholics in the city of New York. His first small beginning of this charity was in 1858, in a private dwelling in West Twenty-fourth Street, with girls only, and later on, in 1861, in West Twenty-sixth Street, when the Sœurs Marianites came from France and were placed in charge. Subsequently an adjoining house was hired in order to provide for small boys. In 1868 the present asylum was begun by Father Lafont, but, through lack of means, only half of the contemplated building was erected, and that has been in use from September, 1870, up to the present time. Father Lafont died in January, 1875. The very appropriate motto of the society, "*Christo in Orphanis*" (To Christ in the orphans), which is on its corporate seal, is inscribed on the arched stone lintel of the main entrance.

St. Joseph's Asylum, on Eighty-ninth Street and Avenue A, was founded by Father Joseph Helmprächt, of the church of the Most Holy Redeemer, in 1858, when, in consequence of the great pressure of demands for admission into the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, the necessities of orphans of German parentage needed to be provided for separately. The institution was incorporated April 15, 1859, and its charter amended March 5, 1886. It is administered by a board of seventeen managers, of which the rector of the church of the Holy Redeemer is *ex-officio* president, and the rector of that of St. Alphonsus *ex officio* vice-president. Its object is "to support, maintain, and educate in useful knowledge and employment poor orphans, half-orphans, and homeless and neglected children, especially those of German origin, and assist such poor aged people as were or may be associates of said corporation." Its sources of support are contributions from members of St. Joseph's Orphan Society, collections taken up in the two parishes above mentioned, and *per capita* allowances for children committed by the courts. The asylum is under the immediate charge of thirty Sisters of Notre Dame, a religious community from Munich (Bavaria), where the mother-house is. There are in the asylum at present 277 boys and 234 girls. Orphans to be admitted must be of German parents deceased in New York, and half-orphans must have had either father or mother a member of the Orphan Society and of a German Catholic church. The asylum had a hard struggle during

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the first ten years to find means for support and to pay off indebtedness.

The New York Catholic Protectory.—The late Dr. L. Silliman Ives was foremost in zeal, energy, and intelligent advocacy in suggesting and promoting the establishment of this institution, which has grown to be, in extent and important results, above any other in the city, and without doubt second to no other of its kind in the State. Archbishop Hughes gave the project his warm approbation and encouragement. After a struggle for nearly three months against sectarian opposition, on the 5th of May, 1863, the society was incorporated under the title of "The Society for the protection of Destitute Roman Catholic Children in the City of New York," which, by act passed in 1871, was changed to the shorter one under which it is known at present. The objects and work of the institution are so widely known that any mention of them here would be superfluous. Dr. Ives was elected president of the first board of twenty-six lay trustees, and continued in office until his death in 1867. He was succeeded by Prof. Henry James Anderson, who resigned in December, 1873, a few months before his death, and Mr. Henry L. Hoguet has presided over the management ever since. The first beginning was made in June, 1863, in two houses connected by their yards in Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Streets, near the Second Avenue, where boys were received under the care of the Christian Brothers. In October following a building corner of Eighty-sixth Street and Second Avenue was opened for the girls, and Sisters of Charity placed in charge. A building fund was got up, and abundant contributions flowed into it, several of them for very large sums. On November 23, 1864, at a meeting in Cooper Institute presided over by the late Archbishop of New York, Dr. Ives delivered a lecture in behalf of the nascent charity which for intelligent treatment of the subject, sound views, cogent argument, and eloquent language may serve as a model. In 1865 a farm of about 114 acres, near the village of Westchester, was purchased, and the erection of buildings for boys begun there, and in the summer following others for girls, which latter were destroyed by fire in July, 1872, but subsequently rebuilt on a larger scale. Up to 1873 * the whole amount expended since the commencement and chargeable to the work was $1,430,706 85, of which $756,596 32 was raised and applied without troubling the public exchequer, private benevolence having for its part contributed $413,897 18. Statistics for the year ending September 30,

* See Report of 1872.

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1885, contained in the Twenty-third Annual Report, show that there were in the institution on that date 1,332 boys, 741 girls, and 126 little boys; and that the total number of children receiving the benefits of the institution last year were 2,985. Very young children are preferably put out, when practicable and safe to do so, in reliable private families. For twenty years back receipts from the city funds have only equalled about 75 per cent. of the Protectory's current expenses; the remainder have had to be otherwise provided for. The products turned out by the industry of the youthful inmates are varied and good, and have ready and constant mercantile value. The specimens of them exhibited at the World's Fair at New Orleans last winter, at the London Health Exhibition last year, and at the National Education Convention held at Saratoga in July, 1885, were highly praised. The president confidently estimates that, from the beginning up to the present time, very nearly 20,000 poor children have received the benefits of the institution. The House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, in existence since 1824, that has received for sites from the city all the valuable land it needed and in aggregate State appropriations nearly $1,700,000, reports that up to 30th of September, 1885, the number of children received into the house since its opening, *sixty years ago*, is 22,195!

St. Stephen's Home for Children, Nos. 143, 145, 147 East Twenty-eighth Street and 138 East Twenty-ninth Street. Incorporated December 11, 1875, under the statute of April 12, 1848. For some years previous to 1868 Rev. E. McGlynn, D.D., rector of St. Stephen's Church, had had sad experience of the many and great needs of orphans, half-orphans, and children otherwise destitute in his parish, and of the difficulty, for want of room, to get them admitted into the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum. In order to provide for these parochial necessities he determined to try something of his own for them. In 1868 a house was hired on Second Avenue near Thirty-first Street, and the work of harboring orphan and half-orphan boys and girls, under the care of Sisters of Charity, was begun there. A year later it was removed to the south side of West Twenty-eighth Street, nearly opposite the church, and in 1871 to the present premises, which were bought in parts as fast as means could be collected. In 1883 a commodious house and out-buildings, with a farm of twenty-seven acres, was purchased at New Dorp (S.I.) This country-place serves for both girls and boys, and is used in connection with the home in West Twenty-eighth Street. Another place at Fordham, embracing 21 building lots, has been

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also purchased and applied to the separate use of very little boys and girls, who have the benefit there of a kindergarten. Sisters of Charity, eighteen altogether, are in charge at the three places. The present condition of the institution is prosperous. Although children of the parish have the preference, others are also admitted when the case justifies it and there is room. For the year ending September 30, 1885, the inmates have numbered 635, about half of either sex.

St. Joseph's Home for Children, in West Eighty-first Street, near Madison avenue, is included in the Institution of Mercy, under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy, and was opened in 1869, after the civil war had left many orphans to be provided for. It is administered solely and exclusively by the sisters. It is for the relief of destitute children of both sexes, of unblemished morals and from six years and upward, who are given a plain English education and industrial training until they attain the age of sixteen. The children of deceased or disabled soldiers have a primary claim to admission. The boys are kept at Balmville, near Newburg, where the sisters have a convent. The present number of girls in the home in West Eighty-first Street is 566, for 52 of which, over sixteen years of age, no remuneration whatever is received. Present number of boys at Balmville is 286. A convent is being built on Madison Avenue, on land adjoining, to serve as a habitation for the sisters and for the other purposes of the Institution of Mercy, and which will take the place of the convent formerly in East Houston Street, since sold and demolished. The institution for the care and protection of female adults, immigrants or others, has been given up. The city has given a lease of ninety-nine years of the land at present occupied on West Eighty-first Street.

The Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity in the City of New York, on Sixty-eighth Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues, established in 1869, and incorporated 11th of October of that year, was the first asylum exclusively for foundlings in the United States, and has become more extensive and prosperous than any other. Infanticide and abandonment of infants, now comparatively very rare, had become sixteen years ago frightfully frequent in New York.* The little victims of the lesser crime, after having been picked up, were consigned to the care of the

* The heart-rending case reported in the *Sun* at the close of last winter is fortunately chargeable to a city in an adjoining State. A fine male child, not over eighteen months old, was left, with a single scant garment on, in a secluded spot to freeze to death. So full of life and warmth was it that the surface of the ground underneath its little body was found to have become thawed, and in its agonized struggle for life it had clutched with its tiny hands the plants and grass that lay within its reach.

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pauper women in the Blackwell's Island Almshouse. The natural result was a frightful mortality among them. Certain Catholic ladies of New York organized themselves into a society, called the New York Foundling Society, for the purpose of setting up in their own city that good work of which St. Vincent de Paul had shown the first example, in Paris, in the seventeenth century.* It was begun, of course, under the charge of Sisters of Charity, at No. 117 East Twelfth Street, in hired premises, from which it was soon found necessary to move to more spacious ones at No. 3 West Washington Square. About this time a number of gentlemen interested in the charity formed themselves into an auxiliary association under the title of "The Advisory Committee of the New York Foundling Asylum," for the purpose of assisting the sisters with their advice in matters relating to its external affairs. The beginning was attended with great difficulties, but the city soon granted a small *per capita*, which later on was increased by an appreciative legislature to the present daily allowance of 38 cents per child. This, however, is no greater than the allowance made to Protestant institutions of the same class. The city also gave the land on which the present imposing buildings, opened in 1873, were erected, which have cost nearly $700,000, more than three-fourths of the sum having been defrayed by subscriptions and donations. During the first years the original French method was followed, which provides facilities for the mother to leave her child in a certain receptacle and steal away unperceived. But with our heterogeneous population and the circumstance of adjoining independent States this was found to open a door to many abuses, and the present method was substituted. In order to charge the city with the support of such children only as are eligible under the asylum charter, the mother is obliged to bring her babe herself and answer any necessary questions, no inquiries being ever made as to her name or family history. She also must lay it in the reception-crib—which stands in the vestibule of the main entrance, and is one of the chief objects of interest, having held sixteen thousand babies—and she must declare her willingness to resign all further claim upon it. Only children born in this city, abandoned by their parents, and thus exposed to destruction through the shame or poverty of their mothers, are received. Children of women who act as wet-nurses are never received.

* Foundlings were sold in the Rue St. Landry at twenty *sous* apiece, and it is related that they were commonly used to nurse *sick* women and rid them of milk considered unhealthy (Feller, *Dictionnaire Biographique*, art. "St. Vincent de Paul").

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The charity had not been long in existence before it was apparent that the work of benefaction urgently required to be extended to needy and homeless unwedded mothers, or homeless married mothers deserted by their protectors and supporters. It then became the practice to harbor these also, and by employing them as nurses to avoid the risk and labor of bringing up such numbers of infants on the bottle. At present the mothers are always urged by the sisters to enter with their babies and remain with them twelve or fourteen months in the asylum nurseries, and their cheerful appearance often attracts the attention of visitors to the institution. It is estimated that about forty-five hundred needy and homeless mothers have, from the beginning up to this time, been greatly assisted and bettered in this way.

Besides the five or six hundred children who may be seen in the asylum nurseries, kindergarten, etc., there are always some eleven hundred others at nurse in the city and suburbs, and these nurses of the Out-door Department come on the first Wednesday of each month from seven A.M. to five P.M. to draw their pay. More than $120,000 is thus paid out annually, and serves the double purpose of securing the welfare of the foundlings and paying the rent for hundreds of poor families. These out-door nurses are subject to strict rules, and are under a close surveillance, in which the members of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul assist very efficaciously. As soon as the children are old and strong enough to leave, the sisters look to placing them in good homes in the country, preference being given to Western ones. The institution has an agent who assures himself by a visit of inspection that the parties applying for the adoption of children are in positions to do well by them. When fifty or more homes have been thus secured a corresponding number of little ones is selected to meet the demand; and the band, each child having its own name and that of its adopted parents sewed inside the collar of its travelling-dress, is sent off under suitable protection to its various destinations. Children that have been sent away before are visited regularly to make sure that they are treated well, and the asylum continues to be a vigilant protector until they reach the age of maturity. The asylum's medical board consists of a consulting staff of six physicians, six visiting physicians and surgeons, a resident physician, a pathologist, a vaccine physician, and two physicians to the Out-door Department.

Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Children, Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street, incorporated May 23, 1877, has a board of seven managers.

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More than fifteen years ago the sufferings, hardships, and spiritual destitution of the numerous class of newsboys had become a subject of general compassionate sympathy. Protestants had, at an early date, begun the work of trying to assist them according to their methods, but a very large proportion of the boys were Catholics or of Catholic parentage, and needed something besides lodgings and food accompanied with more or less proselytism. In 1870 the Society of St. Vincent de Paul opened at 53 Warren Street the "St. Vincent's Newboys' Lodging-House," which was soon filled to its utmost capacity. But experience quickly demonstrated that without a spiritual director on the premises success was impossible. At this juncture, in September, 1871, Rev. John C. Drumgoole, who for many years had entertained the desire of consecrating his life to God by laboring for the salvation of homeless and destitute children, offered himself to Archbishop McCloskey to establish a mission for the protection of that class. With the consent of the archbishop, and his blessing upon himself and the undertaking, he took up the work, which the Society of St. Vincent de Paul gladly relinquished to him, and at once made No. 53 Warren Street his home. It soon became necessary to hire the adjoining premises, No. 55 Warren Street. The name of the institution was then changed to "St. Vincent's Home for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Boys." Each boy who could afford it paid the nominal charge of five cents for lodging; washing free. On Sundays meals were given gratis, so as to attach the boys to the house and insure their attendance at Mass and Catechism. Evening-schools were opened, at which, besides Catechism, reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught. Mass was said every day in the chapel of the home; on week-day mornings at five o'clock, on Sundays at six. On week-days the boys were called at 5.30. Father Drumgoole met them all in the lecture-room at 5.45 every morning, and gave instructions for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before breakfast. The boys soon began to respond to the religious influence, and on the occasion of his first Christmas in the house he gave a retreat, which began two weeks before, was well attended, and produced good and very consoling results.

The numbers applying for admission to the house were so much greater than could be accommodated that Father Drumgoole was forced to build a large and more commodious one with ample accommodation to meet the spiritual and temporal wants of that class of children which he was laboring to protect. He then conceived the idea of the *Mission of the Immaculate Vir-*

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gin for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Children, and, in order to gather the funds needed, of St. Joseph's Union and the publication of the *Homeless Child*. On the 29th of December, 1878, the late cardinal blessed the corner-stone of the fine building corner Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street. On the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph in 1882 he dedicated the chapel, and the house was afterwards blessed by Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan. It is well equipped with all it needs, and is a great credit to the intelligence and forethought that has planned everything, and which put the playground on the roof for want of a better place. Shortly afterwards Father Drumgoole bought five adjoining farms on Staten Island, amounting in all to about 600 acres, to which he gave the name of Mount Loretto Farm, and erected there large and suitable buildings for the accommodation of children. The children in both city and country are under the care of the Sisters of St. Francis, those under eleven being sent to Mount Loretto. The mission furnishes children who have no friends to direct and take care of them with a comfortable home, board, washing, and mending, according to their scanty means, until they can earn sufficient wages to pay their own way in respectable boarding-houses. Nor is the black race excluded from the charitable protection of the mission. Father Drumgoole never refuses admission to deserving Catholic colored boys who apply for it. Since the year 1871 up to March, 1885, 15,730 children have been cared for by the mission. Besides the thousands who have received religious instruction, 4,727 have been prepared for first communion and very many for confirmation. Nearly one-half of the children admitted have been maintained gratuitously. At the date of March, present year, there were 1,180 children under the control of the mission—660 at Mount Loretto and 520 in the city.

The Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls, at the House of the Holy Family, 136 and 138 Second Avenue, incorporated in 1870, is administered by a board of twenty-seven lady managers elected annually by the members of the association, which former in turn elect of their number a president, vice-president, treasurer, assistant treasurer, and secretary. There is also an advisory committee of fourteen gentlemen, of which the spiritual adviser, Right Rev. Monsignor Preston, is chairman. The association had its beginning in 1869 in a semi-weekly mission-school opened by a few zealous Catholic ladies in the heart of one of the most squalid and destitute districts of the city. In the progress of their work they were led to the idea of a home where

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the forlorn and abject children of the streets would be welcome. Early in 1870 an association having these aims was formed under the spiritual direction of the Right Rev. Mgr. Preston, and the House of the Association for Befriending Children was opened at 316 West Fourteenth Street, in which were accommodations for forty-five persons. In order to obtain a more central position and increased facilities, the work was removed in May, 1871, to 247 East Thirteenth Street, and became known as the Association for Befriending Children *and Young Girls.* In order to secure a permanent home the property 136 Second Avenue was purchased in January, 1874, to which later No. 138 was added, and in 1881 No. 134 was leased. The objects of the association are to rescue children of poor and dissolute parents from the evil influences which surround them, to shelter and nurture them, and give them such instruction as shall counteract their tendencies to vice and irreligion, and shall fit them to earn their own living in the various branches of industry; also to receive young girls who, desiring to return to the path of virtue, are willing to enter a reformatory *without* being committed by a magistrate. The inmates, who are admitted either on their own application or through those who may be interested in them, enter upon a systematic course of religious, secular, and industrial education, the last embracing principally work with the sewing-machine and in the laundry, and proficiency in household labors. The average stay in the house is about one year, and the shortest period six months. When they leave employment is obtained for them and they receive a suitable outfit. In March, 1885, the association undertook two weekly industrial schools for Italian children, which were opened in the basements of the church of the Transfiguration and of St. James. Success in this work has led since to the opening in a room at No. 54 Roosevelt Street of a day-school for Italian children, and the two industrial schools have been merged into one and hold their sessions on Saturdays at the same place. In 1879 a systematic visitation by ladies connected with the association was inaugurated, in connection and co-operation with the House of the Holy Family, to visit the hospitals and other public institutions for the purpose of meeting the spiritual wants of the suffering and destitute. Whole number of inmates cared for during the year ending October, 1885, 512; whole number dismissed, 285. Number of inmates at that date, 217.

St. James' Home, 26 James Street, founded in 1878, incorporated in 1883, has a board of managers.

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It is a parochial work, in charge of the Sisters of Charity, and instituted for the benefit of orphan and half-orphan and otherwise destitute girls. Its present condition is fairly prosperous. The number of inmates is limited to 150. At present there are 145. They are admitted at the age of three years and are kept until they are sixteen. About forty leave the institution annually.

The Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic, at No. 141 Second Street, a community originally German, from Regensburg (Bavaria), which has been 27 years here and is incorporated, founded in 1878 a home at Blauveltville (Rockland Co.) for the relief of orphan, half-orphan, and otherwise destitute girls, without distinction of nationality. The home, which has several spacious buildings and twenty-five acres of land attached, can accommodate 500 inmates; at present contains only 300. Cookery is one of the useful acquirements in which pains are taken to instruct those girls old enough to be taught it. The house in Second Street serves only as a city house of reception.

The Missionary Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, originally a German community, but whose mother-house is in Italy, and who are established at No. 143 West Thirty-first Street, founded at Peekskill, in 1879, a home at the convent of Our Lady of Angels for the reception of destitute boys and girls from New York city. There they are educated and trained until they attain an age to be suitably disposed of. The premises in West Thirty-first Street serve only as a city house of reception. According to official information received from Peekskill, the home there can accommodate 650 children in all. There are 583 there at present. The stay of the boys is until they are 14, of the girls until they are 16 years of age. During 1885, 17 boys and 26 girls left the institution.

St. Ann's Home for Destitute Children, corner of Ninetieth Street and Avenue A, in charge of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, was incorporated November 18, 1879, under the general statute of April 12, 1848, for the charitable purposes implied in its title. Girls only are received. The home can hold 140; contains at present about 85.

The Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic have a home, opened in 1881, for destitute children of both sexes, in the convent of the Holy Rosary at Nos. 329 to 335 East Sixty-third Street. It is administered solely and exclusively by these religious, whose convent was founded in this city in 1876. The children are admitted from the age of four and upward; in some

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cases, under the pressure of great necessity, infants as young as two. The boys are sent to a home at Sparkill (Rockland Co.), where there are 170 at present. Number of girls in the convent in East Sixty-third Street is 300.

St. Agatha's Home for Children, founded in February, 1884, by the Sisters of Charity attached to St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, at No. 209 West Fifteenth Street, which serves as a city house of reception only. Destitute and homeless girls only are received, not under three years of age, and are sent to the home at Nanuet, near Nyack (Rockland Co.), where they are instructed and trained to industrious habits until they are old enough to leave and homes or occupations can be found for them by friends or relatives or otherwise. Boys two or three years old are sometimes received temporarily to be taken care of until they are five years of age. The home is under the charge of twelve Sisters; can accommodate 150 children. The average number in 1885 was 130.

St. Michael's Home, 383 Ninth Avenue, as in other instances, has grown out of numerous pressing parochial needs which could not be adequately relieved in any other Catholic institution in the city. It was incorporated on the 19th of May, 1884, under the general statute of April 12, 1848, "for the care, support, and maintenance, first, of destitute children who shall have resided within the limits of St. Michael's parish, in the city of New York, for at least one year previous to admission in the home, . . . such destitute children not to be retained in the institution after reaching fourteen years of age; and, secondly, of any destitute persons when its means and facilities permit." The articles of incorporation provide further that after fifty children supported and maintained by such society have received the full *per capita* allowance out of the public funds, such society will not ask for more than one dollar per week of public funds for each additional child. There is a board of seven managers which administers. The home, called Mount St. Michael, is near Green Ridge (S. I.), and is under the charge of the Nuns of the Presentation. Boys and girls occupy separate departments and are received as young as two years. There is room for 100 inmates in all. The house contains only 75 at present.

This concludes the account of Catholic institutions in the city of New York for the relief and assistance of that portion of suffering humanity at all times greatly in need of them, and which, promptly eliciting sympathy and compassion, always forms the more interesting object of charitable effort.

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EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.

IT was written of St. Scholastica: "Little is known of her on earth, save that she was the sister of St. Benedict." Venerating her brother as she did, these few words would have been sweeter to her woman's heart than volumes inscribed to her personal piety and exemplary life; for she loved St. Benedict even as the great St. Theresa loved her brother, with a love that has passed into the history of the church. Doubtless the name of Eugénie de Guérin would never have been heard on this side of the Atlantic—nor even in Paris—had not a ray from the lustrous genius of Maurice irradiated it.

Now and then, without our searching, we come upon a little flower whose germ the winds of heaven have wafted from some far-away alien garden to our very feet, where we are surprised to find it blooming; so from far over the seas the flowers of this lonely girl's spiritualized fancy have been borne to us even as the velvet-petalled edelweiss that held its beauty so high above the reach of human hand until God willed its capture.

Eugénie de Guérin was born in a remote corner of the ancient province of Languedoc, in southern France. Descended from an ancient race, we find her living in a stately old castle, surrounded by few evidences of material wealth, but happy in the perfect union of family love and mutual devotion. Madame de Guérin had died many years before the opening of the journal of Eugénie, and in November of 1834 we find mentioned M. de Guérin—her father—Eugénie, a younger brother and sister (Maurice had just left them), living there in the wide, picturesque old castle, in the love and concord of angels, in the sweet peace of Vallombrosa!

She tells us that the journal is written "not for the world—for one": that one, Maurice. She quotes as its dedication the words of Hildegarde to St. Bernard: "Je me dépose dans votre âme." And this assurance she kept literally. This was about the date of the fall of Lamennais, of whom Maurice had been an ardent admirer; and at once the youthful disciple, shocked, bewildered, accepted the urgent invitation of a devoted poet-friend, M. Hippolyte de la Morvonnais, to visit him in Brittany, not far from La Chênaie, in his country-house, Val de l'Arguenon, a profound solitude on the borders of the ocean.

To return to the journal. Its chief charm is derived from

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the microscopic view it gives us of a sort of human saint's heart in its natural sensibility. Few women in profane history, having such rare intelligence, such a capacity for loving, such force of character, such a fatal tendency to morbidness, enhanced by perpetual loneliness, have kept these forces so admirably controlled by religious power. Her letters unite the fascinating grace of Madame de Sévigné's with the serious beauty of Madame Swetchine's. Both letters and journal contain gleams of humor, bits of condensed good sense, acute observation, aphorisms which remind one of the *Reflections* of La Rochefoucauld and *Les Pensées* of Pascal, of which last-named writer she never wearied. Here is a little bunch of immortelles from the fair garden of her mind:

"This admirable Plato! He would never have ranked health before beauty in the catalogue of God's gifts if he had consulted a woman."

"The lonely heart is like a tree hung around with dead leaves."

"Yesterday I got a good, hearty sting which makes me rather shy of bees, and forces me, too, to admit that what makes honey may often be itself very wicked."

"In piety there is an ideal side which fills the head with heaven, angels, and seraphic notions, without making any impression on the heart, without inclining it to the practice of God's law. When some nuns asked St. Francis de Sales if they should not go without shoes, he answered: 'Change your hearts—keep your shoes!'"

"It is only for one brief moment, at a mere point of time, that certain lives touch each other."

"A troubled heart says a good many things to the pillow."

"We all owe each other concessions of taste and opinion for the sake of family peace and affection."

"Confession is the expansion of repentance into love."

"Intelligence is developed by instruction, just as wood only kindles by contact with fire."

"Derangements of health, by being too tenderly caressed when they are as yet only slight evils, often become grave maladies, just as faults of character, by being flattered, grow into passions."

"Every plant gathers something from its position, every flower from the vase in which it hangs, every man from the country in which he lives."

"Since Eve, all satisfied curiosity is disappointed."

"Happiness is surrounded by thorns, touch it on what side you may."

Her humility is expressed in one sentence: "*Yes, I was wrong; so much the better. I feared so much that you were so.*"

She cultivated that perfect resignation of the truly Christian heart which Madame Swetchine defines as "a placing of God between one's self and one's grief"; for, when loneliest, she used to say, "God has placed me well; he orders all things lovingly and wisely: he does not bid the violet spring up in the streets."

There is an Eastern legend that prettily runs this wise:

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Two angels ever attend us, one with wings of light, the other with wings of darkness. And when we look up and smile in the face of the Angel of Light, the Spirit of Darkness quickly throws the shadow of his wings over us, fearful lest we should forget, in the light of our radiant companion, that for every joy there is a corresponding balance of sorrow.

Eugénie de Guérin seemed ever to stand between these two angels. Maurice alone perfectly understood her, though she made no pretensions to be enigmatic. She was, nevertheless, an enigma to herself, as many of us must be at times. When Maurice was present she could not be sated nor wearied with the music that fell from his lips. When he was absent, all existence about her beat with a lower pulse—indeed, as the Irish tenderly express it, he was "the pulse of her heart."

She may have idealized him as the poetic, artistic nature always does, as the painter unconsciously will a beloved face in absence; yet Maurice de Guérin could never have gathered about him friends and admirers so distinguished, so intellectual, so famous to-day in letters, during his few years in Paris, had he not possessed more than ordinary attractions of mind and person. A biographer of his tells us of his having had "dark, southern eyes, in which brightness and melancholy were mingled." His voice was inexpressibly sweet and rich, and he seemed to have that enviable, uncommon power of dramatizing incidents he related. An explanation of his having been temporarily dazzled by the brilliancy of that fallen angel, Lamennais, is given in this confession in one of his letters: "My imagination welcomes every dream, every impression, without attaching itself to any, and goes on for ever seeking something new." Conscious of this incurable fickleness, Eugénie writes to him, knowing that he is restless and despondent even whilst betrothed to a lovely young creature born in the Orient: "Oh! I do believe that nothing pleases thee; a charm once tasted, it is over, exhausted. I seem to see in thee a something which poisons thee, will kill thee if God do not deliver thee from it." Fatal inheritance, as impossible to escape as the inheritance of the disease which consumed his body! Censure not such beings.

The only glimpse she gives us of her outward self is found in a letter to her valued friend, the Baroness de Maistre, wife of the famous Xavier de Maistre, both of whom were life-long and comforting friends of hers. This was written previous to their meeting: "As for you, do not paint me too fair; expect to see nothing but a pale, fragile girl, little accustomed to society,

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thoughtful rather than conversible, all concentrated in her heart-life. 'Tis thence, in short, that springs what makes me loved by you."

When she could no longer have Maurice within the bound of vibrating speech, she would gladly have converted her life-blood into ink, that she might send to him the whole course of her life as it flowed.

Some days were barren enough of interest—as, for example: "Nothing came to-day, not even the sun; this evening only a few crows have flown by. No walk, no going out, save in thought." And this: "Mud, rain, and snow depress me to-day; I see nothing but the foot-prints of little birds whose tiny feet as they pressed the snow looked like corals."

Certainly the climate of southern France should be mild and sunny for invalids when summer does deign to show herself; these notes tell one that snow would linger in the very bosom of May!

Her loneliness was always intensified by a hunger for a letter from Maurice. She lived between the folds of his letters; and they must have been replete with beauty, for, like her, he had a most profound and delicate sense of the life of nature, and the most exquisite felicity in finding expression to render that sense. He is the Ruskin of poetry. She would find a phrase which would be an enchanted palace, in which she would dwell for days —a treasure-house disclosing priceless gifts for her at every turn. But should he mention his being ill, or should his *fiancée* write three words, "Maurice still coughs"—presto! the enchanted palace was transformed into a very tomb, from the oppressive atmosphere of which she would write to him a letter that would "plough the heart"; and that *nursing* heart of hers would moan, "I have a pain in my brother's chest." Think of that! Yet they were so wonderfully linked, so astonishingly alike—"two eyes of one brow," she says. She often sat writing till sunrise, that she might take advantage of some passer-by who would carry her letter to Paris. The letter despatched, she would cheerfully go about her humble household duties; for she was never idle, knowing she had within her two dangerous enemies, *ennui* and despondency. The most austere religious was never more systematic than she. She believed that without order life was mere confusion, out of which nothing beautiful within or without could grow. The most æsthetic, sybaritic beauty of to-day liked no better "to lie in lilies in the sun" than she; but she would not be idle. When the moon, rising over Les

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Mérix, would throw a beam upon the Gospel which she so often read in the deep window-seat of her room, she said her rosary, then hastened below to read to her father, to whom she was such a daughter that he called her his "other self." She lived for others wholly. There are some loving natures that furnish so much to others that those others seem to live on them.

There fluttered for ever within her breast a hope that soon a letter from Maurice must come again; yet hope was ever for her at best fear viewed on the sunny side.

Suddenly dropping her distaff, often she would hasten to her turret-chamber, lest Maurice should feel that she had reproached him for his silence in her last letter, and she would make her pen sing as cheerily in the journal as any bird in the sunlight. She would tell him how, at that very moment, the sun was pouring into her room, making such tapestries on her bare walls as it would be vain to try and duplicate in Paris; how the shepherd-boy's whistle could be heard in the valley; how she had grown fond of three leeches in a bottle on her mantel; how she had nursed a wounded partridge almost well, and dreaded to release him; how the nightingales were singing beneath her casement, and she longed to send one to his rooms in Paris. A little child kisses her, and she tells Maurice it was as if a lily had touched her cheek. "Do you think," she goes on, "that if I were running to meet you a flower in my way or a thorn in my foot would have power to stop me?" She hears a step ascending the stair. The journal goes under her pillow, but not before a tear has fallen upon its pages, for this cheerful poem has cost her something; but she flatters herself that Maurice will have no idea how heart-sick she is with anxiety on account of his failing health. She has learned to smile, even if sadly, in the face of Denial, and she has again driven away Despondency, that wolf ever haunting the gates of her heart.

One of the few passions of her life was reading; and it is very pathetic to us to-day, whose shelves groan with their weight of books, to find such a question as this in a letter to her brother: "Tell me if *The Love of God*, by Count Stolberg, is a very expensive book."

Bossuet, Fénelon, and St. Francis de Sales were her favorite spiritual writers, Lamartine and Châteaubriand her most enjoyed poets. She greatly relished Racine and Corneille now and then. She had the highest opinion of Sir Walter Scott. Of Victor Hugo—whom she read very sparingly, 'tis true—she exclaims: "What a man Victor Hugo is! He is divine, infernal, wise, mad;

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he is the people, the king; he is man, woman, painter, poet, sculptor; he is everything; he has seen all, done all, felt all; he amazes, repels, enchants me! And yet I hardly know him, except in *Cromwell*, some prefaces, *Marie Tudor*, and a bit of *Notre Dame*."

It would seem that her mind and that of Mrs. Browning, then in Florence, met and blended by a sort of heavenly alchemy; for the latter was echoing, in musical numbers, the thoughts which this gentle hermitess of La Cayla was writing in her journal at times.

How she had delighted to quote this in a letter to Maurice:

"The widest land
Doom takes to part us leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. . . .
And when I sue
God for myself, he hears that name of thine
And sees within my eyes the tears of two."

Count de Maistre, a poet himself, also M. d'Aurevilly, the poet-friend who edited the *Centaur* of Maurice de Guérin posthumously, used to urge Eugénie to write more in verse; but she never aspired to celebrity, regarding which she wrote: "Celebrity is not happiness, as more than one great man can testify; and to woman, more especially, wide spheres are unsuited. God has made their spheres small as for the flowers." She wrote a poem for children called "Joujou, the Angel of the Playthings," which would be greatly appreciated, I am sure, by the little ones who love St. Nicholas.

In November, 1838, the wedding of Maurice called her to Paris. She regarded this union as a special favor of God, since it gave her a sister whose refinement and beauty of person were equalled by her spiritual graces and profound piety. In Paris, as the guest of Madame de Maistre, she met many interesting and notable persons; among others she often met Lacordaire, Lamartine, and Ravignan.

She exclaims: "A great man resembles other men so very much! Could I have believed that a Lamartine and a De Maistre had not something in them more than human!" And we hear Mr. Howells voicing the same thought after fifty years: "But as we come to know great men better, we come to see that, after all, they are of one blood with the well-known human race, and no miracles of creation."

Ignorance such as she found among the peasantry she met with patience always; she could forgive an error of the intellect, if the heart were right. She was far more alarmed about men of

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genius, like Lamennais, who go astray; who know the law and do not keep it; who close their eyes against the daylight. She called Lamennais a "glorious wandering star," and prophesied that he would reappear in his old place in the heavens.

Eight months after his marriage, being but a few years older than Keats, Maurice died in the old castle.

There are beautiful souls of which we only here below see the promise, whose entire realization takes place in the other life. Maurice de Guérin sank into eternal repose in the bosom of the Catholic Church. It was a source of much pain to Eugénie when George Sand, an enthusiastic admirer of her brother's writings, referred to him in a eulogistic obituary as "a soul without faith." This error was corrected the same year when De Guérin's posthumous works were published.

Nothing has ever touched me more profoundly than these words with which she opens a journal begun a few days after his death: "*Still to him. To Maurice dead. To Maurice in heaven.*"

The personal sadness of this journal is extremely harrowing. There are phrases—pages—which when one has read give him the feeling that he has read a sacred letter whose seal no human hand should have broken!

There were days of immobility when she longed for a thunderbolt, and she would write: "Let it thunder—let there be bursts of wind and rain. I would have anything but this crushing calm." She complains now for the first time of the "vastness of out-of-doors," which she seems conscious of for the first time in her life. Sometimes at sunrise she is in the fields; at noontide she betakes herself to the grave of Maurice, and she strives in vain to warm herself in the sun: the sunlight seems to vanish at her coming, as Hawthorne said of poor Hester Prynne.

She pleads so with him to come back to her: "I should not be afraid if some evening I saw an apparition, something from thee to me, we who were so united!"

From this time her physical health failed. The poor heart, battle-ground of so many silent combats, that heart that had throbbed *too much*, was exhausted. Her interest was awakened now and then during a Continental tour with the Baroness de Maistre; she was ever looking past the faces of the many, seeking one. She may even have relearned to smile; if so it must have been—

> "As those smile who have no face in the world
> To smile back at them."

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We are not told when or how she died. I believe she must have died of a slow mortal agony. Such love is not incompatible with religion. Do we not catch the echo of St. Theresa's cry even yet, "I am four years older than he, and I cannot die"?

There is a haunting picture that I have seen, the embodiment of an exquisite fancy of Rossetti's known as the "Blessed Damozel":

> "The blessed damozel leaned out
> From the golden bar of heaven,
> Her eyes were deeper than the depth
> Of waters stilled at even.
> She had three lilies in her hair,
> And the stars in her hair were seven."

It is thus that I love to picture Eugénie de Guérin. She possessed that child-like innocence which is the white flower of a blameless life. She lived a hidden life well.

PURITANISM.

THE causes which have led to, and brought about, the present rush towards infidelity and atheism, as the stepping-stones of spiritism, theosophism, and other "advanced ideas" of the day, by those who find nothing satisfying left in Protestantism, would be an interesting and instructive study, commencing, as it does, with the birth of Puritanism in New England. But, however interesting, it is scarcely within the scope of a magazine article to follow in detail the dissensions, with all the intolerant discussions of theological opinions—often taking the form of bitter personalities—which have marked the progress of Puritanism in this country, almost from the very beginning, and which have resulted in the division and subdivision of religious bodies, until we count by the dozen the Protestant sects, differing among themselves in doctrine and creed, while claiming a common origin.

The attention of thoughtful persons, however, will doubtless be drawn to the subject of Puritanism, its influence and results on society, by the published account of the recent celebration of the "patron saints' day" of New England Puritans—"Forefathers' day"—also that of the services, held recently, commemorating the organization, two hundred and fifty years ago, of the "First Parish Church" of Cambridge, Mass.

Who can read the addresses delivered on either occasion, as

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reported in the newspapers, without being struck by the tone of liberalism pervading them? Much that was said, coming, as it did, from men who are recognized exponents of Puritanism, deserves attention, as showing the present character of their ideal of "religious liberty." In his remarks President Eliot, noting the fact that Harvard College was founded by Puritan ministers, said that although formerly three-fifths of the graduates entered the ministry, "to-day very few devote themselves to that sacred calling." He drew attention to the various creeds represented in the "high officials" of the college—Quaker, Baptist, etc.—and also acknowledged that "there were many men in the community to day who would be called atheists."

This is the avowed progress of Puritanism down to the present time. What are its results?

In a book entitled *Protestantism and Infidelity*, published a quarter-century or more ago, the author, a member of the Society of Jesus, proves theoretically that Protestantism is a religion of despair, and, *à priori*, will result in infidelity. The history of New England Puritanism for the past forty or fifty years proves only too conclusively the truth of the arguments used.

Puritanism as originally taught is a thing of the past; God is, as it were, banished from the home and the school, and to-day the recognized teachers of evangelical doctrine seem to vie with each other in the desire to promulgate such tenets as will relieve the consciences of their followers and free them from the fear of the dread consequences of sin; and yet, notwithstanding their efforts to thus save a dying cause—from motives which certainly are not in all cases mercenary—or rather, perhaps, as a result of such efforts, we find doubt and infidelity everywhere gaining ground, and not less than elsewhere in that portion of New England which was the cradle and home of Puritanism in this country. It was here that, two hundred and sixty-five years ago, a handful of human beings—men, women, and children—were enduring all the hardships, privations, and sufferings of a life begun in mid-winter on a "bleak and barren shore." Cut off from the world by their own act, behind them lay the stormy sea, before them the dismal forest full of savage life. This was the birth of Puritanism in New England.

The history of the *Mayflower* band of "Pilgrims" has been written again and again; their heroism has been a theme for orator and poet; their motives have been lauded or criticised, honored or defamed, according to the bias of the author. All are familiar with the story of their lives. That these men were

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fanatics there can be no doubt; honest fanatics they certainly were, braving and enduring all for a sentiment. Gain was no doubt as much a motive in their lives as with the majority of men; but gain was evidently not the motive which actuated them in seeking homes for their families in this then inhospitable land. They came to these shores—as Carlyle pithily expresses it—"seeking to hear a sermon in their own method, these *Mayflower* Puritans." They were honest fanatics, and believed they were suffering all for God, and accordingly they "put their trust in him"; such were the founders of New England Puritanism. Believing that the Established Church of England was "tainted with Romanism" in the form of worship used, they abolished the "forms," retaining the creed. This was the first step towards shaking off all authority and setting up in its stead the theory of "freedom of worship," with "the Bible as the rule of faith." Without an infallible teaching authority, differences soon sprang up between individuals which caused dissensions in the colony; preachers who differed from the "elders" in opinion, or who advanced "liberal" doctrines, were "dismissed"; and although the Plymouth Colony was for some years far less intolerant than their neighbors in Massachusetts, they finally became so identified that what is said of either will apply to both; and "freedom of religious worship" came to mean the right to worship God according to colonial law. Religious fanatics, they held the Bible to contain the civil and moral code, and the laws for the government of state and church were founded on this principle, to be accepted and obeyed *verbatim et literatim*, and woe to him who did not believe or expressed a doubt! This was the "religious freedom," the worship of God according to conscience, which has been the boast of New England Protestants. An able historian remarks with truth: "New England Protestantism appealed to liberty, then closed the door against her." The Massachusetts persecutions are notable facts of history with which all are familiar.

Church and state were united in the colonial government, and the civil authority forced the citizen to worship God; attendance at meeting was a legal obligation, the non-fulfilment of which the courts punished. In short, flying the persecutions of the Church of England, the Puritans of New England became themselves intolerant and persecuted all who dared to differ from them in matters of religion.

During two centuries, by desuetude, one after another of their severe laws has disappeared, and the civil government at last recognizes "religious liberty" in more than name. Yet it is only

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of late years that there has been any great break in the ranks of the recognized teachers of Puritanism; with individual exceptions, they have been as intolerant as when Roger Williams and others were banished from the colonies—witness the "Know-Nothing" riots of a few years ago, and what took place when that holy man of God, John Bapst, S.J., was tarred and feathered and otherwise maltreated, on account of his religion, by the "enlightened" citizens of the State of Maine. What of necessity must be the consequence of such religious intolerance, however honest and sincere the founders and teachers?

Over eighteen centuries ago warning was given, by One with authority to speak, of the false doctrine and false teaching which would be offered to the world with all the appearance of truth; but he also left us at the same time an infallible test, by the application of which we could distinguish error from truth: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Apply this test to Puritanism. What are its fruits? Indifference and infidelity. We meet them everywhere in our daily intercourse with men; and the writer, living for some months past in Plymouth County, has been both surprised and grieved to find them, if anything, more prevalent here than elsewhere, especially among those just entering on their duties as citizens.

The human mind, naturally logical, may be warped for a time by fanaticism, but with the return of reason the reaction is so great that, without God's grace and an infallible guide to point the way, the individual, aware of the inconsistencies of Protestantism and ignorant of the presentation and endorsement by the Catholic Church of Christianity, finds no halting-place but in infidelity. The aphorism that "extremes meet" is truly illustrated in the history of Puritanism in this country; and the only result possible, consequent on such religious liberty as was offered by church and state in the first years of our history, and since taught from evangelical pulpits and in the family and school, is doubt and infidelity. Here, in the birthplace of Puritanism in this country, it is growing rapidly with the growing generation. Their preachers are powerless to stay the current; in vain too late they change and modify their doctrines to suit the "progress of the times": the flood-tide of unbelief has set in, and is sweeping before it all who are not fortunate enough to have found safety in the "Bark of Peter."

Is this cause for astonishment? No; the wonder of it is that Puritanism, however changed, however varied in its creeds of to-day, still finds adherents.

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE novel of the month is Arthur Sherburne Hardy's *The Wind of Destiny*. Mr. Hardy's *But Yet a Woman* is fresh in the novel-reading mind, which may be said to be the popular mind. Like Mr. F. Marion Crawford, Mr. Hardy is one of the fortunate American authors that are sure of what the French call a *succès d'estime*. *The Wind of Destiny* (exquisitely printed by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the novel of a pessimist. Mr. Hardy opens his first chapter with a quotation from that diluted Jew and false philosopher, Spinoza: "They who believe that they can speak or keep silence—in a word, act—in virtue of a free decision of the soul, dream with their eyes open." Destiny is blind force which fills the sails of human barks and sends them hither and thither; some think that a pilot called Will can control their courses, but they who think so dream—this is the teaching of Mr. Hardy's novel, if it is meant to have any teaching. It is written in a style almost worthy of Nathaniel Hawthorne; it has passages of the finest poetry; its dialogue is terse, clear-cut, rapid, and apt—almost too clear-cut and apt to be taken from real life. One cannot read it without acknowledging the talent of the author or without asking, To what end has this talent been employed? And the answer is not satisfactory.

We are introduced to Schonberg, a mysterious old man living in a New England village and looked on with distrust by the inhabitants, and the reader of sensibility is interested in him by this fine passage:

> "And there was, in truth, in his nature a solitary summit lifted above mutation and tides. Speculation had busied itself about this man, the more so because of the solitude he carried with him. It is not necessary to have taken a city to excite curiosity or to become worthy the pen of the biographer. Biographer! One can almost see his eye take fire at the word. For what is more presumptuous than to write the history of a man? Trace the red and the black drops to the veins of his ancestors, set his portrait over against the title-page, strand him in a universe of self-seekers, catalogue his tastes, describe his habits, hoard up the meagre incidents—after all, the man escapes you, hid within that zone of infinite repulsion which surrounds the soul as it does the atom."

In the same way the persons buffeted by the wind of destiny seem to escape Mr. Hardy, who is their biographer. They seem to exist, but we see them through a thickening or thinning mist.

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Aunt Isabel, a subordinate character, a sophisticated old lady, whose manner of conversation is modelled after French idioms, is the most real of all. Having been introduced to Schonberg, we are told an episode of his youth and also presented to Harold Fleming:

"Harold was an enthusiast, Schonberg a neutral—intellectually, for the heart always takes sides. Harold went into raptures over his master, Schonberg called his a philosophical zero. 'You and I,' he said one day contemptuously, 'are types of eclecticism. I shall perish like the donkey, between the trough and the manger, of starvation.' 'And I?' laughed Harold. 'You? You will take the best dish from every table, and die of gluttony.'"

Harold marries and dies, merely, it would seem, that Schonberg shall picturesquely guard his friend's wife and her two charming daughters. Harold's wife, born Madelon Foy in a Breton château, dies later in the New England village, having unconsciously accepted the gift of half Schonberg's fortune, in the belief that it was left her by her husband. Schonberg proves a faithful guardian both of the girls and a patch of violets he cultivates. The violets are in memory of a Breton girl, Noël, who once made his acquaintance in a boat, met him in a ruined chapel, and let him make love to her during a holiday jaunt. The next day her body was found in the river. She left a message for Schonberg, telling him that only by death could she be for ever his, and enclosing some white violets for him.

"'What does it mean?' he said, holding the message out to Father Pierre.

"A smile of satisfaction lit up the priest's face as he read. 'Come with me,' he replied, leading the way. At the farther angle of the wall he paused before a little mound scarce two feet long, remote from the rest, but carefully kept from the weeds. 'Stoop and read,' he said. There was a single word on the plain wooden cross at the head of the grave: Noël.

"'It is the old story,' said the priest. 'But she has sprinkled herself with the blood of the sacrifice. Let God, who made the falcons, judge the dove.'"

"Helen of Troy," moralizes Mr. Hardy on this misty episode, "will not deter us, nor the wounds of Cæsar frighten, nor the voice of the king, crying Vanity! from his throne, dismay. What wonder the stars that once sang for joy are dumb, and the constellations go down in silence?"

One feels like asking, with Mr. Hardy's hero, "What does it mean?" If the erratic Noël meant that, by committing suicide, she could be for ever with Schonberg, she certainly paid her lover of a day a very poor compliment. Did Father Pierre think of this when he smiled on such a serious occasion? If

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not, why did he smile? Noël's conduct to Schonberg was of the indecorous kind disapproved by all parish priests, and Father Pierre would have been more likely to give the young tourist a plain lecture on morals than to have talked about "sacrificial blood." "Kismet!" is the very unsatisfactory and unmeaning answer.

When Schonberg grows old, nursing his sentimental grief and his violets, he meets in the New England village Gladys Temple and her husband, Jack. Gladys is a charming young woman, who has, by the exercise of invariable tact, made her husband love her. She herself is in love with her cousin Rowan, an artist, who loves one of Schonberg's wards. Gladys is mistress of all the minor arts of life. She can eat with grace; she knows how to make life comfortable; she has a pretty little daughter, Mabel, who goes about with her a great deal; she goes to church when she thinks people expect her to do so, and when she has something to wear. She sees Rowan's preference for another, and, "a toy of chance," she lets herself follow him on a rainy night to his house. He, surprised and shocked, carries her home and enjoins silence on her maid to save her from the effect of such a compromising situation. She has a fever. The maid tells the truth. Jack Temple wishes that he could shoot Rowan, who has been the innocent cause of the trouble, and goes away in his yacht, saying that Gladys will never forgive herself. Gladys, on her sick-bed, sees remorsefully the mistake of yielding to passion; she says to herself that she loves Jack, but that she cannot live with him without self-respect. The devilish lines seem to hover near her:

> "Why, if the soul can fling the dust aside,
> And naked on the air of heaven ride,
> Were 't not a shame, were 't not a shame, for him
> In this clay carcase crippled to abide?"

"She had time to cry, to see Mabel's face, to struggle with those ponderous doors which closed upon her, to know it was vain." The waters swallow her. Schonberg, dying, cries out that he is but an atom, "swept on by its own inertia, and disappearing as it came, a portent and a wonder." Noël and Gladys have been swept to death, not by their own will, but by the wind of destiny; the same wind has blown others to peace and happiness. "Come, little girl," said he, "let us go to sleep."

It is sad that the manner and matter of this novel, so completely charming in a literary sense, should be devoted to such a hopeless philosophy in the nineteenth century after the birth of

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Christ. Perhaps Mr. Hardy believes, with Goethe, that a man, to be great, must echo the thoughts of his time; or perhaps he repeats the words of one of his personages: "Of what use is it to paint Madonnas which no one buys? 'The artist can no longer consecrate himself to religious symbolism. The age in which we live demands realities, not emblems.'"

And, as realities, Mr. Hardy offers us the life of a man who lived without an adequate motive, and who died expressing his belief in a Supreme Being, because the wind of destiny pushed him, an atom, through space; and that of a woman who killed herself because she could not forgive herself for a crime she had not committed. Realism in romance imposes impartiality on the author. He simply sees and describes. He is a photographic instrument; consequently he gives us soulless forms, highly finished, but unsatisfying and colorless.

Some clever people, whose theories fly complacently over facts, insist that a good Catholic story need only to be written to be read with avidity, and they encourage with hopeful words and pleasant promises Catholics to take up their pens and to write novels. They preach as if an immense audience were waiting to crown with bays, to name in honor, and to confer the necessities of life on the author who would write a good Catholic story.

Now, *The House of Yorke* is one of the best novels ever printed in this country. It is a better novel, as a work of art and a work of fiction, than either *East Angels* or *The Wind of Destiny*. It would be absurd to compare Mr. Crawford's very successful *Tale of a Lonely Parish* with it, so inferior is Mr. Crawford's latest novel to it. And yet we doubt whether five copies of *The House of Yorke* were sold to every thousand of the three other books mentioned. It would be easy to compare the sale of *Ben Hur* with that of *Dion and the Sibyls*, a Catholic story of the highest merit. *Ben Hur's* sale mounts up every year, while there is scarcely any demand for *Dion* and even less for *The House of Yorke*. In the face of these things it is idle to beckon writers to their doom—and the waste-paper man. This cry for more Catholic novels is as false as the demand of Gilder's little poet:

> "Give me a theme," the little poet cried,
> "And I will do my part."
> "'Tis not a theme you need," the world replied:
> "You need a heart."

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There are themes and writers. But where is the great heart to welcome and cherish them?

In the meantime young Catholics are offered, in lieu of the fine art but doubtful teaching of novelists who are adepts in their work, *The Castle of Coëtquen*, translated from the French of Raoul de Navery, and printed by M. H. Gill, Dublin. This sensational romance has already appeared here under the name of *Partira*. It is full of murder, revenge, treachery, death, and monsters of all kinds. It has no end, and one sees that a sequel, equally horrible, is impending. Dungeons and hidden panels suggest to us the *Castle of Otranto* and Mrs. Ratcliffe's delectable romances done into French and tenderly sweetened with a pious thought when the resemblance to the elder Dumas becomes too apparent. The literary merit of the *Castle of Coëtquen* is on a par with that of the flashy story-papers. There are angelic priests and nuns in it, however; but the last words uttered by Jenny to a virtuous young person are:

"Don't cry. We have a great work to do. Count Florent must pay the price of his crime, and Blanche of Coëtquen must be avenged: for this work we are two."

The *Castle of Coëtquen* is put forth as a novel for Catholics. It is no wonder that Catholics are shy of this sort of thing—fearing that they may be caught with chaff.

Robert Louis Stevenson is a novelist who, like his American brother, the author of *The Wind of Destiny*, is sure to have success with a new book, whether he write well or ill. His *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, a weird sketch full of the interest and power that have caused Edgar Poe's short stories to be put among the masterpieces of French as well as English literature, is selling rapidly and still one of the books of the year. *Prince Otto: A Romance* (Boston: Roberts Brothers) is a satire on the ways of princes and of men. Mr. Stevenson is an acknowledged master of style, versed in the art of reticence and suggestiveness; his "lightness of touch"—a quality which in late English literature almost becomes a disease—makes everything he writes pleasant, even if it have no other merit. *Prince Otto* is the story of a ruler who neglects the business of his dominions. Gondremark, a would-be Bismarck, governs them for him, with one eye on the possibility of acquiring them himself by warlike diplomacy, and the other on the movements of the Masonic lodges. He hopes to achieve supreme power in Prince Otto's kingdom by means of Masonic intrigues, with which he has silently

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honeycombed the social fabric of Grünewald. The princess, Otto's wife, despises the frivolity and weakness of her husband; her ambition is excited by Gondremark, and she aims to govern with the help of the prime minister. Gondremark wants only to make her serve his schemes; she, while profiting by his advice and experience, is never unfaithful to the weak and pleasure-loving prince, who finds greater delight in the flattery of court ladies than in doing his duty to his subjects. While wandering incognito the prince hears some plain truths and listens to popular songs about Gondremark and the princess that fill him with anger and shame. He makes a violent attempt to assert his supremacy in the state, and fails through his very violence. The princess takes sides with Gondremark, believing that his projects can alone aggrandize Grünewald. But a crash comes. The secret societies, whom Gondremark had fancied were forces that he might use, suddenly show in open daylight the badge of the Phœnix and the motto *Libertas*. In a night the little princedom becomes a republic, with the favorite and obsequious servant of the princess, who has been one of the prime movers in the lodges, in an important place.

This is the barest outline of a brilliant sketch almost Machiavellian in its keenness. It is really a delicate but exact etching of social and political life copied from the big historical panorama which has replaced the map of Europe before the eyes of the world since Queen Marie Antoinette played in comedies at Versailles and Lafayette coquetted with the "secret powers." The scene in the council-chamber when Prince Otto asserts his rights is managed with consummate skill and with entire fidelity to the character given by Mr. Stevenson to the *fainéant* ruler of Grünewald. Throughout the story there is an air of the delicate mockery and nineteenth-century cynicism which permeate Gilbert's comedies, but more evanescent and less "humorous." Mr. Stevenson might have spared us one sentence, in deference to that cult of good taste of which he is a foremost acolyte:

> "Under ordinary circumstances the scene at the council-table would have entirely exhausted Otto's store both of energy and anger; he would have begun to examine and condemn his conduct, have remembered all that was true, forgotten all that was just in Seraphina's onslaught; and by half an hour after would have fallen into that state of mind in which a Catholic flees to the confessional and a sot takes refuge with the bottle."

Mr. Stevenson's characterization of a Catholic state of mind is almost enough to cause us to doubt the truth of his minute

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analyses of other psychical states. There are one or two passages which produce the effect that the love-making of the American theatre had on the old French lady accustomed to Racine and Corneille: they make us wonder why Mr. Stevenson, with all the poetic license of a prose-poet, should have made them public. One of the best chapters in the book is that which is made up of Sir John Crabtree's memoir of aristocracy in Grünewald. Looking from the picture made by the English tourist to the reality, we are struck by the fact that even a journalist may sometimes be guilty of rash judgment. In the end the prince, the princess, and Gondremark are blown up by the political explosion of the secret societies. But they land on their feet, and the prince and princess find that they are better fitted to be private citizens than to rule a kingdom.

San Francisco and its society are sketched by Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead in *The Man who was Guilty* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) A young woman, it seems, may in that city hold receptions, to which she can invite whom she pleases, and rule "society" without a chaperon to give respectability to her doings. Mrs. Loughead's heroine is Margaret Thaxter, who has gone from New England to California to take charge of her rich uncle's establishment. She is a faultless person, but still too young to lead "society" without regard to the conventionalities of life. Philip King, an admirer of hers, becomes an embezzler, and varies the programme usually made by men of his kind by fleeing to China. A detective meets him there, and Philip King, although he is aware that the extradition laws cannot reach him, gives himself up. He pleads guilty and serves his time in San Quentin. Out of jail, he does several quixotic things, showing that, however repentant he has become, he was safest within four walls. Mrs. Loughead makes a very pathetic and moving picture of his attempts to obtain work. Prejudice and every man's hand are against the prisoner that tries to reform. He has learned a trade in jail, and gained some skill in it; but when employers hear that "San Quentin" is responsible for that skill they send him adrift. Mrs. Loughead's case against the injustice of persecuting a repentant law-breaker would be stronger if her hero's simplicity were less like simpleness. "Scorned and disgraced, prematurely aged, with all the light and promise gone from his life," he meets Margaret Thaxter, surrounded by a bevy of friends, coming from the opera-house. Instead of "cutting him dead," as he had expected, she addressed him in "clear, vibrating tones":

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"Remember, I expect to see you at my reception on Monday night, Mr. King."

Mr. King accepts the invitation, although he knows that people will naturally make it uncomfortable for a man just out of prison, who has never accounted for fifteen thousand dollars above the amount of other people's money he acknowledges to have sunk in stocks.

"San Francisco society," Mrs. Loughead writes, "though willing to condone much, did not relish the idea of taking to its bosom an outcast from its own circle, one whom it had petted and caressed, only to be stung in its most vulnerable point—its reputation. Foreign adventurers from strange lands were received without question;.but those of its own number, who had fallen by virtue of its very temptations, became pariahs to all the social world."

If Mrs. Loughead had made her hero an embezzler repentant in the eyes of San Francisco society, she could have surrounded him with the sympathy she claims for him; but, as it is, she defeats her object in showing him to us as a man who enters his friend's house on a level with his friend's friends, with the knowledge that society has good reason to distrust the penitence of a sinner seemingly living on the results of his sin. The delicacy of the heroine in putting him into such a position, and his in accepting it, are about equal. And our sympathy goes out to the president of the robbed bank when he retires from Miss Thaxter's reception—the word "party," Mrs. Loughead informs us, "being obsolete in the first society"—when Philip King is introduced to him. The absurdity of the situation reaches a high point when Margaret Thaxter has to explain to a bewildered Englishman that Mr. King is trying "to distance an error of the past." *The Man who was Guilty* is over-strained and exaggerated. The influence of Christianity is not felt in it, although its author means to help the suffering so far as she can; but she cannot do it by over-dramatic books like this. Her interpretation of our Lord's words to the woman taken in adultery would be, "Go into society."

The impression left by General Adam Badeau's book, *Aristocracy in England*, is that life in the "tight little island" without rank or title is almost unbearable, and that the American who goes abroad and flutters diplomatically on the edge of court circles is tempted to curse his ancestors for not having been baronets at least. The sufferings of the American minister—who is only "excellency" by courtesy, and who cannot appear in uniform at court unless he happen to be a military or naval officer—

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are graphically described. General Badeau paints the average American minister as a thorough-going snob. We hope that he does him injustice; but the effect of British rank and the trappings of state on General Badeau himself, who was only secretary of legation, shows how they must touch a weaker-minded man. General Badeau's very indignation against the traditional British manner of arranging the solemn procession that goes into dinner makes one think that his experience abroad has induced him to pay more attention to these things than they deserve.

"I heard one of our ministers say he would rather be an English duke than anything else on earth," he says, "and another declare that England is the only country in which a gentleman should either live or die. They flatter themselves that their tendencies and tastes are English, but it is aristocratic English only; none of them want to belong to the middle class. Whenever they can they claim connection with the aristocracy, happy if they can trace a pedigree to some ignoble offshoot of a noble house, which repudiates as often as it admits the consanguinity; or prouder of a descent from a country squire who had a coat of arms than to bear American names that genius has made illustrious."

Dukes, duchesses, countesses, and other people of high degree have made the most astonishing confidences to General Badeau, and there is scarcely a social horror mentioned in the book which General Badeau did not have from the lips of a member of the aristocracy. Generally he has the discretion not to reveal names, and, unlike the late N. P. Willis, he is careful not to indicate persons by an initial letter and a dash. Even his chapters on servants, which will be of intense interest to Americans about to set up domestic establishments on the English plan, are scented with such phrases as "I used to visit a duchess," and others, that prove General Badeau's information to have come from the proper sources. In one or two cases he might have kept to his rule of not mentioning names. If he had substituted "A woman of talent told me," in the anecdote of how Mrs. Adelaide Kemble Sartoris got an invitation for a great lady's dance, it would have been in better taste. Mrs. Sartoris did nothing discreditable, but her friends can hardly be pleased to read that she stooped to conquer even a duchess. Sometimes it would seem that the American observer had taken a little sly humor for solemn seriousness. The lady who declared that the presence of a countess made her so nervous that she spilt her tea, and one of the company that said a man might have clever lords to dinner, but that he could not be considered to have succeeded till he could get stupid ones, *may* have been in fun. There is no fun in *Aristocracy in*

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England, though there is some sardonic wit and occasionally a brilliant, stinging sentence.

"A woman of rank," General Badeau says, "once asked what, of all I had seen in England, struck me most forcibly. I had no doubt whatever, and answered: 'The distinction of classes, the existence of caste.' 'But,' she inquired, 'do you really mean to say that in America the great merchant's daughter does not look down on the little grocer's daughter?' 'Perhaps,' said I, 'the great merchant's daughter does look down, but very certainly the little grocer's daughter does not look up.' And the whole company was horrified at the idea of a country where the little grocers' daughters 'don't look up.'"

This is a keen way of putting the difference. Good republicans are not so anxious to be equal to their neighbors as to be better than they; they believe in fraternity, but each man in society reserves for himself in his heart the right of primogeniture.

General Badeau gives some space to a consideration of "precedence"—a subject which fascinates while it disgusts him. He cannot understand why rank should go into dinner before official position, why an ex-President of the United States should be sent in far behind a half-grown girl who is an earl's daughter, or why Mr. Browning should follow Lord Cairns. But, after all, it makes things easy; and if an American's self-respect is offended because the fact that he has written a book does not satisfy his English host that he ought to precede a man with a title, it is of a very thin quality. The punctiliousness of American ministers—one of whom declared that he "outranked a duke," showing that, republican as he was, he did not need a title to be as arrogant about precedence as possible—is manifested by some amazing examples. As a foil to these General Badeau gives one of General Schenck's forbearance:

"While General Schenck was minister to England Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who had held the same position not very long before, was visiting London, and both gentlemen dined with me on the same evening. Before we went in to dinner General Schenck particularly requested that I would give Mr. Johnson precedence. His predecessor was old, and had, of course, been used to taking the first place, and the general wished to show him deference. This graceful act was prompted by sheer good breeding, not indifference; for I had expected to invite a cardinal for the same evening, and inquired of General Schenck about the precedence. He said that, as American minister, he could not waive his rank in favor of a prelate who, though a prince in the Church of Rome, had no recognized place according to English rules."

But Cardinal Manning ranks as a foreign prince when he goes out in England, and the Prince of Wales, receiving his

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eminence at one of his garden-parties, is less inflexible than the republican General Schenck was. When Cardinal Manning's name recently appeared in official documents he has had the precedence due to his dignity; and the government, answering a parliamentary questioner, responded that there was precedent for this precedence.

General Badeau's chapters on spiritual peers, the Established Church, and the land are valuable and well thought out. On such light and evanescent subjects as social observances General Badeau is sometimes amusing by reason of what seems to be his over-seriousness. On more important themes he is keen, practical, thoughtful, and interesting.

"If the state endows and supports the church, it must also govern and control. Parliament determines the doctrines and regulates the rubrics of the Establishment. It settles not only what vestments shall be worn and if candles may be used, but whether there is a real presence in the Eucharist and if baptismal regeneration shall be believed."

The pomps and vanities of the Establishment, the rank of bishops and the forlorn condition of their wives, who do not share their husbands' grandeur, draw out the author's satire. The wives of spiritual peers

"are not peeresses. They are in sight of the promised land, but may never enter. I have often seen them marching unwillingly at the tail of the procession to dinner, and heard them express their indignation, sometimes in hardly Christian terms, that they should be excluded from the place and precedence accorded to their husbands."

These ladies' position calls to mind Queen Elizabeth's farewell to the wife of the Archbishop of Lambeth: "Madam I will not call you; Miss I may not; but whatever you are, I thank you."

Aristocracy in England is full of amusing, interesting, and malicious things:

"Satirical Englishmen used to say that the consecrated republicans (Protestant Episcopal bishops) were sure to simper if they were called 'My Lord,' and some of them got breeches and aprons to wear to dinner. They said that, being in England, it was proper to dress as bishops in England do!"

But if ex-secretaries of legations in London take to writing about the vagaries of their fellow-countrymen when abroad, who can be safe? And the worst of it is that people who abroad break their necks to go to court laugh when at home as if star and garters, and precedence and titles, were not written in their hearts.

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Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt is a poetess with an exquisite and individual voice. Her range is limited—she scarcely reaches the space of an octave—yet she has the true poetic quality, defying analysis, but it is there. Little children, dead and living, moods of mothers hitherto expressed in murmured lullabies, but never in words, are the themes of *A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, and Other Poems.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) "One Year Old," for instance, is a sweet interpretation of a mother's thought, and there are many like it in the book:

> "So, now he has seen the sun and the moon,
> The flower and the falling leaf on the tree
> (Ah! the world is a picture that's looked at soon),
> Is there anything more to see?
>
> "He has learned (let me kiss from his eyes that tear),
> As the children tell me, to creep and to fall;
> Then life is a lesson that's taught in a year,
> For the Baby knows it all."

In Primrose Time (same publishers) Mrs. Piatt touches a new note. Her experiences in Ireland have inspired it. It is finer, more subtle, yet stronger than the others. It would seem like theft to spoil this slender volume by a long quotation. No reader whose fibres are capable of responding to the thrill of true poetical sentiment can fail to be thankful for this handful of exquisite flowers culled in Ireland by an American.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COMPENDIUM GRADUALIS ET MISSALIS ROMANI, concinnatum ex editionibus typicis cura et auctoritate Sacrorum Rituum Congregationis publicatis. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnatii: Sumptibus chartis et typis Frederici Pustet.

This work contains all the common and proper offices of Masses for Sundays and festivals, with which are given also all the prayers, Epistles and Gospels of the same; and is therefore offered by the enterprising publisher specially for the use of seminarians.

The chant is a reprint of that for which Mr. Pustet received from the Congregation of Rites an approval to print "with privilege," with various letters commendatory from the Holy See.

Since its first publication the chant adopted for this edition of office-books by the commission appointed has been the subject of much acrimonious debate and adverse criticism by many scholars who have made profound and pious studies of the church's sacred melodies; the spirit of

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discord not forgetting, alas! to bring into the strife the element of personal rivalry and national prejudice.

Wearied, irritated, and disgusted with the sensuous church "concert" music so unhappily prevalent in every country, many of the clergy and musicians employed in the service of the church have, of late years, sought for a remedy of the evil by encouraging the composition of new musical *morceaux* of broader form and more dignified measures, avoiding theatrical solos, duets, and elaborate word-painting. This highly praiseworthy effort may and does, in some degree, ameliorate the shocking abuses so justly deplored, yet cannot be said to possess the spirit or exhibit the fruits of true reform, since, to judge from experience, it would seem almost impossible to use the system of modern music for the purposes of the sacred liturgy without falling into the extremes of either very difficult harmonic or rhythmic progressions within the powers of few artists to render decently, or trivial, meaningless puerilities of melody which even the rude voices in the village choir soon become tired of.

Best of all, some, and they are now happily increasing rapidly in number, have boldly ventured upon a radical reform. Willing to abandon altogether the principle of pleasing and diverting *the audience* at Mass and Vespers with sweet, entertaining melodies and harmonious modulations, and being deeply impressed with the conviction that the chant, like all music, possesses its own moral influence in the formation of character and in inflaming the sentiments of the heart, they have resolved upon giving due prominence to the idea of divine worship, prayer, and praise as the chief, if not the only, standard to which the singing at the holy offices of the sacred liturgy should conform, and of which any singing at such functions ought to be a worthy expression. It is indisputable that no other known melody could satisfy these persons nor answer fully to this "Divine Idea" except those melodies composed in the ecclesiastical modes commonly called Gregorian or plain chant. Hence the widespread study of chant and the numerous publications of learned theoretical works upon the subject, and of office-books known as "editions" of this place or of that, during the past half-century.

Whatever merit this officially-approved edition before us may have, like all works of art it is not, as such, beyond scientific investigation and criticism, but, in the best interests of art and of religion as well, is a proper subject for both.

It will be examined by the light of history, compared with those ancient monuments of unquestionable authority—the manuscripts of chant preserved in museums and old monasteries; competent and disinterested musicians will subject its phraseology and typical forms to the test of the musical laws depending upon the tonal system of the chant. It will also have the test of experience compared with other editions; and by the time the years of "privilege" have elapsed we have no doubt the Sacred Congregation of Rites will graciously accept and approve the result of all these combined studies, and Mr. Pustet, or some other equally energetic and enterprising publisher, will gladly undertake the issue of an edition of the church offices allied to a chant which, thus learnedly revised and tried by use, must then commend itself universally to church musicians, irrespective of national or local traditions, and claim acceptance for its evidently supe-

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rior scientific and artistic merits, and for its faithful expression of pure ecclesiastical song.

THE MOTHER OF THE KING: MARY DURING THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. By H. J. Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

The Mother of the King is an episode in Father Coleridge's great work on the life of our Lord. Only the first part of it is completed in the volume now published—*i.e.*, the part which treats of the period of the Blessed Virgin's life between her nativity and the entombment of Jesus Christ.

The Gospels contain but few items of historical information respecting the life of Mary. It is by the way of theological inference that Father Coleridge chiefly labors to construct a more complete biography. Probable and trustworthy tradition embodied in the ancient legend of Our Lady's life is also made use of, with that sobriety and care to avoid positive assertion concerning what is not historically certain which marks all Father Coleridge's writings. We await with interest the second part of this beautiful life of the Blessed Virgin.

CATHOLIC MEMOIRS OF VERMONT AND NEW HAMPSHIRE, etc. New York: Benziger Bros.

Vermont and New Hampshire have had large and remarkable groups of converts, among whom have been bishops, priests, and religious. These memoirs are incomplete, and have not been compiled and edited with as much care and accuracy as their importance deserves. They are valuable as furnishing many interesting details and preserving letters and other documents which are authentic, and will be of service to a future historian or biographer, if one arises to do the work here sketched out more thoroughly.

One person, the history of whose conversion and religious vocation has a peculiar interest, is Miss Fanny Allen, daughter of the famous Ethan Allen. The greater part of the space is taken up with an account of the Barber family, and there is also a biographical sketch of the Rev. William Henry Hoyt, who was the father of a large family of children and grandchildren, became a priest in his old age, and was so well known and highly respected in New York. The details given in this pamphlet are extraordinary and edifying. We trust it will be extensively circulated and read, and that American converts especially will not fail to derive pleasure and profit from its narratives.

THE ROMAN VESPERAL, according to the *Vesperale Romanum*, for the entire ecclesiastical year. For the use of Catholic choirs and schools. By Rev. J. B. Jung. Published with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. R. Gilmour, D.D. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

We cannot but express an agreeable surprise at the number and general excellence of the works on the sacred chant issued by Fr. Pustet & Co. The present little volume of Father Jung has many excellent qual-

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ities, and the most important of these is that he has endeavored to make it possible for any body of singers to approach something like a liturgical Vespers. He does not give the antiphons proper for each feast, but all the psalms and hymns are given. Each psalm is placed in full under each tone, with all the proper endings, thus making it almost impossible to chant the psalms incorrectly.

We must, however, confess that we have a prejudice against the modern notation used in books of this kind. To one who does not know the chant it gives the false impression that a certain definite time-value should be given to each note, while it is an intolerable nuisance and cause of much annoyance to one who understands the chant. If we are going to sing chant let us have the chant notation. It can be taught to children in a very short space of time, otherwise the whole rhythm and swing, so to speak, in the chant is lost. We have seen a thorough artist in plain chant so utterly confused when obliged to play a piece of chant spread out in modern notation, that many of the beauties and nearly all of the delicate shading were lost. Custom, however, may have a good deal to do with this; but, for ourselves, when we read Homer we prefer to use the Greek alphabet.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

A SHORT AND PRACTICAL MAY DEVOTION. Compiled by Clementius Deymann, O.S.F. Approved and recommended by the Right Rev. J. J. Hogan, D.D., Bishop of Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo.

WAR AND PEACE. A Historical Novel. By Count Léon Tolstoi. Translated into French by a Russian Lady, and from the French by Clara Bell. In two volumes. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE. 1861–1865. Edited by Frank Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

ALIETTE (La Morte). By Octave Feuillet. Translated by J. Henry Hager. New York: D Appleton & Co. 1886.

THE WRECKERS. A Social Study. By Geo. Thomas Dowling. Third edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE. By Sir Walter Scott. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR GIRLS. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE CASTLE OF COETQUEN, OR PARTIRA. Translated from the French of Raoul de Navery by A. W. Chetwode. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS: Waller, Milton, Cowley. By Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Edited by Prof. Henry Morley. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co. 1886.

ESSAYS ON IRELAND. By W. J. O'Neill Daunt. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

IRISH MELODIES. By Thomas Moore. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. The O'Connell Press. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

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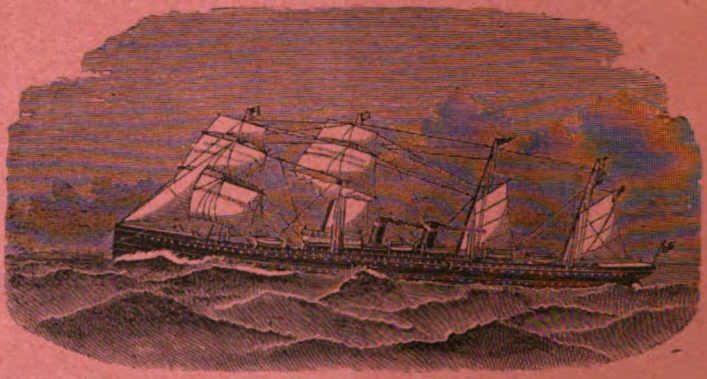

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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BAPTIZED DEMOCRACY.*

TWENTY secret societies could not do so much to overturn a European monarchy as this one book. Its two red covers hold more dynamite in smaller bulk and of deadlier force than any bomb yet invented. The resources of civilization for blowing up the remnants of feudalism are here brought to the highest point of efficiency. Mr. Carnegie proves the case against monarchy and aristocracy by the success, the triumph of democracy. His argument is that in America the poor man grows rich and the rich man richer because all men are equal. The form of government and the traditions of freedom give every man a fair chance; the result is such a prodigious development of nature's gifts as the world never saw before, and such a fair distribution of them as would seem utopian were it not simple fact. One chapter after another on trading and educating, manufacturing and home-building, mining and voting, tilling the soil and recreating the mind, life among the lumbermen and life among the journalists—all about more than half a hundred million of people who live happily together, yoked only by their own laws; trade together unhindered by restrictions; fight together but once a century and are at peace profound in half a decade afterwards; sovereign in one indivisible nation, sovereign in nearly twoscore indestructible States, sovereign in individual freedom—such (to catch the glow of the author's own style) is America; such is democracy.

* *Triumphant Democracy; or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic.* By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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What he proves by figures, what he demonstrates by calculations (though with a wonderful deal of bragging), he sums up as follows:

"Here is the record of one century's harvest of democracy: 1. The majority of the English-speaking race under one republican flag, at peace. 2. The nation which is pledged by act of both parties to offer amicable arbitration for the settlement of international disputes. 3. The nation which contains the smallest proportion of illiterates, the largest proportion of those who read and write. 4. The nation which spends least on war and most upon education; which has the smallest army and navy, in proportion to its population and wealth, of any maritime power in the world. 5. The nation which provides most generously during their lives for every soldier and sailor injured in its cause, and for their widows and orphans. 6. The nation in which the rights of the minority and of property are most secure. 7. The nation whose flag, wherever it floats, over sea and land, is the symbol and guarantor of the equality of the citizen. 8. The nation in whose constitution no man suggests improvement; whose laws as they stand are satisfactory to all citizens. 9. The nation which has the ideal second chamber, the most august assembly in the world—the American Senate. 10. The nation whose Supreme Court is the envy of the exprime minister of the parent-land. 11. The nation whose constitution 'is the most perfect piece of work ever struck off at one time by the mind and purpose of man,' according to the present prime minister of the parent-land. 12. The nation most profoundly conservative of what is good, yet based upon the political equality of the citizen. 13. The wealthiest nation in the world. 14. The nation first in public credit and in payment of debt. 15. The greatest agricultural nation in the world. 16. The greatest manufacturing nation in the world. 17. The greatest mining nation in the world."

But, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, do you not perceive that such a summing-up might be made by your atheistical neighbor, who believes not in God nor in a world to come? Tell me, sir, is any nation great whose sum total of greatness can be swallowed up by the dismal grave? True, you have a chapter on religion, but only a scanty one, with a little share of statistics; you plainly show that if that topic has been given a place in your book it is only because you are too kindly a calculator to reject any applicant having lists and tables to offer, and in summing up you leave religion altogether out of reckoning.

In truth, the author has not got at the main question. He has told us what democracy can do for the farmer, for the manufacturer, the author, the artisan, the miner, the inventor, the secular educator. But what can democracy do for *the man?* That is the main question. In the judgment of the majority of mankind secularism at its best and broadest is but one side of our nature, and that not the brightest side; it is the lining, and not

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the garment. The American citizen does not change money, delve the soil, spin cotton, dig for iron, grind flour as the expression of his manhood. No; nor is the exercise of sovereign authority at the ballot-box the highest human act. The highest expression of manhood is the effort to reach the ideal end of man —the infinite and eternal God. God is man's ideal, not money-getting or president-making.

The weak point in Mr. Carnegie's book is that he has left democracy without a head on its shoulders. The true destiny of the democratic citizen is the chief problem he has to solve. To this the author barely adverts. His one chapter on religion, the very shortest in the book, treats this highest question flippantly, showing as much weakness here as power elsewhere. As to education, he knows nothing but the school without God or immortality. He forecasts, and wisely, the material future of the republic; but as to future movements in the realm of the highest aspirations of the human soul he has little to say, and we fear that he has thought little of what is going to become of his democrat in the endless hereafter. He has done well, but his work is not up to its subject till he supplies a proper chapter on religion. And we are compelled to record our impression that his manner of mentioning Spencer, Huxley, and other such doubters indicates his tolerance of, perhaps his tendency to, Agnosticism. In respect to religion he is rather an American-Scotchman than a Scotch-American; we suspect that in his make-up the substantive part is the European sceptic, and only the adjective part is American. Will Mr. Carnegie permit us to say that he cannot write seriously of human progress and jump the question of man's future destiny?

For the democratic man naturally tends to positive belief in the higher truths of reason; he joyfully welcomes the ennobling doctrines of the Christian revelation. Does not the unfettered human mind, under guidance of divine grace, instinctively long to be more ennobled by the highest truth? Abraham was a typical man. God said to him: "I am the almighty God: walk before me and be perfect." What so becomes a free man as the firm persuasion that his nobility is rooted in the infinite majesty of the Deity in whose image he is created? What man is so profound a contrast with the slaveling as he who will have no king but Christ? That is our view of fundamental democracy, and it is plainly a better democracy than Mr. Carnegie's. It is baptized democracy. He seems to place the triumph of democracy mainly in its superior capacity for getting wealth. We extol a

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democracy which can be triumphant and poor, and we affirm that it will never be really triumphant till it has assured the triumph of its manhood over greed for money and over every inordinate desire for material progress; till then money is its king and its god—"the almighty dollar." We are far from accusing our author of consciously making wealth the test of true democracy; but the trend of his book is that way. Nor are we apologists for shiftlessness, under cloak of even religion. But we claim that the triumph of democracy is that in this age it is the form of government peculiarly favorable to the harmony of man's higher and lower nature by the grace of God in our Lord Jesus Christ. Furthermore, our democrat must hourly answer most pressing questions of the soul about practical right and wrong involving time and eternity, or he becomes a slave to the most arbitrary and fickle of despots—doubt. In the highest view of life a democracy without the true religion, or an honest purpose to get it, cannot yet claim to be triumphant; is in danger of becoming a defeated democracy, helpless and enslaved. Its noblest spirits will struggle in vain with interior difficulties which embitter the life of any rational man and make, in his case, the epithet "triumphant" a mockery. To know the divine principles on which our manhood has been constituted, and to live in conformity with them, is the liberty of the inner man. To unshackle reason by the power of God's truth is emancipation: prejudice holds reason down, passion enslaves it, ignorance blinds it. Until prejudice, passion, and ignorance are overcome there is only slavery of the man, though the animal may riot in every license.

In reading of the great physical achievements of our people we are ever asking, What will not the American democracy do when it turns to God? While the mass of our fellow-citizens are seemingly quite absorbed in what they shall eat and drink and wherewith they shall be clothed, there are wiser and better ones among them who will feel the impulse of the Holy Spirit, and will be the first to show what democracy can do for religion. We will see in the future the fulfilment of not only Mr. Carnegie's prophecies as to material progress, but, better, what a baptized democracy can do. The world has been waiting for nineteen centuries for a more perfect matrix for the reception of Christianity; perhaps it will at last find it in the democracy of the American people. If it does not find it here, where else can it hope to find it? Is this what Mr. Carnegie is struggling to express? There is not a pleasant sound nor a lovely sight in the

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universe but a religious mind will make it minister to its higher nature and put it into the worship of God; why not, then, these magnificent capabilities of the democracy? And how will the American people turn fully to God? What will be the characteristics of their religious activity?

In answer we remark that the practical character of our democracy is conservative, as our author plainly shows. Theoretically, democracy is progressive; and, indeed, the last form of all that is good in the civil order is to be had in American democracy or nowhere. Yet practically this people are more bent on preserving than acquiring liberty; they have grown conservative. They look to the bolts and locks, though it be for the treasure's sake. What will prevent the individual from misusing his liberty by unjustly monopolizing? What will steady the rush of popular passion? What will make the public life of this people orderly? What will make popular movements centripetal? These are the live problems of the American people. The answer is, organic unity; unity with authority, which always accompanies it. Unity produces authority, and authority produces force. Without force thus legitimately produced there is neither public order nor individual liberty. Americans feel that democracy needs a controlling influence which makes for unity. The public life of a great democratic people needs to be organically one. The individual is secure enough, will be secure enough, if his rights can be made one with the common welfare. Is not this a dominant idea of the American people? Does not Mr. Carnegie's book prove it? How gladly does every patriot welcome any influence drawing men together into brotherhood! We must have such a unifying power. In order to influence this people steadily and in the long run to maintain their common lot, a sentiment of unity stronger than any political sentiment is plainly necessary. Something more sacred than any civil bond must draw the dominant minds of a nation together, or party rancor will in course of time again divide us, or local interest, or sectional narrowness. What can offer this sacred bond, this higher law of unity? Religious sects cannot do it. When the strain came they broke before the state; they gave out the first ominous sound of the snapping bonds of political unity. It is their nature to borrow from the state, and not to give. Long before the disrupting of the nation Webster, in one of his great Union speeches, lamented the breaking-up of Methodism as a portent. The other great sects soon followed. Instead of helping us to hold together, the religious sects pre-

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cipitated disruption. Americans were earlier at civil war and the conflict was more bitter because they were not religiously a united people. The religion we held as a people had no grace of healing.

But the Christian religion possesses a unity organic, fruitful, and divine. Practical men will be attracted to that form of Christianity in which they perceive doctrines and an organism which are an exhaustless reservoir of the very element which is an essential requirement of a free and great people. Whatever can unite the children of every race into one brotherhood, by methods at once of divine origin and representative of the people, cannot fail to elicit the admiration of men whose ambition is to live in a commonwealth as vast as it is free. This will be especially the case with men who seek the public good from motives of religion and philanthropy. We adopt the views of a recent article in a religious quarterly as being elevated and voicing the wishes of religious men generally:

"Secularism, in its best sense and in its broadest scope and most humanizing significance, is but one side of the life of the race. Religion and the church are on the other side, and make up a primal factor of all social progress." . . . "Hence the call for greater unity along with increased zeal and energy. Besides, the rising moral and social issues of the time will have to be met. Marriage and divorce, as these have been allowed to run, require serious and effective control. The education and practical enfranchisement of the colored people, and the industrial training and Christianization of the Indians, need the guardianship and aid of a united Christian people. The rapid increase of the ignorant and dangerous classes in our large towns, cities, and business centres warns us that we must join hands in bringing these people under proper religious and moral influence. The liquor-traffic is a monstrous evil and an aggressive power; it will have to be met and corrected by a no less powerful and determined popular will. Pauperism and a multitude of other social problems are already knocking at our doors and are asking for a rational solution. These matters belong to the civil government, but they cannot be left to its exclusive management. It will be difficult enough to get them under satisfactory control when the civil powers are backed up by all the moral support a united Christian constituency can give them." *

We think that Mr. Carnegie could learn something, from such an observer, of the office of religious unity in the triumph of democracy. The regulative principle without which liberty is but free to its own destruction is authority, and authority springs from unity.

So far the practical American. But another class among us

* *The Reformed Quarterly Review*, July, 1886, "The One Sign," by the Rev. J. E. Graeff.

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will be turned towards religion from a higher motive. The Catholic Church will sooner or later attract those noble souls who long to live solely for the ideal. Oh! when will we become aware that in the church and out of it there are souls who can live only for the ideal? God calls them only by that sublime way. They are not many, but every one of them is a type of a large class of their fellow-beings. They will seek for the ideal religion; none but the best will satisfy them. It must be one that brings God nearest to man; that will be its most essential requisite. But, in addition to that, it must be one which answers in the spiritual order the ideal of democracy—a religion based on truth and the dignity of man, aiming at universal brotherhood. Now, what religion so much as pretends to these notes except one? By baptism the Catholic becomes a child of God. From this flows the brotherhood of the race in the highest sense. Understood of the natural man as a creature of God and made in his image, the brotherhood of the race is the cornerstone of our democracy: it has been laid by Divine Providence. All men are created equal: understood in its right sense, understood as Americans understand it, this makes the democratic citizenship of the nation an outgrowth of nature. The religion of nature is true but insufficient: it looks for a perfect—that is to say, a supernatural—religion. The democracy of the free state is but a suggestion of the divine brotherhood wherewith Christ has made us free. That all men are brethren makes the American democracy a true realization of native human dignity. But to be brethren with Christ in the supernatural state of children of God is the boon of Christ's true church to man, and it accepts and strengthens the equality of citizenship in the free state. That men may be co-heirs with Christ of celestial glory, partaking with him of the Godhead, he essentially and naturally, we by adoption and supernaturally—these are the fruits of the organism called the church of Christ.

Democracy is founded on the natural brotherhood of men Catholicity is founded on a higher brotherhood than that of nature: it is given us through the divinity of Christ. The first leads up to the second, and can only by it best secure its results. The Catholic Church contains the ideal of the democracy, and in the long run will be found necessary as well for its preservation as for its continued advance towards perfect human brotherhood.

For this people to become mainly Catholic is the chief work of Divine Providence in this age. How shall this work be done?

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What shall be the methods and who the instruments? Not, dear Catholic reader, angels from heaven, but you and I and every one of our faithful Catholic people must be the apostles of America. Nor does this Gospel need other miracles than the perennial one of our good lives and the resistless truth of the cause of Christ.

But what shall be the methods? What shall we do? How shall we make our faith most presentable? Shall we "*minimize*," paring down and paring down till we cut the quick? Shall we present the church to our fellow-citizens like a shorn sheep bearing everywhere the mark of the shears? Will you treat honest men and women as you do your sick babies, and attempt to give them the truth of God as if it were a doctor's pill, coating it over with sugar, slipping it in between the honest democrat's teeth as if afraid he would bite you? Will you treat him to religion as you serve medicine to children? Or shall we "*maximize*"? Shall we model after some national type of the Old World? Shall we stand so straight that we lean backwards? Shall we force our customer to carry home not only the fruit but the indigestible wooden measure to boot? Shall we be so suspicious of God's persevering grace that we shall not let our neophyte begin his course till we clutter up his big young limbs with "opinions," and "views," and "devotions," and "tendencies" which have long since failed to attract the active spirits of even the Old World? In truth, it looks as if some consider the apostolic office to consist nowadays in an exhibition of the religious antiques of Europe. Shall we transport the failures of Europe to the New World, and set them to work on our people? Is this what you call "*maximizing*," even orthodoxy? Then there is an immense difference between sentimental orthodoxy and rational orthodoxy.

No; we shall neither "*maximize*" nor "*minimize*." If we wish to succeed it can only be by delivering the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Not "*minimize*," except you so call the cutting-away from about Catholicity what has grown up from the roots of nationality; what has grown up from the roots of Catholicity itself must remain. Whatever was an adaptation of Divine Providence to far different or long-past human environments, racial, national, or personal idiosyncrasies, must be minimized. To cherish every essential product of the divine action in the church, to domesticate it all, to make it at home among us and among our people—this is maximizing in the true sense, unfettered by inverted commas.

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What is French or Irish, Italian or German, is for its own race Catholic, but it is not Catholic elsewhere; we shall do the will of God if we minimize it for Americans. What is everywhere and at all times Catholic, to give this a fuller development is to maximize wisely.

Let us discriminate. Does this or that particular devotion attract Americans to any thoroughly Catholic sentiment. Let it be propagated with every zeal. Is there question of ritual? Let us not suppress it and freeze it up, but bring it out with greater splendor, so as fitly to symbolize the inspiring *dogmas of the faith.* Religion must ever furnish a sufficient symbolism for any people in their worship of God; their nature requires it, for they are physical and spiritual in one personality. But where there is a choice, let us discriminate between what bears directly on *dogmas of the faith* and what is the accompaniment of a particular or a national devotion. As to doctrines, it is our duty to preach them, write about them, and converse about them, each one in his sphere as a man instinct with the Holy Spirit; and let it be doctrines, and not probabilities or opinions: leave opinions to the schools.

It is ourselves that we have got to liberalize, and not our Catholicity; and to liberalize ourselves by the development and maximizing of Catholicity within us and around us.

It is astonishing how much more liberal the Catholic religion is than Catholic people. Where is the Catholic man who will say that he is as liberal as his religion? The highest encomium that can be passed on a man is to say that he is as broad as the doctrines the Catholic Church teaches.

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A FAIR EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER I.

ALONE IN THE BUSH.

ARTHUR DESMOND, an Irish gentleman, left, in the year 18—, his native country under unhappy circumstances, and found his way to Minnesota, where, following as far as white settlers had then ventured, he took land, built himself a wooden house, and began life in solitude. Though quite a young man, a gray look of blight on his countenance and a dejected droop in his walk told plainly that whatever might be the mainspring of the energy that kept him laboring from morning till night, and from night almost till morning again, with little sleep and no recreation, hewing down the woods and turning up the virgin soil for future harvests of gold, there was at least no hope in his toil. Young though he was, he was a broken man, who, with a canker in his heart that could not be cured, had isolated himself voluntarily from the society of his fellow-men.

Hope put out of the question, the motive for his persistent labor was not far to seek. A man of keenly sensitive organization, of fine rather than strong brain, he had wit enough to know that for one like him a load of unsurpassed mental agony is not to be borne except face to face with nature, alone in some of her magnificent solitudes and under the yoke of such bodily toil as leaves little leisure for consecutive thought. Obeying the instinct for self preservation, he had taken hold of the only means that could save him from the doom of insanity.

He had brought nothing with him to the backwoods but his workman's clothes and tools, the miniature likeness of a woman, and a packet of letters which he wore sewn round his neck till they began to crack in the folds and fray at the edges, and, later, deposited in a small box of pine-wood carved rather skilfully by himself. He never looked at the miniature and he never read the letters, but when he came in from work his first glance was towards the casket, and at night it was placed with his revolver by the side of his lonely bed.

His beard grew long and untrimmed, and white hairs began to creep in among his dark locks. He held little intercourse with

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men, yet whenever a human being passed his way, whether white traveller going to or from St. Paul, or Indian straggler from far out on the prairie that stretched from his door to the horizon, the wayfarer was sure to receive kindly hospitality from the lonely squatter in his log-built home. The cries of animals, the songs and calls of birds, and the ring of his own axe were often the only sounds he heard for weeks. Sometimes the concert of the woods and the murmured, exquisite music which Nature makes for herself in her great solitudes charmed the gray look of blight from his face, or the sumptuous coloring of the primeval scenes around would fascinate his eye and smooth away the furrow that agony had already dug deep between his brows. And it was these momentary relaxings of too taut a string, these almost unnoticed yieldings to the great mother's power to soothe, that saved his reason and enabled him to give continuity of purpose to his work.

Whatever may be the motive of long and determined devotion to labor, it is generally rewarded by a harvest of success. Arthur Desmond saw his work begin to prosper and its profit to teem upon him before he had realized that any other result was to be expected from his toil than the dulled state of memory which had enabled him to keep sane. All that he had touched seemed to turn to gold, and, as he saw it pour into his hands, he asked himself bitterly: "Of what use is this to me? What am I going to do with it?" He flung it into the earth again and forgot it, but when another year had passed it returned to him doubled and trebled. Again he buried it in his wider and wider-spreading meadows and fields, and again it found its way back to him with an increase that made it more burdensome than ever.

Master of a vast and teeming territory, he still lived in his log-house, content with that rude harbor for his own person, while his granaries and farm-buildings multiplied and extended. No comfort came to him with his success, no joy in his riches, nor hope for happiness in his future years. To his farm-servants he was a liberal and kindly employer, to those with whom he dealt in business upright and fair, but no man grew intimate with him or called him friend.

At last an event occurred which made a change in Desmond's forlorn life. Returning one evening after a solitary day with his gun in the woods, he found two travellers at his door waiting to ask his hospitality for the night. They were father and daughter, had come from St. Paul, and were on their way

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far out into the Indian country. The man was a travelling merchant, who had dealings with the Indians, and the girl was his only child. Both had evidently seen better days, were refugees from more civilized lands, belonging to the large class whom folly, wrong, or misfortune reduce to beggary every day. The girl was beautiful, with that peculiar, delicate beauty which speaks eloquently of gentle blood. Arthur Desmond, seeing her standing at his door, with the setting sun burnishing her golden hair and lighting up her pale face, was struck by her loveliness, but only as he was struck daily by the grace of the flowers that sprang up through the grass on the prairies. Had the heart within him not been dead he might have fallen in love with her. As it was, he looked at her with interest, and his melancholy brow unbent as he led her into his home.

She was ill with weariness, quite unfit for the journey she had undertaken rather than remain behind her father in the wilderness about St. Paul. Next morning she declared herself able to proceed; but the two men, looking at her, saw that if she did so it would probably be at the cost of her life. The father was deeply distressed and uncertain of what course to pursue, but his host came to the rescue.

"Leave her here," he said, "and she will have time to rest and recruit her strength while you are away. Your journey accomplished, you can call for her as you return. The wife of one of my most trusty servants shall wait upon her, and she shall have every care so rude an establishment as mine can afford."

This seemed the only reasonable solution of the difficulty, and, though the girl wept and clung to him, her father insisted on her accepting Desmond's hospitality. Promising to return soon, he mounted and travelled away across the prairie, looking back and waving his hand to her till he was out of sight. And then the girl crept trembling to her seat at Desmond's fireside.

The delicate courtesy with which her host treated his young guest proved that he had been born for other scenes than that of the wild prairie and the backwoodsman's hut; and as the girl gathered strength and was able to walk a mile, hoping to meet her father returning from his journey out West, and as week followed week and the father did not appear, Desmond forgot his own sorrows in devising means to occupy her mind and keep her from observing the unexpected and unaccountable length of his absence. It was long before the terrible likelihood dawned upon her that he had met his death among the Indians, and that she should see him no more. At last passing travellers from the

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Indian country brought certain news that he had been killed by some of the savages, whom he had been imprudent enough to offend.

After the first agony had exhausted itself the desolate creature raised her head and proposed to set out with her broken heart for St. Paul, there to seek a livelihood for herself. But as little as a dove is fit to fight among hawks, so little able was she to carry out her gallant intention. So thought Arthur Desmond, looking on her stricken face and transparent hands; and yet he knew not what to advise. She could not stay with him, and there was no woman to whose care he could think of confiding her.

On the night before her proposed departure for St. Paul, as she sat opposite to him at his fireside for the last time, with her slight hands folded in her lap and a look of patient determination on her child-like face, a strange trouble for her came down upon Desmond and a sense of remorse, as if he alone were driving her out into the dangers and miseries of a hard world from the safe shelter of his home. Violently agitated, he rose up and went into the woods, where he wandered all night, a prey to the most unhappy thoughts, beset by intolerable memories, torn with the struggle to cast off the claims of a cruel past, to free himself from the power of its dead hand, which, after so many years, still clutched murderously at any pale hope that might venture to spring up in his heart. Flinging himself on the earth, he sobbed in the solitude and darkness, not even a star to witness or a bird to overhear, nothing to intrude on the sacredness of a strong man's secret agony. At dawn he rose up with the marks of the conflict on his face, and went slowly back to his dwelling, where at the door stood already the conveyance which was to take his visitor back to St. Paul.

"My dear," he said, taking her by the hand, "I cannot bear to see you go. There is one way by which you can stay with me, if you will. I am a careworn, broken man, and you are a young, fresh, and lovely girl, but we are both lonely and unfortunate. Can you make up your mind to marry me?"

The young wife bloomed across her husband's desolate life like a wind-flower in the fissure of a rock; and though she could not bring him actual happiness, yet the sweetness of her nature and her tender adoration of him comforted his starved and frozen heart, and his gratitude for her love and faith in him amounted to passion. She knew little of his early life, and, understanding that the subject was painful, did not press for further

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information. With a woman's instinct she had divined that some other woman had broken the heart of which the noble wreck was her own; but that any darker cloud than that cast by a cruelly disappointed love had ever rested on him she did not live long enough to find out. After one happy year she bade good-by to the forest shades, the sunny prairies, and her idolized husband—leaving an infant daughter in her place.

When Bawn, the child, was ten years old, Fate made another raid on Desmond's small store of hard-earned happiness. For his girl's sake he fell into one of those sad blunders which men in his position so often stumble upon. At a distance of some miles from his own possessions a family of French settlers had established themselves, and of the group was a middle-aged spinster of bustling and active turn, who soon showed a lively interest in Desmond and his motherless daughter. Looking on his far-spreading fields and teeming granaries, the thrifty Jeanne quickly resolved to share that extraordinary prosperity which seemed so little appreciated by the melancholy Arthur. How she managed it is needless to relate, but in a very short time after she had made up her mind she became stepmother to Desmond's little girl.

Desmond soon discovered that in his solicitude for his child he had been led into an irretrievable mistake. Jeanne was a masterful woman, and rather than fight with her the man of hapless fortune was fain to let her have things her own way. The wooden home which had satisfied him and his girl was deserted, and a fine new dwelling-house was built. All the ways of life were changed for father and daughter. Servants were scolded and well looked after, abuses corrected, waste was put an end to, and peace for ever banished from the Desmond fireside. A governess was engaged for Bawn—not a day too soon, certainly—all the prairie maiden's pretty, wild ways were condemned, and a good education was energetically administered to her.

In submitting to the new state of things Bawn was influenced by her all-absorbing love for the father whose sole consolation she knew herself to be. She was now a woman, emancipated from her stepmother's control, yet living on the most friendly terms with her father's wife. Within the big house Jeanne reigned paramount, and every one bowed to her will; but deep in the wild woods, lost in the lonely wildernesses of the forest, father and daughter held their meetings and their councils, and were as happy as Desmond's recurrent fits of melancholy occasionally permitted them to be.

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CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

"Bawn! Bawn!"

Mrs. Desmond was calling loudly in her deep contralto tones to her stepdaughter from the front door, shading her eyes with her hand from the strong sunlight that flooded the land—light that intensified the beauty of everything, suggesting corn, wine, and oil, overspreading flowers, teeming fruits.

"Where can that girl have got to, and her father out of the way as well? I don't know what would have become of Arthur Desmond's goods if I had not taken them in hand! Shouldn't wonder if she was over in the log-house encouraging him, as usual, in his whims."

Jeanne crossed the flower-laden sward towards the old wooden house, smothered in bloom, which still stood at an opening of the woods some distance from the new house with its gardens. Jeanne, though quick and energetic, was plump and portly, with a swarthy skin, keen black eyes, and intensely black hair. She was dressed in a calico wrapper of red and white stripes and a large Holland morning-apron with pockets, in which she jingled her keys, and looked neat, thrifty, active, and aggressive.

"Coming, Mother Jeanne!" cried Bawn from within the log-house, where she was busy arranging her father's books, weapons, and various belongings, and beautifying the place in a way of her own. Desmond had forbidden the old wooden home to be swept away, disputing on this one point the will of his wife; and he used it as a sort of den, his only substitute for a club.

"A pretty state of things!," panted Jeanne. "Here is a man from St. Paul about wheat, and nobody to speak to him but myself. I'm sure if I did not work myself to death I don't know what would become of us all."

"Is not the steward to be had?"

"Oh! of course, if you leave it to servants. Give me the man who looks after his own business."

"Father labored long years, and now his hair is white," said Bawn, with a pathetic vibration in her voice. "I think we may sometimes manage without troubling him."

"Well, I'm sure it's not for my own benification I trouble!" snapped Jeanne, who, having all her life been accustomed to French on one side and English on the other, often unintentionally coined words of her own to suit her momentary convenience.

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"And pray, is it by your father's ordeal that you spend so much time in this old hutch?"

Bawn laughed. "Come, now, Mother Jeanne, look at these exquisite roses. Smell!"

"It's no kind of use talking to you, Bawn. Here is a question of so much for wheat, and—and there you are offering me roses to smell, as if nothing was needed in this world but a nose! But you are too old now for my tutition."

"The business is done by this time, I warrant," said Bawn, placing the despised roses in a glass on her father's reading-table, where, amid a litter of his favorite books, stood the old wooden casket which he had fashioned and carved so many years ago. "And you know, Jeanne, even if sixpence a bushel less than possible is had for the wheat, we can well afford the loss —better, perhaps, than the dealer who buys it."

Mrs. Desmond drew back a step from her stepdaughter and eyed her with contempt.

"I do believe," she said, "that you are at heart a Communist, or a Vincent de Paul, or something of that kind. You don't know how to grasp your own and hold it tight when you have got it. You would let every one be as rich as yourself. You seem to think whatever you have got more than you actually need must have been taken from somebody else, and that you are bound to restitute it."

"Jeanne, Jeanne! I can't help laughing. Fancy what you would do to me if you caught me at it! But seriously, dear, you know we are actually rolling in money."

"And if we are, how much of it is owing to my care? Not, I'm sure, that I want it for myself. I've no children to think of, and it is only for your father and you I need toil. From morning till night I wear the flesh off my bones—"

Bawn bit her lip to hide a smile. A good deal of the said flesh still adhered to the framework of Mrs. Desmond's abundant person, but Jeanne could not have been happy without her chronic grievance of perpetual overwork.

After her stepmother had bounced away Bawn went on smilingly with her occupation, and, when it was finished, set out to meet her father on his return from the forest, where he had been wandering alone since morning. This had been one of Desmond's bad days, when the ghost of his past—a ghost that would not be laid—dogged his steps, voices none but himself could hear tormented his ears, and faces long unseen pursued him, gazing on him with eyes of hate or turning away from him in loathing. On

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such days all the old agony grew young again within him, a cruel mist rose all round him and shut out his actual world, blotting out even Bawn's comfortable countenance. His gun and dog were the only companions he tolerated at these moments, and, ranging the woods from morning till evening, he did battle in solitude with his foes.

Now, toiling homeward through the forest, he carried the marks of the conflict on his face and in his gait, in the dull pallor of his skin, the sunken, dark eye, the fine-drawn lines of pain hardening a mouth naturally sweet, the pinched look of his features. Yet even with this blight upon him he had a peculiar air of nobility all his own. The snow-white hair waving over a forehead which was that of an idealist, and the dense darkness of his eyes and brows, would alone have given him distinction in a crowd.

Coming slowly through a long aisle of shade, he looked up and saw Bawn waiting for him in the full sunset light at the nearest opening.

"Thank Heaven!" he sighed to himself, feeling like a man who, having toiled all night through stormy breakers, finds that he is suddenly in sight of shore.

"My darling, I almost took you for a goddess of the woods, what with that white gown, your May-blossom face, and all this shining hair!"

"That comes of reading poetry and romanticizing in the forest, Daddy dear," said the girl, giving him a loving hug. "I wonder is there a goddess of Matter-of-fact among their deityships? Look here!" And, linking her arm through his, she drew him forward.

A fire had been kindled on the ground, and a steaming gipsy-kettle was slung above it. On a little stand near were cups and saucers and a dish of newly-baked cakes.

"Your favorite cakes, sir, and the tea is just made. Now sit down and give an account of yourself, you unsociable, rambling, unaccountable darling of an old Daddy!"

"Give me your tea first. Thank Heaven for tea! No, I cannot tell you where I have been. So many miles away, my girl, that you never could follow me."

"Ah!" said Bawn quickly, "if you would only try me."

Desmond looked at her in surprise, and the hues of life that had stolen back to his face paled away again. It was the first time Bawn had ever hinted at a desire to intrude on his secret.

"No, no, do not mind me," she cried, seeing the effect of her

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words. "I would rather break my heart than give you one extra pang."

"My little girl! my poor little girl!" said Desmond, startled at her passionate tones. "You break your heart! That would be the worst thing that Arthur Desmond, with all his ill-luck, was ever guilty of."

"My heart is pretty strong," said Bawn stoutly. "It could bear a good deal, if a good deal were laid on it. Emptiness is the one thing that could hurt it—like Mamsey's boiler, that cracked with heat because it was not kept properly filled."

Desmond rose and paced up and down for a few moments, a flush on his thin cheek and a strange excitement burning in his eyes. Bawn went up to him presently and put her arms round his neck.

"You shall not tell me anything, if it distresses you," she whispered.

Desmond clasped her in his arms and looked fondly in her eyes.

"My only joy and comfort! there is much I would willingly confide to you, if I thought my confessions would not damp and blight the young glory of your life. You are still so young—"

"I am twenty," she said quickly; "and I feel so old that I cannot believe I shall ever grow any older. Trust my ripe age, father—at least if it will help you, as I often think it might, to share your painful memories with another. As for damping me—why, I am not easily crushed. Jeanne says I am like an india-rubber ball: the harder you try to put me down the higher I spring up again."

"I have always intended you should know my whole story, Bawn—after my death. You know the wooden box that stands on my table?"

"Yes."

"It contains papers that will be yours when I am gone; letters belonging to my youth, a portrait which you will cherish, and a statement written out in my own hand—my history, jotted down from time to time on sleepless nights. If you strongly desire it you shall have that statement to-morrow, and after you have read it we will talk the matter over, if so be you do not shrink from or suspect your old dad."

"Father!" flinging herself into his arms. "Shrink from you! Suspect you of anything but what is noblest and best!"

"Ah! Bawn, there were others who loved me, and yet cast me out."

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"Fiends!" muttered Bawn, tightening her soft arms round his stooping neck.

"No, not fiends, dear. Stanch, true men and a sweet, soft woman like yourself."

"Are they still alive?"

"I think so. I hope so; yet for my own sake I ought not to wish it, seeing that released spirits may, perhaps, know all truth."

"Is there no way of making it known to them before their release?"

"None. And if there were I would not seek it now."

"But I would."

"You?"

"Do you think," said Bawn, unclasping her arms from his neck and linking her hands behind her back, while she leaned forward and looked into his face—"do you think I could live in the world for the fifty years or so I may possibly stay in it, without finding out those people and making them ashamed of their conduct? If there be a lie against you living in the world, I will take it in my own hands and strangle it."

She laid her white, firm palms together as she spoke, and knotted her fingers as if she were in reality wringing the life out of a viper.

Desmond smiled his sweet, melancholy smile.

"Now, who could think there was so much passion in my smiling Bawn? My dear, you speak of an impossibility. The error went too deep; has strengthened its roots in the soil of time. There are lies, Bawn, that will walk up to the judgment-seat clothed like truth, and only at the crack of doom shall their faces be unveiled."

Bawn looked away into the depths of the twilight forest with an obstinate light of determination in her deep gray eyes.

"Daddy," she said presently, putting her hands on his tall shoulders and bringing her face close to his—"Daddy," kissing him, "what do they call the thing that you were accused of? Don't"—kissing him again—"be afraid to tell me. I can't wait till to-morrow."

"It was murder," said Desmond, with a blanching face.

"O the fools!" cried Bawn, holding her warm cheek firmly against his. "The fantastic idiots! To think of a man like this in connection with such a crime!"

"No, Bawn, none of them were fools."

"Then there was a villain among them," insisted Bawn.

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"May be so, my dearest—may be so. But all that lies among the mysteries that will never now be solved."

"Why?"

"Because death is always sealing up the lips of truth."

"Are *all* the actors in your story dead?"

"I told you just now, my daughter, that I do not know. For long years I have not had the heart to make an effort to inquire. Very long ago I used to receive, from time to time, letters from one who promised to send me word if anything in my favor came to light. As his letters ceased, I believe him to be dead. In the course of thirty years death will have reaped a big harvest from every inhabited land of the earth. He will not have spared the spot where the tragedy of your father's life was enacted."

They walked up and down together, Bawn with her cheek against his shoulder and her hands clasped over his arm. The round, yellow moon rose above the darkening tips of the trees and cast a misty radiance over the distant prairie. Odors of cultured flowers mingled with the sweets of hay, and the breath of cattle stole towards them at times, and the low, burnt-out fires of the sun smouldered and died in the forest thickets.

"I know all this happened in Ireland, of course," said Bawn. "It was not in your own south, where you were born? Was it in those beautiful northern glens you have sometimes told me of?"

"It was there. On an evening as lovely as this, in the midst of scenery far more beautiful, more picturesque, in the flush of my youth—a youth full to the brim of happiness and hope—my bitter doom came down upon me. But ask me no more to-night, my darling. To-morrow everything shall be told."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE LEGEND OF SAINT PANCRATIUS—A.D. 287.

PART II.

PANCRATIUS' grandsire left him ever free.
"If good the heart," the man was wont to say,
"Feed it with lore, but leave it liberty;
The good, wise heart will learn to choose its way:
Virtue means courage: man must dare and do:
Who does the right shall find at last the true."

The boy, though gay, was studious; swift to learn,
To him the acquest of knowledge was delight,
For his was still the instinct to discern
How high true knowledge wings the spirit's flight.
The youth of Rome no comrades were to him:
Triflers he deemed them, fooled by jest and whim.

Often on that great plain which circles Rome
He spurred his fiery courser; oftener far
In that huge wood which girt his lonely home
Sat solitary, while the morning star
Levelled along some dewy lawn its beam,
Or flashed remote on Tiber's tremulous stream.

Pacing its glades at times, he seemed to hear
Music till then unknown, a mystic strain
That sank or swelled alternate on his ear
Like long, smooth billows of some windless main.
"Is this a dream?" he mused; "if not, this wood
Houses some Spirit kind to man and good."

One day he sat there, sad. The year before
That self-same day his parents both had died.
"Where are they now? Upon what distant shore
Walk they this hour?" For them, not self, he sighed.
"They have not changed to clay; they live: they must.
But ah! their state I know not. Let me trust!

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"What loyal love maintained they each for each!
With what bright courage met they peril's hour!
How just their acts, how kind and true their speech!
They never drave the outcast from their bower:
Some great belief they must have held! In whom?
Believe I will! My altar is their tomb."

Wearied with grief, the orphan sank asleep,
And, sleeping, dreamed. In dream once more he heard
That mystic music sweeter and more deep
Than e'er before; and now and then a word
Reached him, he deemed from shadowy realms beneath:
At times that word was "Life"; at times 'twas "Death."

Then, o'er the sheddings which the west wind's fan
Had strewn beneath the pine-woods, he was 'ware
That steps anear him drew; and lo! a man
Beside him stood. The sunset touched his hair
Snow-white, down-streaming from that reverend head,
And on his staff cross-crowned a splendor shed.

The dream dissolved: upright he sat, awake:
The Apostolic Sire of Christian Rome
Beside him stood—Cornelius: thus he spake:
"Fear naught! I come to lead a wanderer home:
Thou mourn'st thine earthly parents. They are nigh
More than in life, though throned in yonder sky.

"God's angel brought to each in life's last hour
That Truth they sought, both for their sake and thine:
They left thee in the flesh: since then in power
With love once human only, now divine,
Have tracked thy wandering steps: this day, O boy,
Through me they send the tidings of great joy.

"That God who made the worlds at last hath spoken:
The shadows melt: the dawn of Truth begins;
That Saviour God the captive's chain hath broken;
Reigns o'er the free: our tyrants were our Sins:
He reigns who rose, that God for man Who died,
Reigns from the Cross, and rules—the Crucified."

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He told him all. As when within the East
The ascended sun is glassed in seas below
So that high Truth with light that still increased
Lit in the listener's mind a kindred glow
Because that mind was loving, calm, and pure
With courage to believe and to endure.

In blank astonishment he stood at first,
By Truth's strong beam though raptured yet half-dazed:
As when upon the eyes of angels burst
Creation new created, so he gazed:
He questioned; but his questions all were wise:
Therefore that Truth he sought became his prize.

Later he mused; then spake: "Whilst yet a child
Something I heard—my memory is not clear—
Of Christ, and her, His mother undefiled:
Alas! it sank no deeper than mine ear.
An old nurse whispered me that tale. Ere long
She died, some said, for God. Her heart was strong."

An hour gone by, Pancratius made demand,
"That heavenly music, came it from above?"
Cornelius then: "The persecutor's brand
Rages against us: not from fear but love,
Love of Christ's poor—the weak, the babe—we hide:
If found we die: to seek our death were pride.

"Men scoff at us as dwellers 'mid the tombs:
Beneath your grandsire's woods, till late untrod,
Extends the largest of the Catacombs:
There dwells the Christian Church, and sings to God:
Our hymns betray us oft. Descending, thou
One day wilt hear them—When?" He answered: "Now."

That twain in silence passed to where the mouth
Of those dread caverns yawned; they stooped beneath:
Instant upon them fell that heat and drouth
Which Nubian sands o'er way-worn pilgrims breathe:
Red torches glared the winding ways among;
To roofs low-arched the lingering anthems clung.

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Their latest echo dies: the Lector reads,
Then speaks: plain, brief, and strong is his discourse:
"Brothers! each day ye know the martyr bleeds;
What then? Does any fear that fleshly force
Can slay the soul? God dwells that soul within,
And God is Life. Death dwelleth but with sin.

"This day ye heard of David. Who is he
That strides o'er earth brass-armed, six cubits high?
And who that shepherd? Think you he will flee,
Unarmed, a boy? A brook goes warbling by;
Its song is glad; its pebbles laugh: 'twixt whiles
That shepherd eyes his giant foe and smiles.

"He bends above that brook; a stone he lifts;
He binds it on his sling; he waves it round:
The giant spreads his hands; he shifts and drifts
Like drunkards. Dead, he lies along the ground.
David unwounded triumphed; sang; reigned long:
The martyr reigns in death, and deathless is his song."

That eve Pancratius mused: "'Mid yonder vaults
God holds His court, and love, and peaceful cheer:
Who rules in Rome? There Vice her crown exalts
Shameless yet sad; beside her, Jest and Fear."
That night his dream was of that Shepherd Boy,
The sling, the stone. He wakened full of joy.

Then, with a solace never his before,
His thoughts reverted to his parents dead;
"That Truth," he said, "they sought, yet missed, of yore,
Is theirs this hour: its crown is on their head;
Its sword within their hand. That Christ whom we
Discern through mist they in God's glory see.

"Thank heaven, my grandsire lives!" Straight to his ear
He brought his tale. Upon that Roman's brow
Hung thunder-cloud: the things supremely dear
To him were these, Reverence and Rule; and now
A boy, a child that daily ate his bread,
Had heaped dishonor on his hoary head.

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"Renounce thy madness, boy, or hence this day!"
Pancratius answered, with that winning smile
Dear to the sad man's heart, "Not so: I stay!
There cometh one your anger to beguile;
I told him you were good: thus answered he,
'Good-will means Faith: the Truth shall set him free.'"

Thus as he spake the mitred Sire of Rome,
Without disguise, his pastoral staff in hand,
Entered: "I seek, great sir, your ancient home,
By you unbidden, at this youth's command:
If this molests you, you can have my head:
The law proscribes, the Emperor wills me dead."

Silent the Roman noble sat: anon
A glance on that strange guest at random thrown
Wrought in him change: then first he looked on one
Of presence more majestic than his own.
"Cornelius is your name; unless I err,
Yours is that ancient stock Cornelian, sir.

"Within this mansion I abide recluse;
I with the Emperor slight acquaintance boast,
None with his court. Such things may have their use;
They pass us quickly. As becomes a host
All guests alike I honor, old or new;
I war on no man, but converse with few.

"Perhaps you come with tidings: if from me
Aught you require, speak briefly, without art."
Cornelius smiled, then answered placidly,
"To each the self-same tidings I impart:
Beside your house a gold-mine lurks; with you
Remains to sink your shaft or miss your due."

At first that Roman sat, yet scarcely listened;
Ere long he gave attention: by degrees
The strong, imperious eye now flashed, now glistened;
Point after point he seemed in turn to seize.
He proffered question none; he spake no word,
In mind collected, but in spirit stirred.

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Lo! as some statued form of art antique,
Solon or Plato, sits with brow hand-propt
And eyes the centre of the earth that seek,
So sat he, when that strain majestic stopt,
In silence long. He raised his eyes, and then
Spake thus alone: "In three days come again."

Three days went by; in that dim room once more
Cornelius spake: inly Pancratius prayed;
His grandsire listened mute. His message o'er,
The Venerable Sign the Pontiff made
Above that low-bent forehead. With it grace
Fell from on high and lit that hoary face.

Then questioned thus that old man staid and grave:
"What was the birthplace of this Creed decried
Which in all lands attracts the meek and brave?"
To whom the Roman Pontiff thus replied:
"Juda—not Greece! Fishers, not seers, went forth;
They preached that Creed, and died to prove its worth."

His host: "This Faith is then at least no dream—
No dream, not even the loftiest, noblest, best,
In depth of thought, in breadth, of love supreme;
Pity 'tis new! 'Tis Time doth Truth attest."
The answer came: "This Faith is old as man:
'The Woman's Seed.' It ends as it began.

"This is that Faith which over-soars the sage
Yet condescends to him, the shepherd's boy:
This is that Hope which brightest shines in age
All others quenched: this is that Love, that Joy,
Which all retrieves; to patriots worn that cries
Thy great, true Country waits thee in yon skies."

The Roman next: "The Creeds of ages past
Lived long; yet most have died; the rest wax old:
Yours is the amplest: it will prove the last:
For he who, having clasped it, slips his hold
Shall find none other. Of the seas of Time
This is high-water mark, stamped on the cliffs sublime.

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"Not less that question, 'Is it true?' recurs.
What Virtue is, by virtuous life is shown:
She lights the paths she walks on; no man errs
Who treads them. Would that Truth might thus be known!
Sir, I must ponder these things. Agèd men
Perforce are slow. In ten days come again."

In ten days more that Christian priest returned:
The Roman Noble met him at the door,
But altered. "You are welcome! I have yearned
To see your face and hear again your lore.
At times I grasp it tight: but I am old:
Close-clutched it slides like sand from out my hold.

"Mark well yon Sabine and yon Alban ranges!
The north wind blows; clear shineth each ravine:
Thus clear stands out your Creed: the north wind changes;
The clouds rush in, and vapors shroud the scene:
Thus dims more late that Creed. My end draws nigh:
Honest it were Truth's Confessor to die."

Cornelius answered, "Sir, not flesh and blood
But God's own Finger wrote one sacred word
Upon your heart when by you first I stood:
That word was 'Christ.' Brave man! In this you erred,
Not seeking then and there that conquering light
Which shines, like sunrise, on the baptism rite."

Hour after hour, and far into the morn,
Those two conversed of God. That saintly sage
Witnessed, not argued. "Truth," he said, "is born
Alike in heart of childhood and of age,
A spirit-birth. Invoke that Spirit by whom
God become Man hallowed the Virgin's womb."

To all demands he made the same reply:
Within that old man's breast—by slow degrees
Stirred like Bethesda's waters tremulously—
God's Truths put on God's splendor. "Men like trees
Walking," in mist at first such seemed they; then
They trod the earth like angels, not like men.

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Sudden that old man rose; he cried, "I see!
Thank God! The scales are fallen from mine eyes!
I see that Infant on His Mother's knee,
That Saviour on His cross, man's Sacrifice.
It could not but be thus! From heaven to earth
That Cross fills all; all else is nothing worth!"

At sunrise he received baptismal grace;
And ever from that hour its radiance glowed
A better sunrise on his wrinkled face,
For all his heart with gladness overflowed,
And childhood's innocence returned; and all
His childhood loved seemed near him at his call.

Once more the aspirations of his youth
About him played like pinions; by his side
More sweet, more fair than when her nuptial truth
To him she pledged, beside him walked his bride;
And to that love he bore his Land returned
That hope, long quenched, wherewith it once had burned.

Still as of old his country's past he praised:
"Numa revered one God; no idols crowned;
Two altars—holy were they both—he raised;
One was for Terminus who guards the Bound;
One was for Faithfulness who keeps the Pledge:
These spurned, he taught, all rites are sacrilege.

"A matron wronged dragged down the race of Kings;
A virgin wronged hurled forth those Ten from Rome:
Omen and auspice these of greater things:
Of Truth reserved to make with her its home.
Man needs that aid! The proof? Man lives to act;
And noblest deeds are born of Faith and Fact."

Yet, though before him ever stood the vision
Of that high Truth which gives the human soul
Of visible things sole mastery and fruition,
More solid seemed he, and in self-control
More absolute, than of old; and from his eye
Looked lordlier forth its old sobriety.

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In him showed nothing of enthusiasm,
Of thought erratic wistful for strange ways,
Nothing of phrase fantastic, passion's spasm,
Or self-applause masking in self-dispraise:
Some things to him once great seemed now but small:
In small things greatness dwelt, and God in all.

Three months gone by, he freed his slaves; above
That rock, the portal of that Catacomb,
He raised an altar "To the Eternal Love"
Inscribed: more low he built his humble tomb:
"Not far," he said, "repose God's martyrs; I,
Albeit unworthy, near to them would lie."

In one month more serene and glad he died;
An hour ere death painless the old man lay,
Those two that loved him watching at his side:
"In Christ, yet not for Christ," they heard him say;
"This is the sole of Faiths, for which to bleed
Were wholly sage. My son had loved this Creed."

The tidings that a noble of the old race
Had spurned the old rites transpired not till that hour
Which laid him in his woodland burial place;
'Twas Diocletian's day: the Imperial power
Had made decree to trample to the ground
God's Church. A worthy victim it had found.

For when about the dead the Romans thronged
Much wondering at the unwonted obsequies
Nor pleased to see their old traditions wronged,
Pancratius answered, "Christian rites are these";
Then made proclaim to all men far and nigh,
"My grandsire died a Christian: such am I."

Two pagan priests to Diocletian sped:
"Yon man who died an Atheist left an heir;
Asian he is, a Christian born and bred:
Shall that new Faith with Jove and Cæsar share?
Usurp a Roman noble's place and pride?"
"Bring here that youth," the Emperor replied.

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That Emperor looked upon the Gods as those
  Who shared his reign. In majesty and mirth
They sat enskied above the Olympian snows:
  The Goddess Rome, their last-born, ruled the earth;
The Roman Emperor was her husband. He
Partook perforce in their divinity.

The inferior Gods of barbarous realms scarce known
  Rome's latest conquests in the utmost East,
Revered the Roman Gods. One God alone
  Refused with them to traffic, share their feast;
His votaries served Him only; Gods beside
They banned as Idol-Gods, and Rome defied.

That Emperor was not cruel; from the height
  Of that imagined greatness gazing down,
To rule he deemed his duty as his right;
  The world his kingdom was, and Rome its crown:
Who spurned that crown he deemed as sense-bereaven,
Rebel 'gainst earth, and blasphemous 'gainst heaven.

Next day at noon within his judgment court
  He sat, by all his pomp of majesty
Compassed and guarded; lion-like his port;
  Then whispered man to man: "That terrible eye
Without yon Lictors' axes or their rods,
Will drive the renegade to his country's Gods."

Pancratius entered—entered with a smile;
  Bowed to the Emperor; next to those around
First East, then West. The Emperor gazed awhile
  On that bright countenance; knew its import; frowned:
"A malefactor known! Yet there you stand!
Young boy, be wise in time. Hold forth your hand!

"Yon censor mark! It comes from Jove's chief fane;
  See next yon vase cinctured with flower-attire:
Lift from that vase its smallest incense-grain;
  Commit it softly to yon censor's fire:
Your father, boy, was well with me; and I
Would rather serve his son than bid him die."

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Pancratius mused a moment, then began:
"Emperor, 'tis true I am a boy; no more:
But He within me changes boy to man,
Christ, God and Man, that Lord the just adore.
A pictured lion hangs above thy head:
Say, can a picture touch man's heart with dread?

"Thou, too, great Emperor, art but pictured life:
He only lives who quickened life in all:
Men are but shadows: in a futile strife
They chase each other on a sun-bright wall.
Shadows are they the hosts that round thee throng;
Shadows their swords that vindicate this wrong.

"What Gods are those thou bidst me serve and praise?
Adulterers, murderers, Gods of fraud and theft.
If slave of thine walked faithful in their ways
What were his sentence? Eyes of light bereft;
The scourge, the rope! Our God is good. His Name
Paints on His votaries' face no flush of shame.

"Exteriorly, 'tis true, thy Gods are great,
They and their sort: this hour they rule the lands:
Ay, but, expectant at an unbarred gate,
A greatness of a different order stands,
The Babe of Bethlehem's. He thy Gods shall slay
Though small His hand, and rend earth's chain away."

The Emperor shook: as one demon-possessed
He glared upon that youth; his wan cheek burned:
With wonder dumb panted his struggling breast:
Silent to that Prætorian Guard he turned;
He pointed to Pancratius. "Let him die!"
Pancratius stood, and pointed to the sky.

That night a corse beside the Aurelian Way
Lay as in sleep. Hard by, two maidens fair
Now knelt and lifted high their hands to pray,
Now bent and kissed his cheek and smoothed his hair:
Two daughters of a Roman matron these:
A grove not far shook, moonlit, in the breeze.

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O fair young love—for when could love show fairer?
O maids, should earthly love e'er house with you,
With love thus heavenly may that love be sharer;
Like this be cleansing, hallowing, self-less, true!
Thou too, O boy, love's guerdon hast not missed
Though young; by lips so pure so kindly kissed.

A youth he lay of fourteen years in seeming;
A lily by the tempest bent, not broken:
Round the lashed lids a smile divine was gleaming;
And if that mouth, so placid, could have spoken
Surely its speech had been: "Thank Heaven, 'tis past!
The secret of the skies is mine at last."

Softly those maidens with their mother bore
Pancratius to that grove, and made his grave:
O'er his light limbs the radiant scarfs they wore
Softly they spread. Such wreaths as grace the brave
On him they strewed next morn, and buds of balm;
And by that grave planted the martyr's palm.

Near it the Roman Walls ascend, and Gate
Aurelian called of old, Pancratian now,
Honoring that youth who smiling met his fate
So soon, so gladly kept his baptism vow.
King Numa's "Faithfulness" in him was found;
Therefore old "Terminus" guards still that bound.

Some say that when that Gate to him was given
A mystery therein was signified:
Earth hath her "Holy City"; but in heaven
A holier waits us; one that aye shall bide:
Twelve gates it hath: each boasts high trust and fief:
The Gate of Martyrdom of these is chief.

Yea, and the Martyr is himself a gate,
Since through the fiery ether of his prayer
Which Vision blest kindles and doth dilate
Who strives for heaven finds help to enter there.
O Martyr young, by Death made glad and free,
In Death's dread hour pray well for mine and me!

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JEREMIAH SULLIVAN BLACK.

"All my life long
I have beheld with most respect the man
Who knew himself, and knew the ways before him;
And from amongst them chose considerately,
With a clear foresight—not a blindfold courage;
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursues his purposes."

—SIR HENRY TAYLOR, *Philip Van Artevelde.*

IN the mid-summer of 1883 a large funeral cortége left the spacious grounds of Brockie, a few miles from York, Pennsylvania, and passed through its thronged and silent streets to the cemetery just beyond the limits of the town. That York was for eight months the seat of the Continental Congress in the last century, and was the place of residence and of burial of a distinguished publicist in this, are the two historic facts which give to the ancient town an especial interest. In the transition from one to the other are involved all the memorable scenes which connect the first and the second centenary of our years as a nation—from the stirring associations which the early days of the Republic awaken to those revived by the career of the illustrious dead whose obsequies now hushed the busy shops of York and rendered the historical retrospect doubly impressive. The remains thus conveyed to sepulture, amid a silence so profound that it seemed augmented by the very tolling of the church-bells, were those of a great American, known far beyond the town in which he lived, the commonwealth in which he was born, and the country which he so faithfully served in a most critical period of her history—Jeremiah Sullivan Black, a name identified with the highest juridical learning of this age and of this land.

"O thou beloved and most merciful Father, from whom I had my being and in whom I have ever trusted," he said a short time before his death, "grant, if it be thy will, that I no longer suffer this agony, and that I be speedily called home to thee." Thus confident as a little child in his faith he died, and thus followed by mourning citizens of every class he was buried. But his work lives after him, and his voice is still potent among men in the volume of his writings collected by Mr. Chauncey F. Black, his accomplished son, who has made an honorable fame

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as lieutenant-governor of Pennsylvania. Other and larger claims for recognition among the master-minds of our country than that of eminence in the jurisprudence of his age will suggest themselves when the career of Judge Black is calmly and impartially considered, and so long as true greatness is held in honor, so long will his name occupy a lofty and enduring place. Whatever may be the dominating motive moulding the destiny of man, it is certain that true greatness can never be dissociated from loyalty to principle—that hostage which fame exacts as the ultimate criterion of character, and without which there can be no real success. Putting aside the popular distinctions with which our common speech confuses the ethical quality of courage, moral and physical, in the integrity of life, we know, as George Eliot has so admirably said, that it is an "inexorable law of human souls that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character."* Fidelity to noble aims and worthy purposes is not only the pledge of reputation but the test of inspiration in the conduct of men. The memory of Judge Black is hallowed, and an estimate of permanent value placed upon his writings, because he looked beyond the excitement of the times and the dictates of self-interest to the supremacy of the essential truth for which he strove and to its conservation as an integral force in the body politic.

The early settlements in Pennsylvania† exhibit a fact kindred to that seen in the history of other States in colonial and subsequent periods—the large and influential Irish element which has left the traces of its genius and power in every department of American life and thought. Logan, the friend of Penn; Allison, provost of Pennsylvania College; Ramsay, the historian of South Carolina; Barry and Stewart, of the navy; Wayne and Hand, of the army; Fulton and Colles, in the art of navigation; Binns, in journalism; and Carey, in political science, are but a few of the distinguished men of Irish birth or ancestry who have shed lustre on the annals of the State. And when the future historian records the deeds and the fame of those of Celtic lin-

* *Romola*, chap. xxiii. p. 206.

† Mayor Grace, of New York, in his interesting lecture entitled *The Irish in America*, speaking of emigrants prior to the American Revolution, says that they "were widely scattered and leave no definite trace behind them until we come to the settlement founded at Logan, in Pennsylvania, which at that time (1699) was a colony that afforded much greater freedom of religious thought than others under British control" (p. 6). He adds that "Pennsylvania continued to be a favorite point of destination, though various settlements were made in Maryland and Virginia, and even in North and South Carolina, and in Kentucky."

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eage, among the foremost on the roll of Pennsylvania's sons will be her venerable publicist, Judge Jeremiah Sullivan Black. In him the traditions of the fathers of the republic have been borne on to a new epoch, and he was the last of that brilliant galaxy of statesmen of a former generation whose memory is the glory of our own.

Judge Black was born a few miles from the county-town of Somerset, in the rich region lying between Laurel Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains. He sprang from a good old Irish stock, for the names of Patrick Sullivan and Jane McDonough are on the list of his honored ancestors. Of Black's early education in the ordinary schools of the neighborhood but few incidents are preserved; but, whether his advantages were great or small, a decided taste for special authors in Latin and English was soon manifested, and Horace and Shakspere became what they will always be to a boyhood in which the intellect predominates—the companions of studious hours. From them he assimilated thus early a profound knowledge of the actual elements of human life, its violent contrasts, infinite joys and infinite woes, its subtle motives and discordant philosophies, its moral grandeur and its appalling weakness—a knowledge which usually comes at a later period, and from contact with the world rather than with books. Like most boys brought up under the influences of a refined Protestant home, the King James version of the Scriptures was the daily manual from which he was taught his duty to God and his duty to man, and it was for ever connected with all that was gentle and pure and strong in his spiritual growth. What Father Faber graphically describes as its "uncommon beauty and marvellous English" left an impress on the mind of Black as deep as the supernatural truth which its text imprinted on his soul. Neither change nor strife of professional years effaced the seal of its validity. As the Oratorian says of every Protestant who has any religiousness, the English Bible was "his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled." *

The quiet and isolated life of young Black, broken only by occasional rambles over the long sweep of highland enclosing his home, developed a genuine appreciation of natural phenomena which in later years influenced his choice of a permanent abode at Brockie. The play of the winds, the hues of the sky, the march of clouds, the gathering storm, and the succeeding calm unfolded to his observant eye the unswerving dominion of law,

* "The Interests and Characteristics of the Lives of the Saints," prefixed to the *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, p. 116, vol. xxv. of the Oratory series.

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and nature thus became to him the sanctuary of the supreme Law-giver. At the age of seventeen he entered upon the study of the law under auspices which would have promised success even to one less suited for the legal profession. Two brothers, prominent figures in the politics and at the bar of western Pennsylvania at that day, were Chauncey and Walter Forward, and with them Mr. Henry Black, father of Jeremiah, being an associate judge of Somerset County, was united by social as well as professional ties. He selected the office of Mr. Chauncey Forward in which to place his son, and under the tuition of this wise preceptor the future jurist laid the foundation of his legal greatness. It is hardly necessary, in view of his subsequent professional eminence, to recount how diligently he worked for the mastery of those principles of the law which either narrow or expand the mind of the student, producing on the one hand an adept in the cunning arts of the mere advocate, and on the other the judicial temper of the enlightened jurist. Ten years later we find Black not only in the full tide of prosperity which his pre-eminent abilities had so speedily won, but recognized, while yet a young man, as a leader by the older generation of lawyers at the bar of which he was a member. Having married the daughter of his instructor, and having attained thus early the realization of his dreams, happiness, domestic and professional, seemed spread before him like a feast. He loved his vocation and labored in it manfully, but with less worldliness of motive than is commonly to be met with in the paths of forensic life. A chief characteristic of the man was a sustained and elevated dignity in which he was preserved from the temptations besetting a legal career. His heart, steeled against ignoble purposes, kept him undisturbed by petty jealousies which torment the lives of professional men. In the refined seclusion of a home made happy by the affection of friends and the devotion of his wife he gathered strength for his daily work. From her who was the centre of that home, "through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace." *

In no profession does there exist a greater disparity as to success among its members than in the law; and a career at the bar more than any other contradicts the theory that all intelligences are equal, and that the differences among men are those occasioned by industry. The world is always full of aspirants whose natural gifts are so apparently inadequate for the work under-

* Ruskin, *The Crown of Wild Olive*, lecture iii. p. 124.

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taken that, unless they are endowed with that nameless talent, insisted upon by the late Sir Arthur Helps,* which enables its possessor to get "into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs," failure results from their best efforts. Natural faculty and aptitude, other things being equal, are worth more than labor, however much Carlyle may glorify it as the modern evangel, and however much success in life may depend upon its right direction. The next decade of years in the life of Black determined the place he was to occupy among men, and exhibits an example of that which the world, whether it comprehends its own process of reasoning or not, is always interested in—a man whose intellectual and moral powers justify his desires and are commensurate with whatever objects he elects to accomplish. The bench sought him, and not he the bench; and no jurist has ever, at so early an age, attained greater celebrity among his brethren for a scientific knowledge of the law and a luminous presentation of its principles. Later still, more important preferments than president judge of a judicial district awaited him. In 1851, under the amendment to the State constitution, he was elected justice of the Supreme Court, and his fame became associated in the jurisprudence of Pennsylvania as *primus inter pares* with that of Gibson, Lewis, Lowrie, and Coulter. Mr. Buchanan called Judge Black in March, 1857, to the position of attorney-general; and henceforth till the day of his death he was before the public eye, a colossal figure in the moving drama of American politics. Walking amidst perils of which comparatively little is even yet known, the target of envious factions and intriguing foes on every side, it would seem almost impossible that he should not contract something of the Machiavellian spirit of the times, or the statecraft engendered of the political dissensions preceding the civil war. But the transparency of his character, and of his methods as an official adviser of the President, shows that in no measure did he reflect the double-dealing then rife. The man of evasions is unstable in all his ways, and Judge Black was unstable in nothing. In private and in public, in the council-chamber of the cabinet and in the court of highest tribu-

* "Get, if you can, into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs. It is all the difference of going by railway and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses or set up one for yourself. You will see, if your times are anything like ours, very inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well with very little original motive power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or any professions; only that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence" (*Companions of My Solitude*, p. 57).

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nal, whether the dispositions of men were to be sounded or divergent interests to be conciliated, he always stood forth the same fearless champion of constitutional liberty. We have not the space at our command nor is the time yet ripe for a dispassionate discussion of the closing days of Mr. Buchanan's administration. The ordeal through which Judge Black then passed is the most memorable in his life; for the crisis had arrived which was to test the perpetuity of the union of States and of the republic among the nations. It was not uncommon at this period for blatant orators and impetuous writers to indulge in meaningless platitudes about the constitutional powers of the President and the methods to be employed in averting dangers then imminent. But many of these men, as Hallam says of Cromwell, had so "sucked the dregs of a besotted fanaticism" that its poison clouded their reason and drove them in utterance to the verge of madness. The principles enunciated by Attorney-General Black in his opinion entitled "Power of the President in executing the laws," rendered November 20, 1860,* are the only deductions attainable within the limits of the Constitution, and all who calmly read that document must admit that any other interpretation than that given would be extra-constitutional in its nature; for we must always bear in mind the fact that expositors of law, as Burke says, "have their strict rule to go by." Whatever may be the exigencies demanding a proclamation of martial law, a moment's reflection shows the self-contradictory character of the phrase. Taken apart it simply means that the term *martial* interdicts the right to legal trial, and the term *law* the right of a foe to all civilized processes of warfare. *Inter arma leges silent.* Martial law, therefore, can never appear to the eye of the jurist in any other light than that in which Sir Matthew Hale views it—"in truth and reality it is no law at all, but something indulged." Amidst the tempests of later times Judge Black was not only safe from attack, but he was even invoked as an oracle by those who, at the beginning of the war, would have been the first to denounce him. This change in the popular estimate of a character in itself unchanged, save in that steady progressive development which marks all great minds, is one of the many lessons to be derived from a study of his life and writings. It is also, in some measure, an exhibition of the worthlessness of public opinion created during its irregular and capricious currents, as it is a striking proof of the solid and invaluable services of the man himself,

* Ashton's *Official Opinions of the Attorneys-General*, vol. ix. p. 516.

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who by sheer moral and mental force worked out his own justification in the face of his countrymen. Revision of judgments has already begun to sift contemporary reputations, and while the names of some are in the descending scale of ultimate decision, that of Black has reached its zenith. Under the verse of the poet lies a primal truth, and time demonstrates that

"The great soul of the world is just."

The writings of Judge Black, lately issued,* comprise under four general heads, as arranged by Mr. Chauncey F. Black, some of the most notable papers in the literature of American civil polity, and they illustrate the essential solidity and correctness of view taken by that eminent jurist. Philosophic in the foundation of his mind, there is a degree of skill in the constructive and destructive methods which Judge Black employs rarely to be met with in argumentation. Persuasive and eloquent as he may appear at times, all the links in the chain of his reasoning are carefully forged and welded together by a logic which is irresistible. Under the show of logic, as used by the mere dialectician, is visible the skeleton of defective combination, but a trained intellect like Judge Black's ranges around his subject its leading features with such exquisite tact that every fact and every argument follow in the strictest sequence, and, when complete, exhibit both a consummate power in art and an unrivalled perfection in presentation. Valuable as his writings must always be considered by those who have any appreciation of conservatism of thought, strength of conviction, and fearlessness of expression, they possess a still higher claim on our admiration. In every utterance of his life is discovered a breadth of thought and of charity which endears the memory of Judge Black in an especial manner to Catholic hearts not only in America, the land of his birth, but in Ireland, the home of his forefathers. Interesting as it would be to attempt an analysis of such a mind, so complex in operation, so various in acquirement, and so tolerant in temper, and to follow the manifestations of that mind through all the masterly expositions of national polity bequeathed to us in his *Essays and Speeches*, we must content ourselves in fulfilling a humbler part—that of recalling to the attention of our readers a few of the lines of thought pursued by Judge Black, especially in their relation to questions in which the Catholic citizens of the republic are deeply concerned. In portraying the career of one

* *Essays and Speeches of Jeremiah S. Black.* With a Biographical Sketch by Chauncey F. Black. New York: Appleton & Co. 1885.

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not of his own belief, the Catholic critic now and then seems to act on the supposition that loyalty to truth demands that he should take cognizance of that which the non-Catholic ought to have thought upon subjects cognate to faith and morals, rather than of that which he actually did think. A negative portraiture may have its uses, but at best it is one-sided. If we would draw the picture in its entirety, the preference which Goethe has expressed in regard to Spinoza is a safe rule of delineation: "Ich immer varzog von dem Menschen zu erfahren wie er dachte, als von einem andern zu hören, wie er hätte denken sollen"; * and as far as possible we make it our own in reproducing the thought of Judge Black in its contact with Catholic interests.

No periods in our history are fraught with such shameless exhibitions of talents prostituted to evil purposes as those which have witnessed the outbreak of fanaticism masquerading under the disguise of zeal for liberty and religion. Among the advocates of wild sophistries resulting in the destruction of Catholic life and property by frenzied mobs the impartial critic must place those clergymen who, forgetting their calling, entered the political arena for the prizes it offers. They played for high stakes, but in a losing game; for however much the deeds of proscriptionists in times of unusual excitement may argue to the contrary, politics are not the religion of the American people, nor will they make religion, under whatever name professed, subservient to politics. A desperate effort was put forth to revive the Native American party under another name, but it was at once recognized as an old foe, particularly of the Irish Catholic, with a new face. It was natural that extraordinary means should be taken for the propagation of its principles in Pennsylvania, whose metropolitan city eleven years before had been the scene of violence in a political warfare against Catholics. The inscription, "The Lord Seeth," which was visible on the blackened walls of St. Augustine's Church † when the mad work of the mob was complete, ought to have been a salutary lesson for the future; but the blindness of hate could not read the writing, and the blindness of self-seeking would not heed its warning. In 1855 the Rev. O. H. Tiffany, a professor in Dickinson College, at Carlisle, delivered a lecture on the "Cultivation of the Christian Elements of Republicanism." The fact was noteworthy, as it was currently believed that he aspired to a seat in the United States Senate from Pennsylvania, and that he represented the

* *Aus meinem Leben-Wahrheit und Dichtung*, 4th Theil, 16th Buch, p. 209.

† De Courcy and Shea's *Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 253.

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proscriptive principles of the new party seeking power in the State. In this lecture he indulged in the usual commonplaces of Protestant satire, and defended the existence of an American party "to meet the subtleties of Jesuitism and the insidious policy of foreign despotism."* Judge Black felt that when the schools of learning seemed smitten with the virulence of the new politics the time had come to utter protest, and, if possible, to recall academic thought to a higher plane of Christian ethics. Having been invited, a year later, to address the Phenakosmian Society of Pennsylvania College at the annual commencement, he chose for his theme "Religious Liberty," and gave one of the clearest and grandest interpretations of the spirit of the Constitution upon this question that ever fell from human lips. If in regard to a point or two of history we do not commit ourselves unreservedly to the views of Judge Black, yet as a whole his exposition appears to us unsurpassed in Protestant literature. The three heralds of freedom of conscience among the earliest settlers of America, whose portraits he draws with matchless skill, are Cecilius Calvert, William Penn, and Roger Williams. To the first he pays the following tribute:

"Lord Baltimore was, in some respects, a most fortunate man. He was especially happy in having a father to lay out his great work, and a son of rare ability to carry it on. To have been the author of the first statute that ever was passed to secure entire freedom of conscience gives him the most enviable place in the world's history. His high qualities of mind and heart made him worthy of that pre-eminent distinction, as a single incident will show. A successful rebellion, organized by those whom he had sheltered from the persecution of one another, deprived him for a time of his power, and the first thing they did was to persecute the church to which he himself belonged. When he recovered his authority he must have been tempted to retaliate. But with a greatness of mind which never deserted him, and with a fidelity to his own convictions which nothing could shake, he reorganized his government upon its former basis of equal protection to all." †

The position and the duties of this country as regards the subject of Judge Black's discourse are defined with a power and eloquence to which single quotations would be wholly inadequate; but as an appeal to the educated intellect of the nation the closing words are too striking to be omitted:

"That America should now give up the proud position she occupies in the front of the world's great march, and skulk back like a recreant into

* *Lecture on the Cultivation of the Christian Elements of Republicanism*, by Rev. O. H. Tiffany, A.M., Carlisle, Pa., 1885, p. 24.

† *Essays and Speeches*, pp. 56, 57.

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the rear, is a thought which cannot enter an American mind without causing a blush of insupportable shame. She stands pledged to this principle in the face of the world; she has solemnly devoted herself to its championship; she has deliberately promised it, not only to her own people, but to all others who should fly to her for protection; and if she breaks her faith, it will be such perfidy as never blackened the brow of any nation before. To avert a calamity so grievous, and to prevent a disgrace so indelible, the country looks to her educated men. The unbroken and uncorrupted heart of the people will be always with you on the right side; but you are the body-guard of freedom, and it is your special duty to carry her oriflamme in the van of every battle. Perhaps no dangerous service will be needed soon. You may safely sit still while your enemies merely talk against the equal rights of all the people. But if at any time hereafter, during the long lives which I hope you will all enjoy, some great combination should arise to stir up the bitter waters of sectarian strife, and to marshal ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness into a body compact enough to endanger the bulwarks of the Constitution, then let your flag stream out upon the wind!" *

Among other benefits which the country derived from Judge Black, in restraining the extravagant utterances of the pulpit in times when the bad passions of men needed a pacific rather than an aggressive teaching, is the scathing answer to the Rev. Dr. Alfred Nevin entitled "Political Preaching." It was called forth by a letter of that divine in the year 1866, addressed to Judge Black through the columns of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. Every paragraph of the reply bristles with epigrammatic force and pungency of satire, and from the annals of history, American and European, he summons illustrations to add pertinency to his argument.

"Can you think," says he, "that the Irish were invaded, and conquered, and oppressed, and murdered, and robbed for centuries, merely because the English loved and believed in the Protestant religion? I suppose you know that those brutal atrocities were carried on for the purpose of giving to political preachers in England possession of the churches, cathedrals, glebe-lands, and tithes which belonged to the Irish Catholics. The soldier was also rewarded by confiscations and plunder. The church and the state hunted in couples, and Ireland was the prey which they ran down together." †

Fain would we linger over the splendid passages abounding in the *Essays and Speeches* of this remarkable man, so magnanimous in thought and so loyal to conscience in all that he did and in all that he said; but the extract just quoted recalls the last time we saw him in life and heard his thrilling plea for that land which the present Secretary of State, Mr. Thomas F. Bayard,

* *Essays and Speeches*, p. 67. † Id. p. 74.

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fitly calls the "Island of Sorrows." In the spring of 1882 Judge Black visited the federal capital, and never had we found him more interesting. His mind was full of the theme of Ireland, her sufferings and her wrongs, her false friends and her implacable foes; and as he pictured the greatness of her children under adverse fortune, or exposed the hostility of English literary politicians like Froude and Goldwin Smith, the warmth of a Burke and the sarcasm of a Junius combined to animate the flow of conversation which we have never heard equalled. The Irish National Land League of Maryland had arranged to celebrate in Baltimore the centenary of Grattan's declaration of Irish independence, and Judge Black kindly invited us to accompany him thither. If it were appropriate we would gladly recall some of the memories of the trip made with such a man, who valued a friend, as Barry Cornwall says of Charles Lamb, "for none of the ordinary reasons, because he was famous, or clever, or powerful, or popular."* But personal incidents, however pleasing in the retrospect, become dwarfed by comparison with the august work in which he was now engaged. Concordia Opera-House, when Mayor Whyte introduced Judge Black, rang with the generous plaudits of Irish hearts, and the orator was at home with his audience and his subject. On that night, years before Mr. Gladstone, now without a peer among living statesmen, outlined his policy of Home Rule, this "greatest of American jurists," as the mayor of Baltimore so well characterized him, developed a plan for self-government in Ireland in harmony with the integrity of the British Empire. The address at the Grattan Centenary, if Judge Black had no other claims on the gratitude of the Irish people, would for ever unite his memory with that of her champions in all the centuries of her misrule. He sketched in vivid colors the long series of her wrongs, cruelty, injustice, and oppression, her struggles, her defeats, the English bigotry which was "merely simulated to cover English rapacity" in order to force upon the Irish a religion which they did not believe; and from the dark record he turned to ask:

"What concern have we in this contest? . . . We owe them a heavy debt, which we cannot repudiate without dishonor. They fought by our side on every battle-field of the Revolution, and after independence they assisted to frame our institutions. At least five times since then their exiles settled among us have aided to save our liberty from destruction."†

The close of the address embodies, as if by prophetic insight,

* *Charles Lamb:* A Memoir, by Barry Cornwall, p. 21.

† *Essays and Speeches*, p. 162.

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the great question which is to-day foremost in the thought, not alone of England, but of the whole civilized world—Home Rule for Ireland:

"If the Irish people were in full possession of the right to administer their own domestic affairs, they could perform their duties to the empire a thousand times better than now. They would be the pride and the strength of England; not what they are—the weakness, the misfortune, and the shame. When we consider how easily, cheaply, and safely this unspeakable benefit might be bestowed, it is literally amazing to see it withheld. It is but erecting one or more political corporations, which you may call states, or territories, or provinces, to make, administer, and execute laws upon subjects which concern nobody but themselves, and with such limitations upon the power as may seem necessary to prevent its possible abuse. If this, coupled with a satisfactory adjustment of land tenures, would not start Ireland on a career of peace and prosperity, then all history is false, all experience delusive, and all philosophy a woven tissue of lies. . . . Every established state, every supreme government of whatever form, has the right of *eminent domain*—that is to say, the power to take private property for public use upon making just compensation. It is a distinct and well-understood condition of all titles that they shall be surrendered upon those terms when the general good requires it. The sovereign authority may thus annihilate any monopoly which cannot exist, or is not likely to exist, without serious detriment to the public interests. The property of the Irish landlords comes directly within the range of this power. The exercise of it would not be agrarianism nor confiscation nor plunder. It could not injuriously affect the rights of any human being, but it would reach the one great end at which all honest government is aimed—the well-being of the whole community. I have said that the owners of property so taken are always entitled to just compensation. The Irish landlords should have that and nothing more. The rule for ascertaining what ought to be paid in any case is so plain that no fair-minded man could miss it. The actual value of land is not measured by the rent which a landlord could extort from a helpless tenant to whom eviction is death, but what a prudent and industrious man who cultivates it himself could make out of it over and above necessary expenses and full payment for his own labor. The taking would not include any property actually used by the landlords themselves for their own pleasure or profit, nor any lands leased for other than agricultural purposes. But the body of the land now under cultivation or in pasture, being taken by the public authorities, could be distributed among the people in suitable pieces, and held by them subject to a tax large enough to pay interest on the actual value. Upon those terms, easy to the tenant and just to the landlord, Ireland would be converted into a nation of small proprietors, independent and free."*

In closing this brief review of a life and work worthy the full tribute of an abler pen, we have but drawn the outlines instead of filling the canvas. To comprehend a character so strong, so rounded, so consistent, one must study his own utterances, which,

* *Essays and Speeches*, pp. 169, 170.

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embracing, as they do, the widest range of human thought, have always one central idea—the liberty of man. The Milligan decision touching the *habeas corpus* is but one among the enduring monuments of his courage and his devotion to the Right. The record of them is before the world, and its perusal brings a renewed sense of irreparable loss in the departure of a great soul:

> "But nothing can bereave him
> Of the force he made his own
> Being here, and we believe him
> Something far advanced in state,
> And that he wears a truer crown
> Than any wreath that man can weave him." *

IN THE JURA.

COMING up from the parched, sun-bleached plains of southern France in summer-time, how cool and delightful are the pine-forests and cloud-capped heights of the Jura—how grateful the fresh, balsamic air and the perpetual sound of running streams on every side! Most travellers pass these mountains by as a gloomy region of perpetual cloud and storm, and are perfectly satisfied if the sound of distant thunder will only justify them in repeating the hackneyed lines of Byron:

> "And Jura answers through her misty shroud
> Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud."

There is at first something stern and sombre about these mountains, to be sure, with their solemn gray ridges, and dark forests of evergreens, and narrow gorges where rage the imprisoned winds; but this severity is tempered by the brilliancy of the sun and the purity of the atmosphere, and the whole region is constantly surprising you with the varied charm of purple mountain, sun-lit slopes, valleys without number, sweet and verdurous, and little *combes* or basins of marvellous beauty, that well repay the explorer. Pines and firs generally clothe the upper heights, and lower down are broad wastes of purple heather and golden broom, with belts of beeches and chestnuts, and terraces covered with vines and thriving orchards, giving endless variety of leafage and color to the landscape. The upland pastures, too, are filled

* Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

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with herds of cattle, sheep, and goats, enlivening the air with the sound of their tinkling bells; and in the sides of the mountains are countless fissures fringed with mosses and ferns, out of which trickle gentle rills that soon swell into furious torrents, and are beat into foaming cascades as they dash over the jagged rocks and leap with mad triumph into the valleys below. Here they go rushing away with perpetual song and laughter, and seem to invite you to follow their capricious windings till they come into broader valleys where the hills recede, the meadows widen, and the glowing sun has full play among the trees joyous with thrushes, and linnets, and the lark that "at heaven's gate sings." These romantic valleys are walled in by rocks and cliffs of every imaginable form and hue. On every point of vantage are the ruins of an ancient castle or some chapel consecrated by the devotion of centuries, and at every turn are villages that have grown up around a hermit's cell or the tomb of some unheard-of saint. In such places are gathered all the legends and religious traditions of the Jura, as well as curious folk-lore handed down from Roman or Celtic times. The ruined castles, too, have all figured in the history of the province, and are rich in countless stories of border warfare, the private feuds of one old baron with another, and the later but more destructive raids of the Swiss Calvinists of the sixteenth century, who frequently overran these mountains with fire, and sword, and rapine, and outrage of every kind.

One of the most striking and picturesque points in the Jura is the mountain of La Châtelaine, which belongs to the outer range. There is a village on the very summit, with the remains of a castle on the verge of an awful precipice eight hundred feet in depth, built by the old counts of Burgundy on the foundations of a Roman fortress. You can still see the broad, rock-hewn moat, now dry, around the only point of approach, and the once impregnable towers that flanked the drawbridge, dismantled centuries ago by order of Louis XI. And there is the Romanesque chapel, though in much better condition, where many a princess and high-born dame have worshipped, as well as more than one royal train; but it is now the parish church, and the clank of armor and the martial tread of knights have given place to the rustic clatter of the wooden *sabots* of the pious mountaineers.

The castle of La Châtelaine is mentioned in the monastic records of Arbois as early as 1053. In the following century it formed part of the dowry of Mahaut, widow of Count Otto of Burgundy, as well as of her daughter, Jeanne, the widowed queen of Philippe

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le Long, both of whom resided here for some time. Mahaut was a princess of inexhaustible charity, and spent her widowhood in good works, according to the apostolic injunction. She founded here a hospital for the poor, and another at her neighboring castle of Bracon, gave a hundred ells of cloth annually to the destitute at Arbois, and fed the needy in every direction. Her granddaughter, Margaret of Burgundy, after her husband was slain at Crécy, also resided here a part of the time. She was very energetic in defending the country from the ravages of the Free Companies, and was remarkable for her generous style of living.

The crumbling ramparts of La Châtelaine afford a magnificent view over the surrounding country. Directly beneath is the beautiful Val d'Amaous, or Amour—a deep basin hollowed out among the mountains, into which you look down as through a veil of golden green, so brilliant is the verdure lit up by the noonday sun. Through this emerald valley flows with ceaseless melody the Cuisance, one of the purest streams that ever issued with strong, impetuous dash from the innermost heart of a mountain. Towards La Bresse and Burgundy the undulating hills are covered with vines, and at the east are the jagged peaks of the inner Jura, looking as wild and solitary as when St. Romain sought a hermitage in their pine-forests nearly fifteen hundred years ago.

Descending into the Val d'Amour, you see far up in the side of the precipitous mountain of La Châtelaine a yawning *baume*, or cavern—a double cavern, in fact, bearing traces of its ancient consecration to Druidical rites. In its remotest depths is a dark, subterranean pool, restless and seething, and sending out deep sighs as of a soul in pain. This is the source of the Cuisance, which comes pouring out of the two openings with an awful roar, forming a double cascade that unites in the valley below, and goes winding off over a rocky bed through meadow and narrow defile, from one beautiful valley to another. The basin it first waters merits its poetical name of Val d'Amour, or Valley of Love, for it is, in truth, "hallowed with loveliness." It would be difficult to find a spot that appeals more strongly to the imagination. The precipitous mountains that wall in the valley, the hanging woods on their sides once sacred to the Druids, the mysterious cave devoted to their secret observances, the strange torrent that issues from the mountain as if impelled by some giant force, and the wonderful verdure of the basin it waters, make up a picture of singular fascination.

In the centre of the basin is the village of Planches, at one

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end of which rises the spire of Our Lady's chapel, where the patronal feast of her Nativity is annually celebrated with great devotion, attracting pilgrims from all parts of the Jura. The river is narrow here, but grows broader at the ancient town of Arbois, which stands further down between two mountains garlanded with vines to their very summits—vines all purple and green and gold, and famous for their vintage, fit indeed for a libation to the gods. To see the peasants come down with trailing vines and luscious grapes, shouting in merry chorus the gay songs of vintage-time, you would think them Bacchus and all his crew,

"Crowned with green leaves, and faces all aflame,
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley
To scare thee, O Melancholy!"

In another part of the valley are tall, gray rocks and pinnacles, some of which were undoubtedly associated with Druidical rites, such as the two needles that rise to the height of fifty feet on the way from Planches to Molain, and, farther on, the Crêt-du-Feu and the Roche Maudru, or Mount of the Druids. The whole Val d'Amour was, in fact, sacred to the Druids, like many other secluded valleys in the Jura, such as Vogna, near Arinthod, and, a little beyond, the Cirque or Vallon des Creux. These basins all lie deeply hidden among precipitous mountains, and have their consecrated grove, and torrent of limpid water, and uplifted peak crowned by ancient towers of defence. They are remarkable, too, for their singular verdure and freshness.

The most ancient Christian places of worship in the Jura were built on culminating points, partly for protection, no doubt. One of the oldest in this region is the church of St. Étienne, on the site of a pagan temple at Coldres, in the outer range of mountains, not far from Lons-le-Saunier. It stands on a lofty plateau at the west, where the trees in the churchyard may be seen many leagues distant. In early times this was the only church in the district, and when a station was to be held here it was announced to the whole country around by the lighting of a signal-fire on the highest point: a true *Lumen Christi*, proclaiming in a beautiful and significant manner the Advent, the Coming of our Lord in the Eucharistic sacrifice, in the silence and obscurity of the night—night, indeed, when Heaven was united to man, and God to earth, the Mass being generally celebrated before the full coming of day.

Near by are the remains of an old Roman fortification, from which you descend to the church by eight flights of steps.

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Here is a magnificent view across dark mountains, valleys of tenderest green, dimpling lakes, and villages of romantic aspect which give a human interest to the scene. The church of Coldres itself, though important enough to be mentioned by Frederick Barbarossa in a charter drawn up at Arbois in 1157, is a very unpretending edifice, paved with flag-stones like the houses of the mountaineers, with a simple altar turned duly to the east. Its chief pride is the flamboyant window of the chancel and an ancient statue of St. Stephen, who is held in special veneration all through this region. Here died St. Désiré, Bishop of Besançon, in one of his apostolic rounds, but his remains were taken to his native place of Lons-le-Saunier. There they were reverently preserved for twelve hundred years in the crypt of the church which now bears his name, but were for the most part sacrilegiously burned by the revolutionists of 1793. His tomb, however, is still venerated, and his festival annually celebrated with great joy and devotion.

At Chevraux, in the canton of St. Amour, is another ancient church on the top of a high mountain, once the centre of a vast parish where the offices of the church were likewise announced by signal-fires that cast their blaze afar.

St. Amour itself is a place of some religious interest, but is chiefly known for giving its name to Guillaume de St. Amour, one of the great schoolmen of the thirteenth century, and the friend of St. Louis' chaplain, Richard de Sorbon, with whom he was associated in founding the college of the Sorbonne at Paris. He returned to the Jura, however, and died at St. Amour in 1272. The town is beautifully situated at the foot of a mountain range, in the midst of luxuriant vineyards, and might well charm the eye of the most solemn old schoolman. It was named for a martyr of the famous Theban legion, whose body, with that of St. Viatre, or Viateur, was brought here in 585 by Gontran, King of Burgundy, and placed in a votive church he erected to receive these sacred relics. He was on his way home from a pilgrimage to St. Maurice of Agaune, and, his life being endangered by a storm in crossing Lake Leman, he made a vow, should he escape, to erect a church and monastery in the first town he should arrive at in his own dominions, and there deposit the remains of the two martyrs. He finally came to land, and the road he took in coming from Geneva may still be traced—an old Roman road which is sometimes called the *Chemin de César*. The first town he arrived at was Vincia, and he immediately proceeded to fulfi

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his vow by building a church out of an old temple of Mercury, which became so famous for its shrine that the town gradually took the name of St. Amour, and the lord-suzerain himself at a later day assumed it with pride.

The old Roman roads through the Jura, as well as the principal water-courses, were always defended by military posts in ancient times, established here and there on adjacent heights. One of the strongest of these fortresses was at the southern extremity of the Jura, on the lofty peak of Oliferne, or Holiferne, that stands like a gigantic sentinel overlooking the four valleys of the Ain, the Bienne, the Valouse, and the Ancheronne, and commands an extensive view of the hills of Bugey, the broad plains of Bresse and Burgundy, and the mountains of Switzerland and Savoy. Mt. Oliferne is noted for its poetic legends and folk-lore of all kinds. In Celtic times it was almost divinized by popular superstition, and in all ages its woods and dells have been peopled with fairies and sprites and hobgoblins, who seem to have taken kindly to Christianity and kept their footing in the land, unlike their race in England, where, some pretend, the "Reformation" put an end to their rings and roundelays, as Bishop Corbet pleasantly laments:

"The fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were *Ave Maries;*
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease."

Chaucer gives another reason for their disappearance, however. He says, with a tinge of spite, that the charity and piety of the holy friars, going about everywhere by land and stream, blessing the halls, chambers, kitchens, bowers, cities, boroughs, towers, castles, villages, barns, dairies, and sheepfolds, have caused the fairies to vanish:

"This maketh that ther ben no Faëries."

All Celtic nations have a lingering belief in fairy-land—the Scotch, the Irish, and many races on the Continent. It must be confessed, however, that the good *curés* of the Jura take a more severe view of such a belief than the poet, and zealously labor to suppress it in their parishes.

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Strange, mysterious animals, too, haunt these mountains, such as the Vouivre, a winged immortal serpent, on whose forehead glows a carbuncle of extraordinary size and brilliancy, only to be found in the heads of these serpents or the dragon—a carbuncle of magic virtues that shines in utter darkness and gleams like a shooting star when the winged Vouivre flies swiftly down from the high watch-tower of Mt. Oliferne by moonlight to quench its thirst at the cool spring of Lanthenne. This serpent is to be heard of all through the Jura. One of the most noted lived for a long time in a grotto at the entrance of the romantic valley of Mouthiers, whence it came forth in warm summer evenings amid the curling vapors to bathe in the green waters of the Loue.

Moralists will have it that the Vouivre is merely the emblem of fickle Fortune, with wings

> "To show her gifts come swift and suddenly."

The jewel in its head, beautiful as

> "The pearl which crested Fortune wears,"

denotes the brilliancy of her favors. Its serpent-like form and winding, uncertain course are indicative of the illusory nature of her gifts,

> "Which if her favorite be not swift to take,
> He loses them for ever."

There are several more of these fabulous animals in this region, such as the *lièvre du vieux servant*, which the herdsmen often see moving slowly along before them, but are never, never able to overtake; and the *cheval gauvain*, something akin to the Irish spirit-horse or Phooka—or "Pouke," as the poet Spenser calls it—said to course along the banks of the Vernois at the hour of twilight, but whose principal mission in these days seems to be, like that of the *loup-garou*, to terrify refractory children with.

The Roman defences on Mt. Oliferne, originally built to protect navigation on the Ain and the Bienne, were at a later day so enlarged and strengthened as to become an impregnable fortress, which, in the middle ages, was one of the four castles that defended the old monastic lands of St. Claude. Its most imposing feature is the formidable donjon, bristling with battlements, with walls two yards or more in thickness, which stands on the

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sharpest peak, admitting approach only at one point, which could be cut off at pleasure by means of a broad, deep moat excavated in the live rock. Many strange tales are related of this stronghold. At one time it was held by a fierce old border knight, who levied blackmail on his neighbors after the bold manner of the Highland caterans, and made himself the terror of all the country around. The neighboring barons combined their forces to take him and his castle; but all known arts of war, and even of necromancy, then in vogue, were brought to bear without the slightest avail. The lord of Oliferne continued his forays through the mountains, and so skilfully eluded his enemies that he was believed to be in league with the very powers of darkness. His castle, too, defied every assault, and was only taken at last by bribing the warder of the draw-bridge. The baron, with his usual good-luck, made his escape with a part of his band, but his three daughters, left to their fate, were captured and most inhumanly thrust into a huge tun, garnished interiorly with sharp iron spikes, which was closed up and precipitated into the awful gulf below. In this horrid prison, pierced and rent at every turn, these innocent victims dashed from one ridge to another till they were finally buried in the rushing torrent. Their memory has been perpetuated by giving three sister peaks of unequal height on the other side of the Ain the name of Les Trois Damettes. But the old baron, if we are to believe the peasants, still scours the neighboring mountains, and may frequently be heard with peal of horn and cry of hound, and even seen, on certain nights of the year, coursing through the forests after the fashion of the Black Hunter of English legend, whose "dread voyce" may often be heard calling his hounds on stormy nights along the wild moors of Cornwall.

> "And when his hound and horn and horse
> The night-belated peasant hears,
> Appalled he signs the frequent cross
> As the wild din invades his ears."

Others assert that this *Chasseur Nocturne* is not the lord of Oliferne, but in reality King Herod, of awful memory, doomed to roam these dark mountains, where he may be seen the night before certain festivals, particularly that of the Epiphany.

Other lords of Oliferne, skilled in all chivalric exercises of the olden time, have left pleasanter memories behind, as victorious knights of the tourney, sportsmen in the greenwood, and gallant

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wooers of gentle dames, which perhaps inspired the old romance of the fourteenth century entitled the *Courberan d'Oliferne.*

Sir John Froissart gives an interesting account of a knight named Agadinquor d'Oliferne, which sounds like a chapter from *Huon de Bordeaux.* This knight figured among the Saracen warriors at Tunis, clad in black armor, with a silvery scarf streaming from his helmet, and mounted on a fiery courser of great beauty that seemed to fly with him across the downs of the sea-shore. He always bore three javelins, well pointed and feathered, which he dexterously discharged at any opponent, and displayed such unusual skill and address in various other feats of arms, all for love of the daughter of the King of Tunis, that the French knights who served under the Duke of Bourbon's fair white banner of Our Lady regarded him with admiration and envy, and tried, but in vain, to take him captive. We are not told how this accomplished but renegade knight sped in his wooing, but it is very evident that he was a genuine offshoot of the race of the Black Huntsman of the Jura.

Beyond Mt. Oliferne are two rugged mountains, and between them is the old town of Arinthod, on the banks of the Valouse. All the characteristic features of the Jura are to be found here—the narrow valley shut in by precipitous mountains, the dark pines on the upper slopes, the bare, gray ridges, the rills and cascades of purest water, the tender green of the meadows, the chapel rich with sacred memories, and, towering above all, the majestic ruins of an ancient fortalice that once protected the valley. Here we enter the basin of Vogna, one of the most beautiful *combes* of the Jura, deeply sunk among the mountains, but radiant with sunlight and wonderfully green, where the cool sound of falling water pleasantly greets the ear, and the overhanging wood tempers the heat, dark against the sapphire sky. In Celtic times this valley was one of the sacred places of the Druids, and several of their monuments still remain, such as the Pierre Enon, a noted dolmen, around which the pale, shadowy form of the *Dame Blanche* may be seen gliding gently along at the witching hour of night,

> "Between the night and day,
> When the fairy-king has power."

This fair apparition may frequently be met in these mountain valleys, reminding one of Scott's White Lady of Avenel. The latter, however, made her appearance at high noon, whereas the

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Dames Blanches of this region, though similarly gifted, come only at twilight as if evoked from the silvery stream, and disappear as if by enchantment among the floating mists, which, as Mr. Ruskin says, are "changing their shapes for ever among the changeless pines that fringe the crests of the Jura."

A still more mysterious being is the *Dame Verte*, who haunts some of these fairy glens, and is perhaps more in harmony with their delicious verdure and the green waters of the mountain streams. She often appears by night, offering to guide the lost wayfarer through the intricate mountain-paths, and wonderful stories are related of her subterranean palace, with galleries and endless windings, where live fabulous animals with magic powers. But woe to the traveller who allows himself to be beguiled therein! This fairy tale reminds one of the *Fée aux Cheveux verts* in the Provençal ballad, who entices a fisherman to her crystal palace beneath the green sea with such fatal consequences.

At one end of the valley of Vogna is the steep cliff of Buans, at the foot of which is a remarkable rock, slender at the base, but swelling out above like a wine-glass, and so high as only to be ascended by means of a ladder. A seat has been hollowed out at the top, giving it the appearance of a pulpit. The peasants call it the *selle* or *chaise d Dieu*, and it is said to have been used by the early Christian missionaries when preaching in the open air. It was doubtless used before them by the Druids, who had a sacred wood near by, a remnant of which, called the forest of Chastain, surrounds the ruined tower of St. Colombe, a lofty sentinel that, on the top of an isolated peak, is still keeping guard over the narrow defile between Arinthod and Cernon.

There are several rude oratories in this neighborhood, held in great veneration, like that of St. Barbe—a mere cleft in the rock, where a statue of the saint has been set up. St. Barbara is invoked against thunder and lightning, so fearful and destructive in the Jura, and she seems, with uplifted tower, to be staying the power of the tempest. No mountaineer passes by without pausing devoutly to beg her protection for man and beast and the frugal harvests of these mountain-valleys.

South of Arinthod is the chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Rencontre, a small edifice of the twelfth century. It stands on the top of a cliff, and you ascend to it by winding steps cut in the rock. This is the great landmark of the district—the *milliareum aureum*, as it were—every part of the valley being spoken of with reference to its distance from the chapel. Nearness constitutes the

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great mark of distinction; and the "Faubourg St. Germain," so to speak, is directly around the base of the cliff. The more remote inhabitants, however, have the advantage of a better view of the sanctuary. The parish church is on another height, with equally picturesque effect, and is quaintly spoken of as "going backwards," because its altar is at the western end.

Following the delightful road from Arinthod to Thoirette, you come to a pretty valley that opens to give passage to the Balme. One side of this valley is bounded by a steep mountain, on the summit of which rise the battlemented towers of Vallefin with true baronial pride. Here you come once more into the realm of fairy-land, if indeed you are ever out of it in the Jura, a land which no cold and doubting reasoner should attempt to enter. At one extremity are two gigantic menhirs, called "the Stone Man and Woman of Soussonne," which look like queer Egyptian statues; and not far off is the source of the Balme, a sacred spring in Celtic times, where the people went to purify themselves before ascending the height of Pyramont, on which stood the ancient temple of Fire, sacred to Bel, or Belinus, the great divinity of the Druids. Here, also, are traces of the old Romans, in the Vie Armée, or Via Armata—the path of Venus, which led up to her embowered altar. And crossing to the other side of Vallefin you come to Montgifond, where springs a plenteous fountain, once sacred to Cybele, mother of the gods, the waters of which were, no doubt, used in purifying her altar after the annual custom of the Romans.

Returning to the Valouse, on its banks is the village of St. Hymetière, which grew up around the cell of a hermit of that name who withdrew from the world early in the sixth century. In the course of time the oratory in which he was buried expanded into a large church, and his cell into a priory. The latter was destroyed by the Calvinists of the sixteenth century, but the church, one of the most ancient in Franche-Comté, is still in good preservation and greatly frequented on account of the body of St. Hymetière, which is kept in a beautiful shrine of carved oak, executed by the mountaineers themselves, who excel in such work. This shrine is annually opened for several days at Whitsuntide, drawing an immense crowd to venerate the sacred relics, and on Whitmonday is borne in solemn procession throughout the valley, affording an admirable spectacle of Catholic devotion. This saint is in great repute, not only in the Jura, but as far off as Mâcon, where he is honored under the name of St. Ythaire.

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Like St. Barbara, he is the patron of forges, and is invoked against thunder and lightning. Near the church is the spring where the holy anchorite used to quench his thirst, gushing out of a rock on which may still be seen the impress of his hand—symbol of his zeal in uprooting the superstitions of the Druids, in the very centre of whose operations he had the courage to establish himself. Many other hermits of early times have left marks of their influence as deeply graven in the Jura, such as St. Pontius, who, with equal boldness, erected a cell in the Vallon des Creux, hitherto occupied by the Druids.

There have always been more or less hermits in these mountains, and some of their cells are still inhabited, like the hermitage of St. Sorlin, on the south side of a height of the same name —a corruption of St. Saturnin. Over the entrance hangs a bell in its gable, inscribed *Cloche de pénitence;* and beneath, by way of admonition, is the scroll, *Ici on ne parle qu'à Dieu.* Everything here is steeped in the profound peace of religious solitude, that is only broken by the ringing of the bell, the songs of the birds in their leafy cells, and the tremulous bleating of the flocks on the green hillsides. On the top of Mount St. Sorlin is an ancient castle ruined by the army of Louis XI., with an isolated tower on the most precipitous side, only entered by a staircase wrought in the thick stone walls. This tower is abandoned to the Vouivre, which loves such old ruins in high places, and we lingered till the evening mists began to rise, hoping it would come forth at its favorite hour. But Fortune held us, as ever, in too much despite to afford us a glimpse of such good omen. We were amply compensated for the ascent, however, by the magnificent view up the broad valley of the Ain, which pours tumultuously along its rocky bed, passing village after village; now rapidly shrouded by the gathering mists, the everlasting mountains standing around in silent majesty, their outlines softening every moment in the waning light, and, bending over all, the purple heavens where blazed one solitary star,

"Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite."

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MARY STUART.

INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE CHARGES AGAINST HER MORAL CHARACTER.

II.

FROUDE attempts to establish the fact that there was between Mary and Bothwell a preconcerted collusion when the latter carried her away, apparently by violence, and married her. But there was no conceivable reason for a collusive abduction to be arranged between them, if she was so madly in love with him as her enemies represent. No one regretted Darnley, and there was no obstacle whatever to the gratification of what is described as her "burning, uncontrollable desire" to marry Bothwell. Mr. Froude asserts that a sense of shame prevented her. Shame? He forgets that he has throughout represented her as completely dead to that feeling, as "a woman duped by her own passions, which had dragged her down to the level of a brute." Where, then, was the obstacle? Bothwell was legally, if not justly, acquitted. Besides, he had the support of men of the highest station and greatest influence, and was publicly, officially, solemnly recommended by the chief nobility of the realm as the fittest person to marry the widowed queen, and they had, under their own signature, pledged themselves to aid him in accomplishing that end "for the good and welfare of the public interest." The queen, if she loved Bothwell, had nothing to do but to accept the advice and earnest counsel of the bishops, earls, and lords so opportunely tendered to her. Did they advise one whom they believed to be an adulteress and a murderess to marry her partner in guilt as a measure of national importance for a continuance of the long line of Scottish kings? What sense of shame could have prevented this woman, alleged to be utterly shameless, from marrying Bothwell under such favorable circumstances, and without incurring any reproach from her subjects and the rest of the world? Would not this open marriage, publicly and officially desired by so many magnates of the land, have been a better shield against even suspicion itself than going through the flimsy and thin farce of being waylaid and of forcible abduction? A distinguished Scotch writer, Aytoun, has

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justly said: "It was a matter of surprise that a story so palpably absurd should ever have received credence."

Therefore Mr. Froude's version of the collusive abduction might be dismissed with slight comment. He tells us that the queen was moving at the time with a guard of three hundred men. The truth is, she had but an escort of twelve persons, among whom were the Earl of Huntly, Maitland, and Melville. On the other hand, he represents Bothwell as being only at the head of twelve men, thus exactly reversing the respective forces of the two parties, because it is established beyond dispute that Bothwell came with an attendance, not of twelve, but of a thousand men in full armor. Such mendacious assertions are overwhelming. He further represents Mary as saying, with singular composure, "she would have no bloodshed; her people were outnumbered, and, rather than any of them should lose their lives, she would go where the Earl Bothwell wished." Very humane indeed! But it is another stupendous fiction. Besides, it is a contradiction. How could "her people be outnumbered, if Bothwell had only twelve men and she an escort of three hundred?"

Hosack, commenting upon this passage, remarks: "This is the speech, not of the Queen of Scots, but of Mr. Froude, who has put it into her mouth for the obvious purpose of leading his readers to conclude that she was an accomplice in the designs of Bothwell."

Sir James Melville's account is: "The Earl of Bothwell encountered her with a great company and took her horse by the bridle. His men took the Earl of Huntly, Secretary Maitland, and me, and carried us captives to Dunbar. There the Earl of Bothwell boasted that he would marry the queen, *who would or would not—yea, whether she would herself or not.*"

Mary herself, after giving her own simple and modest narrative of the abominable outrage, concludes in these words: "Finally, finding us a helpless captive, he assumed a bolder tone. So ceased he never till, by persuasion and importunate suit, *accompanied not the less by force*, he has finally driven us to the end the work begun."

Melville says: "Then the Queen of Scots could not but marry him, seeing he had ravished her and lain with her against her will."

Morton's proclamation accuses Bothwell of violence to the queen, and finally the whole history of the foul outrage is spread out in a solemn act of the Scotch Parliament—whose members

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were Mary's enemies—acting under the direction of the Regent Murray, after she was dethroned and a prisoner in England.

Walter Scott, in his *History of Scotland*, says "that not a spear was lifted, not a sword drawn to save Mary from the power of that atrocious ruffian."

The honest minister Craig, who was forced to proclaim the banns of the marriage after the abduction, records that he did it against his free will, and that he "protested against it as being odious and scandalous."

Mary's bridal robes were of deep black. It is recorded that "she was the most changed woman in the face that her courtiers had ever seen." The queen's attendants told Du Croe, the French ambassador, "that, unless God aided her, they feared she would become desperate"; and Mary herself told the ambassador "that she could not rejoice, nor ever should again. All she desired was death." Sir James Melville relates "that the queen was so disdainfully treated and handled, and with such reproachful language, that Arthur Asken and I, being present, heard her ask a knife to stick herself, or else she would drown herself." And even Maitland, her enemy, told the French ambassador "that from the day after her nuptials she had never ceased from tears and lamentations, and that Bothwell would neither allow her to see anybody nor any one to see her." And this is the woman whom Froude represents as a *sensual and beastly* adulteress and murderess, who had married the man whom she madly doted upon!

To show how profoundly she was attached to Bothwell, Mr. Froude quotes two letters, one of which, he says, was written "just before the marriage." Indeed! How could this be? Not a single day was Bothwell absent from the 24th of April, the day of the abduction, to the 15th of May. How could she during that time have written a love-letter to Bothwell, who was always present—a love-letter, in the condition of mind and body in which she is described to have been by ocular witnesses? Evidently it is a most awkward and preposterous invention.

Now comes the other letter *after* marriage. Again how could such a letter have been written? Robertson, who certainly cannot be accused of too much partiality for the memory of Mary Stuart, says: "If there is any point agreed upon in Mary's history, it is that she remained at Dunbar from the time that Bothwell carried her thither till she returned to Edinburgh with him in May." Under what close *surveillance* she was kept by Bothwell, the rebel lords—his accomplices in the murder of

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Darnley, who had assisted him in forcing her to marry him by violence—have taken the pains to tell us in that act of Parliament by which they impeached that brigand, who had become king-consort. Here is their own language: "No nobleman nor other durst resort to her majesty to speak with her, or procure their lawful business without suspicion, but by him, and in his audiences her chamber-doors being continually watched with men of war." Under such circumstances wherefore the necessity and occasion for writing any letters to the ever-present Bothwell?

But that second letter is on its face one addressed to Darnley, and not to Bothwell. Is it to Bothwell, her jailer, the man who had committed such an outrage on her person, that she could write a letter in which she describes herself as his obedient and lawful wife, and refers to his *absence* and *neglect?* Darnley was always *neglectful*, and frequently *absent*—not Bothwell, who kept her under lock and key, and never was absent an hour! If the letter was written to Bothwell, who could explain how it is that Mary refers to two marriages, the one private, the other public; the first as past, the second to come?—which was actually the fact with Darnley. Was she *twice* married to Bothwell? Well did the historian Robertson remark "that Mary's adversaries were certainly employed very illy when they produced this" as evidence. We do not hesitate, in our turn, to say that Mr. Froude was certainly employed very illy when he reproduced what he must have known to be a silly and easily-detected falsehood.

Besides, how could any one believe that an adulteress, who had just murdered her husband, could address her paramour and accomplice in that murder in the following language, gratuitously blasphemous: "With as great affection as I pray God, the only supporter of my life, to give you," etc.? And she subscribes herself as "she who will be for ever unto you an humble and obedient, lawful wife." This is suppressed by Mr. Froude, and for an evident reason. Such expressions could not have been addressed to Bothwell, as he wants it to be.

When Mary was brought back by Bothwell to Edinburgh it was not to Holyrood, the royal residence, but to the castle, where she was virtually a prisoner. She was not allowed to visit her child at Stirling, and it appears most probable that a dreadful scene, which is known to have terminated in a threat of suicide on her part, was caused by her resistance to Bothwell's demand for the custody of the prince. Access was not allowed to her except by Bothwell's permission, and she never appeared

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in public but on compulsion and guarded. Her wretchedness was completed by Bothwell's conduct. "He was so beastly and suspicious," says Sir James Melville, "that he suffered her not to pass a single day without causing her to shed abundance of salt tears."

Meanwhile a fresh plot was hatched. This time it was against Bothwell himself, and a new condition of affairs was evolved from it. Of the nine confederated earls at the head of this insurrection, five had signed the bond in which many of the nobility had pledged themselves to bring about Bothwell's marriage with the queen. In those days there were none but plots within plots and counterplots in Scotland, and they exceeded one another in the unblushing effrontery of their character. The chief insurgent leaders on this occasion appeared at the head of a large force, and Bothwell had to oppose them only two thousand men. They met in hostile array at Carberry Hill, some six miles from Edinburgh. To avoid bloodshed a compromise was effected on the basis that Bothwell should be allowed to depart without molestation, which he did, retiring to the Continent, where he subsequently died; and that the queen should come over to the insurgents on their assurance "that they would serve her on their knees as her most humble and obedient subjects and servants." Surely the facility with which she acceded to these terms and parted with Bothwell does not show that she was or had ever been in love with him. Unfortunately she was abominably deceived by the insurgent lords, who pretended to be so loyal to her and only inimical to Bothwell. As soon as she was completely in their hands she was treated as if it was forgotten that she was a human being. She was thrown into the common prison of Edinburgh and confined to a solitary room, without even the attendance of a single female servant. Her conjugal connection with Bothwell had not lasted more than a month when they were thus separated by this revolution.

"Such treatment defies comment," says the *Edinburgh Review*. "More disgraceful conduct does not sully the pages of history. Even if Mary Stuart were in very truth the murderess of Kirk-o'-Field, our sympathies are with her rather than with men who, under no equal temptations, were at once murderers, traitors, liars, and hypocrites."

As soon as they were suffered to do so Mary Seton, Mary Livingston, and three others of the noblest families of Scotland, and all of them Protestants, bravely flew to her side and walked with her when, in a horrible night-procession, she was dragged

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in the mud along the streets from her prison to Holyrood amidst the wild hooting, the foul insults, and innumerable outrages of an excited and wild populace. But she had with her, however, the better part of the population, whose indignation was intense; and, as a rescue was imminent, she was hurried off at midnight to Lochleven, a ride of thirty miles, on a miserable horse, and was, says Camden, "put under the custody of the Earl of Murray's mother, who had been the favorite of James V., and by whom she was treated with shameless malice during her many months' retreat in that stronghold."

Mary's imprisonment at Lochleven lasted eleven months. Meanwhile Murray, who had become regent, had made himself extremely obnoxious. He was called tyrant, robber, and threatened with death if he dared to lift a finger against the queen. The French ambassador reported to his government that two-thirds of the people of Scotland were ready to rise against Murray in order to liberate the queen, and charged him and his associates with the murder of Darnley. The details of Mary's escape from Lochleven are familiar to the public. Mr. Froude makes a desperate effort to persuade the reader that the queen's supporters on that occasion were Catholics only. In this he voluntarily propagates an error, as he does in everything else concerning Mary Stuart; for he must have known that the leading nobles who came to her support were Protestants, such as the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Eglinton, Cassilis, Roches, and Lords Claude Hamilton, Herries, Fleming, and Livingston. Well, a battle was fought, Mary was defeated, and, at the invitation of Elizabeth, sought a refuge in England to meet imprisonment and a scaffold!

During the Scottish queen's long nineteen years' martyrdom every effort was made by Elizabeth to disgrace Mary by proving her guilty of adultery with Bothwell and of the subsequent murder of Darnley, but in vain. The enemies of Mary relied on eight letters alleged to have been written by her and found in a casket belonging to Bothwell, which he had left behind him when he departed in accordance with the Carberry Hill arrangement. But those letters were all *undated*, *undirected*, *unsealed*, and *unsubscribed*. They might as well have been written to anybody else as to Bothwell, and they are almost universally admitted to be forgeries. Mr. Froude, who quotes them, promises to prove their authenticity, but has never yet attempted to redeem his word. The great Dr. Johnson, the mammoth of English literature, wrote: "That the letters were forged is now

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made so palpable that perhaps they will never more be cited as testimonies."

Denounced from the beginning as forgeries, these letters are rejected by such writers as Goodal (1754), Gilbert Stuart (*History of Scotland*, 1762), Tytler (1759), and Whitaker (1786). Tytler said: "It is impossible for any sincere inquirer after the truth to receive such evidence." Later Lingard expressed the same opinion. Chalmers proved conclusively, with a mass of newly-discovered testimony, that the accusers of Mary were themselves the murderers of Darnley. Sir James Melville in his memoirs plainly intimates that the casket-letter invention was a disgraceful piece of business, and says "that the crafty Cecil persuaded Murray to accuse the Queen of Scots in order that Elizabeth might have some pretext whereby to make answer to foreign ambassadors."

The distinguished Robert Henry, a Scotch Presbyterian divine, author of a history of Great Britain praised by Hume, Robertson, and Johnson, says: "I have long been convinced that the unfortunate Queen Mary was basely betrayed and cruelly oppressed during her lifetime, and calumniated after her death."

Sir Walter Scott, in his *History of Scotland*, rejects those letters, adding "that the direct evidence produced in support of Mary's alleged guilt was liable to such important objections that it could not now be admitted to convict a felon for the most petty crime."

The editor of Bishop Keith's *Affairs of Church and State in Scotland* says in relation to the evidence brought out against Mary Stuart: "A more outrageous mass of rubbish and falsehood never was printed." Hundreds of scholars, fully the equals of Mr. Froude in ability and acquirements, are thoroughly satisfied of the forgery of those letters.

Mr. Jules Gauthier, a French writer, was a firm believer in Mary's guilt until, on visiting Edinburgh, he was struck with the general expression of the fullest faith in her innocence. This led him to examine the subject, and among other archives those at Simancas, in Spain. His examination extended through six years, and the result is a work published in two volumes—a work of general research and much power, in which Mary's memory is entirely vindicated.

Complicity in the Riccio murder is brought home to Elizabeth and Cecil by the correspondence of that day in the Record Office in London; and in the Darnley murder the same com-

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plicity is sufficiently made out, notwithstanding the disappearance of the English agents' reports from Scotland a month *before* and a month *after* the explosion. This important fact has lately been made known by Mr. McNeel Caird in his book entitled *Mary Stuart: Her Guilt or Innocence.*

Elizabeth, when Mary was a prisoner in England, appointed three commissioners to investigate about the crimes attributed to her in Scotland. They were the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler. Norfolk sent to Elizabeth extracts from the alleged "casket letters," and, writes Mr. Froude, "left it to Elizabeth to say whether, if they were genuine—which he and his colleagues believed them to be—there could be any doubt of the guilt of the Queen of Scots." One would hardly believe that these words, "which he and his colleagues believed to be genuine," are not in that letter. It is one of Mr. Froude's numerous inventions. Mr. Froude thus gratuitously slanders also the character of the Duke of Norfolk, who must have been the vilest of mankind if, thinking Mary an adulteress and murderess, he nevertheless attempted to marry her, and in consequence of it lost his head on the scaffold. On the contrary, Norfolk wrote to Elizabeth "that the affair was perplexing and perilous, because the queen, if formally accused, would desire to be present in person to meet her accusers"; and Sussex wrote "that, in his opinion, it would not be attempted to find the queen guilty, because she would deny the letters and present a stronger case against the accusers than they could make against her."

Mary, on her side, had appointed commissioners to meet the English ones and take cognizance of the evidence to be produced against her. Those commissioners were Lesley, Bishop of Ross; Lord Herries (Protestant), Lord Boyd (Protestant), Lord Livingston (Protestant), Gavin Hamilton, the Commendator Kilwinning (Protestant), Sir John Gordon of Lochmoor, and Sir James Cockburn of Skirling. They were instructed to demand that she should be permitted to appear personally in presence of the Queen of England, the whole of her nobility, and all the foreign ambassadors in London, "to answer," she said, "all that may or can be alleged against us by the calumnies of our rebels." She further instructed her commissioners, in case of refusal, to break off the conference. This shows that she was willing to meet Murray, Morton, all the rebel lords, their accusations, and the casket letters in the face of the whole world. Surely this could not be the attitude of a woman not sure of her innocence.

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If Elizabeth and her devoted minister Cecil had possessed the slightest faith in the strength of the case against the accused, they would eagerly have closed with her proposal, because only of Mary's free-will could they place her in such a position of publicity; for Elizabeth had no jurisdiction over her. Their *inclination* undoubtedly was to take this opportunity of disgracing for ever the Queen of Scots; their *interest* imperiously demanded it. But they dared not run the risk of a public failure; therefore an evasive answer was given to the queen's commissioners, who, after many delays, returned home without having been shown a particle of the evidence which was said to exist against Mary. The limits of this article do not permit me to review their long and persistent efforts to have access to the evidence which she pledged herself to disprove. Neither she nor her commissioners were permitted to have a glimpse of it.

At last Murray and his associate conspirators were summoned to the royal residence, Hampton Court, and there informed by Cecil that they might return to Scotland, "inasmuch as there had been nothing sufficiently produced nor shown by them against the queen, their sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the queen, her good sister, for anything yet seen." These last words were added by Elizabeth herself. This was clearly abandoning the case for want of proof. Murray, of course, was exceedingly disappointed, but Elizabeth consoled him with a present of five thousand pounds.

A few weeks later a strange event took place. The Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Sussex, who had been the commissioners of Elizabeth to examine into the guilt of Mary; the Earls of Pembroke, Southampton, Derby, Cumberland, Arundel, Westmoreland, and Northumberland; the Marquis of Winchester, the Lords Clinton and Lumley, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and others, became open supporters of the pretended adulteress and murderess. A large majority of them were sound Protestants, and yet devoted their lives to her cause!

Lord and Lady Livingston were both Protestants, and yet they both followed Mary Stuart into exile and shared her misfortunes to the last. It may be remarked here with propriety that numbers of the ladies of the Scotch aristocracy earnestly entreated of Elizabeth permission to wait upon Mary in her prison. Among them were the wife and daughter of the Earl of Athol, Lady Maitland, and the Ladies Mowbray, daughters of the rebel Lord Burnbogle.

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Miss Strickland, in her *History of Mary Stuart*, very properly remarks:

"It must be obvious to common sense that, if Mary had been so lost to shame and decency as her libeller Buchanan pretends and the forged letters infer, her service would have been held in disgust by every noble lady, especially by those who were of the reformed faith. Can it be supposed that a man of Lord Livingston's high rank and unsullied honor, a leading member of the Congregation withal, would have ruined his fortune and outraged conscience and propriety by supporting her cause and permitting his beautiful and virtuous wife, the mother of his children, to wait upon her, share her perils and wanderings, and partake her prisons without reward, had there been the slightest ground for the odious accusations with which the traitors who had murdered her husband, given her over as a prey to Bothwell, and usurped her throne, sought to justify their proceedings and cloak their own crimes?"

Mr. Froude describes Mary Stuart, Queen of France, Queen of Scotland, whom no princess of her time excelled in dignity and high-mindedness, as the most shameless of her sex, and as one making a boastful parade of adultery. She is called by him the "murderess of Kirk-o'-Field, a ferocious animal, a snake, a panther, a wildcat, a brute." There is no end to his epithets. And yet there were many suitors for her hand, among whom were the Duke of Anjou, who subsequently became Henry III., King of France; Don Juan of Austria, the heroic paladin and the victor of Lepanto; and Cosmo de' Medici, who, in reply to inquiries which he made about the rumors concerning her, was informed from London "that it was known to all, without the slightest doubt, that she was most innocent and that her accusers were guilty of the deed."

But what is more extraordinary, and almost incredible, is that Elizabeth, Cecil, and all those lords before whom the pretended proofs of Mary Stuart's guilt had been laid proposed that, on certain conditions subscribed by her, she should be acknowledged as the successor of Elizabeth—she, Mary Stuart; she, the adulteress and the murderess!

In the meantime it was even proposed by Elizabeth to Murray, the regent, to replace this same adulteress and murderess on the throne of Scotland. But, of course, this did not suit that traitor and usurper.

The Countess of Lennox, who at first had been deceived into the belief that Mary had assented to the murder of Darnley, her son, knew better before she died. A letter from her to Mary, then in one of Elizabeth's dungeons, written in November, 1575, and intercepted with many others, has been found among Cecil's papers. She says: "I beseech your majesty fear not, but trust

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in God that all shall be well. The treachery of your traitors is better known than before," etc.; and she subscribes herself "your majesty's most humble and loving mother and aunt." Here is Mary acquitted by Darnley's mother of all participation in his murder.

Finally, the Earl of Bothwell, on his deathbed in foreign parts, declared solemnly, in the presence of thirteen of the magnates and high officials of the country to which he had fled, that Mary Stuart was innocent of Darnley's death, and that only he himself, his friends, and some of the nobility, whom he named, were the authors of it.

Prince Alexander Labanoff has published seven octavo volumes concerning Mary Stuart. This admirable collection is the result of fourteen years' research among state archives and libraries throughout Europe. It is composed mainly of letters and documents written by Mary Stuart. They number seven hundred and sixty-six, of which more than four hundred were generally unknown before they were published in that work. Out of these four hundred new letters about two hundred, found in the English State Paper Office, were mostly intercepted letters of Mary's, which consequently never reached their destination. In these papers and letters the reader may see Mary Stuart's soul and intellect reflected almost day by day throughout her reign; and no man can read them and not be impressed by the elevation of her mind, the soundness of her judgment, and the purity of her thoughts. Yea, no man can read them and believe that these letters and the pretended casket letters could possibly come from the same source.

On her way to the hall of execution she was met by her faithful servant, Andrew Melville, who threw himself on his knees before her, wringing his hands in uncontrollable agony. "Woe to me," he said, "that it should be my hard lot to carry back such tidings to Scotland!"

"Weep not, Melville, my good and faithful servant," she said. "Thou shouldst rather rejoice to see the end of the long troubles of Mary Stuart. This world is vanity and full of sorrows. I am a Catholic, thou a Protestant; but as there is but one Christ, I charge thee, in his name, to witness that I die firm to my religion, a true Scotchwoman, and true to France"; and after having given him a message for her son, she concluded with these words: "May God forgive them that have thirsted for my blood!"

Mr. Froude says that when the executioner, as usual in the discharge of his duty, raised the head of Mary Stuart to exhibit it to the crowd, "he exposed the withered features of a grizzled,

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wrinkled old woman." There is a portrait of Mary Stuart, painted on the next day after the execution and bearing the signature of the artist. This portrait came into the possession of Walter Scott. Hawthorne saw it at Abbotsford, and describes it in this fashion in his English Note-book:

"I am not quite sure that I saw all those pictures in the drawing-room, or some of them in the dining, but the one that struck me most—and very much indeed—was the head of Mary, Queen of Scots: literally the head cut off and lying on a dish. It is said to have been painted by an Italian or French artist two days [one day] after her death. The hair curls or flows all about it; the face is of deathlike hue, but has an expression of quiet after much trouble and pain—very beautiful, very sweet, and very sad; and it affected me strongly with the horror and strangeness of such a head being severed from its body. Methinks I should not like to have it always in the room with me."

For those who are not familiar with English history I will say that Mary Stuart was not executed for the pretended crimes she had perpetrated in Scotland, but for alleged conspiracies attributed to her, whilst incarcerated in England, against the throne and life of Elizabeth.

Whence the unfavorable impressions which have so long prevailed against Mary Stuart? They are all to be traced to the historian Buchanan, who first wrote a history of the reign of Mary Stuart, which history, being a contemporary one, was considered as authentic by subsequent historians, who took it for granted, without the trouble of examining for themselves, that Buchanan's statements were correct. Hence they blindly followed in his footsteps and accepted his dicta as articles of faith. The false conceptions with which the public mind is impregnated on that subject are due also to the novels and dramas that have been written on Mary Stuart. The authors of such works are generally in search of the sensational, and prefer for the subjects of their compositions the turbulence of crime and vice rather than the placidity of virtue. The sober and cold realities to which historians are restricted are not so acceptable to poets and dramatists as the wild imaginings which they consider a legitimate growth in the boundless fields of fiction.

But who is Buchanan, and what is his authority worth? He was an apostate monk who gradually evolved into an atheist. He was saved from the gallows by Mary and loaded with her favors. An eye-witness of her dignity, her prudence, and her purity, which he eloquently extolled at one time, he afterwards denounced her as the vilest of women. He sold his pen to her enemies, and has been properly described as "unrivalled in base-

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ness, peerless in falsehood, supreme in ingratitude." His work against Mary, entitled *Detection*, was published in 1570 in Latin, and copies were immediately sent by Cecil to Elizabeth's ambassador in Paris, with instructions to circulate them; "for," said Cecil, "they will come to good effect to disgrace her, which must be done before other purposes can be obtained." This shameful book has been the inspiration of most of the portraits drawn of Mary Stuart.

Buchanan was one of the first Latin scholars of the age. He had accompanied Mary to Scotland, and a letter of Randolph, Elizabeth's agent in Scotland, speaks of him as reading Livy every day in Edinburgh with the queen. In 1564 Mary presented Buchanan with a pension of five hundred pounds Scots, and made him lay abbot of Crossraguel Abbey—an appointment which gave him independence. In 1565–67 he dedicated his admirable paraphrase of the Psalms to Mary, although, having been so near her person, he must have known her to be the basest and lowest of women—an adulteress and a murderess, according to his own account, endorsed by the congenial Froude after a lapse of almost four centuries. To that "Dedication" he had added an epigraph in Latin worthy of Virgil as to style, which perhaps excels any literary compliment paid to any European sovereign. "Her merit," he said, "surpassed her good-fortune; her virtue her years; her courage her sex; the nobleness of her qualities her nobility of race."

The most assiduous of Mary's flatterers when she was in power, he pursued her in adversity with a malice little short of the diabolical. In Murray's pay and attendance as a hireling, he was most zealous in producing the forged silver-casket letters before Elizabeth's commissioners at York and Westminster.

The Episcopal Bishop Keith denounces Buchanan as a "vile and shameless traducer," and says: "His *Detection* sufficiently detects itself to be a continued piece of satirical romance." The same distinguished Protestant clergyman says, further, "that in general, by the corrections he has made from original records of almost all the facts touched by Buchanan in relation to the queen, he [Bishop Keith] is satisfied that he [Buchanan] has grossly, if not maliciously, departed from the truth."

The historian Burton cannot conceal the fact that he considers Buchanan "an unmitigated liar." He further says: "Everything with him is utterly and palpably vile and degrading, without any redeeming or mitigating elements."

It is but too true that Buchanan's libel—for no other name can be given to it—is so filthy that no man with any decent

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feelings could read it through without disgust, and that its most serious charges are totally unsupported by a tittle of contemporary testimony. The venerable Protestant Camden relates that Buchanan in his last illness expressed the wish "that he might live so long till, by recalling the truth, he might even with his blood wipe away those aspersions which he had, by his bad pen, unjustly cast upon Mary."

If the limits of this article permitted it we could accumulate evidence on evidence to demonstrate that the unfortunate Mary Stuart was the most slandered woman whose memory lives in history; but we believe that we have said enough to convince the reader of the truth of Walter Scott's assertion in his *History of Scotland*, which we have already quoted, and which we repeat as a proper conclusion—"that the direct evidence produced in support of Mary's alleged guilt was liable to such important objections that it could not now be admitted to convict a felon of the most petty crime."

OZANAM'S DANTE.

"WHATEVER greatness the nineteenth century may claim will appear, on closely considering the state of the case, to arise from this, that it is a new beginning of the ages of faith. A thing most strange, yet undeniable!" So says a hopeful writer of the present day.

Philosophy tells us that "the soul of man was made for truth"—let us add, not only to seek, but to find and rejoice in it. It was Pilate, the unjust judge, prepared to condemn the innocent in spite of the lights accorded to him from within and without, who, despairing of verity, asked our Lord, "What is truth?" and then waited for no answer. Let us hope that Pilate may not be the figure of our questioning age, that it may not finally merit the woe menacing "isolated generations which, not having received the heritage of instruction, or having repudiated it, are obliged, frail and mortal as they are, to begin afresh the work of the ages."

Encouraging signs of the times are certainly found in the facts that St. Thomas has been officially reinstated in his due place in philosophical studies, and that during the past fifty years the students of Dante have been steadily on the increase. The Angelic Doctor is being placed within reach of English-speaking people who find him difficult of access in the original Latin, but we are still awaiting a thorough English commentary on the

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labors of the great Florentine. Italians, no doubt, have volumes supplying their needs. Dr. Hettinger's recent work on the *Göttliche Komödie* (not to mention others) will be welcome to the readers of German, and Frédéric Ozanam's *Dante, et la Philosophie Catholique au XIIIe Siècle* must already have enlightened the understandings of many who naturally turn to French sources for able criticism and clear presentation of ideas.

In English Cary and Longfellow have given us excellent, although not entirely faultless, translations of the *Divine Comedy.* Of T. W. Parsons' fine version only a few cantos of the *Purgatorio* have been seen by the present writer. There are commentators, such as Foscolo and Gabriel Rossetti, who, however learned and eloquent they may be, dishonor the poet by the fantastic and apocryphal interpretations they offer as his meaning. There are others, as Carlyle, Lyell, Ruskin, Butler, Dean Church, Canon Farrar, Maria Rossetti, Lowell, Norton, Harris, Miss Blow, who (so far as their works are known to the writer) have written reverently and appreciatively of Dante, but in a limited fashion, and naturally from points of view which fail to command the entire horizon swept by the poet-philosopher. No one who could really place himself at the central point held by the Florentine has yet attempted the task of aiding the English-speaking people to comprehend the great Catholic poet. And no other could provide English readers of Dante with the knowledge necessary to the comprehension of the inner as well as the outer meaning of the poem, giving them not merely *a* meaning, but *the* meaning intended by the poet. Many gifts would be needed to do the work properly, two rare ones in especial—abundance of leisure and a receptive faculty akin to the creative genius of the original author.

It was this same nobly imaginative, receptive faculty, with wide learning, orthodox Catholicity, a pure and devout Christian life, and a wonderfully attractive style, which so eminently fitted Frédéric Ozanam to be the interpreter of the great poet to young France. A brilliant genius willing to set aside his own creative gifts, and in all humility to devote himself to a sympathetic comprehension and exposition of the gifts and the work of another man, is a phenomenon too seldom encountered not to have left behind it results worthy of the serious consideration of thinkers of whatever nationality.

Miss O'Meara's charming biography will doubtless have rendered the name and life-work of the young professor of the Sorbonne familiar to most of our readers. A short analysis of the

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Dante, and Catholic Philosophy in the Thirteenth Century, will show the ground occupied and the method employed by the commentator.* The Preliminary Discourse treats of "The Tradition of Letters in Italy, from the Latin Decadence to Dante."

The author shows that the tradition of letters was handed down from Oriental, Egyptian, and Greek sources to Rome. He says:

"The Renaissance, for a long time placed at the period of the taking of Constantinople, has by some been thrown back to the date of the Crusades, and by others to the reign of Charlemagne. Even before Charlemagne we find the Roman Muses sheltered in Irish and Anglo-Saxon monasteries. But we must come to closer quarters with these researches. They should be pursued on their proper ground, in Italy, the last refuge of antiquity and the starting-point of the middle ages. It is there that we may obtain a view of the most memorable transition which has ever taken place. Through what phases did letters pass during eleven hundred years, from the Latin decadence to the first writings in the vulgar tongue? How did the human mind lay aside its pagan habits to take on a new character? This is the revolution which we shall endeavor to follow, seeking in its long course to discover, if we can, the unity of the tradition of letters. First we shall consider that tradition as existing among the Romans, such as antiquity had made it in the age of Augustus; then we shall watch it as regenerated by Christianity: we shall examine whether it traversed the period of barbarism, and how it was reproduced in the works of Italian genius, whence in turn it went forth to reign over every literature in Europe."

As we read the eloquent and convincing pages that follow we see that the *Divine Comedy* was by no means what it has been called, *the voice of ten silent centuries*, but that each one of those ten centuries had a voice of its own. Illustrious men and illustrious institutions "held, as it were, hands together down the ages."

The Preliminary Discourse is concluded as follows:

"While inspiration never descended upon more eloquent lips, never did tradition find a more faithful heir. Dante, great as he was for having dared so much, was perhaps still greater by reason of having known so much. During six hundred years commentators have not ceased to study the *Divine Comedy*, and consequently to learn from its pages. It has been treated as we treat the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*; and I wonder neither at the admiration nor at the persevering labor bestowed upon it. There is, in fact, an inexhaustible subject of study in the great epics of Homer, of Virgil, and of Dante, for the reason that they represent three momentous eras in the history of the world: Greek antiquity in its budding, the destiny of Rome binding the old times with the new, and the middle age which touches upon our own day. This it is that makes at the present moment

* A translation into English of the above-mentioned work is now nearly ready for publication. Ozanam also translated the *Purgatorio* into French prose, accompanied by valuable notes. His early death prevented the careful completion of this part of his work, which is, however, valuable and suggestive.

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the popularity of the *Divine Comedy*, and assures to it, not a passing favor, not a triumph of reaction, as some say, but a serious attraction, a permanent authority. What we look for in it is history—the genius of the thirteenth century, the genius of the troubadours, of the Italian republics, of the theological school, of St. Thomas Aquinas. This it is that holds an innumerable auditory at the feet of the old poet. When I behold this multitude of readers, interpreters, and imitators, Dante seems to me well avenged. To the exile who had not where to lay his head, who experienced how bitter is the bread of the stranger and how hard it is to ascend and descend the stairways of other men, flock a crowd of the obscure or the illustrious asking the bread of the word; and, in his turn, he will make all generations of men of letters ascend and descend by his stairways, by the steps of his *Inferno*, his *Purgatorio*, his *Paradiso*. And we—we also are his people; hence we shall not consider wasted the time we may devote to the doing of something in his service, and consequently in the furtherance of the great cause which he served—religion, liberty, and letters."

No apology is needed for so long an extract; indeed, the only apology seemingly required is for venturing to use any form of words on this subject other than that proffered by so eloquent an advocate.

In the Introduction the question of the respect paid to Dante in Italy is treated of, and also the fact that, while he is generally lauded throughout the civilized world, his work is, if studied at all, only superficially appreciated, and without due consideration of that part of it which its author esteemed the most highly—namely, its philosophic purpose. That purpose underlies the beautiful form. Dante sets forth the dominant philosophy of the middle ages in a melodious and

"Popular idiom, comprehended by women and children. Its lessons are canticles, recited to princes to charm their leisure hours, and repeated by artisans to refresh their souls after labor. . . . If we try to follow the course of its explorations we find it setting out from a profound study of human nature, constantly advancing, extending its guesses over the entire creation, and in the end, but only in the end, losing itself in the contemplation of the Divinity. . . . If we inquire into the origin of this philosophy we learn that it was born in the shadow of the chair of scholastic doctrines, that it announces itself as their interpreter, that it proves its mission and glories in it. . . . The union of two things so rare—a poetic and popular philosophy and a philosophic and really *social* poetry—constitutes a memorable event, indicating one of the highest degrees of power to which the human mind has ever attained. If every power finds its exciting cause in the circumstances surrounding it, the event just indicated must lead us to appreciate the intellectual culture of the age in which it is encountered. . . . We are forced to confess that men already understood the art of thinking and of speaking, even while they still knew how to believe and to pray."

Then comes a sketch of the general plan of the book, which we abbreviate as follows: Part I. treats of the religious, political,

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and intellectual situation of Christendom from the thirteenth to the fourteenth century, with the causes favoring the development of philosophy. The scholastic philosophy and the especial characteristics of Italian philosophy are considered, as are also the life, studies, and genius of Dante, the general design of the *Divine Comedy*, and the place occupied in it by the philosophical element.

Under the last-named head we find two very interesting extracts—one from Dante's dedicatory letter to Can Grande della Scala, and the other from a commentary (still in manuscript when Ozanam wrote) by Giacopo di Dante, Dante's son—both explaining the inner meaning intended under the external symbols. Giacopo di Dante says:

"The principal design of the author is to show figuratively the three modes of being of the human race. In the first part he considers vice, which he calls Hell, to make us understand that vice is opposed to virtue as to its contrary. . . . The second part has for its subject the transition from vice to virtue, which he names Purgatory, to show the transformation of the soul which is purged of its faults in time, for time is the medium in which every transformation must take place. The third and last part is that wherein he treats of men made perfect, and he calls it Paradise, to express the height of their virtues and the greatness of their felicity—two conditions without which we could not discern the sovereign good."

Part I. thus ends:

"This philosophy will be eclectic in its doctrines, as were all the most illustrious teachings of the time; poetical in its form and ethical in its direction, as was required by the habits of thought of the nationality to which Dante belonged; it will be, like the mind of its author, bold in its flight and encyclopædic in the extent embraced by it. For a philosophical system may be compared to a placid spring of living water: the genius of him who professes it is like to the basin containing it and giving to it its configuration, while the circumstances of time and place resemble the atmosphere which environs it, influencing its temperature and supplying the currents of air by which its surface is ruffled."

Part II. is devoted to the special exposition of Dante's philosophical doctrines. He considers Evil, as existing in the individual, in society, and in intelligences outside the limits of earthly life; Good and Evil, in conjunction and in conflict, whether in this world or in the next; and Good, in man, in society, on earth, in heaven, in angelic natures, and finally in the contemplation of the Divinity, a participation in that philosophy which is in God himself, "the infinite love of the infinite wisdom."

Part III. examines into the relations subsisting between Dante's philosophy and that of the Orient, of Plato, of Aristotle, of the scholastics of his own age, and the later notions of modern days.

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The important chapter on the orthodoxy of Dante closes Part III. This is a subject demanding skilful treatment by an expert. Too often does its handling call to mind Pope's well-worn line:

"For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

We need scarcely say that Ozanam has treated it admirably. In the consideration of Dante's whole life our author by no means forgets the especial temptations to which men of genius are exposed, nor the wonderful secret by which the sins of all men may receive pardon—namely, repentance.

"In the thirteenth century the art, now so common, of endeavoring to legitimate vice by the advancement of easy-going doctrines was but little known. Men came then, sooner or later, to ask at the hands of religion the expiation and grace of which she is the ever-during dispensatrix."

Part IV. contains a consideration of Dante's political position: "Was he a Guelf or a Ghibelline?" also a chapter—one of the most beautiful in the book—on Beatrice, the influence of women in Christian society and of Catholic symbolism in the arts, and on the places filled in the poem by Santa Lucia and the Blessed Virgin. Dante's earlier philosophical studies, with the curious restoration of Sigier to existence as an historical personage, form the subject of the last chapter in this division.

The appendix contains the bull of Innocent IV. for the re-establishment of philosophical studies, and some most interesting extracts from the writings of St. Bonaventura, St. Thomas Aquinas, Albert the Great, and Roger Bacon.

It has been said that there are certain books which, whether their influence be for good or for evil, leave so permanent an impression on the soul that it cannot, after reading them, be exactly the same as it was before. Dante certainly has produced one such. If we may judge from our own personal experience we should say that Ozanam's commentary falls in this category. We are told that to comprehend Dante he must be translated into the current thought of our own day. No translation can ever equal a great original. Must we not, then, learn the speech of *his* day, and transport ourselves into the wonderful world in which he dwelt, embracing all times, past, present, and to come; all modes of thought, dogmatic, mystical, imaginative, emotional, practical; and every grade of being, from the lowest to the highest? To enter this realm we need a guide. Can we find one more delightful or more competent than the earnest-minded founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—Frédéric Ozanam?

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THE THREE CARDINALS.

> "Go, get you manned by Manning, and new-manned
> By Newman, and, mayhap, wise-manned to boot
> By Wiseman."—Browning, *The Ring and the Book*, book i.

NOT idly were they named—the Hinges three
That roll the gates of England open wide
Thro' which to thirsting souls may sweep the tide
Of Truth and Faith one fatal century
Diverted from its path to the Great Sea:
Since when the dried and stony channel's sands
Are strewed with wrecks of useless, stranded ships;
For living waters many parchèd lips
Are vainly praying; many pleading hands
Reached out for help from the divided lands.

One showed a Man—to strive and not to yield—
A model to a race of meaner men;
And one a Wise Man, to whose keener ken
Wisdom's white light was more and more revealed.
But Strength and Wisdom claimed a wider field:
O clearest eyes that see the Blessèd Light!
O voice that sang the dream of life's last sleep!
O fearless feet that climb the thorny steep!
O hands that help the soldier in the fight!
The New Man in the New Day's dawning bright!

And one name wakes us with a trumpet-call:
"Be brave: be men: and with the sword of faith
Strike from the drunkard's soul the bonds of Death;
And spend your strength to lift up them that fall."
And one: "Be wise: and give all that thou hast
For Wisdom: her I found in humble homes
Unchanged as when she lit the Catacombs—
One Faith to link the present and the past."
And one: "Be ye new-born. Though friends be dear,
And ivied Oxford seen thro' many a tear,
Who loves his life shall lose it, and who loses
Shall keep it: he the better part who chooses—
Come out of her, my people! Have you been
Her sin's partakers? Be ye born again!"

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BY THE RILLE AT PONT-AUDEMER.

THERE are certain rivers that compel your notice by their persistent appearance in unexpected places, and the Rille at Pont-Audemer is one of them. There is the Rille proper, as one may say, which has a broad quay on the side next the town, and there are its many narrow branches winding in and out among the houses and crossed by more bridges than one would suppose a town council would enjoy keeping in repair. Whether one goes south towards Mont Gibet, whose steep side rises like a high green wall between Pont-Audemer and the outside world, or northward to Mont Carmel with its still steeper front, there are branches of the Rille to be crossed. If you stop to rest on any of these bridges you will see the water gliding between rows of dark houses, with timbered fronts and gabled ends, which throw the stream in shadow. Along these old house-walls there is a green line which shows the high-water mark. Below this you will see various half-aquatic plants growing from the crevices in the brick foundations, and from the windows above long strings of nasturtiums, moneywort, and other trailing vines are swaying. Here and there you will see a busy washerwoman rinsing her linen in the olive-brown water and beating it with her *carosse*. If the particular stream you are pausing at has not too many angles and turns you may catch glimpses of other bridges up or down its length, their positions emphasized by the line of sunlight which falls across them through the gap in the dark line of houses. If you are *very* practical you may perhaps be inclined to indulge in speculations as to the health of the people who live in such apparently damp quarters; but if you are in any sense alive to effects of light and shade and the picturesque, generally quite other considerations will be aroused. True, there are tanneries at Pont-Audemer, and the Rille is no stranger to the fact; but you are not forced to think of this as you watch the water slide beneath the bridges, nor when you see groups of women on the quay, filling red pitchers and brass jugs from the Rille, to which they descend by short flights of steps in the low wall that borders the quay, need you think of it either. "Running water cleanses itself," say the town-councillors of Pont-Audemer, "and one must not be too particular." And as the town-councillors

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are very estimable men, why should one wish to be more critical than they?

It is a busy little town, this Pont-Audemer. One will not see many loiterers there, or, for that matter, in any other Norman town either. There are the many tanneries and cotton-factories, filled with workers; at every convenient place beside the Rille is a washerwoman rinsing her linen in the stream, and there are always red pitchers needing to be filled and always somebody busy filling them. The only idlers at Pont-Audemer are the tourists. And they cannot afford to be very idle, if they want to see all there is to be seen in the thrifty town. It is on a summer evening that Pont-Audemer is gayest. Then one will find the broad quay covered with people—a lively, good-humored throng not above jesting and loud laughter. The steamer from Le Havre is perhaps coming in, and those on deck call to their friends on shore in tones intended to be heard above the noise of the escaping steam. One may hear many very interesting bits of family history shouted out in this manner. Henri is going to marry Susette very soon, and all his friends at Havre think him a foolish fellow; or the grandmother of the dyer on the Rue du Commerce was coming from Le Havre to visit him that very day, but fell down-stairs and will never walk again, it is said. And so the shrill talk goes on as the poplars across the river tremble in the faint red evening light, and the stars come out, and the lamps are lighted along the quay.

We should know some of these good people. That pompous man of fifty who is walking along the quay with his wife and daughter is Hector Desson, a wealthy tanner, of whom they say that his rapid good-fortune has turned his head. He strides along, setting his feet down firmly at every step, and so rapidly that his wife, who is twice as stout as he and a good deal shorter, finds it hard work to keep up with him. But Mlle. Desson, tripping lightly along in an airy way, finds it quite easy. Hector would like very much to have his son Bernard accompany him also on these evening walks, but that young fellow has no intention of ever doing anything of the sort, and has said so more than once. And Hector, though he will never confess it, is a little in awe of this independent young man who calls him father. And Bernard is really a great deal cleverer than his father. That is Bernard Desson coming from the steamboat arm-in-arm with Edouard Bouvier, his friend. Both are extremely well dressed, and in looks there is not much to choose, though perhaps Edouard has a little the advantage in this respect. Behind them is

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the brother of Madame Desson, a tall, thin man with green-gray clothes and green-gray eyes. No one in Pont-Audemer has ever seen him in other than green clothes, which hang upon him as if he were a pole. Although the uncle of Bernard, he is not much older than his nephew, who is twenty-five. He has an idea that the two young men have not known of his presence on the boat; but in this he is mistaken, for they saw him cross the steamer's plank at Havre, and are quite well aware that he has been watching them ever since. Jules Barbier, this green-gray uncle of Bernard's, is very fond of watching people. In fact, there is nothing he likes so well, and he has therefore been very congenially employed on this particular day.

"And so thou art determined to marry, my friend," says Edouard to his companion as they are leaving the boat.

Jules catches these words, as Bouvier meant that he should do, and listens intently.

"I am, most certainly," is the answer.

"And when will thy Henriette be ready, thinkest thou?"

But the response to this Jules fails to hear, although he almost leans over the shoulders of the two young men in his eagerness.

But he has heard what he think will interest his brother-in-law, and accordingly he imparts the information just gained to the tanner at the earliest opportunity. He is quite right: Monsieur Desson is *very* much interested.

"The ingrate!" he exclaims. "To think of marrying without consulting me! It is terrible! But I will soon put an end to his fine plans."

Now, Hector would by no means dare to say this to Bernard, but he works himself into a desperate rage in the presence of his brother-in-law, who is thereby much impressed.

"And who is this Henriette?" he demanded at length of Jules, who shrugs his shoulders and turns the palms of his hands outwards, as if to show that the secret is not written there, at any rate.

"But I must know," storms Hector; "and it is thou who must find out this Henriette for me."

Two days later Jules comes up to Monsieur Desson.

"I have to tell thee of Henriette—of several Henriettes," he adds; "but which one Bernard prefers is unknown to me."

"Well?" says Hector savagely.

"First," says the other, tapping his right thumb with his left forefinger and then turning down the thumb, to indicate one

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damsel already disposed of, "there is Henriette Blanc, who washes in the sheds across the Rille. But she is forty years old, and I do not think it can be she that Bernard is to marry."

"I should say not," says Hector to this. "My Bernard is not an absolute idiot, thou must understand."

"Very true," responds Jules before continuing his enumeration. "Then there is Henriette Noir, who is a waiting-maid at the Lion d'Or. She is sixteen and very pretty." And then Jules turns down his left forefinger.

"I must see this one," is Hector's comment this time.

"Then there is Henriette Sandeau," continues Jules, turning down his left middle finger. "She is seventeen and not very pretty, but her father, the cotton-manufacturer, is very rich, as thou knowest."

"If Henriette Sandeau is the one I am quite satisfied," observes Bernard's father; "but then it is strange that Monsieur Sandeau has not been to me in regard to the matter."

"Next there is Henriette Beaumont, who works in Monsieur Sandeau's cotton-factory," pursues Jules, turning down his left fourth finger and holding it in place with his thumb. "She is thirty and said to be very good."

"Pouf!" ejaculates Desson. "What is her goodness to me?"

"Lastly, there is Henriette Berthier," says Jules, turning down the little finger of his left hand. "Thou hast not forgotten her, surely. She is cousin to Edouard Bouvier, and is twenty years old and one of the prettiest girls in Pont-Audemer."

"But yes, I know her," Hector makes answer. "But she is poor and will have no *dot*, I am very sure," he continues. "Such a marriage would not do at all for Bernard."

"Thou hast right, my brother; but Bernard, it may be, would not consider that."

"What of it?" blusters Hector. "Am I not his father?" And Jules is silenced, but thinks to himself that his brother-in-law will not find it the easiest thing in the world to turn Bernard from anything the young man has determined upon.

"What wilt thou do now?" he says to Desson after a little time.

"That will be seen later," says the other loftily, the truth really being that the tanner has not the least idea of what he shall do in the matter.

A night's interval, however, affords him time for thought, and the next day he proceeds to carry out a little plan of his own, in the execution of which Henriette Noir, at the Lion d'Or, is ap-

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prised that some one would like to see her, and accordingly she presents herself before Monsieur Hector. She is certainly very pretty, as Jules had stated, and Hector is by no means unimpressed by the circumstance. "If this is Bernard's Henriette he certainly has good judgment in faces," thinks the father critically; and then, remembering that this is not all the aspect with which to regard the case, he endeavors to look more dignified than before.

"Hast thou a lover?" he asks, coming to the point with commendable directness.

The unexpected question startles Henriette. What can he mean? Perhaps he means to offer himself as a lover, which she would not like at all.

"But yes, monsieur, I have a lover," she answers.

Now, this is not strictly true, but then there is some one whom she would like as a lover, and from thinking of this person as a lover to actually claiming him as such is a step easily made by her. Perhaps this *is* Bernard's Henriette, thinks Desson in some inward agitation at her reply.

"Is this lover of thine about the middle height, rather good-looking, with black hair and moustache?" asks Hector.

Now, the person she has claimed as a lover does not answer this description at all, but, disregarding this fact, Henriette, rather pleased with the description, answers unhesitatingly:

"Yes, monsieur."

"What is his name?" demands Hector.

But this matter is going quite too far, Henriette thinks, and so she shakes her head and will not answer.

"Well, if his name is Bernard Desson," says Hector incautiously, "he cannot marry thee, I tell thee that," and departs from the Lion d'Or without getting any further satisfaction from its pretty waiting-maid.

But Henriette knows who Bernard Desson is quite well, though she is as far as possible from thinking of him as a lover, and she comprehends now very well who her visitor may be.

"And he would try to frighten me away from his son!" she says indignantly to herself, and then she laughs, and pretty soon the nature of Hector's visit is known all over the Lion d'Or.

Truly, Monsieur Desson, you are making a fine mess of this business. Madame, your wife, could have managed it much better.

Hector next makes his appearance at the factory of Monsieur Sandeau, whom he knows slightly, and with whom he enters into

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conversation in the factory office. Monsieur Sandeau is wondering why the tanner has chosen to call this morning, as there seems to be no special drift to his talk for some time, but at last Hector leads the conversation, very adroitly, as he thinks, to the subject of marriage.

"It is a great responsibility, Monsieur Sandeau," he observes, "when one has marriageable children. I often think how happy I shall be when Bernard, my son, marries to suit me."

"Ah!" thinks Sandeau, "he would marry his Bernard to my Henriette. I will soon put that out of his head." And then he says aloud: "Yes, it is a great responsibility, Monsieur Desson, but, luckily for me, it is all settled for my Henriette. She will marry her cousin from Bas de la Roque."

Hector's face lengthens at this announcement.

"That is very fortunate," he says, but does not look as if he thought so, and after a little while he rises to go.

It occurs to him after leaving Monsieur Sandeau that he may as well see what Henriette Beaumont is like, and with this in mind he enters the cotton-factory. He is saved from having to ask for her by hearing some one call her name as he enters, and seeing her pass near him in response to the summons. She appears to be fully thirty and is not bad-looking.

"Hast thou a lover," Hector says to her, without pausing to think in what light she may regard this sudden question.

"I have a husband, monsieur," she says sternly, and Hector retires somewhat crestfallen, but still relieved to think his son's choice has not fallen on Henriette Beaumont.

But others in the factory have heard the question, and there is much laughter in the factory for days over the old man who wanted to make love to Henriette Beaumont. It is quite true that Hector might have much better left this matter to his wife. There is one more Henriette yet to see, the cousin of Edouard Bouvier—for Hector is quite convinced that it is of no use to see Henriette Blanc, the *blanchisseuse* across the Rille—and in mid-afternoon the tanner presents himself at the door of Madame Berthier, the mother of the fifth Henriette. It is a small house where Madame Berthier lives, not far from the church of St. Ouen. Dark, time-stained timbers form the house-front, between which gleam the tiniest of windows. There is a doorway, too, somewhere among the dark timbers, but so small as hardly to be noticed at first. When the door opens at Monsieur Desson's knock he is lost in wonder as to how Madame Berthier ever passes through, for the doorway is very low and madame is

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quite tall and wears the tallest of caps. Madame is somewhat old-fashioned and has never discarded her cap, and a most remarkable structure it is. There are few like it in Pont-Audemer now. A stiff cone of white muslin, furnished with what look like short and very stiff wings on each side, and at the top a muslin bow—such a headgear is likely to inspire the beholder with something like awe, especially if, as in Madame Berthier's case, it towers above a rather severe visage. Monsieur Desson, beholding it, feels that it is going to be very difficult to explain to the wearer of such a cap the nature of his errand, and when he is seated in madame's little *salon* he is very decidedly ill at ease. Madame herself, seated opposite, is regarding him with evident disfavor. She knows who her visitor is, though he does not remember ever to have seen her, and she does not like what she knows about him. What his errand can be to-day she cannot imagine; but she will not help him in the least to explain, and waits with folded hands for him to begin.

"You have a daughter, Madame Berthier?" he says at length rather slowly.

The stiff wings of the *bonnet rond* tremble slightly as madame inclines her head in response.

"And marriageable, I hear?" pursues Desson.

"She is twenty this summer," responds the other in a noncommittal way.

Hector finds it very difficult to lead up to the question he wishes to ask, and he is forced to come to the point much sooner than he has intended.

"Has she a lover?" he asks this time.

There is a very decided quiver of the wings of the *bonnet rond* as madame replies.

"I do not discuss these matters with strangers," she says severely.

Clearly Monsieur Hector is not making much progress at this interview.

"But I have a reason for asking—a very good reason, I may say," he explains.

"That may very well be," is madame's answer, "but the fact is nothing to me." And by this time there is a heavy frown underneath the *bonnet rond.*

"But I wish to know for the sake of Bernard, my son," says Desson, losing the last atom of prudence in his vexation.

"Has Monsieur Bernard Desson sent his father to inquire for him?" asks Madame Berthier sarcastically. Is is quite plain to

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her now that Desson has called to see if her daughter has any attachment for his son, and she determines that he shall go away as unsatisfied as he came. "When Monsieur Bernard Desson will come to me with similar questions he shall be answered," she continues impressively, rising from her chair as she speaks; "but I decline to discuss my daughter with his father."

Clearly there is nothing for Hector but retreat, but he delays a moment.

"Can I see Mademoiselle Henriette?" he asks.

"Mademoiselle is from home to-day," says the other loftily, "but she shall be informed of the honor Monsieur Desson has paid her in asking to see her and inquiring so closely concerning her welfare." And with these words in his ears Hector takes his leave.

Madame Berthier has won an easy victory this time, and she smiles grimly as she watches her adversary crossing the bridge just beyond her house.

The tanner is not at ease respecting this day's work as he thinks it over on his way down the Grand Rue. He is not at all sure that Henriette Noir may not be the one whom Bernard loves, and he has discovered that Henriette Sandeau is not obtainable for his son. Henriette Beaumont has certainly placed him in a very uncomfortable position, while the behavior of Madame Berthier has filled him with the liveliest apprehensions. Perhaps it would have been better if he had waited for his green-gray brother-in-law to ascertain more definitely concerning the Henriettes before he started out himself in quest of information. He is not disposed to listen with much patience when Jules tells him that evening that he has heard of two more Henriettes.

"Henriettes!" exclaims Desson angrily. "What do I care for thy Henriettes?"

Now, this is unkind, when Jules has spent a whole afternoon in ascertaining details concerning these particular Henriettes. It is hard that all this labor should be lost.

"But thou must know that they are young," he ventures.

But Hector has had enough of Henriettes for one day, he is very sure.

"Let them be infants, then: I will have nothing to do with them myself. Find out for thyself whether Bernard knows them, and then come to me."

Hector says this almost savagely, and Jules says no more. He is quite willing, however, to undertake the commission Desson has given him, and the next day finds him engaged in prosecut-

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ing it. In the evening he comes to his brother-in-law in high spirits.

"Well," says Hector, when Jules appears, "what hast thou learned?"

"Much," replies the other, rubbing his hands. "In the first place, these two Henriettes are both young."

"So thou saidst last night," growls Hector.

"They are young," repeats Jules, a little disconcerted, "and pretty, and will have good marriage-portions."

"That is worth considering," muses the other, somewhat softened in his manner by this intelligence. "What are their names?"

"Henriette Chrétien and Henriette Simon," continues Jules. "Mademoiselle Chrétien lives with her parents near the church of Saint-Germain."

"I know Chrétien," interposes Hector, "but I did not know of the daughter."

"Henriette Simon is cousin to the daughter of Monsieur Chrétien," goes on Jules, "and lives with her aunt not far from the Chrétiens'. The husband of her aunt was Julien, the dyer, who died some ten years ago. Bernard goes often to the Chrétiens', and has met Mademoiselle Simon there often. But I cannot tell which of the two he prefers."

"It is little matter," says Hector pompously. "Julien left a great deal of money, and Chrétien is very wealthy, and the marriage-portions of their daughters cannot fail to be large."

"Wilt thou visit the Chrétiens and Madame Julien?" inquires Jules.

But Hector has acquired quite enough experience in journeys of this sort.

"I am much too busy," he rejoins. "I will ask Catharine to go and make inquiries." And thus it happens that on the next day Madame Desson makes a formal call upon Madame Julien.

These estimable ladies have never met before, and Madame Julien is a little puzzled to know why Madame Desson should call just at this time. Madame Julien is quite deaf, and her visitor, whose voice is husky at all times, and who is now out of breath with her walk, finds it exceedingly hard to explain the object of her visit. Perhaps on this occasion Monsieur Desson would have succeeded better. At all events, he would have come much sooner to the point. At last, however, without expressly declaring that she has come to find out whether Bernard and Henriette Simon have any particular regard for each other, Madame Desson

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manages to ascertain some particulars concerning the niece of Madame Julien. "Young people are a great responsibility," shouts the wife of Hector. "I shall be glad when my son and daughter are safely married."

"But yes, that is true," responds Madame Julien, who has with difficulty caught this sentence. "But my Henriette will marry soon, and I shall miss her sorely."

"And whom is she to marry?" screams the visitor, who has now recovered all the voice she ever possessed.

"His name is Louis Leroy, and he lives at Conteville," is the reply.

The interest of Madame Desson in the welfare of Madame Julien's niece rapidly subsides on the receipt of this information, and she presently takes her departure, leaving good Madame Julien still wondering why she has had the honor of the visit from Madame Desson.

Madame Desson finds her call upon the Chrétiens a much less embarrassing affair. She and Madame Chrétien were friends in their girlhood, and have been in the habit of exchanging calls at intervals of a year or two since their respective marriages. It is quite in the natural order of things that she should call upon Madame Chrétien about this time. But of the subject uppermost in her mind the wife of Hector has no chance to speak, for there are other visitors besides herself, and she goes away with her curiosity unsatisfied. On the evening of the same day the Dessons and Jules hold a solemn council to decide what shall be done.

"It is monstrous that Bernard should think of marrying without consulting us," fumes Hector.

"That is very true," says Jules.

"What hast thou to do with it?" exclaims the head of the household, turning savagely upon his brother-in-law, whose only reply is a meek shrug of the shoulders.

"But if Bernard *will* marry," says Madame Desson huskily, "what can we do? He will not listen to us; and then it is no crime to marry."

Clearly Bernard's mother is not formed of such stern stuff as her husband. Under his fierce exterior, however, Monsieur Desson is very sadly perplexed. He is secretly in awe of this fine son of his, and is at the same time anxious to preserve a great show of paternal authority, and it is not altogether easy to maintain this outward show.

"He will give in to Bernard," thinks his wife, as she looks at her husband.

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"He will do whatever his son wishes," is the inward comment of Jules.

And Monsieur Desson in his heart is very sure of the same thing. But nevertheless he blusters, and fumes, and declares that if Bernard marries to suit himself instead of his parents he shall never speak to him again. And with the launching of this awful threat the family conclave comes to an end.

What Monsieur Hector has been doing is no secret to Bernard, and, although the young man laughs with his friend Edouard about his father's perplexities, he is not over-pleased at the light in which he is placed by his father's action in this matter.

"It is time to end the anxieties of monsieur my father," he says to Edouard one evening, "or he will be inquiring at every house in Pont-Audemer where there is a marriageable girl if I am going to marry her. He is making me ridiculous."

"Yes, it has gone too far," rejoins Edouard Bouvier. "I knew we could rouse the curiosity of Jules and give him something to think about, but that was all I looked for."

"It is thou who must undeceive my father," says Bernard.

"Quite true," is the reply. "It shall be done this evening."

Hector Desson is smoking in his garden when the young men join him. It is not often that they give him much of their society, and under ordinary circumstances Hector would be quite pleased to have their company there in the quiet garden in the summer twilight; but he is a little ill at ease just now. If Bernard has learned of the inquiries that have been made concerning him it is not easy to foresee just what results will follow. It is this thought that makes him unusually uncomfortable while Bernard and his friend converse with him on indifferent topics. At last Edouard says somewhat abruptly:

"Thou must wish me joy, Monsieur Desson. I am to be married."

"That is good news, truly, and I do wish thee joy," is the response. "But with whom art thou to marry?" adds Hector.

"I am to marry my cousin, Henriette Berthier," is the reply.

Hector Desson gazes bewilderedly from one to the other of the young men.

"What, art *thou* to marry a Henriette also?" he gasps at length.

"Why not? It is a good name. But I do not know of another Henriette who is to be married at present," says Edouard. "Dost thou?" he adds, turning to Bernard, who shakes his head.

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Just at this moment Jules comes down the garden-path. Evidently he does not see the young men in the dim light, for he calls out:

"Brother-in-law, I know of another Henriette." Then he sees that Hector is not alone, and stops in confusion.

"I have heard quite enough of thy Henriettes," says the elder Desson coldly, after there has been an awkward pause. "Explain, if thou art able," he continues, "what was thy purpose in telling me my son was to marry a person of that name?"

Jules does not at all relish this examination before the two young men, who have never liked him, as he well knows, but he cannot avoid an answer.

"I repeated only what I heard Bernard and Monsieur Bouvier say themselves," he pleads.

"When was that?" interposes his nephew.

"On the steamer coming from Le Havre," is the response.

"So thou played the spy upon us," says Bouvier contemptuously.

Jules writhes, but makes no reply.

"I said to Bernard," explains Bouvier at this juncture, "something about his determination to marry, for he had long known of my love for my cousin, and had suddenly declared that *he* should marry also. Then I, knowing there was no one woman for whom he cared especially, said in jest: 'And when will *thy* Henriette be ready, my friend?'"

"Then thou art not thinking of marriage with a Henriette?" asks Hector of his son after Edouard has finished.

"By no means, my father. I shall marry some day, 'tis likely, but thou shalt know all about it in due season, and wilt not need to depend upon my uncle there," says Bernard, and then he leaves the garden arm-in-arm with his friend.

Truly, matters have not taken an agreeable turn for Jules. His industry has brought him very little reward.

"Thou wert ever a mischief-maker," scolds Hector when he is alone with Jules, finding it convenient to forget that he has listened to the reports that Jules has brought him: "thou hadst far better attend to matters that concern thee."

And Jules can only shrug his shoulders and be silent beneath the reproof.

Half of Pont-Audemer are present at the wedding of Henriette Berthier and Edouard Bouvier at the church of St. Ouen in the autumn, but Jules Barbier is not one of that gay company.

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THE CATHOLIC CHARITIES OF NEW YORK.

II.

THE Catholic charities in the city of New York for the benefit of adults of both sexes, though less numerous than those which formed the subject of a previous article, are, as will be shown, of great importance and productive of great good. The results of their work clearly exemplify how very efficacious are charitable labors avowedly for Christ's sake and having him as their principal object.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul, office 29 Reade Street, incorporated April 10, 1872. This well-known society of laymen, founded originally in Paris, in May, 1833, by Frédéric Ozanam, and of which the Council General is in that city, has spread widely throughout Catholic Europe, the United States, and Canada. Its first particular council in this city was established in the parish of St. Patrick in 1846. Archbishop Hughes gave it his full approval by letter dated August 11, 1848. It has now 47 particular councils in this city.

The objects of the society are, *first*, to sustain its members, by mutual example, in the practice of a Christian life; *secondly*, to visit the poor at their dwellings, to carry them succor in kind, to afford them also religious consolations; . . . *thirdly*, to apply themselves, according to their abilities and the time which they can spare, to the elementary and Christian instruction of poor children, whether free or imprisoned; . . . *fourthly*, to distribute moral and religious books; *fifthly*, to be willing to undertake any other sort of charitable work to which their resources may be adequate, and which will not oppose the chief end of the society, and for which it may demand their co-operation upon the proposition of its directing members. The report of the Superior Council of New York to the Council General in Paris for the year 1885 shows a membership of 1,075; 5,202 families relieved during the year; 19,667 persons in families relieved; 46,483 visits; 698 families on roll December 31, 1885; 164 situations procured; 45 members assisting in Sunday-school, and 10,913 boys attending same.

St. Vincent's Hospital of the City of New York, at Eleventh Street and Seventh Avenue, incorporated in 1870, was founded

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by the Sisters of Charity in the year 1849 under the auspices of the late Archbishop Hughes. It was the first charity hospital in this city depending on voluntary contributions, the only two other at that time being New York Hospital and Bellevue. In its small beginnings, extending through seven years, it had to struggle with great and very discouraging difficulties. Its first location was in a three-story brick building situated on East Thirteenth Street, which was rented and fitted up by the joint contributions of the late Very Rev. Wm. Starrs and the mother-house at Mt. St. Vincent, and was opened on the first day of November, 1849, for the reception of patients. The hospital at this time contained thirty beds, all of which being required for patients, the sisters in charge had to endure every possible inconvenience. In May, 1852, an adjoining house of like dimensions was rented and accommodations thereby secured for seventy patients; but, there being neither gas-light, Croton water, closets, nor baths throughout the house, the increased room added still more to the labor and embarrassments of the sisters, and not a little to the discomfort of the patients, and the want of these necessary conveniences was made more sensible during the prevalence of typhus fever in 1852.

In 1856 the building corner of Eleventh Street and Seventh Avenue, then used as a Half-Orphan Asylum, was first rented, and afterward, in 1868, bought, from the managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, and made the main building of the present hospital. It required extensive alterations and repairs to adapt it to this new purpose; and to raise the funds required the ladies of the several Catholic churches of New York were appealed to, and gave a grand fair at the Crystal Palace, and through this effort, and a similar one in 1860, the aggregate sum of $45,000 was realized. This fund enabled the sisters to make the necessary repairs, purchase an adjoining lot, and erect two wings, and have a balance on hand. The hospital, thus enlarged, was capable of accommodating 140 patients, of which those who could afford to pay were charged $3 weekly; but, the demand for free admission increasing, it soon became evident that the hospital must be hopelessly involved pecuniarily unless some arrangement could be made for patients who were able to pay for their maintenance and treatment. In 1883 a new building was erected on West Twelfth Street, and formally opened on December 9 of that year. It is arranged exclusively for the reception and treatment of private patients, who may enjoy in it the comforts as well as the privacy of home.

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Patients of all religious denominations are admitted, and any minister who is desired by a patient has free access to the wards. *No non-Catholic patient is required or expected to attend religious service, which is, of course, Catholic.* The hospital has never had any permanent source of income. During the first year the sum of $400 was received as donations; since that time up to 1875 about one-half of the income has been derived from annual subscriptions, bequests, donations, and from State and city grants, the latter having been neither certain nor annual. To meet the burden of enlarged expenses and indebtedness brought by the growth of the institution the sisters depend entirely upon the charity and generosity of their friends. From the humble beginning of 259 patients treated in the first year the number has increased to 1,842 in 1884 (no report for the past year being obtainable), and from a *personnel* of five Sisters at the opening of the hospital to one of twenty-six at the present date. The medical board consists of two visiting physicians, two visiting surgeons, one ophthalmic surgeon, one gynæcologist, a house physician and surgeon, with one senior assistant and two junior assistants.

House of the Good Shepherd, foot of East Ninetieth Street, in charge of the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd. They came to this city from Louisville, Ky., a little before 1857, and were incorporated October 2, 1857. Their first establishment was in East Fourteenth Street. Their mother-house is at Angers, in France, and their first house in the United States was at Louisville, where they came at the instance of Bishop Flaget. The order was founded about 1643 at Caen (France), by Rev. Jean Eudes, whose beatification is now in process. They have now about 30 houses in the United States. The principal object of their work here, as elsewhere, is to permanently reclaim those of their own sex "whom the world first ruins and then casts away." For such unfortunates the seemingly inexorable feeling of the world is tersely expressed in the lines of the French poet:

> *" L'honneur est comme une île escarpée et sans bords,*
> *On n'y peut plus rentrer des qu'on en est dehors."* *

Hence this charity offers greater difficulties than any other. It is comparatively an easy task to take care of the sick, to harbor the aged, to instruct the ignorant; these are under no stigma, feel no sense of degradation, and for them there is always and everywhere more or less sympathy.

* Boileau, Satire X.: "Honor is like an island steep on all sides, and with no shores: once out of it, there is no way to get back in it."

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The work of the religious in question embraces three objects. The first and principal one is to recall fallen women to the path of virtue; next, the reformation of wayward and unmanageable girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one; and, lastly, to assist women addicted to drinking to cure themselves of the habit, those of better social condition having special provision made for them. The order has under its government a minor auxiliary one, separate and distinct, called The Magdalens, which is composed of girls either thoroughly reclaimed, or who, not having fallen, choose to enter out of a spirit of humility.

Since the organization of the institution up to the present year the total number of inmates received has been 7,241. The present inmates consist of 80 magdalens, 190 penitents, 91 wayward girls (who form St. Joseph's Class), 36 habitual inebriates, and 26 women, either widows or otherwise alone in the world, who have been allowed to find in the house a happy and quiet retreat. The work of the house—where constant, industrious employment is the strict rule—and its varied duties are looked after by 118 sisters, under the direction of a superior and her assistant.

The sisters have been subjected to considerable expense—so far upwards of $5,000—in consequence of injuries to part of the convent building resulting from shocks to the foundations caused by the explosions carried on (three or four daily) at Hell Gate. It is to be hoped that, after the ameliorations of the channel have been completed, Congress will be induced to grant a proper indemnity, to which the sisters seem to be justly entitled.

St. Francis' Hospital, at 603–611 Fifth Street and 169 Sixth Street, founded in 1864 for the gratuitous care of the sick poor of all creeds and of all nationalities, incorporated in the same year, is under the charge of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, a German community, whose mother-house is at Aix-la-Chapelle (Rhenish Prussia). They are a mendicant order and find the resources needed for the sick under their care, and their own support, by begging from door to door. By that public charity, on which they solely rely, they and their work have ever been not only well but generously supported. They also give assistance to out-door poor. Between thirty and forty sisters (invalids included) make up the *personnel* of the hospital. The most scrupulous regard is had by them to the religious rights of the numerous Jewish and non-Catholic poor who come under their care. Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis have ready access at visiting hours to patients of their respective be-

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liefs as often as the latter call for them; and when a non-Catholic patient is believed to be in danger of death the sisters in charge notify him or her accordingly and suggest calling in a minister or rabbi, as the case may be, who, under such circumstances, may see the patient almost at any time. Catholic patients only are invited to attend Mass in the chapel of the hospital. This fair treatment is duly appreciated by the non-Catholics, and particularly by the Jews, of the district; the latter are very friendly and always generous, as, indeed, are their co-religionists throughout the city whenever appealed to in behalf of the institution. The medical staff consists of two visiting physicians, two visiting surgeons, two visiting physicians for the diseases of women, and six house physicians and surgeons. There is no selection made in the cases admitted, the only question asked being, Can room be found for them? The number of patients treated during the year 1885 has been 1,956; there were discharged cured 1,012, improved 494, unimproved 72. Total number of deaths 179, being a percentage of 9.15 per cent.

It may not be known, but it is a fact, that St. Francis' Hospital has a larger field and even more patients than any hospital in the city of New York, except Bellevue and Charity, under the control of the city authorities. Its patients for the year 1885 have been of twenty-two nationalities other than the United States.

St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, at Nos. 203–211 West Fifteenth Street, was opened in May, 1868, and incorporated April 4, 1870. It is under the care of the Sisters of Charity and confines its work to indigent aged females only. Its foundress, as she may truly be called, was a Miss Elizabeth Kelly, who in 1866 deeded some lots on Third Avenue to the Sisters of Charity in trust for the establishment of a home for the destitute aged. These lots were sold to advantage and a portion of the present eligible site secured. The late Thomas Devine by his will left a legacy of certain stocks to the institution, which, by the skilful management of his executor, were made to produce $47,285. Up to the time of her death in 1883 Miss Kelly continued to be a benefactress, and other friends, prominent among whom was the late widow of Daniel Devlin, were a constant reliance and support during years of struggle and poverty before the home became what it now is. As it is by no means self-supporting, its appeals to the charitable have to be of constant recurrence. The majority of its inmates have been, from the beginning, without means and without friends. Sometimes a new-comer brings in a

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small amount, but the sisters' practice has always been to give credit accordingly to each of such contributors, since, owing to the fickleness of mind consequent on old age, inmates sometimes leave. A large and well-ventilated ward situated on the third story has been set apart for the especial use of the sick, where they are well provided with what is needed for their convenience and comfort, and are under the especial care of the infirmarian, who can, by this means, give them better care and attention than could possibly be given them in their own rooms. The home has a beautiful chapel, dedicated in January, 1873. The present average number of inmates is 300, of which only about 50 contribute anything to their support.

St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Nos. 223–225 West Thirty-first Street, under the charge of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, founded in 1869, incorporated May 20, 1870, receives the sick without distinction of sex, color, nationality, or religious belief, and can comfortably accommodate ninety patients. It will receive patients from any doctor *in good standing*, and allow him to retain full charge of them.

As the order is not a mendicant one, the support of the institution renders it necessary that a weekly charge of $7 be made to ward patients, and of from $10 to $25 to patients occupying private rooms. As many free patients are admitted as the income of the hospital will allow. The most scrupulous regard is had for the religious belief of non-Catholic patients; and if in danger of death their friends are promptly notified to send a minister, to whom all needed facility for access to the patient is afforded. Perhaps it is in consequence of this, joined to other causes, that they get more Protestant than Catholic patients. The sisters are about to open an out-door patient department, and contemplate the erection of a new building. They have so far never received aid in any shape from the city or county, nor from any public entertainments given for their benefit. The medical staff consists of one consulting and seven visiting surgeons, three consulting and three visiting physicians, and one ophthalmologist.

St. Joseph's Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, Fordham. Incorporated in 1875. It is provided by a statute of the State of New York, passed April 29, 1875, that whenever a deaf-mute child under the age of twelve years shall become, or be liable to become, "a charge for its maintenance on any of the towns or counties of the State," such child, upon application of its parent, guardian, or friend, setting forth the facts, shall be placed in one of four institutions named in the act

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(only one of which, the Le Couteulx St. Mary's, at Buffalo, is under Catholic direction), "or in any institution of the State for the education of deaf mutes"; and the children placed in such institutions are to be maintained at the expense of the county from whence they came, not exceeding a stated sum, until they attain the age of twelve years. Thereafter, and until they have attained seventeen years, they become pupils of the State, upon procuring a certificate for admission from the Superintendent of Public Instruction at Albany, and their board and training are paid for by the State.

A very large proportion of the deaf-mute children, beneficiaries under the statute in question, are of Catholic parentage and have been baptized Catholics. In non-Catholic institutions they have no opportunity of being taught their religion, and grow up in entire ignorance of it. In the uninstructed deaf mute certain instincts of an animal nature incline to strong development, and it takes long and patient training and teaching to bring them under habitual restraint. The salutary influences of religious teaching can be of great assistance to this end, and, as the instruction of this unfortunate class is accomplished from the beginning *through the eye* and by object-teaching, it is manifest that the Catholic religion must be particularly well adapted to their wants and capacities. Accordingly Madame Victorine Boucher, a French Catholic lady, sought to do in this respect for the city of New York what had before been done for Buffalo. Assisted by a number of charitable ladies, who formed themselves into an association under her direction, she established at Fordham, in the fall of 1869, the St. Joseph's Institute. In 1874 a branch house was opened in Brooklyn. The undertaking had to struggle in the beginning with great difficulties, and, but for the loans advanced by friends from time to time, would probably have sunk under the weight of its pecuniary difficulties. In 1875 an act was passed by which the institution was empowered to receive county pupils, and by a later act, passed June 2, 1877, it was placed upon the same footing with similar institutions in the State. About 1877 a branch institution for boys was opened at Throgg's Neck. Madame Boucher, after having presided over the institution thirteen years, died in April, 1883.

The institution deserves to be ranked among Catholic charities, because it specially attends, during other than school hours, to the instruction of Catholic pupils in Catholic doctrine and practice, as in any other branch of useful knowledge. There is a pretty and well-equipped chapel on the premises. Rev. Fa-

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ther Freeman, S.J., who is familiar with the sign-language, attends as chaplain. The management prefers to receive Catholic children only, but accepts others exceptionally upon an express and urgent request for their admission. Non-Catholic inmates do not attend religious worship, and are assembled in the parlor while the Catholics are in the chapel. This once led to a complaint on the part of one of the former. "What is there in your Catholic teaching," she asked, "that you are unwilling to let me know it?" Most of the children return home to spend the summer; the few girls at present remaining were examined, in the presence of the writer of these lines, on questions from the catechism, and wrote down correct answers. The more frequently they approach the sacraments the more docile, tractable, and kind they become. During the official year ending September 30, 1885, the number of pupils connected with the school was 271. They were supported as follows: by the State, 160; by counties, 87; by relatives or the institution, 24.

Home for the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor, at 207 Seventieth Street, east of Third Avenue, and at One Hundred and Sixth Street and Ninth Avenue. Founded at East Seventieth Street September 27, 1870; incorporated August 23, 1871.

The mother-house of this mendicant community is at La Tour (Ille-et-Vilaine), France. It was founded about 1840 at St. Servan (France), by the Abbé Auguste Le Pailleur,* vicar of the parish, with the assistance of Jeanne Jugan, a poor servant-girl, and Marie Jamet, a dressmaker. The order has spread all over Europe, and in the United States, where it has at present thirty-four houses, and has met with great sympathy and encouragement, particularly in this city. The well-known object of the charity is to take care of the aged and disabled poor of both sexes over sixty years of age. No distinction is made as regards creed or nationality, the only requirement being that the applicant be of good moral character. The sisters have to provide for their old inmates food and clothing, and to nurse and watch them when sick. They have no income whatever from any fund or endow-

* In the *Figaro* of the 12th of June last there is an account of the great and general interest taken by visitors to the Paris *Salon* of this year in the portraits, by Cabanel, of Abbé Le Pailleur and Marie Jamet; Jeanne Jugan died a few years ago at the mother-house. Among some curious and touching facts connected with the labors of the two living founders above-mentioned, the writer of the article mentions, as having been stated by the abbé, that in the houses in France up to a recent date 74,000 old people had found a peaceful and happy death; that, although that number comprised Protestants and professed atheists, *all*, before dying, of their own accord, without any solicitation thereto, asked to receive the sacraments of the Catholic Church. There are received at the mother-house annually more than 20,000 letters, irrespective of telegrams.

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ment; they depend entirely on charity, and are obliged to go around to solicit its offerings. Their rule is that, in the matter of food, the needs of the old people under their care have priority over their own. But in this land and in this city, blessed by God with such plenty, it seems as if there will never be occasion for sacrifices in that direction; the sisters receive from a generous public food and clothing in abundance, quite sufficient, indeed, to provide for a larger number than they now harbor. The west-side house was first opened May 21, 1831, at Nos. 229 and 231 West Thirty-eighth Street, and removed to the new building, One Hundred and Sixth Street and Ninth Avenue, the 13th of April last.

St. Mary's Lodging-House, at No. 143 West Fourteenth Street, shelters respectable girls while seeking employment, and was incorporated in May, 1881. St. Joseph's Night-Refuge is in a rear building.

Any person having a right conception of life in a large city such as New York will readily understand that in it friendless and unprotected girls, depending on their daily labor for a subsistence, who are out of employment, are often left *homeless* and in very trying circumstances. The instances of such, and of laboring women of more advanced years, who find themselves at night in the streets with no lodging but the station-house to go to, are more numerous and of more frequent occurrence than the public has any idea. Charitable souls in the city of Paris have been early in the work of providing relief for this particular form of human suffering, and have founded *L'Œuvre de l'Hospitalité de Nuit* (night-harbor), of which the first house was opened June 2, 1878. Two more have since been opened for men and two for women. The cities of Vienna and of Pesth, in Austria, and certain large cities of France, have been examining into the expediency of following the charitable example set them in this regard by Paris.

An unmarried lady, a convert, whose experience and observation had made her acquainted with the need for the establishment of a similar work in this city, made a beginning, with the assistance of a few other young ladies, converts like herself, on the 8th of December, 1877, at No. 158 West Twenty-fourth Street. The progress of the work was at first necessarily slow, although steady and constant, and in time required its removal to more spacious premises at No. 239 West Twenty-fourth Street. Later on it was found advisable to move to a more eligible situation at No. 235 West Fourteenth Street, and finally to

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the present location, which has afforded facility for establishing in a rear building a night-shelter for such applicants as it is desirable to keep separate from the other inmates of the house, and which is now called St. Joseph's Night-Refuge. In order to put the management of the work on a good, enduring foundation, to obtain for it, besides spiritual benefits, the confidence and sympathy of the public, the foundress and her colleagues have very recently taken the vows and the habit of the Third Order of Régulars of St. Francis, and the name of "The Franciscan Sisters of St. Mary's." For admission to the Night-Refuge there is no charge, no questions asked. Admission to St. Mary's Lodging-House is without discrimination as to religious belief; but on Sundays the inmates are expected to attend the services of the religious belief to which they profess to belong. The income of the House is derived from charitable offerings and from such labor as can be made productive in it, and which seems to be very poorly paid.

The number of inmates received from September 30, 1884, to October 1, 1885, was 835. Present average number is 90 altogether—40 in the House and 50 in the Refuge.

As stated at page 687 of the August number of this magazine, the Sisters of Mercy have relinquished a certain charitable work carried on by them for many years, but they continue that of visiting the sick and dying poor, in which they have been engaged from their beginning in this city.

The Maternity Hospital, No. 130 East Sixty-ninth Street, under the direction of the Sisters of Charity, in connection with the New York Foundling Asylum. Incorporated April 11, 1881.

This hospital is intended for two classes of persons: first, those in whose cases there is a desire and hope of preserving individual character or the reputation of a family, the secrets of these, when given, being considered a *sacred trust* by the sisters; second, married women, who may there receive all the care, attention, and professional services not otherwise at their command. In this latter class may be ranked those who are strangers in the city, and for whose peculiar condition hotel conveniences are insufficient; also those who for various reasons cannot find in their own homes the necessary attention.

The experience of the sisters so far is that in the first class, Protestants and Catholics inclusive, there is a wide field for doing great good, and they are conscious that to that class their institution has rendered very valuable services.

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The terms for patients occupying private rooms range from $6 to $25 per week for board, payable weekly in advance, with the extra charge of from $40 to $75 reception fee.

The reception fee covers doctors' and nurses' expenses.

For patients in the wards the reception fee is $25; the board, $3 per week, payable in advance. These patients must remain at the asylum for at least three months after the birth of the infants, to wet-nurse them. No charge is made during this time.

Up to 7th of July, present year, the total number of patients admitted was 736.

The Sisters of Bon Secours (Good Succor), at 152 East Sixty-sixth Street, between Lexington and Third Avenues. Incorporated in 1883.

Their mother-house is at Troyes, in France, where they have at present in all 85 houses. They have 7 in Algeria,* 1 in Spain, 1 in Rome and 2 others elsewhere in Italy, 2 in Belgium, and 1 each in London, Liverpool, and Manchester. The congregation was founded in 1840, at Arcis-sur-Aube (France), by a devoted priest, vicar of that parish—Paul Sebastian Millet, deceased in 1880 in his eighty-fourth year. Their first appearance in this city was in February, 1882; a superior and one sister came over and took a house in West Twenty-second Street. In May, 1884, they moved to their present habitation, formerly the rectory of the church of St. Vincent Ferrer, where they now have 16 sisters. The work in which they are engaged cannot better be described than in the words of Cardinal Morichini, taken from a work on the charitable institutions of Rome, of which Pius IX. presented each bishop at the Vatican Council with a copy. He accorded the *decretum laudis* in favor of the congregation on the 24th of February, 1863.

"The sisters belonging to this congregation [of Bon Secours] do no work in the matter of education nor do they attend in hospitals. The object of their vocation is unique—*to nurse the sick in their homes.* Often before, in bygone ages, Christian charity has taken up this work, in particular under the inspiration of St. Francis of Sales and St. Vincent de Paul, but the attempts have always proved in vain, and almost from the very beginning the original purpose was departed from. God was reserving success in the undertaking to our day, in which a need for it, both in a temporal and a spiritual point of view, is so keenly felt. . . .

"The Sisters of Bon Secours take care of the sick without distinction

* They are willing to nurse even Mahometans. Hamet, a cadi in Algiers, a neighbor of Cardinal Lavigerie, fell very sick, and his eminence advised him to have the sisters called in. He consented, and did so well under their nursing that he was got out of danger. But before he was quite convalescent the women of his household became jealous of the success and possible influence of the good sisters and compelled them to stop their attendance.

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of age or condition, whether male or female, rich or poor, Catholic or non-Catholic; they are content if they meet in the houses to which they are called the regard due to their sex and their religious character."

"They require no remuneration for their attendance and their labors; their only means of support is the voluntary offerings of persons assisted by them."

"The good accomplished by this charitable institution has called down upon it the blessing of God, the approval of the church, and an ever-increasing prosperity. . . . "

Of this last reward they have already had good experience in the city of New York, where they have met with a welcome and a generosity which they describe in terms of warmest praise. They have bought a site on Madison Avenue, near Eighty-first Street, on which they will build as soon as their present lease terminates and their means permit. They require a central and quiet location, in order that the sisters who have sat up all night may obtain rest during the day; and their present abode, though desirable in other respects, is too near to the parochial school about to be erected.

St. Joseph's Hospital for Consumptives and Incurables, at East One Hundred and Ninth Street, founded in 1882, is under the care of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, and is connected with St. Francis' Hospital in East Fifth Street. It occupies two formerly private houses, has room for fifty beds, and received last year about 500 patients.

Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the Protection of Immigrants, No. 7 State Street, founded October, 1883. The story of the foundation of this charity having been told so perfectly and minutely in an article entitled "The Priest at Castle Garden," published in last January number of this magazine, a repetition here of any more than a brief statement of the objects of the mission would be entirely superfluous. These are: To establish at Castle Garden, New York, the chief landing-place for immigrants to the United States, (1) a Catholic bureau under the charge of a priest for the purpose of protecting, counselling, and supplying information to the Catholic immigrants who land at Castle Garden; (2) a Catholic immigrants' temporary home, a boarding-house, in which Catholic immigrants will be sheltered, safe from the dangers of the city, while they are waiting for employment; and (3) an immigrants' chapel.

Father Riordan has bought for $70,000—which is considered cheap—the old, very conspicuous, aristocratic mansion, No. 7 State Street, seventy years old at the very least, and which from its style must have been the habitation of one of the wealthy

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families of New York in the beginning of this century. It is the most interesting old landmark of that part of the city, and a photograph should be taken of it before it is taken down, which doom seems to be inevitable. Father Riordan has converted it into a temporary home for immigrant girls until they can be either forwarded to their destination, meet their friends here, or find employment. A room in an upper story has been fitted up as a chapel. That there is now plenty to do in the home may be readily inferred from the fact that 106 immigrant girls landed from the *Britannic*, which arrived in May, and 65 from the *Aurania*, arrived in June. A record is kept of the names, destination, and disposition of all the girls harbored in the home.

In conclusion, let us hope that the number of Catholic charitable institutions, of which an account has now been given, will, under the blessing of God on the unfailing, zealous efforts of the faithful, continue to increase in the future in proportion with the wants of the increasing Catholic population of this city. Would that, besides, the assistance of non-Catholic charitable institutions could be made entirely acceptable, as regards religious matters, to the consciences of the Catholic poor! What a gain and a blessing that would be!

THE QUESTION OF ULSTER.*

THE Question of Ulster, about which so many English politicians seem to be perplexed, is the question whether, in a representative government, the vote of one man ought to outweigh the votes of three.

Last June there was an anti-Catholic riot in Belfast which lasted several days, and, after presenting some of the worst aspects of that sickening ferocity which has so often distinguished the upholders of the Protestant ascendency in the North of Ireland, it was suppressed by the armed police. In the midst of the disturbance came the news of the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule bill, at which the mob testified its delight by wrecking about a hundred houses and making bonfires of the property of Catholics. In nearly all such outbreaks bigots are responsible for rousing the brutal passions of the ignorant, but the worst of

* *Tracts on the Irish Question.* Dublin: Published by the Irish National League.

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the outrages are actually the work of criminals to whom the differences between Orangeman and Catholic are of far less concern than the sacking of liquor-shops and the plunder of dwellings. It is hard for Americans to understand how there could be hesitation in denouncing such crimes from any pulpit. Least of all ought the Protestant clergy to have spared their censures, since it was under their standard that the rioters burned, robbed, fought, and killed. But the Rev. Dr. Hugh Hanna, a Presbyterian minister, preached a sermon in which he treated the persons who lost their lives by the fire of the police as martyrs in a holy cause:

"The loyal celebration of victory enraged the government, which, traitorous to its trust, has slaughtered our people. We are resolved to maintain our relations with England. If the government thinks that Ulster will be easily subjugated by a seditious Parliament, it has signally failed in its estimate of us."

And after referring vaguely to means of resistance which would be employed at the proper time, he declared that

"The humblest of the seven victims who succumbed last Wednesday under the murderous fire of Mr. Morley's militia presented a higher and nobler type of character than does Mr. Morley."

It is not surprising that the riots were renewed with still greater savagery during the Parliamentary elections in July, when the Protestant mob fought the police until numbers had been shot down on both sides.

Such riots are not uncommon in the North of Ireland, neither are such sermons. Both, however, are especially significant just now for the light which they throw upon the Question of Ulster. When the ascendency party protest that they will not submit to the laws of an Irish Parliament established by the supreme legislature of the empire, and sanctioned both by the whole authority of the government to which they profess allegiance and by an overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland, they are only asserting a privilege which the Liberal revolters against Mr. Gladstone have hastily conceded to them. Mr. Bright cannot bring himself to desert them when they ask the help of the English government in over-riding the wishes of their country. Mr. Chamberlain believes that the minority has a right to secede unless the majority surrenders its right to rule. Lord Derby declares that England is "bound to protect loyal Irishmen," and that, rather than force people to submit to self-government, she must apply herself to "the reconquest of Ireland." In other

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words, if the minority does not wish to submit, the majority must be made to. It would be "repugnant to employ the queen's forces" to compel a few Orangemen of the North to obey a law which they do not like, but quite proper to employ the same forces in sustaining an obnoxious rule by the "reconquest" of the rest of the island. The old and best meaning of loyalty was faithfulness to law. The name of Loyalists is now usurped in Ireland by a minority faction whose distinctive principle is that if a law which they do not like is enacted by their own government they have a right to resist its execution by force of arms.

Before we examine this extraordinary political principle any further let us see who they are that profess it. The English press and public speakers are continually referring to "loyal Ulster," "the loyal North," as a distinct and considerable division of Ireland, unalterably opposed to Home Rule. Loyal Ulster has no existence. The province of Ulster embraces nine counties, four are Loyalist, five are decided in their preference for Home Rule. The overwhelmingly Protestant region comprises about one-quarter of the area of the province—namely, the county of Antrim and certain parts of Down and Armagh; and even in this little northeastern corner of the island the Catholics, who are Home-Rulers to a man, number about 200,000. Western, southern, central, and southwestern Ulster are Catholic and Nationalist. In the whole province there are 833,000 Catholics and 909,000 Protestants. But the political parties are not divided by a strict religious line. While the Catholics are unanimous for Home Rule, the Protestants, even of Ulster, are by no means unanimous against it. There is an Irish Protestant Home Rule Association in Belfast. The Irish National League has prosperous branches in every part of Ulster, nearly all of which contain a considerable number of Protestants, while many of them have Protestant officers. The ratio of the vote to the population of Ulster, in the general election of 1885, was about as one to 7.68. If the political and religious divisions had been identical the Nationalists ought therefore to have polled 108,000 votes and the Loyalists 118,000. But in fact, according to the calculations of *United Ireland*, the Nationalists polled 115,533 votes and the Loyalists only 111,405. This calculation includes an estimate of the Nationalist strength in certain districts of Ulster where no avowed Home-Ruler was nominated, and the voter's only choice was between Liberal and Tory. The figures, therefore, may be open to some question. In the election of the present year (the full returns of which are not accessible while we write) the vote

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on both sides was so much reduced, owing partly, no doubt, to lack of money and partly to a reluctance to contend over foregone conclusions, that comparisons would be deceptive. There are some patent facts about Ulster politics, however, which cannot be questioned nor explained away. Of the 33 members returned by the whole province to the last Parliament, 17 were Home-Rulers and 16 were Loyalists. In the new Parliament these figures are reversed. The Nationalists lost two seats, after a severe contest; but, on the other hand, they gained a seat in the very capital of Orangeism, Belfast itself, while in Londonderry, the home of "the Apprentice Boys" and the principal stronghold of the "ascendency" after Belfast, the majority against the Home-Rule candidate, Mr. McCarthy, was only three. There is not a county of Ulster which has not returned at least one Nationalist member. Four of the nine counties are represented entirely by Home-Rulers. Thus it appears that the so-called loyal province of Ulster is in fact almost equally divided in politics, the wavering balance inclining rather towards Home Rule; that the "loyal" corner includes only one-quarter of the territory, and that even there the party of Home Rule is earnest and powerful. Of the other provinces of Ireland we need not speak. In them the vote is all one way. Outside of Ulster, and the two seats belonging to the University of Dublin, the Loyalists have not elected a single representative in the Imperial Parliament. The Nationalist majorities are almost everywhere overwhelming, and in a remarkably large proportion of cases the return of the Home-Rule candidate was virtually or literally unopposed. The *Spectator* justly remarked, after the general election of last year, "Ireland votes with a voice as unanimous as country ever gave"; and this year her voice is the same.

We are now in a position to understand "the Question of Ulster." The opposition to Home Rule is not on the part of the province of Ulster, for a majority of the population of the province desire Home Rule. It is not on the part of any definite political or geographical entity distinct from the rest of Ireland; for the Loyalists are mixed with the Nationalist population in Ulster precisely as they are elsewhere, except that their preponderance in the small corner where they have a majority is far less positive than the preponderance of the Nationalists in every other portion of the kingdom. There is absolutely nothing to distinguish the position of the Ulster Loyalists from the position of any other minority party. When, therefore, English

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politicians assert that if Home Rule is granted Ulster will have a right to secede, they are putting forth the anarchic doctrine, never maintained in any civilized state, that whenever the minority in a popular government pleases it may repudiate the decision of the majority and set up for itself. The most radical American secessionists never went to such an extreme as this. They at least believed that each State was an independent political organization, with all the powers of sovereignty, including the right to compel the obedience of minorities of its own citizens. They never dreamed that individuals had a right to secede. But this is what the claim of the Ulster Orangemen and their English advocates amounts to. Ulster cannot be treated as a homogeneous, autonomous state. It is only an administrative division in which political parties happen to be more nearly equal than they are in other parts of the kingdom. If the 111,000 Ulster Loyalists have a right to set up such a government as they please, the 115,000 Ulster Nationalists have the same right, *à fortiori*. Nor is that all. If the Loyalists in Ulster must have just what they want, it is impossible to deny the same privileges to the Loyalists in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. They, indeed, are entitled to rather more consideration than their brethren of the North. The Orangemen of Belfast and Londonderry seem to be in no special need of protection; but the insignificant little companies who vote for the "ascendency" candidates in districts like Galway, Kerry, Mayo, Roscommon, Sligo, Tipperary, etc., would hardly be visible if the English rule should cease. They certainly are among the clients whom England, according to Mr. John Bright, must not desert. They must have a government of their own as well as the Protestants of Ulster. They must all secede, if they wish to. Even the thirty Orangemen who figured last year as the entire Conservative constituency in a poll of 3,200 in East Kerry must have what they want. But all this admits, of course, the right of the Home-Rulers also to have what they want. The few who want to be governed by Englishmen at Westminster, and the many who want to be governed by themselves at Dublin, have an equal right to their own way. So we shall enjoy the novel spectacle of two governments, side by side, ruling the same country; and every Irishman will be at liberty to take his choice between them. This is the absurdity to which English statesmen are driven in trying to avoid the fundamental principle of popular government, that the majority must rule.

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If the Orange party really entertained a firm and tried attachment to England, there might be at least a sentimental reason for the policy of meting out a generous measure to them and a far different one to their Catholic brethren. But it is notorious that what they value is not the English connection but the Protestant ascendency. More disloyal language has never been used towards the British crown than in the speeches of Orange orators and the resolutions of Orange assemblies when measures for the relief of Irish disabilities have been under consideration. Mr. Clancy's clever tract on *The Orange Bogey* (Tracts on the Irish Question, No. 5) contains several amusing pages of extracts from the Orange literature of the Church Disestablishment period, in which armed resistance was pledged in the most emphatic language in case Mr. Gladstone's bill became a law. Clergymen were especially profuse in their promises to fight. The Right Hon. David Plunkett, Q.C., who now represents the University of Dublin in the Imperial Parliament, was ready to take the field at a moment's notice. Orange meetings on Tamnamore Hill, County Tyrone, at Monaghan, at Clones, resolved that if Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church bill passed they should "regard the Union as virtually dissolved." A resolution to the same effect was passed by the Ulster Protestant Defence Association in Belfast. The chief Dublin organ of the Orange party, the *Daily Express*, February 20, 1869, said:

"The Protestants of Ireland are attached to England, not as their fatherland, but as the great champion of the Reformed faith, by whom they are protected in the exercise of their religion, the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, and the possession of their just rights and ancient property. But if England breaks faith with the Protestants of Ireland, if she deprives the descendants of the colonists of Ulster of the provision for their religious wants, on the assurance of which their ancestors were induced to settle in the country, she will sever the tie by which the most loyal and devoted subjects of the crown are united in sympathy with Protestant England."

At a meeting at Saintfield, County Down, in 1869, on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, the Rev. Henry Henderson declared, amidst tremendous applause:

"It was not the Fenians they were afraid of, but that policy which was driving the people of Ulster into civil war. It was right they should tell their English brethren the truth. It was right they should tell them that so long as there was Protestantism in the land, and a Protestant sovereign occupying the throne, so long must there be Protestant ascendency.

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"We see people telling us," exclaimed the Rev. Henry Burdett, chairman of an Orange meeting at Newbliss, County Monaghan, "that we should not be aspiring to ascendency. Now, I, as long as ever the Lord shall leave me breath, will never be content with anything but Protestant ascendency. I think it is time to stand upon the watch-tower and cry, 'No surrender!'"

This is what the "Loyalists" of Ulster want of England. This is what they are standing for now. Whenever this despotic and barbarous ascendency, relic of evil times of which the world is fast learning to be ashamed—whenever this is imperilled they threaten war, as they are doing now. Fortunately they never fight.

Yet because this intemperate faction clamors against justice to-day, as it has so often and vainly done before, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Bright, Lord Derby, and some other Liberals think that justice cannot go on. If the Ulster ascendency faction objects to an Irish Parliament, that is the end of everything. "It would be repugnant," says Lord Derby's Liverpool manifesto, "to employ the queen's forces to compel an unwilling people to submit to a government arising out of a system of cruel outrage and terrorism." Why, what else have the queen's forces, and the king's forces, and the Protector's forces been doing in Ireland ever since the conquest? What civilized government was ever founded upon a worse system of cruel outrage and terrorism than the English government of Ireland? Where was force ever more ruthlessly employed to compel the submission of an unwilling people? Let Mr. Chamberlain answer his own allies. He said only a year ago:

"I do not believe that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule the sister-island. It is a system that is founded on the bayonets of thirty thousand soldiers encamped permanently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland or as that which prevailed in Venice under the Austrian rule."

Says Mr. Gladstone in a recently-published letter to a Liberal politician:

"I advise you to take resolutely to the study of Irish history. I have done in that way the little that I could, and I am amazed at the deadness of vulgar opinion to the blackguardism and baseness which have been practised on that unfortunate country."

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In a recent speech against the Home-Rule bill an English Catholic peer, Lord Arundell of Wardour, remarked that "however much they might wish to bring about a reconciliation with Ireland, they must regard the question in the first instance as Englishmen and from the point of view of the interests of England." This maladroit observation, so beautifully characteristic of the English mind, which regards the English point of view as the only point from which the universe can be rightly surveyed, and the interests of England as the only foundation of the moral order, probably did little to clear the mind of the audience to which it was addressed; but it contains a disguised truth. To settle the question on the basis of justice is to consult the interests of England. There is no other way of saving the honor of Englishmen and the prosperity of the empire. Those who believe with Lord Arundell of Wardour that they "must regard the question in the first instance as Englishmen and from the point of view of the interests of England," will realize before the contest has gone much further the truth of Mr. Gladstone's statement of the benefits of Home Rule, so clearly presented in his dignified address to the electors of Midlothian:

"Among the benefits, gentlemen, I anticipate from your acceptance of our policy are these: The consolidation of the united empire and great addition to its strength; the stoppage of the heavy, constant, and demoralizing waste of the public treasure; the abatement and gradual extinction of ignoble feuds in Ireland, and that development of her resources which experience shows to be a natural consequence of free and orderly government; *the redemption of the honor of Great Britain from the stigma fastened upon her almost from time immemorial, in respect to Ireland, by the judgment of the whole civilized world.*"

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PRESIDENT SEELYE AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

PRESIDENT JULIUS H. SEELYE, of Amherst College, is distinguished as clergyman, educator, and statesman. As a preacher he is unsurpassed in his own denomination; his ministerial labors are chiefly in connection with the college church of which he is pastor, and scores of young men who go out annually into the world of letters and science have been for four years his parishioners. His doctrine is strictly orthodox according to the standard of Congregationalists; and the evident sincerity of his convictions, his exemplary bearing and earnestness of manner, give unusual force to the meagre doctrinal and spiritual teaching which his religious system affords.

In the curriculum of the college he holds the chair of mental and moral philosophy, for which he is peculiarly adapted by his deep knowledge and acute intellect. It is hard, indeed, to see how true philosophy can be the handmaid of a fragmentary theology; yet, under President Seelye, Descartes, Kant, Berkeley, and Locke appear in their best light. The public life of Julius H. Seelye in the House of Representatives at Washington has proved him to be also a wise statesman.

This is the man who has contributed an article in the July number of the *Forum* in which he discusses the question, "Should the State Teach Religion?" The sum of his reasoning is this:

The secularization of education of late is as great as its extension. What are the results? The increase of insanity, crime, vice, pauperism, divorce, illegitimacy, vagrancy, and suicide have been proportionate with the growth of what is called civilization. Our present educational methods do not diminish the real perils of society, but suffer them to increase enormously. It is not the illiteracy but the immorality of a people which destroys them. No teaching of morality alone, however pure, can cure this immorality of the masses. This can be effected only by religion, which teaches the necessity of obedience to God. It is evident that the religious instruction of a people is indispensable to their very existence. Who shall give this instruction? Parents will not do it, as a rule. The church is not doing it and cannot do it, unless we give the church the ubiquity and power of the state. The state, for its own preservation, must provide for the religious education of the people on precisely the same grounds that it provides for instruction in grammar, arithmetic, and geography. The state should provide religious instruction for the people in spite of the so-called conscientious convictions of individuals against religion, just as it provides an army and navy in spite of the Quakers. Reli-

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gion is not an end to the state, but only a means for its advancement, to be used like any other means. Nevertheless a system of religious doctrine, if it were that and nothing more, would be as useless as a system of mere morals to secure the inspiration to virtue indispensable in a commonwealth. What will succeed is the life of Jesus Christ; that has shown itself abundantly able to secure virtuous habits. Christ's history and life should, therefore, be taught not simply in Christian families and the Christian Church, but in unchristian families and the unchristian world as well. We have the authentic records of Christ's life so well established in the Gospels that intelligent persons cannot doubt their general accuracy. The fundamentals of religion are in the four Gospels, and the quickening germ of all morality is there. Hence the state should provide for instruction in the four Gospels for its own preservation.

Such is an abstract of President Seelye's article.

If there is any government on earth that can stand the strain of secular education, it is ours; for with us, generally speaking, ample liberty is given to churches and private educational enterprises. But the state having taken the control of the education of the masses, it has been thought necessary to exclude religious instruction from its schools. President Seelye has truthfully pointed out the evil results of such a course, and has proposed a remedy. His remedy is, as we have seen, that the state should teach religion in the public schools, and that the form of religion should be the life and doctrine of Christ as contained in the four Gospels. We hope, from his guarded statements, that he would not make this one more function of an already overloaded public department; there is nothing in his article which forbids a fair arrangement between the state and religious societies or private institutions conducting free religious schools.

Let us look at his proposals more closely. Having settled that religious instruction must be given, he asks, "Who will give this instruction?" Many would consider this a very strange question. Who but the parents or their chosen representatives? they would answer. And when Professor Seelye insists that parents will not because they do not, his opponents will cry, *Non sequitur*. And, in truth, it is by no means demonstrated that parents will not provide for the religious training of their children. What is plainly seen is that the bulk of them will not or cannot do it at home, and are unwilling to have it done at school *if that involves sacrifices*. And, furthermore, if this is true enough of the non-Catholic people of America, it is not so with all Americans. Catholics have always maintained that religion is necessary for the existence of society, and that secular schools are an evil to the state as well as to religion. Throughout this country the Catho-

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lic Church has sought to remedy this evil by the establishment of schools, academies, and colleges under religious influence, and with marvellous success; for in some dioceses the schools are almost as numerous as parish churches, and but a small percentage of Catholic children attend the public schools. In establishing these schools love of country as well as love of God has been the inspiring motive. From these schools have gone forth those whom the knowledge of God has made more dutiful and patriotic citizens. It might as well be supposed that this religious education could make a man a less faithful husband, or a woman a less devoted wife, or one a less honest tradesman or a more wasteful servant, as to suppose that it could weaken love of country. Religion imposes obedience to the state (except in matters forbidden by the law of God) as a divine command. Hence it is a great bulwark of the state. Since Catholics hold it as certain that the happiness of men for this world, as well as for eternity, depends upon their possessing religion, the church provides religious schools for Catholic children, and can never be turned aside from this policy any more than St. Peter could have been hindered from preaching the Gospel.

When, therefore, President Seelye asks, "Shall we expect it [religious schooling] from the church?" and answers, "But the church is confessedly not doing this work," he cannot mean the Catholic Church. The Catholic people are, as a matter of fact, educating their children in religious schools. From kindergarten to university, by free schools and pay schools, colleges and academies, they are educating their children in religious schools to the very uttermost limit of their means, paying all the expenses out of their private pockets, and doing the work well. If many Catholic children are yet in schools in which President Seelye's four Gospels and the study of the life of Christ are forbidden by law, it is because we are poor, not because we are confessedly not doing the work of religious education. We have now over half a million of Catholic children in parochial schools, and as sure as day follows night we shall yet have them all there, and that at no distant time.

It is the Protestant churches who are confessedly at fault. They took up with the godless plan from divers motives: some (we affirm it because representative men among them have often avowed it) because they hoped by that means to destroy the Catholic faith in the children of the immigrants—and these were the knowing ones; others because sectarian rancor prevented an agreement among themselves as to the doctrine to be taught;

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many from religious indifferentism. But we believe that the main reason why the present system got hold of the people's little ones was because it has been able, amidst delusions and sophistries and parental sloth, to creep gradually into the place and privileges of a gigantic monopoly. In matters of education state officials have little by little crowded the parent out. The state knows citizens and taxpayers, but not fathers and mothers. You pay your school-tax and I will train your child—such are the articles of partnership between parents and the state.

Is it, however, fair to say that such a state of things indicates an unwillingness on the part of the mass of non-Catholics to train their children in religious schools? We think not. We shall continue to think better of our Protestant brethren till they have had a fairer trial. Give them a chance; amend the laws so that private free schools may by some means receive state aid and be subject to state inspection or supervision, and we are firmly persuaded that religious schools filled with Protestant children will in a few years be so numerous and flourishing as to negative President Seelye's forebodings. All that the present state of things actually proves against non-Catholic parents is that, as a body, they are not as willing as their Catholic fellow-citizens to make sacrifices for the sake of the religious instruction of their children; there is, in our opinion, no evidence that they are hopelessly indifferent in the matter.

One thing the article we are considering clearly shows: that sincere and enlightened men of all parties and creeds are coming to one mind as to the best means of making good citizens. The virtuous man is the good citizen. The religious man is the one whose virtue is of the highest type and most reliable character. Therefore, argues President Seelye, let the state see to it that its schools shall be religious. We admit that we do not entirely understand his process, his exact method of setting the state to work in this new field. But what of that? Perhaps we have not yet reached the stage of the discussion when practical expedients are to be set a-going, unless it be by way of experiment; convictions are not quite ripened enough for that. We have not the slightest doubt that a satisfactory accommodation will be reached in due time. Only this we wish to say to President Seelye and his associates in this movement: the true remedy is to leave the education of children where God has placed it, in the hands of parents, and especially as they are gathered into religious societies. This much we do maintain: the best school is where the guidance which ~~the child~~ feels is the right arm of the parent and the little finger of the state.

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SIGEFREY THE ONE-ARMED.

AMONG the many legends connected with the life and death of St. Geneviève is the touching history of Sigefrey the One-Armed. Paul Féval has told it at length in his usual vivacious style, and we are indebted to him for much that is contained in our English version of the story.

In the year of our Lord 493 the city of Soissons was the scene of an unusual pageant and of general rejoicing. Yet little did the merry crowd that made the streets lively with songs and games, or the fierce-visaged warriors and noble ladies of the court, dream of the true importance attached to the event which awakened so much interest—the marriage of the pagan Clovis, chief or king of the Franks, with the beautiful and pious Clotilda, daughter of Gombauld, the Christian king of the Burgunds. Through this marriage the foundations of the kingdom of France were to be laid under the auspices of a Christian king.

Among the warriors who came with Clovis a young Frank attracted general attention for his tall and elegant figure, his proud mien, and the singular beauty of his features. His hair fell in golden curls upon his broad shoulders. His blue eyes had a soft, dreamy look, yet the proud flash that occasionally lighted them revealed the passionate soul and quick temper of the warrior. Quite young, he had already acquired fame by his prowess in many a battle.

He was called Sigefrey, and was the son of Count Aubert, the favorite lend, or thane, of King Clovis.

Beautiful were the Burgundian maidens who formed Clotilda's train, yet one, above all, was the cynosure of admiring eyes, so wondrous was her beauty.

Sigefrey was dazzled. A novel emotion filled his heart, which up to that time had dreamed only of glory and combats. He asked who this young girl was. He was told that her name was Batilda the Fair, daughter of Gontran, the Burgund. His informant added that she was the godchild of St. Geneviève, and as virtuous as she was fair.

The young warrior remained thoughtful. For the first time he loved. During the days of festivity that followed the nuptials he met Batilda several times, and each hour spent in her company increased his passion.

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But Clovis was preparing to leave Soissons with his young wife—with that Clotilda who, at no distant day, was to make him know the true God. The day before their departure Sigefrey found himself alone with Batilda for the first time. Bending one knee before her, he told her his love in impassioned accents. Batilda heard him without anger; her blushes and downcast eyes encouraged him to hope; but, when he had spoken, she drew from her bosom a cross of highly-wrought gold, and asked him: "Do you know this sacred emblem?"

"Yes," replied Sigefrey, averting his eyes, "it is the sign of the Christians."

"Do you adore it?"

"No," stammered the young lover, his heart grown cold with a sudden presentiment.

"Farewell, then, Sigefrey, son of Aubert," said the maiden gravely. "I am a Christian, and can never wed one who adores not the cross."

She turned away from him, and Sigefrey, still kneeling, his hands clasped in supplication, saw her disappear ere he could find words to beseech her to listen to his suit. The next day Clovis and Clotilda left Soissons. The queen did not take any of her young companions with her. Sigefrey followed his chief. He did not see Batilda again.

She was constantly in his thoughts. Wherever the fortunes of war led him he made earnest inquiries to discover her abode, but his efforts were fruitless. The information he obtained went no further than this: She was a stranger in Soissons, and had come thither with other noble ladies on the occasion of the royal marriage; she had not been seen after Clotilda's departure. No one could tell whither she had gone. Sigefrey lost all hope of finding her, but his passion, for being hopeless, became only stronger.

Three long years had elapsed. The young Frank was but a shadow of his former self; a settled melancholy preyed upon his soul; nothing could rouse him except the signal of combat. Then he would throw himself in the thickest of the fray, courting death, and only succeeded in winning new laurels.

The battle of Tolbiac was fought. History tells us that Clovis, who had resisted until then the prayers of his beloved queen, seeing his army in danger of being cut to pieces, exclaimed: "O God of Clotilda! O Christ! I call thee to my help. . . . Give me victory on this day, and I will give myself up to thee for ever!"

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"Christ! Christ!" echoed the soldiers.

"I swear that I will receive baptism," continued the king. "O Christ! thou shalt be my God."

"The God of Clovis shall be our God!" cried his brave followers.

Filled with a new ardor, Clovis and his Franks rushed upon the Germans, shouting, "Christ! Christ!" The enemy, dismayed at this fierce onslaught, gave way; their ranks were broken, they fled panic-stricken, pursued by this new war-cry. The victory was won.

Faithful to his plighted vow, Clovis prepared to receive baptism at the hands of the venerable St. Remi. The lends of the royal neophyte and their fierce soldiers will join their blood-stained hands, and naïvely, filled with blind confidence, will follow their chief in this regenerating act, even as they followed him to the baptism of blood on the fields of battle. They know nothing as yet of Him crucified; what does it matter? He is the God of Clovis, the God who gave them the victory—that is enough.

Among these future Christians was one to whom the new faith was the harbinger of hope. Sigefrey glorified Clovis for authorizing him to worship the God of Batilda. Once a Christian, he would be worthy of the Burgundian maiden. To find her was now his sole aim, and hope, so long since fled, entered his heart anew.

Howbeit he did not receive baptism with his chief. After the battle of Tolbiac, Clovis, according to the custom of the time, made a fresh distribution of land among his lends. Count Aubert, who had displayed his usual daring and helped not a little in the enemy's defeat, received for his share all the land on the banks of the Seine comprised between the two points where now stand St. Cloud and St. Denis, and including, consequently, Mount Mars—known in our days as Montmartre.

Aubert called his son, Sigefrey, and ordered him to proceed forthwith to their new estate and take possession thereof in his name. Sigefrey departed on his mission, taking with him only one retainer. He had reached the woody country in the vicinity of Mount Mars, and, plunged in deep thought, was following a path through the forest, when a sudden noise caused him to look up. A stag, pursued by a pack of hounds, was crossing a clearing a little distance up the road; then came a lady on horseback, who passed with the swiftness of an arrow.

"Batilda!" cried the young lover. Though it had been but

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the vision of a moment, he had recognized her. He urged his horse in pursuit, but too late: she had vanished from sight, he knew not in what direction. Had she recognized him?

It was nearly dark when Sigefrey stopped his jaded horse at the gate of a small farm-house, where he asked for shelter for the night. Magnificent trees shaded this house, and numerous flocks grazed in the green meadows around. In the distance Mount Mars rose, crowned with an old feudal tower. This manor was evidently inhabited; he must, perforce, eject the present owner.

"Who lives in that tower?" he asked.

"Old Gontran, the Burgund," replied the farmer; "he is suzerain lord of all this section."

The lord of the manor was, indeed, the father of the long-sought Batilda, which accounted for her presence in the neighboring forest. Twelve years back Gontran had taken forcible possession of this estate—the law of might made and unmade titles to property in those days—and no one had disturbed him, for he had been the faithful lend of Clotilda's father, King Gombauld.

While Sigefrey was making this discovery Batilda sat at her window in the old tower, thinking over the past and dreaming sadly of the future. She loved Sigefrey, and an insuperable obstacle separated them. She wept; and yet the saint, her godmother, had told her one day: "Fear not, child; thou shalt be happy." And never, to man's knowledge, had Geneviève spoken a word that was not strictly true. Batilda remembered this and tried to hope, but she wept.

Old Gontran entered his daughter's room hurriedly. He was the bearer of bad news. A friend had managed to send him word that Clovis had made a distribution of lands, and Mount Mars was now the property of the fiercest of Austrasian counts.

"I despoiled the former proprietor of this land," the old man was saying sadly to Batilda; "to-day a new-comer, stronger than I, is going to turn me out. It is right. I cannot complain; but you, my darling, what is to become of you?"

At this moment the sound of a horn was heard, and a man-at-arms came up to announce that a Frankish lord and his attendant demanded admittance. The stranger was shown in. It was Sigefrey.

"Gontran," said he, after he had made himself known as Aubert's son and representative, "I come not to strip you of your possessions. I have loved your daughter Batilda ever since I

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first saw her at King Clovis' marriage three years ago; give her to me for a wife and let there be peace between us."

Gontran, much astonished, looked inquiringly at Batilda.

The maiden blushed; then, raising her downcast eyes, she said, with proud candor:

"It is indeed three years since I first met Sigefrey. I will admit that I reciprocate his love; but he worships strange gods, and I am a Christian. I cannot be his wife, and he knows it."

"I wish to be a Christian, too," said the happy lover; "I could not stay to receive baptism with our great King Clovis, but let Batilda teach me. Her God will be my God."

Was the saint's prophecy about to be fulfilled?

Sigefrey remained a welcome guest at the tower. Every day he listened to the pious exhortations of old Gontran; every day he saw his dear Batilda. He lived as in a dream, forgetting everything—his father, Clovis, his own fame as a warrior. For him the world did not extend beyond the walls of the old castle. It had been arranged that the marriage should be celebrated on the day following that of his baptism. Sigefrey proclaimed himself ready for the latter, but Batilda wished her future husband to be thoroughly prepared to receive the two sacraments. He had become so dear to her that she began to fear her great love might displease Heaven.

"Perhaps I love you too much," she said one day to her lover. "Let us go and consult my godmother, the saint."

They crossed the Seine and sought Geneviève's humble home. The saint, now almost an octogenarian, was still beautiful; hers was the beauty of the angels. She smiled sweetly when she saw her godchild coming hand-in-hand with the young Frank.

When Batilda had told her the story of their love and her own scrupulous fears, Geneviève took the hands of the two lovers and held them for a long while clasped in her own. She gazed at the young couple with infinite sweetness. At last she spoke.

"Go in peace, my children," said she—"go; you shall be happy." And having traced the sign of the cross on their brows, she bent over and kissed them.

The happy lovers returned with light hearts, free from doubt and fears. But Sigefrey, all absorbed in his new life, had forgotten to communicate with his father. Old Aubert grew uneasy at this unaccountable silence.

"I must go and find out what is become of my son," he

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mused; "perhaps those Burgunds have killed him. I will avenge his death tenfold!"

Aubert hated the Burgunds and did not believe in the God of the Christians. Notwithstanding Clovis' example, he had refused to let himself be baptized. He assembled his numerous followers and went in search of the missing Sigefrey.

It was night when he came in sight of Mount Mars, and, like Sigefrey, he stopped at the farm-house and made inquiries. He learned that Gontran lived in the old tower. Some time since a handsome young warrior had come with one attendant. He had asked questions about the castle and its owner, and had taken the road thither. He had not been seen since. Aubert jumped at the conclusion that his son, if not murdered, must be held prisoner in the tower. He would rescue or avenge him. The place was strong and well defended, but there was a secret passage by which it might be entered. The farmer knew this secret way, and, what between terror at Aubert's threats and awakened avarice at the prospect of a rich reward, the wretch betrayed his master. He guided the count and his party through a subterranean passage which led directly to the apartments of the castellan. Gontran, Batilda, and their servants were taken prisoners without resistance. So complete was the surprise that the garrison was not aware of the capture of their lord. Sigefrey slept in another wing of the building.

This easy victory disposed Aubert to clemency; and when Gontran offered to pay ransom for himself and daughter, the wily Austrasian consented, deferring his inquiries concerning his son's fate until he had possessed himself of the old Burgund's treasure. Gontran had but one thought: to save Batilda from being carried off by their unknown captor. His old majordomo, also a prisoner, was graciously permitted to go for the money. It was in the cellar, and, the doors of the apartments being guarded, there was no chance of escape. As the majordomo was leaving the room he exchanged a glance full of meaning with Batilda.

The faithful old servant tarried long on his errand, and Aubert was growing impatient, when he made his appearance, bearing the iron casket which contained his master's treasure, and scales to weigh the gold.

Gontran possessed in all two hundred gold marks. He offered one hundred and fifty of these for his ransom. Aubert made a motion of assent, and the weighing commenced. It was a slow process, made doubly so by the old majordomo's clumsi-

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ness in piling up the gold-pieces. At last he announced one hundred and fifty marks.

"Very well," said Aubert; "but you have not counted the weight of the sword."

And he threw his heavy weapon on the scale that held the weights.

At this juncture a secret door, concealed in the woodwork, was thrown open, and a warrior of commanding stature entered. His shoulders were covered with a huge bear-skin, and the animal's head, drawn down over his brow, concealed his features. Crossing the room, he stopped opposite the count.

"Against the weight of the sword I bring the weight of the axe!"

As he spoke these words he drew a battle-axe from under his bear-skin and threw it upon the pile of gold. The other scale flew up.

"Who art thou?" cried Count Aubert, pale with rage at this audacious interference.

"I am, like thee, a noble; like thee, a lend and a Frank," replied the unknown.

"Take up thy axe and prove thy words!" shouted Aubert, who wrested a francic from the hand of one of his men-at-arms and brandished it aloft.

The mysterious stranger made no motion.

Aubert, blind with rage, struck the defenceless man, whose right arm fell, severed at the shoulder.

The bystanders uttered a cry of horror. Batilda sprang toward the wounded man, but the latter, motioning her away gently, threw back the bear's head that had served him as a mask.

Count Aubert recognized his son!

The fierce old man felt his heart breaking. The only soft feeling he had ever known had been love for that son, the pride and hope of his declining years; and he had destroyed him in the flower of his youth. No man could survive such a wound. He wept, he cursed his blind fury, but the evil done could not be repaired. The dying man made him swear that, as the price of blood, he would leave Gontran and Batilda in peaceful possession of the estate. Then he bade him good-by, begging to be left with her for whom he had given his life.

Aubert departed, wild with grief. His last act before leaving Mount Mars was to hang the farmer who had led him into the tower. He disappears from our story. We will merely mention

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the fact that a short time after this sad event he found an honorable death on the battle-field.

Sigefrey did not die of this terrible wound. Love performed a miracle. Sigefrey recovered, was baptized, and married his Batilda. The young bride fairly worshipped her husband. Unknown to Sigefrey, she had had that arm embalmed which he had sacrificed in her defence. This dear relic she kept locked up in an ebony casket, the key of which she always carried about her. Often, when alone in her chamber, she would open the box and shed tears of love and gratitude over her treasure. Few, if any, in the household knew of the existence of this casket; none had any suspicion of its precious contents.

But Sigefrey was not happy. An idle word, spoken carelessly in his hearing, had wounded him deeply: "The one-handed man," a neighbor had said, speaking of him. He brooded over his misfortune until his mind was full of morbid fancies. Though Batilda surrounded him with unmistakable loving care, he persuaded himself that no woman could love him, that all these marks of affection were inspired only by a feeling of pity for his helplessness. The birth of two children tended only to increase his sadness. He dwelt on the bitter thought that his daughter would not have the protection of a father's strong arm; that he, the disabled soldier, could not teach his son to handle a sword. Sigefrey was slowly dying of melancholy.

Poor Batilda saw all this and was miserable. She wept and prayed in the secret of her chamber, for she tried to show a cheerful face to her husband. At last she felt that she could not stand this much longer: she betook herself to Paris to see Geneviève. She was refused admittance, as the saint was lying at the point of death and was engaged at that moment in saying her last orisons. But even as the attendant was explaining this to the disappointed visitor the saint's voice was heard, saying:

"Let my godchild, Batilda the Fair, enter. I wish to see her before I go to God."

Batilda entered.

The Virgin of Nanterre was lying on her bed; around her head a holy nimbus shone; her gentle features already wore the calmness of death.

Batilda fell on her knees by the bedside.

"O saint! saint!" she cried, "help me in great trouble! . . . You told me one day that I would be happy, and now Sigefrey wants to die, and there can be no happiness for me. Oh! have pity on me, godmother! . . ."

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"My child," said Geneviève faintly, "I know all that you suffer. I have been praying for you this long time past."

"Sigefrey wants to die! . . ." was all poor Batilda could say amid her sobs.

"My beloved godchild," the saint replied, "I don't want him to die; . . . and, since I have told you that you shall be happy, it must not be that I have spoken falsely even once in my life."

And the dying woman pressed the crucifix to her lips.

"Listen," said she, after a silent pause—"listen, and remember well what I am going to say to you. . . . This evening, when the setting sun marks the fifth hour, I shall be dead. . . ."

"Dead! . . ." repeated Batilda, sobbing.

"Yes," said the saint, and a blissful smile illumined her pallid face, "I shall be dead. If my own wish were granted I should be buried at Nanterre, near my mother; but Queen Clotilda will not permit it. . . . On the twenty-fourth day after my death my poor body, enclosed in a rich casket, shall be made to lie in state in the church of SS. Peter and Paul. On the morning of that twenty-fourth day you will take the ebony casket which you hide so jealously from prying eyes . . ."

Batilda looked up, astonished. The existence of this casket was her secret. She had never mentioned it to her godmother.

Geneviève smiled.

"God blesses a pure and true love," said she. "You will have this casket carried before you to the church of SS. Peter and Paul. You will walk thither holding by the hand your two children. Sigefrey will accompany you, mounted on his war-horse. Regnier, his faithful companion, will carry his sword. Your old father, Gontran, must go also.

"When the candles round my catafalco shall have been lighted, you will take the casket, and you will tell Sigefrey to take off his tunic and to kneel down. . . ."

She ceased speaking. Batilda, after waiting for her to continue, asked in a tremulous voice:

"And then, godmother, what shall I do next?"

"Then, daughter," replied the saint, "a voice will speak to your soul. It will be my voice. . . . You will do what my voice bids you. . . . Go."

She gave Batilda her blessing and motioned to her to leave the room.

When the setting sun marked the fifth hour Geneviève's soul left her perishable body to ascend to the abode of the blessed.

The news, "The saint is dead!' startled all Paris. The

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king, the queen, the great and the lowly, the poor and the rich, every one wished to go and do homage to her whose intercession had twice saved Paris.

The last words spoken by Batilda's godmother were verified. Queen Clotilda asked that the body be embalmed and enclosed in a casket of massive silver ornamented with precious stones. Immediately the king, the lords, the liege-men gave; not a beggar-woman so poor but came with her offering. Soon a huge pile of silver and gold rose in the vestibule of the saint's humble abode.

On the twenty-third day the casket was finished. The body, which had been carefully embalmed, was placed in it, and it was carried with great pomp to the basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.

Batilda followed religiously the instructions of the departed, and, strange as it seems, neither Sigefrey nor Gontran questioned her motives; they obeyed silently.

The church was crowded. At the fifth hour—the beginning of the twenty-fourth day—the upper clergy entered by one of the doors of the choir, while the king and queen, escorted by the noble lords and ladies, made their entry from the opposite side. The magnificent, heavy casket was placed on a litter. King Clovis, his lends, and the bishops grasped the handles of the litter and lifted the pious burden, which they carried in procession round the nave.

When the casket was brought back to its resting-place before the altar, Batilda, who had remained kneeling, recollected herself and called thrice in her heart: "Geneviève! Geneviève! Geneviève!"

And in the innermost recess of her heart she heard a voice that said: "My godchild, I am with thee."

Then, rising, she took the ebony casket from the hands of her maid and turned towards her husband. A deep silence fell upon the immense assembly. Every one felt that something strange was about to happen.

Batilda inserted the key in the lock of the casket, and said:

"My beloved Sigefrey, I pray you take off your tunic."

Sigefrey obeyed without showing any surprise.

"My beloved husband," continued Batilda, her voice trembling with emotion, "I pray you kneel before the remains of my sainted godmother, Geneviève."

She opened the casket and stood motionless, pale and anxious. She was awaiting the further fulfilment of the promise. Then

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a happy smile lighted her beautiful features. The VOICE was speaking in her heart. She took the lifeless arm from the casket and lifted it above her head.

"O Christ!" said she, "listen to the prayer of thy servant, Geneviève, who is even now at thy feet, and who beseeches thee to grant us the happiness she had promised us in thy name. "O Christ! hear thy servant, so that it shall not be said that she hath spoken falsely even once in her life!"

A soft melody, which seemed to descend from the vault, filled the church, and the head of the saint appeared, surrounded by a glory.

Batilda tore open the linen which covered Sigefrey's shoulder. The fearful scar was exposed to view; it reddened slowly, slowly, and three drops of blood oozed from the tender skin. Batilda lowered the lifeless arm she still held aloft, and pressed it against her husband's bleeding shoulder.

From the vault a voice was heard which said distinctly amid the concert of harmonious murmurs:

"Behold, O people, the first miracle of St. Geneviève!"

The crowd knelt, awe-struck.

Meanwhile Sigefrey had risen, staggering, uncertain, as one who knows that he is dreaming and dreads to awake.

He moved his right arm tentatively. The arm held firmly and naturally to his shoulder.

"A miracle! a miracle!" cried the crowd.

Sigefrey, his eyes brimming with grateful tears, turned towards his young son. "Child," said he, "I will teach thee how to hold a sword. Grow up and be a warrior!"

And to his little daughter: "I have an arm to protect and defend thee, my darling; thou mayest grow to be as beautiful as thy mother!"

Then he drew Batilda to his breast. "Saint!" he cried, "I thank thee! For the first time I hold my beloved wife to my heart!"

He glanced around proudly, and grasping his sword, which was borne on a cushion by the faithful Regnier, he waved it three times wildly, and cried out in a voice that resounded through the church:

"Glory be to God! I am once more a warrior!"

Thus ends the legend of Sigefrey the One-Armed.

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MADAME MARY ALOYSIA HARDEY.

THE death of Madame Hardey, which occurred in Paris, June 17, 1886, has deprived the religious of the Sacred Heart in this country of a most efficient directress and of a loving and most tenderly beloved mother.

Madame Mary Aloysia Hardey was born in Maryland in 1809. Her parents came of that good old Catholic stock which preferred to leave its native soil in order to enjoy religious liberty in the wilds of the then new colony; and well were the virtues of her ancestors shown forth in the life of this truly valiant woman.

While she was yet in early childhood the family removed to Louisiana, and the young Aloysia was placed in the convent school of the Sacred Heart, then under the direction of Madame Audé. Here she remained until after her fifteenth year, when she left her school duties only to assume the habit of a novice in the society. From the first Madame Hardey was eminent for her rare prudence and extraordinary virtue, and she was soon chosen to aid in the government and extension of the order. She accompanied the gifted Mère Audé to Paris, where she received the approbation and blessing of the Venerable Madame Barat, the foundress of the society; and then Madame Hardey went to Rome, where His Holiness Pope Gregory blessed the young American and strengthened her zeal. After many fruitful labors in the South Madame Hardey, then but little more than thirty years of age, was appointed to direct the important mission confided to the society in these Middle States, especially in New York. Here the first convent of the Sacred Heart was opened in Houston Street; but the community and academy increasing rapidly, they removed, first to Astoria, and finally, about the year 1847, to their present locality at Manhattanville, the ancient country-seat of the Lorillards. Thence Madame Hardey projected and accomplished many important foundations and works of zeal, and her wonderful energy and unselfish devotion to the interests of souls led her to spare neither fatigue nor anxiety in her arduous and responsible tasks. Convents were opened in Rochester, Albany, Philadelphia, Boston, Providence, Detroit, Cincinnati, Halifax, St. John's, Montreal, and in many other cities of the Western States and the Provinces, either by

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her direct action or with her charitable concurrence; and before her death she had the happiness of seeing her spiritual daughters carrying the standard of the Sacred Heart even into the centre of Mexico and far beyond the seas to New Zealand and Australia. Only the Master for whom she toiled can tell the extent and importance of her good works; but the many who knew her in life, not only among the religious but among the clergy and laity, now review with astonishment the magnificent successes of that noble career. In 1872 Madame Hardey was called to Paris to assist in the general government of the society, which had spread thence over nearly all the civilized parts of the globe, and since that time she had thrice visited this country, always in the interest of her American houses. Her advent was ever a signal for universal rejoicing only equalled by the sorrow that accompanied each departure; and the innumerable recipients of her bounty, as well as a host of important and influential friends, shared heartily in the enthusiasm and affectionate demonstrations of her devoted religious daughters. Great, then, were the mourning and desolation which followed in the train of the cablegram that brought the fatal tidings of her death, and many a long day will pass ere the hearts of the multitude that knew and loved her will cease to grieve over her loss, while her memory will remain in benediction for ever.

Madame Hardey had the gift of mingling in the world, and of being an excellent administratrix, without losing anything of the exalted asceticism of the religious life. Although obliged, from her care of the temporalities of the institutions over which she presided, to come in relation with things and persons naturally calculated to wear off the sheen of high spirituality, she preserved among seculars the fervor of the novice. This rare excellence of leading a contemplative in the midst of an active life arose from her punctilious fidelity to the rules of her order, from the observance of which she never allowed anything to make her swerve. Thus faithful to every point of her rule, she edified the religious community in which she lived; while her sweet yet firm character, her cultivated manners and magnetic virtues, won the respect and the love of seculars.

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A CHAT ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

RUSSIAN novels are just now very fashionable. Count Tolstoï's religious vagaries have strengthened his popularity as a novelist, and even the interminable *Peace and War*—published by Gottsberger in New York in six volumes—finds many readers. It is neither a history nor a novel; its claims to be an historical picture interfere with its interest as a work of fiction, and *vice versa*. The earlier volumes in which Russian life is depicted are good specimens of Tolstoï's best manner. In his later essays he seems to have revised some of the conclusions of *My Religion*. He has discovered that it is not necessary to give all that one has to the poor, but only one's labor. He congratulates himself that the eye of the needle is much larger than he imagined—so large, in fact, that a heavily-loaded camel may pass through it. From this it is evident that Count Tolstoï's "religion" is still capable of transitions. Tolstoï is now better known to the English-speaking public than any other Russian writer, except Turgueneff. Pushkin is comparatively unknown; Gogol is beginning to find translators because the introduction of Tolstoï has created a taste for Russian literature; but Gontcharoff, Ostrovsky, and Pisemsky are only names as yet, although they are held in their own country to be worthy of a place beside those of Turgueneff and Tolstoï.

Count Tolstoï's *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) is a valuable addition to our means of understanding how life goes on in Russia. It is hardly a biography of Count Tolstoï, since he mixes up much that is fiction with what is true. All this makes it, like *Peace and War*, tantalizing and unsatisfactory, but does not destroy its fascination. It is the revelation of a new life, and it brings us nearer to a comprehension of the effects of the lamentable Greek schism on the morals, manners, and thought of the higher classes in Russia than any book has hitherto done. It is at once idealistic and realistic. If Count Tolstoï has changed somewhat the facts of his outward life, he has set down those of his inner life without reserve. He has painted frankly the brutality that lies so very near the varnish of cultivation—a sort of French lacquer, that covers but does not hide the crude passions of a semi-civilized race. He has left out nothing from a desire to make the best of

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the Russian youth, so typical of Russian youths in general. He does not hesitate to make his mental and moral toilet in public. His egotism, his pride, his foolishness, his self-consciousness, his vanity, are all put on or taken off in our presence. Count Tolstoï has idealized those he loved, and perhaps added here and there a touch of high color to some characters and surroundings, but the truth of the book in the main is startling and unmistakable. And the manner of the narrative is simplicity itself. This quality has been scrupulously preserved by Isabel F. Hapgood, who has translated the book from the Russian.

The progress of a young Russian of the privileged classes from the surveillance of his teachers—foreigners, German first, and French afterwards—to the university is carefully noted. The thoughts and fancies of childhood color the dreams of youth, and it is interesting to note as a proof of Tolstoï's fidelity to nature how much of a child the swaggering student remains even in his carouses and amid all his affectations of knowledge and experience of the world.

A curious chapter is that in which Tolstoï—now professing to be a believer in the Scriptures, but not in immortality or the resurrection—tells how he prepared to receive the Blessed Sacrament at Easter:

> "To-day I shall be free from sin," I thought, "and I shall never commit any more. (Here I recalled all the sins which troubled me most.) I shall go to church without fail every Sunday, and afterwards I shall read the Gospels for a whole hour; and then, out of the white bank-bill which I shall receive every month when I enter the university, I will be sure to give two rubles and a half (one-tenth) to the poor, and in such a manner that no one shall know it—and not to beggars, but I will seek out poor people, an orphan or old woman whom no one knows about."

Very well satisfied with his present condition of sanctity, the young student loses himself in day-dreams that lead him to the verge of sin, but he recovers himself and resumes his rather elaborate and ostentatious contempt for the world, the flesh, and the devil. The time for confession comes. The priest is at the house, and the family gather in a small room to await their turn. The young Russian enjoys the sensation of terror and devotion that strikes him when his turn comes. In truth, Count Tolstoï's later religious eccentricities are more easily understood in the light of the perpetual egotism of his youthful religion, in which "I" and the feelings of this "I" seem to be more important than the love or fear of God. The student leaves the priest in a refreshing and comfortable state of mind which lasted until he went to bed.

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"I had already fallen into a doze," he writes, "as I was going over in imagination all the sins of which I had been purified, when all at once I recalled one shameful sin I had kept back in confession. The words of the prayer preceding confession came back to me and resounded in my ears without intermission. All my composure vanished in a moment. 'And if you conceal aught, so shall ye have greater sin.' I saw that I was such a terrible sinner that there was no punishment adequate for me. Long did I toss from side to side as I reflected on my situation, and awaited God's punishment, and even sudden death, from moment to moment—a thought which threw me into indescribable terror. But suddenly the happy thought occurred to me to go or ride to the priest at the monastery as soon as it was light, and confess again; and I became calm."

He could scarcely wait for the morning. He rushed to the monastery before dawn, and made his confession and felt happy. As he went homeward in a jolting drozhky he began to reflect "that the priest was probably thinking by this time that such a fine soul of a young man as I he had never met, and never would meet in all his life, and that there were no others like me." Wanting to talk, he confides his feelings to the driver, who looks incredulous, but does not understand what he means. He, however, does not lose the belief that this personage looks on him as a heroic young person until he fails to find the forty kopecks with which to pay his fare, and tries to borrow it from his father's servants. Then the driver's real opinion was delivered in forcible and uncomplimentary language. When he began to dress for church, in order that he might receive communion with the rest, he forgot his resolutions and "sinned to an incalculable extent." "Having donned another suit, I went to the communion in a strange state of agitation of mind and with utter disbelief in my very fine proclivities."

It is a pity that Count Tolstoï did not write "autobiography" on his title-page instead of "novel." It is neither a novel nor an autobiography; but, nevertheless, it gives a fuller picture of this strange Russian, who has been for some time an object of intense interest to the world, than a biography by another man, however correct in the matter of dates, etc., could do.

Taras Bulba is the first of a series of Gogol's works, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood from the Russian and published by Crowell & Co. "Taras Bulba" is a Cossack of the fifteenth century. He is a Russian in his native state, untrammelled by any of those artificial restraints which press so awkwardly on him to-day. He carouses, watches fiercely and distrustfully over his house and horses, is as free as the wind. In a week, at the summons for war, he joins a horde ready to devastate new lands

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like a flock of locusts. "Who knows?" replied one of these Cossacks to the sultan who had inquired how many there were. "We are scattered all over the steppes; wherever there is a hillock, there is a Cossack."

The Cossacks of original, or southern, Russia admitted the authority of their hetmen, but the Polish kings were too well versed in the Cossack character to demand more than they were likely to get, and the Cossacks were willing enough to fight for them on demand for the spoil, a ducat apiece, and, above all, the delight of fighting. Beyond that their allegiance did not go. Gogol, one of the great novelists of the modern Russians, has revived the Cossack life of that fierce time by means of traditions, old songs, and folk-tales. And terrible and repelling times they were. The ferocity and restlessness of the Cossacks perhaps saved Europe from a Mongolian invasion, but the preventive itself was a horrible one. *Taras Bulba* opens with the return of the two sons of the old Cossack from the Royal Seminary at Kief. Taras was of the old brood—"dragon's brood," to borrow a phrase from Goethe—that knew no pity and little love. He and his followers made their own laws; they were independent of the rest of the world; they knew well all primitive trades; he was always ready to use the sword in defence of the Greek schism against Catholics, Mussulmans, or Jews, although the latter were tolerated and despised. He classed with serfs those of the Cossack leaders who adopted the luxurious customs of the Polish nobles. He welcomed his sons by insulting one of them, and he was delighted when one of them pummelled him soundly. In spite of the tears of their mother—women in Russia were hardly more than slaves when in the rest of Europe Christianity had elevated them into objects of chivalrous respect—he carried them off to the Setch, which was a meeting-place for the Cossacks.

The story is sombre. The religion of the Cossacks did not soften them. They made it a pretext for all kinds of crime, and excused a breach of faith with Poles or Turks on the pretext that the church in the Setch needed new *ikons* or decorations. One son of Taras, somewhat more human than the rest of the Cossacks, deserts to the Poles, whom the Cossacks have concluded to despoil. He is killed by his father almost as a matter of course. Ostrop, his other son, is executed by the outraged Poles, and the story ends with a recital of the horrible vengeance that the Cossacks took for this. This is a part of history: Taras was burned for his atrocities. His last words had

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almost the force of prophecy: "Wait; the time will come when ye shall learn what the Russian Orthodox faith is! Already the people scent it far and near. A czar shall arise from Russian soil, and there shall not be a power in the world which shall not submit to him."

Gogol's narrative is simple and direct, almost blunt. In it he has mirrored the weakness and the strength of that people whose ancestors were Taras Bulbas, and who have sprung from nomads to be rulers of the world.

Won by Waiting, by Edna Lyall, the author of *Donavan*, *We Two*, and *In the Golden Days* (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), will be a disappointment to readers who have come to regard Miss Lyall as a forcible, interesting, and elevating writer. *Won by Waiting* is what may be called a "goody-goody" story. M. de Mabillon, a French Protestant, has a daughter called Espérance, who is a hopeless kind of person. Her mother is dead, and she suffers a great deal from the unpleasantness of her English relatives. Her eyes are the color of "Smyrna raisins," but she has a hard time of it in spite of that remarkable fact, as anybody who has the fortitude to follow her through nearly four hundred pages will find out. It is a mistake for this author to push on the public earlier and inferior works because the public has found her maturer productions worthy of praise.

Mrs. Craven, whose *Sister's Story*, *Eliane*, and *Fleurange* are read and reread by thousands of admirers, has written a new novel, *Le Valbriant* (Paris: Perrin & Co.), now in its sixth edition. It has been published in England under the title of *Lucie*, and it will shortly appear with an American imprint.

There are not so many novelists offering antidotes to the literary poison that permeates society that any book of fiction written with a high motive can be neglected. Mrs. Craven, who is acknowledged by critics entirely out of sympathy with her motives as a writer of the first class, is in the first rank of those who use all the graces of a polished style, a refined art, a vivid but restrained imagination in the interest of Christian morality. *Le Valbriant* has all these attributes. It has been complained of Mrs. Craven that she limits herself too much to the atmosphere of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, that all her characters are drawn from the life of the society which is called "good," and that she is too sentimental. Mrs. Craven does well to confine herself to the society she knows best. In no novels of the present time is there less snobbishness shown. If her people have been affected by an artificial and very rarefied state of so-

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ciety, it is not because she wills it so, but because they are so. The lesson of all her books—that of *Le Valbriant* as well as the others—is, life is not long enough for love. Its best expression is the famous motto of the ring in *A Sister's Story—La Vie, c'est trop court.* In one of the closing passages of *Le Valbriant* she repeats it:

"The sun—a winter's sun, but pure and brilliant—rose the next day in a cloudless sky. All the people of Valbriant, we may well believe, took part in the festival. Father Severin was at the altar, at the foot of which Lucie and Gauthier had just knelt. It was not an ordinary marriage. Suffering had left deep traces in the two lives that were about to mingle, and, for these spouses, happiness was not without gravity. *But in the souls of both a sort of security which the most ardent hopes of earth are powerless to give assured them of the future, the undefined future. If it had been said to them that they were united for life, they would have answered: 'C'est trop court, la vie!'*"

If this is sentimentalism it is of a very high order—so high, indeed, that Mrs. Craven deserves all praise for teaching it. In nearly all novels marriage is the end. The books close as soon as the union of the hero and heroine is announced. They are supposed to have attained the sum of human happiness. They enter into a flowery garden spanned by perpetual rainbows which will last for ever. Life is long enough for them, and they desire nothing better. But Mrs. Craven's teaching is very different. She believes with Madame Swetchine that marriage is the beginning, not the end; that the Sacrament of Matrimony is a preparation for eternal life, and that human love would be worthless if it were not irradiated by the hope of eternal love.

When this doctrine is taught by a writer who in exquisite taste, style, and force of interest is the equal of the novelist of fashionable France, Octave Feuillet, we ought to be grateful that Providence has raised up such a teacher. *A Sister's Story* has become a classic, *Fleurange* has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and we are justified in considering the appearance of *Le Valbriant*—or *Lucie*, as we understand it will be in English—as an event of great literary importance. The scene is laid near a quiet village of France, where stands the Château de Bois d'Harlay. Count Geoffrey lives in the old house with his servants. He had been an emigrant. In London he had met Léontine de Lerens, whose father had been slaughtered during the Terror. Léontine was working hard to support her grandmother, the Duchess de Lerens. He and all the London colony of French gentlemen were toiling as they had never before dreamed.

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of working. Charmed with Léontine's beauty and self-sacrifice, he married her at London just as the white flag was unfurled in honor of the accession of Louis XVIII. Madame de Bois d'Harlay, who had accepted misfortune so bravely, was not equal to her sudden accession to the splendid place that was her own by birth. She saw no difference between the France of Louis XVI. and that of Louis XVIII.; and her good-fortune was embittered by her husband's disposition to accept things as they were.

The character of the Countess de Bois d'Harlay is described with fineness of perception. It is one of the most important in *Le Valbriant*. Although the countess is made to die in an early chapter, her influence moulds the lives of her husband and daughter. Mrs. Craven has made a very instructive and subtle picture of the state of mind of so many French aristocrats who found wealth and luxury, shorn of the privileges of their order, more than they could endure.

Lucie de Bois d'Harlay has made an unhappy marriage, but a splendid one in the eyes of her late mother. Count Geoffrey, alone in his château, knows that his daughter has married a villain, and he suffers with her in imagination. He is a dignified and noble personage. He finds some consolation in the friendship of his neighbor at Le Valbriant—a village which has been made a model for the vicinity and all France by Gauthier d'Arcy, whose father had accepted the new order of things and turned his château into a foundry. Mrs. Craven's solution of a social problem will doubtless meet with some vigorous criticism from the irreconcilables who read her novels; there are not many of them who would be willing to save the country around them from poverty and the crimes that extreme poverty fosters by devoting their castles to the purposes of trade. The usual French novelist would have made a thrilling romance out of the unhappy married life of Lucie, in which passion would play a great part. Mrs. Craven gives us the picture of a wife who has received the Sacrament of Matrimony worthily, and who knows the duty of a wife. It would be a pity in this case to tell by what means Lucie finally marries the proprietor of Le Valbriant and enters into the plans of her husband for the improvement of his workmen. It is sufficient to say that it is brought about by no violation of probability or propriety; and when we close *Le Valbriant* we feel as if we had spent our time in the society of people whose lives are impregnated with Catholic teaching, though there is no word of controversy in the book.

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Mr. E. W. Howe's *The Story of a Country Town* was an unexpected success. *The Moonlight Boy*—his latest novel—will no doubt find many readers. It is less sombre than his first book; it is characterized by directness and novelty of manner. There is no analysis, no self-consciousness. Mr. Howe sketches from life as he sees it, without reference to the old masters. His lights and shadows are sometimes exaggerated; he has none of the delicate manipulations that are so noticeable in Messrs. Howells and James; but he has the courage and the power to interpret things for himself. The moonlight boy is a foundling who has been adopted by a kind-hearted husband and wife, Tibby and Mrs. Cole. Tibby is a musician, a teacher of singing-schools, country brass bands, and a seller of organs. Just about the time that the supposed paternity of the moonlight boy is discovered, and he is sent to take his place as a "Courtlandt, of Bleecker Street," "Queen Mary," the only child of the Coles, appears, and Tibby leaves off drinking. From this time the downfall of the Coles begins, in the opinion of the moonlight boy. Tibby was so much more genial as a singing-master in his cups than out of them that his chronicler regrets his reform! The experiences of the country boy, with neither good looks, good manners, nor education, in New York, are told in a crisp and original manner. Mr. Howe's hero has nothing to recommend him to the reader or to that fate which awards glory to the heroes of novels, except good impulses and a lively sense of gratitude. The humor of the book is natural and seems unconscious. It has the merits of Dickens' earlier novels, without being at all an imitation of him. The moonlight boy has an experience in the office of the *Night Watch*, a religious weekly of immense circulation in the country. The only man who believed in the highly moral doctrines taught in this great weekly was the figure-head of the concern, who was not allowed to do anything. Barton, the manager of this concern, runs away from his family, with some reason, it must be confessed. It is regrettable that Mr. Howe should have permitted Barton, who is represented as a man to be pitied and even admired, to abet his wife in obtaining a divorce. *The Moonlight Boy* is a collection of odd people who have hearts—or parts of hearts—but no souls to speak of.

The Sphynx's Children and Other People's, by Rose Terry Cook, author of *Somebody's Neighbors* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), is made up of short stories of New England life. They suffer from the literary limitations which injure the effect of short stories. It is only a very great master who can write a thoroughly satisfactory

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short story. The weakness of Miss Cook's stories is the weakness of most short stories—the sudden transitions at the end. No more graphic pictures of New England farm-life have ever been put into print. The dreariness of Millet's French peasants striving to wrest a living from small patches of soil, and working from dawn to sunset, is gayety itself in comparison with the awful grimness of the life of the New England farmer of the last generation. The French peasants have their consolatory and hopeful Angelus, symbolical of their religion of joy and hope; but for the Puritan New-Englander there was no joy on earth and little hope. The "Account of Thomas Tucker" is one of the best things in the book. Thomas, the son of a hard New England farmer, becomes the pastor of a fashionable church, and makes himself unpopular by calling a spade a spade and pointing out the sins of the people, until his congregation resolve to get rid of him. Miss Cook tells of the life he and his sister had led under the rule of their father, "who ploughed the brown sod of the sad New England hills under the full force of the primeval curse."

"Amasa was a hard man, gathering where he had not strewn, and reaping where he had not sown, and a tyrant where a man can be tyrannical in safety—in his own home. Two children out of ten survived to this pair. Abundant dosing, insufficient food, and a neglected sink-drain had killed all the others who outlived their earliest infancy; but these two avoided the doom that had fallen on their brother and sisters, by the fate which modern science calls the survival of the fittest, and spindled up among the mullein-stalks of their stone-strewn pastures as gray, lank, dry, and forlorn as the mulleins themselves; with pale eyes, straight, white hair, sallow faces, and the shy aspect of creatures who live in the woods and are startled at a strange footstep. They were taught to work as soon as they could walk, to consider sin and holiness the only things worth consideration, to attend meeting as a necessity, and to take deserved punishment in silence. To obedience and endurance their physical training, or want of training, conduced also; alternate pie and pork are not an enlivening diet to soul and body, and play was an unknown factor in their dreary existence."

The deacon in *Aceldama Sparks* is appealed to to save his wife's mother and her husband from being sent to a drunken half-breed who had made the lowest bid for the "keep" of them in their quality of paupers. The deacon is an exceedingly pious man; he does not, however, mind his wife's tears as she hears a neighbor suggest a way by which her mother may be kept from becoming an inmate of "Indian Peter's" wretched hovel:

"Well, Brother Steel," the deacon declared, "I don't feel no call to help

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'em. I don't mind Mis' Sparks sendin' of 'em bits an' ends now an' then; but payin' out money's a different thing, and I can't see my way clear to be sinkin' ten dollars a year, jest so's to pamper them old folks. If Dan Case had had a grain of common sense he could ha' had a house over his head to-day and got his livin'; but now he ought to be thankful to be kep' from starvation, and he'll profit by experience, I guess."

A very touching story is '*Liab's First Christmas.* 'Liab is a New England farmer of the hardest kind. An accident forces him to remain in the cabin of a French-Canadian family. There he hears the "Adeste Fideles" sung by the children and their parents in the wilderness. 'Liab is much impressed, and when the mother tells him devoutly the story of Noël, and why she has tried to make her children remember the Adorable Infant, the Yankee says:

"But you hev to work real hard to get them things, and Jack has to foot it a long stretch to fetch 'em; ef 'twas to give to missionaries, now, why 'twould look reasonable."

The lesson taught by these faithful Catholics sank into 'Liab's heart; he softened so perceptibly when he reached home that his wife felt obliged to say:

"I thought pa would die certain when he came home; he was real flabby and meechin' for a spell, and to my mind he hain't never been himself since!"

After reading Miss Cook's descriptions of New England life in the country, it is easy to understand why one meets New-Englanders everywhere but in New England, and why the Congregationalists have reacted with violence from their old religion of inhumanity.

Frederick Lucas was a very great man—a man whose appearance and work made an epoch in the world. A convert of Quaker parentage, he was a Catholic above all, and so truly Catholic that he could not fail of being purely patriotic and a politician in the highest sense. His *Life*, written by his brother, Edward Lucas (London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.) is late in appearing, but it is all the more welcome since it has been so long needed. Men will differ as to the accuracy of Lucas' judgment of some of the important characters who mingled with the threads of his career, but there can be no difference of opinion among capable critics as to the importance and value of the book as an historical contribution to our knowledge of a time that has incalculably affected

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ours and us. In the two volumes of this book Frederick Lucas tells his own story so far as possible. It is the biography of an earnest and many-sided man, whose genius was tempered by the most rigid virtue, and whose very impetuosity had its cause in indignation that was righteous. He was a great journalist, a powerful orator, a well-versed parliamentary debater, a fine literary critic—all these things were fused into one great instrument to be used for the church by his noble and intense earnestness. Lucas, who has been much talked of as the founder of the London *Tablet*, will now be better known to a generation which needs his example. His *Life* cannot fail to inspire zeal and fortify courage in Catholic laymen. "His theology," writes his biographer, "was not merely speculative, but eminently practical. To the religious test he brought all questions of politics, of statesmanship, of that minor department of statesmanship—political economy; all questions of right and duty in the various conditions of public life." He made bitter enemies among his fellow-Catholics, as well as eager friends, but never from rancor or malice. He was keenly sarcastic whenever he heard the cheap assertion, "country first, religion afterwards." "Ah!" he said, when an enthusiastic Young-Irelander, who was a Catholic, declared that he was an Irishman first and a Catholic afterwards, "but which are you going to be last?"

"What does —— mean," he wrote to a friend, "by saying he prefers his country to his church? I regard that as essentially not different from the man who says he prefers his belly to his church. The former may be the more dignified and respectful humanist, but I have the greater grudge against him as sinning against greater light."

There is a great deal of strong meat in this *Life*. In the old days, before the art of printing, a student who copied it from end to end in order to possess it would have well spent his time, because the slowness of his work would have forced him to think while he wrote. It is a book to be read only by those who have been taught to think, and who do not run and read books as if they were newspapers.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CLOTHES OF RELIGION: A Reply to Popular Positivism. In two Essays and a Postscript. By Wilfrid Ward. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The reading world is not likely to speedily forget the celebrated conflict between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison, which took place about a couple of years ago, when Agnosticism and Positivism clashed together, and, being both earthen jars, each pretty effectually smashed the other. The controversy between these two leaders forcibly brought to mind the famous conflict of the Kilkenny cats, who went at each other tooth and nail until they had completely annihilated each other.

It is easy to destroy that which has no solid foundation. When leaders of Agnosticism and Positivism, and of other isms built upon foundations of sand, fall upon each other, mutual destruction follows. But nature abhors a vacuum. The world must inevitably turn from these exploded isms to find the dome of St. Peter's still towering aloft. The church built upon a rock must sooner or later claim undivided attention.

Whoever helps in allaying the clouds of dust that these false isms have stirred up performs a great work to humanity by aiding a distracted people to feel and to perceive God's own sunlight. The little book before us contains a very complete and satisfactory answer to Positivism—especially satisfactory because it does not content itself simply with the work of destruction—Positivism, after all, has found few adherents—but also has in it a strong argument for the claims of religion. In his preface Mr. Ward says:

"A religion which is to do the work of a religion, and to influence the lives of the mass of mankind, must have that within it which can appeal to the multitude as a motive force for action, and no amount of ingenuity expended in the superstructure will enable it to stand if this foundation is wanting. Suppose that the cardinal ideas of Christianity were deficient in this respect—suppose that the character of Christ entirely failed to appeal to mankind as an inspiring model, and suppose it were impossible to lead men to trust in his merits or to believe in the reality and efficacy of his aid; establish these simple defects in the Christian system and you have sounded its death-knell so far as its capabilities as a really influential religion go. There is no occasion to criticise St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, Vasquez, or to touch on the elaborate and ingenious developments and superstructures wrought by subtle intellects in successive ages above the root-doctrines. The foundation is rotten, and all that rests on it, however intrinsically beautiful or well constructed, must fall with it."

Mr. Ward shows most clearly how rotten is the foundation of Positivism, and at the same time makes us feel the strength of Christianity. His work, therefore, is something better than the mere work of destruction. The two essays which make up the little book were originally printed in the *National Review*. The first essay, "The Clothes of Religion," was published soon after Mr. Harrison's essay, "The Ghost of Religion," which shows the absurdity of Mr. Spencer's worship of the "Unknowable." While agreeing with Mr. Harrison as to the absurdity of the worship of Spencer's "Unknowable," Mr. Ward goes further and shows the absurdity of Mr. Harri-

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son's worship of his god—Humanity. Mr. Ward explains what he means by the clothes of religion:

"By the clothes of religion I mean those ideas and corresponding emotions with which we invested the objects of religious faith, and which were their natural and due adornment, and the phrases which had become associated with religious feelings and belief. The saying of the Psalmist, which was applied to other slayers of their God, may be used of these also: '*Diviserunt sibi vestimenta mea, et super vestem meam miserunt sortem*'—'They have parted my garments among them, and on my vesture they have cast lots.'

"The ideas of Infinity, Eternity, and Power, which have hitherto clothed the Deity, fell to Mr. Spencer's share, together with the correlative emotion of awe. Mr. Harrison came in for a larger quantity—though perhaps less indispensable, and more allied to the perfection of dress which Christianity introduced than to the simple clothes of natural religion, necessary for decency and dignity. Brotherly love, the improvement, moral, mental, and material, of our fellow-men, self sacrifice for the general good, devotion to an ideal—here are some of the 'clothes of religion' which Mr. Harrison and the Positivists have appropriated. And having appropriated them, both these philosophers try to persuade themselves and the world that, after all, the clothes are the important part of religion, and that if they dress up something else in the same clothes it will do just as well as the old faith. Mr. Spencer dresses up the Unknowable with infinity, eternity, and energy; Mr. Harrison dresses up Humanity with brotherly love and the worship of an ideal. But the clothes won't fit. The world may be duped for a time, and imagine that where the garments are, there the reality must be; but this cannot last. It is not the cowl that makes the monk, and it is not the clothes that make religion."

Further on Mr. Ward goes on to show how totally inadequate Positivism is as an incentive to moral conduct. He uses this very apt illustration:

"That a man should refrain from beating his wife because he believes in a God whose claims on him are paramount, and who will reward him or punish him according as he refrains or does not refrain, is reasonable and natural. But that love for the human race should make him refrain when love for his wife was an insufficient motive is hardly to be expected. 'Keep yourself up for my sake,' said Winkle to Mr. Pickwick, who was in the water. The author remarks that he was probably yet more effectively moved to do so for his own sake. And to tell a man to be good to his wife for the sake of the human race has in it a considerable element of similar bathos. It is exactly parallel to the well-known method of catching a bird. No doubt if you can put salt on his tail you can catch him. And so, too, if you can get a man to love the human race with a surpassing love, no doubt he will treat his wife well. But the first step in putting the salt on is to catch the bird; and the first step towards loving the human race is to have tenderness for those who are nearest."

The author then goes on to show what poor consolation Positivism offers to the bereaved and suffering; and, in summing up, contrasts Positivism with religion under Mr. Harrison's three heads—belief, worship, conduct. He shows us how Positivism masquerades in the clothes of religion; bids us keep the feeling of trust without the reason for trust; bids us pray without giving us anything real to pray to; bids us be moral, but gives us no adequate motive for morality.

We have given so much space to the admirable essay, "The Clothes of Religion," that we can but very briefly refer to the second essay, "Pickwickian Positivism," and its postscript. Here Mr. Ward shows from Mr. Harrison's own statements how much this Positivist has veered and shifted of late from his original position. Truly Mr. Harrison contradicts himself in a most astonishing manner. If he has not struck his colors entirely they now at best but hang at a sort of dreary half-mast. We regret that we have not space for some quotations from this most excellent article. We hope, however, that our readers will peruse the book itself. It deserves to be very widely read not only by Catholics, but by men of all creeds and of no creeds.

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THE LATIN POEMS OF LEO XIII. Done into English Verse by the Jesuits of Woodstock College. Published with the approbation of His Holiness. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1886.

Catholics in this country who cannot read the poems of His Holiness Leo XIII. in the original Latin will hail this book with much pleasure. It seems fitting that these beautiful poems should be translated by members of that order who gave to Leo his early education, and the book bears ample testimony to the fact that they have well performed this labor of love. Of course there is something lost in all translations, and in translating Latin poetry into English especially the thought must be somewhat diluted, for the words must be multiplied. Every student of Latin knows how much more pithily thought can be expressed in that tongue than in English, and how often, in translating poetry, an idea must be spun out to meet the requirements of English metre. Readers of the translations will therefore lose something, of course, of the beauty and flavor of the original verse, but can still feel assured that the translations are most excellent ones, as all those who read the Latin verse, which is given on the pages to the left, will most readily avow. We wish we had space to quote at length from these poems, but will have to content ourselves by giving but one of the shorter poems, which breathes a prophecy for whose speedy fulfilment every earnest Catholic will most devoutly pray. It is called "The Triumph of the Church Foreshadowed":

"Thus do I prophesy: A flaming light
E'en now with radiance bathes the eastern sky,
And from the starry heavens flashing bright
The rosy dawn lights up the glistening eye.

"Then straightway to the nether pools of fire
The hated monsters plunge affrighted down,
And in the fetid, ever-burning mire
Sink once again with many a horrid groan.

"Constrained at length this wonder to confess,
The race that waged erewhile relentless strife
Against its God turns now that God to bless
And mourn the errors of its sinful life.

"Their hatred long indulged and bitter grown,
And angry combating against the right,
Cease, and, by virtue's magic power won,
All hearts in blissful harmony unite.

"Nay, men who scorned to love with fervor burn,
And virtue's path bestrewn with roses find;
Peace once again and modesty return,
And the sweet face that speaks the guileless mind.

"That wisdom which so brilliant shone of eld
Upon us now an equal lustre sheds,
And error, by new charity repelled,
No longer through the land infection spreads.

"O fair Ausonian land! O happy home!
O crowned with glory and with victory!
O powerful in its glorious faith of Rome,
The birthright dear that Peter left to thee!"

The book is handsomely gotten up and beautifully printed, and should

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find its way to the book-tables of many Catholic families throughout the land.

SHAFTESBURY (THE FIRST EARL). By H. D. Traill. *English Worthies.* Edited by Andrew Lang. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1886.

In this very readable biography Mr. Traill has attempted to steer a sort of a middle course between Christie's whitewashed Shaftesbury and the man who is pictured as Achitophel in Dryden's immortal satire:

> "Of these the false Achitophel was first,
> A name to all succeeding ages curst:
> For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
> Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
> Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
> In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace," etc., etc.

Though Mr. Traill treats Shaftesbury with gloved hands, he by no means makes him out a lovely or a heroic character. Gloved hands may deal very hard blows; and the author does not attempt to distort the truth, and Shaftesbury is shown to be a time-server, a hypocrite, and a self-seeker in all things. Mr. Traill does seem to attempt to palliate matters somewhat by assuring us that Shaftesbury was no worse than others of his political contemporaries; but it is a doubtful way of whitening a man's character by saying that it is no blacker than those of other rascals about him. There has been much discussion as to how much of a hypocrite Shaftesbury was. Dryden pictures him thus:

> "Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
> He cast himself into the saint-like mould,
> Groaned, sighed, and prayed while godliness was gain,
> The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train."

Christie denies that Shaftesbury was a hypocrite at all—a denial that history will not sustain. Mr. Traill, steering his middle course, says:

> "I imagine that in the Barebones Parliament he sang and prayed with the rest, not, doubtless, more vociferously or unctuously than others, but with enough of voice and unction to sustain a reputation for godliness and to preserve the influence which the suspicion of any other character would unquestionably have lost him."

Altogether the book is a very readable one, though it is here and there marred by a narrowness and bigotry toward Catholics which almost leads one to believe that the author has some lingering belief in the "Popish Plot," for pretending to believe in which he vigorously denounces Shaftesbury, who used the rancor it created for his own selfish ends; or, at least, that he believes in the possibility of such a plot being sanctioned by the church. There are several errors of date in the book, but for these the proof-reader is evidently responsible. In two places, for instance, the dates are exactly one century too far forward—a sort of centennial hop.

ESSAYS ON IRELAND. By W. J. O'Neill Daunt. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

Mr. Daunt has here collected a number of his essays dealing with the past and present of Ireland, most of which are reprinted from the *Dublin, Contemporary,* and *Westminster Reviews.* The essays contain much solid information put into clear and terse English, but perhaps it would have been better if they had been arranged with reference to their chronological order.

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